

UNDER THE LILAC TREE.

I opened the leaves of a book last night—
The dust on its cover lay dusk and brown;
As I held it toward the waning light
A withered flow'ret fell rustling down,
'Twas only the wraith of a woodland weed
Which a dear dead hand in the days of old
Had placed 'twixt the pages she loved to read,
At the time when my news of love was told;
And memory sweet, but as sad as sweet,
So oft flooded mine eyes with regretful tears
As the dry dim harebell skimmed past my feet,
Recalling an hour from the vanished years.

"Once more I was watching her deep fringed eyes,
Bent over the Tasso upon her knee,
And the fair face flushing with sweet surprise,
At the passionate pleading that broke from me.
Ah, Ruby, my darling, the small white hand,
That gathered the harebell was never my own,
But faded and passed to the far-off land,
And I dreamed by the flickering flame alone.
I gathered the flowers and I closed the leaves,
And folded my hands in silent prayer
That the reaper Death, as he seeks his sheaves,
Might hasten the hour of our meeting there."

"Was I dreaming, or did my own voice die away in a wall of pain—die in a long-drawn bitter sob?
Lady Yorke was near me, and I saw tears in her eyes.
"Once more, Miss Chester," she said, "Yours songs are so sad and so sweet, they take me out of this world. Once more, if you are not too tired."
I had forgotten me very long since, but the longing was upon me to make him feel, to pierce his heart with some little of the anguish which had pierced mine. Never mind what I suffered, if I could send my words flying like barbed arrows across the room.

I looked at him. The handsome profile stood out clearly and distinctly. He stood gazing through the long window at the night sky. Ah, yes, I would sting him into feeling! And this was my song:

A DEAD LOVE.

"Down deep in my heart, in its last calm sleep,
A dear dead love lies buried deep;
I clasped it once in a long embrace,
And closed the eyes and veiled the face
I never again might see.
I breathed no word and I shed no tear,
But the onward years looked dark and drear,
And I knew, by the throbs of mortal pain,
That a sweetness had fled which never again
Would in life come back to me.

"And dreams of the past, like roses, still shed
Their fragrance around my cherished dead;
While tears that ever are falling unseen,
Like soft summer rain, keep its memory green.
As the turf of the church-yard sod,
And, weeping and watching, I pray and wait
That an angel may open the golden gate;
For I think that the love of long ago,
Though cold and dead to me here below,
Will be mine in the rest of God."

There was a little stir in the room when my song was finished. The last words rang through my brain—"Will be mine in the rest of God." I had touched him. All those other men and women were nothing to me—only shadows. They had no identity. I saw moving figures, I heard voices, but to me Mark was there alone.

I saw a quiver of pain pass over his face. I had made him feel. Then so true, so weak a woman was I that I longed to cross the room and kiss the pain away. The odor of violets came to me; Lady Severne was standing by my side.

"How exquisitely you sing, Miss Chester! You make me long for things that I have quite forgotten. How differently we should all live if we could lead our lives over again!"

The brilliant face had softened; the hard metallic light had died from her eyes. I liked her better in that moment than I had before. Then I heard Lady Yorke asking Mark to sing. I remembered the rich cheery voice that had trolled out many love songs.

"You never refused to sing for me in Italy," said Lady Yorke, "why refuse here?"

"Lady Severne has a beautiful voice and a perfect ear," Lady Severne remarked turning to me.

It comforted me just a little to remember that I had known that long before she did. An uncontrollable trembling came over me, for Mark stood by my side.

"Will you play Lord Severne's accompaniment?" asked Lady Yorke.
"I would rather not," I replied.
"I will," said Lady Severne; "I like to play for him."
Was he thinking of her or thinking of me? Not of me. He could not sing such words to me now; for the song he had chosen was Sullivan's beautiful "My Dearest Heart."

"All the dreaming is broken through; Both what is done and undone I rue. Nothing is steadfast, nothing is true. But your love for me, and my love for you,
My dearest, dearest heart!

"When the winds are loud, when the winds are low,
When the roses come, when the roses go,
One thought, one feeling, is all I know,
My dearest, dearest heart!

"The time is weary, the year is old,
And the light of the lily burns close to the mold;
The grave is cruel, the grave is cold,
But the other side is the city of gold,
My dearest heart, my dearest heart!"

The light and the flowers, the fair faces and jewels, swam before me. It seemed to me that I was faint and ill with the odor of violets. I went from the piano to the other end of the room. I could sing no more that night. A tall jardiniere filled with exquisite white hyacinths, which stood near afforded me shelter, and from behind the white fragrant flowers I could see and hear all that passed. Lady Yorke came to me there and said that I must rest. "You musical people take so much out of yourselves," she said. "You throw your whole souls into your songs. Look at Lord Severne. Who is his 'dearest heart,' I wonder?"
"Lady Severne," I replied, quickly.
But Lady Yorke shook her head.
"That is a marriage I cannot understand," she said, slowly; "but I begin to see what Lord Severne's secret is."

I would have given worlds for courage to ask her to explain her words, but I did not dare to do so.

She left me, and I watched husband and wife. There was something between them—some shadow. She seemed to me half afraid of him. He regarded her closely. He was ill at ease if she said much, if she laughed or attracted much attention. He reminded me of some one who had the care of a forward child always on the point of breaking out into mischief. They never looked at each other with eyes of trust or love. I had not watched them one half hour before I felt and saw that Mark was wretched.

What could it be? Lady Severne was beautiful, graceful, elegant, and well-bred. What could be wrong with her? There was something, I felt sure. Later on that evening, when I sat with aching heart and tired eyes, longing for the hour of dismissal, Lady Yorke came to me again.

"You look so tired, Miss Chester," she said, "I will not ask you to sing." We both glanced across the room to where Lady Severne in her white velvet and diamonds was the centre of a laughing group.

"How beautiful she is!" I said.
The words seemed to be wrong from me in very bitterness of heart.

"Yes," said Lady Yorke. "It is a strange thing that the canker always eats the heart of the fairest rose," and then, seeming vexed at her own words, she hastened to change the subject.
When she had gone I looked long and earnestly at Mark's wife. What could be wrong with this beautiful woman? Nothing with her moral character, or she would not be here at Westwood. With all her nonchalance and indifference, there was no prouder woman living than Lady Yorke. She would not have associated with a duchess who had a blot on her character. There could be nothing of that kind. I saw no blemish in Lady Severne's manner. She was lively, animated, but not fast; she was witty and clever, but not loud. I lost myself in conjecture. One thing only was quite plain to me—that there was something wrong with Mark's wife, and between them there was no love.

The days that followed were busy ones. The month of May was bright and warm. Lady Yorke enjoyed picnics and several were organized. Whatever flirtations were going on had no interest for me; I saw only Mark and Mark's wife. He and I never spoke, we never exchanged even a look; we were as perfect strangers. The only time we broke through our rule of silence was when he told me that he hoped I would forgive the intrusion of his presence, but that he could not leave Westwood as soon as he had intended. Lady Severne was not willing. I did not go to any of the picnics. Lady Yorke seemed to understand that I was neither well nor happy just then, and she was very kind to me. I noticed that once or twice Lady Severne was absent. She remained at home while the others went, and on those days I saw uneasiness on Lady Yorke's face, and misery in Mark's eyes. On these occasions Lady Severne remained secluded in her room, and her maid in strict attendance upon her.

That maid, Martha Glyde by name, was a puzzle to me. Prim, reticent, never using two words where one would suffice, kind, but with never a smile on her face; gentle, yet with a certain grim manner—to me she soon became a living mystery. I thought it so strange that a young and beautiful woman like Lady Severne should prefer a grim, old-fashioned, elderly person like Martha Glyde to a young and pretty maid with a fresh face and quick, tripping footsteps. Moreover, I was not sure in my own mind that Lady Severne did like her. The woman always assumed a tone of authority that I thought most unbecoming.

As yet I suspected nothing. I had no tangible reasons for any of the sha-

dowy fears that surrounded me. I had watched Lady Severne with eyes and instincts sharpened by love and jealousy, but I saw nothing wrong.

One morning—it was almost the last in May, and the June roses were beginning to bloom—a picnic was arranged. Many of the county families had been invited. Lady Yorke had resolved upon giving an entertainment which should not soon be forgotten. A first-class military band was one of the chief attractions, and every one looked forward to the day with delight. It had been decided to visit the old Abbey of St. Ninian—a magnificent ruin only a few miles from Woodheaton, and a favorite place of resort.

I was with Lady Yorke in her boudoir half an hour before the time for starting; she was telling me about her letters, when Lord Severne came to the door. Seeing me there, he did not enter. Lady Yorke went to him, and he spoke in a low tone of voice to her. I could see that they were both angry and amazed. Then Lady Yorke spoke in a soothing voice, as if she were trying to comfort him. Shortly afterwards he went away, and she returned to the writing table, with a crimson flush on her face and an angry gleam in her eyes. I saw that her hands trembled so that she could not hold her pen. She flung it impatiently upon the table.

"You must write this for me, Miss Chester," she said quickly; "I am vexed and grieved;" and she walked to the window, and stood for some minutes looking out.

I knew that it must be something about Mark's wife—my instinct told me so—but I could not solve the mystery. On the previous night she had been unusually gay and animated. Indeed, Lord Severne had hovered near her as though he feared her high spirits might "carry her away." What then could be wrong this morning? His voice when he spoke to Lady Yorke, was full of pain.

I was right, for when the long line of carriages started with their loads of gay pleasure seekers Lady Severne was not there, and her husband's dark handsome face was clouded and distressed. I was weak enough as I watched him from afar off to stretch out my hands to him with a longing cry.

"Oh, Mark, my lost love, what has gone wrong with you?"

CHAPTER XIV.

Lady Yorke had left me very busy. I had many letters to write; I had several gifts of food and clothing to send away, some music and books to select, and I promised if possible to visit a poor woman who lay ill in one of the cottages outside Woodheaton. More work was before me. I feared, then I could get through, but I began with a good will. I tried hard to keep my thoughts from wandering, but they would stray to Lady Severne. Why had she not made one of the picnic party? She had so often talked about St. Ninian's Abbey and wished to see it. Why had she remained at home? She could not be ill, or we would have heard of it, and I remembered that Lord Severne and Lady Yorke had spoken in anger rather than in sorrow. It was perfectly clear that there was a mystery, but what was the nature of it I could not imagine.

I remember how calm the day was. The sunshine was delightfully warm, and as the drowsy musical hum of the bees as they worked busily fell on my ears I thought of that beautiful line: "The bee is betrothed to the broom." The birds were silent; there was but a faint murmur of the wind; the house was strangely still. Many of the servants had gone to the Abbey to be in attendance. I could hear quite plainly the rush of the river in the distance, and the tapping of leaves against the window glass. Once or twice I fancied that I heard a most unusual sound—whether it was a laugh, a scream or a moan, I could not tell, for it was gone almost as soon as heard. I went down to the library in search of something that I needed for my writing. On the grand staircase I met Lady Severne's maid, Martha Glyde, and I felt sure that she had the key of a bedroom door in her hand. She was taking some soap, I thought, upstairs, for she was carrying a covered basin. Martha had always a grim smile for me. I was one of her favorites. I stopped impulsively.

"How is Lady Severne this morning?" I asked, and the smile died in a moment. A hard, cold, impenetrable look came into the honest face. "I am sorry she is ill," I continued.

"She is not," "ill," the woman was going to say, I am sure, but she checked herself and substituted "well."
"I am sorry," I said, "for I knew she wanted to see St. Ninian's. What is it—cold or headache?"
"I must make haste," replied Martha, ignoring my question; "her ladyship is waiting," and she brushed past me with far less ceremony than usual. "Good morning, miss," she added, hastily, as though she knew she had been abrupt.

An hour afterward I had finished my writing and began to pack the parcels of clothes that Lady Yorke had wished me to send away.

My rooms were in the part of the house called the "Queen's Wing," Lady Yorke's suite of apartments was in the centre of the building; while the rooms set apart for the guests were in the western tower. Some of the clothes I wanted were in one of the wardrobes in a spare room. Crossing the broad corridors that led to the western tower, I was struck by the unusual silence. There was no sound of visitors or servants, but profound stillness—no hurry of footsteps, no voices.

I went to the cedar room, opened the wardrobe, found what I required, and was on the point of closing it when I heard a sound that almost froze the blood in my veins.

Was it a cry, a shriek? I could not tell—only that it was unearthly in its horror. I knew by the sound that it must have come from Lady Severne's room.

Half frantic with fear, the next minute I was rapping at her door.

"What is the matter, Lady Severne?" I cried. "Are you ill? Are you hurt?" There was a moment of deathly silence. I turned the handle of the door and found it was securely locked.

"Who is there?" Martha Glyde called out.

"It is I—Miss Chester. What is the matter?" I replied.

"Nothing," was the curt reply.

"But, Martha, I heard Lady Severne scream. I am sure she is ill. Do let me in."

The next moment Martha had half opened the door and I saw her face; it was white and angry—yes, and alarmed.

"Miss Chester," she said—and the effort to speak calmly was a great one—"do not try to come in. You will only make things worse. Believe me, there is nothing the matter. Lady Severne is often hysterical. She is not ill, but she would be annoyed if she knew you were here."

I went away, but I retained my own belief that the scream I had heard was not hysterical. I wondered if Mark's wife could be mad; but I was not aware that people could be mad one day and sane the next.

I found that Lady Severne did not leave her room that day, nor did she join the dinner party in the evening. Lady Yorke apologized for her, saying that she had taken cold through being out on the terrace on the previous evening, but that she hoped she would be better on the morrow. I saw Mark's face twitch and his lips quiver, but he spoke no word. There was a murmur of regret, for several of the gentlemen present there could be no attraction that evening.

To be Continued

A SERIOUS EXPERIENCE

PASSED THROUGH BY ONE OF BROCKVILLE'S BEST KNOWN MEN.

His Legs Gave Out and When He Sat Down He Had No Control Over Them—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Restored Him to Activity.

From the Brockville Recorder.

There are few men in Brockville or vicinity better known to the general public, and there is certainly no one held in greater esteem by his friends, than Mr. L. deCarle, sr. Mr. deCarle came from England to Canada forty-four years ago, locating in the county of Glengarry. Eight years later he removed to Brockville and has made his home here ever since. He established the large marble business still carried on by his sons here, and is himself one of the most expert stone-cutters in the Dominion of Canada. He is also well known as an artist in other lines and as a draftsman has few equals and no superiors. Ample evidence of this is afforded in the fact that when the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway was begun, Sir Sanford Fleming, chief engineer of the great trans-continental road, requested him to join his staff.

Mr. deCarle accepted the position at Sir Sanford's request and remained with the company for nine years, during which time he drew nearly all the profiles of the road and the plans of the bridges between Ottawa and Thunder Bay. His work was commended as the best done by any draftsman in the company's employ. Since leaving the company's service Mr. deCarle has lived a retired life, enjoying a well earned competence at his cosy home in the west end of the town. Mr. deCarle is possessed of a rugged constitution and had always enjoyed the best of health until the fall of 1896. Then he was stricken with an affection of the limbs which much alarmed him. Speaking with a Recorder representative the other day, the conversation happened to turn upon this event, and the circumstances connected therewith can best be told in his own words. "Last fall" said he, "my legs became in such a condition that when I sat down I had no power over them. I could not move them one way or the other, and was naturally much alarmed. I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I had read of their curing cases similar to mine and so I decided to give them a trial. I purchased a supply of the Pills and commenced taking them according to directions. I had only taken them a short time when I found that I was regaining the use of my legs and could raise one up and cross the other without much difficulty. I also remarked to my wife that the pills were doing me much good and she was both surprised and delighted when I showed her with what ease I could move my limbs. I continued taking the pills for about a month and by that time I had full control of my legs as I ever had—in fact was completely cured. I have never had a symptom of the trouble since and am now as well as ever I was. I attribute my cure entirely to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. In fact it must have been the pills for I took nothing else in the way of medicine, and I cannot too strongly recommend them to anyone afflicted as I was."

TERRORS OF LOVE.

They say now that love is controlled by vibration.
That's so; I trembled when I proposed—trembled when I asked her father for her—trembled at the altar, and she has kept me shaking in my boots ever since.

DIDN'T LAST.

I thought you said it was a case of love at first sight.
I did; but she soon got her second sight and weakened on me.

THE "DO ANYTHING" MAN.

The man who tells you that he can "do anything," will bring you ample proof on trial that he can't do anything.

HEALTH.

USE OF TOOTHBRUSH.

It is but a little thing, yet on its proper use depends much of the happiness of modern man. Why civilized teeth should be so rotten is a question which has often been debated, and probably the true answer is more complex than some would think. Many good mothers are content to put all toothache down to lollypops; but the sugar in itself is not responsible for bad teeth is proved by the splendid "ivories" often possessed by negroes who practically live upon the sugar cane, and thrive upon it, too, during the whole of the season when it is in maturity.

Dental decay is common enough, however, among negroes in towns, and it seems clear that the caries of the teeth, which is so common among civilized races, is due not to any particular article of diet so much as to digestive and nutritive changes imposed upon us by our mode of life, and to some extent by the fact that by hook or crook we do somehow manage to live, notwithstanding our bad teeth; whereas, in a state of nature, the toothless man soon dies. Recognizing, then, that until the time arrives when some great social reformer either mends or ends our present social conditions, our teeth will tend to rot, and that, whatever the predisposing causes, the final act in the production of caries is the lodgment of microbes on and around the teeth, we see that for long to come the toothbrush will be a necessity if the health is to be maintained.

It is only by frequent use of this little instrument that those minute accumulations can be removed which are the root of so much mischief. A few elementary lessons in bacteriology would, we fancy, greatly startle many people, and certainly would show them the futility of trusting to one scrub a day. The fact is, that if a person, instead of looking at the toothbrush from an aesthetic point of view and scrubbing away with tooth powders (?) to make their front teeth white, would regard it merely as an aid to cleanliness, they would see that the time to use it is the morning only, when the debris left from the day before has been fermenting and brewing acid all night through. They would also see how insufficient an instrument the common toothbrush is unless it is used with considerable judgment.

One of the secondary advantages of opening a good deal of advantage on dentistry is that at least one learns the value of one's teeth. By the time we have them dotted over with gold stoppings and gold crowns we learn to take care of them, even although that may involve the trouble of cleaning them more than once a day and using perhaps more than one brush for the purpose.

WATER DRINKING.

A health expert claims drinking freely of pure water is a most efficacious means not only of preserving health, but often of restoring it when failing. The majority of people find it hard to realize that the body should be kept clean inside as well as outside. Cleanliness of the tissues within the body is as necessary to health and comfort as cleanliness of the skin, and water tends to insure the one as well as it does the other. It dissolves the waste material which would otherwise collect in the body, and removes it in the various excretions. These waste materials are often actual poisons, and their retention is the cause of many a headache, many rheumatic pains, many sleepless nights, and many attacks of "the blues." There has not been enough water in the body to wash them away, and consequently the system has become clogged and demoralized. If these few facts about the importance of water to the human body were widely known and generally put into practice, they would do more to promote the health of the human race than all the drugs in the pharmacopoeia of the physician and pharmacist.

FOR CHAPPED HANDS.

A home-made emollient for chapped hands is compounded from an ounce of white wax and an ounce of spermaceti. Cut into shreds and melt together in an earthenware jar; then add an ounce of camphorized oil, stir the ingredients until they are well mixed, place the jar in a basin of cold water, stir until the cream is cold, then pack in little jars for the dressing. In fact this rubbed on the hands and a pair of wash-leather gloves worn at night the relief will be prompt.

FINGER RINGS.

From the remotest times women have loved to adorn their fingers with rings, and some of the mummies found in the Egyptian pyramids had their fingers literally covered with them. Sometimes these rings were of gold, but at others they were of glass, pottery or brass, according no doubt to the wealth of the wearers. A ring is bestowed in marriage because it was anciently a seal by which orders were signed, and the delivery of the ring was a token that a man gave the bearer of it power to act as his deputy. Thus a woman, having her husband's signet ring, had power to issue orders as he himself would do.

NEARLY THE SAME.

Minister, to irate colored woman who has been complaining that her husband neglected and abused her—Have you tried coals of fire on his head? No, massa, but Ise done tried hot water outen de kettle.