

HOW SHE WON.

CHAPTER I.

"Wanted a tutor for a little boy. Salary no object if credentials and attainments are satisfactory. An elderly gentleman of quiet habits preferred. Address Lady Leigh, Leigh Park, Downshire."

A simple notice in a local paper, but productive of some excitement in the quiet country club, where it is seen for the first time and read aloud.

"The thin end of the wedge at last," draws a conceited-looking man, with pale, prominent blue eyes and heavy amber mustaches, who is most commonly known to his friends as the Heathen Chinese, but to the world at large as the Honorable Graver Meade. "The inveterate hater of our sex has, after all, discovered that a certain amount of male society is indispensable and takes this opportunity of avowing her mistake."

"Let us take our triumph modestly," laughs another; "for after all she has made a gallant defense and stuck to her colors seven years."

"Only to raise the siege at last." "Scarcely that. It is not an unconditional surrender. Mark well, the advertisement runs—'An elderly gentleman of quiet habits preferred.'"

"That's for appearances. Anybody can see what it means."

"Everybody has not your astuteness, Graver. Now, to my simple intelligence, it seems as though she meant what she said; as though she were sacrificing her own feelings for the sake of her child."

But this explanation is too natural and commonplace and not one to be received with much favor. Seeing this, the speaker takes up the Saturday Review and abandoning the topic, buries himself in its pages.

He is a man sufficiently well-favored to always attract attention, and yet free from any beauty that might be justly termed effeminate. The lips are rather sad and often compressed in anger or scorn; the face itself is bronzed and disfigured with a scar, but the eyes are clear and keen, and a smile will flash into them at times singularly sweet and winning.

His figure is well knit; his voice is low, and has the reputation of being very fascinating, too; in addition he is one of the best partis in a county where all the landowners are rich and most of them well-born—ultra-conservative Downshire.

He was only twenty-two when he came into his heritage, and for one year he reveled in all the advantages that wealth can give when one is young. Then, apparently suddenly tiring of the too thinly-veiled flattery and homage that came to him from all sides alike, he exchanged, at the time of the Indian mutiny, from the crack cavalry corps in which he was lieutenant into a native infantry regiment. Promotion in those troublous times was swift, and, after ten years' absence, he retired, and returned to his native land as colonel.

Some stories had been afloat at the time of his departure in reference to a supposed entanglement with a too fair daughter of Judah; but the conservative county shuddered at the bare idea of such an esplanade, refusing the story all credence, while not even the most curious would have dared to question Graver Meade himself as to the truth of the reports.

"Seven years' mourning! A most respectable term of widowhood; not even a good husband could expect more; and I don't think the late Lord Leigh was ever accused of being that," continues the Heathen Chinese, languidly.

"And another year will see her married again, the ice being once broken; let us hope that it will prove a more fortunate venture. A grand chance for all they younger sons. Wish I wasn't out of the list," says Mr. Crosse-Breton, dolefully; he is a married man and a member of Parliament, seldom finding leisure for a gossip at the club, and enjoying it all the more when practicable. "She was a beautiful child when Leigh married her, and must be a lovely woman still."

"She may take a fancy to me," lisps Captain Venere, complacently. "I'm not so bad-looking, they tell me." The other shakes his head in decided negative.

"You don't catch a bird twice with the same chaff, and Leigh was the handsomest man of his day."

"She may prefer intelligence this time," observes the Honorable Graver Meade.

"And that will be fatal to your interest," puts in Colonel Dare, quietly.

"According to your account, no one has a chance," says Captain Venere, crossly.

"I don't think any one has."

"Except the elderly tutor—lucky fellow!" draws the Heathen Chinese.

"For my part," declares Captain Venere, "I disbelieve entirely in this rare avis. I don't mind betting anybody a pony that she chooses the best-looking man that presents himself as her son's guide to knowledge."

"I'll take the bet, Venere."

It is Colonel Dare who speaks and all turn to him in astonishment.

"Do you know her?" asks Mr. Crosse-Breton, jealously, feeling injured that nobody besides himself should be able to claim acquaintance with the mysterious lady who for seven years' had lived so secluded a life on her own domain.

"No, I have never even seen her. But

the idea of a woman whose sole aim in life is not the subjugation of our sex is so refreshing, that I am only anxious to prove it real. If I lose—Well it is only one more disappointment, that is all!"

"How is it to be decided? We cannot well manage to see all the unsuccessful candidates, and the beauty will have to go by comparison. Tutors are not generally noted for their good looks."

"Let us go ourselves, Venere; that will be the safest test," answers Graver Meade, and his suggestion is received with acclamation.

"Of course I am out of it myself," says Mr. Crosse-Breton, with an accent of regret; "but I shall be anxious to hear the result. I fancy Dare will have the best of it; these weather-beaten warriors always win the day."

"Is it quite fair?" demurs the colonel, doubtfully, ignoring the compliment received.

"Fair? Of course, it's fair! All is fair in love and war," laughs Captain Venere.

"But this is education."

"Same thing. Currid has to teach his art, and ladies, as a rule, are apt pupils."

Colonel Dare frowns disapprovingly. Captain Venere is no favorite of his, and he half repents having entered into this engagement.

The Heathen Chinese rises, struggling with a stifled yawn.

"Thank fortune for a new excitement!" he exclaims, devoutly, pulling his long amber mustaches. "I'm off."

"Where to, Graver?" is the general cry.

"To a second-hand shop, to pick up a suit of seedy black."

The roar of laughter that greets his information startles two elderly gentlemen who are quietly reading the papers at the farther end of the room, but the object of the merriment is quite unmoved, and departs in happy assurance of his ultimate success. Even in a "suit of seedy black," he is convinced he must be irresistible.

Captain Venere pulls out his pocket-book and enters the bet.

"If one of us is accepted, we shall have to engage a female Paris to decide as to who is the comeliest," he says, laughing.

"Be content," answers Colonel Dare, gravely; "the golden apple is yours. We will not dispute it," and then, with a hastily-suppressed sigh, he turns and leaves the room.

"He's a queer fish," observes Captain Venere, with a vexed shadow on his handsome face, as the green baize door swings to behind the colonel. "I never can make him out."

"Nor I either," assents the M. P. uneasily. "He seems to take this joke very seriously; I hope it may end well."

In the meantime Colonel Dare strides on swiftly through the one quiet street which constitutes the town, until he reaches the small rustic inn where his dog cart is in waiting.

The groom stares a little at his master's impassive face as he jumps in, and, taking the reins, lashes the horse into a quick gallop.

The colonel does not slacken speed until he reaches his own gates, and then, suddenly bethinking himself, pulls up, and drives more slowly.

There can have been no reason for his former haste, for, once in the privacy of his own room, he hides his face in his hands, and for a long time is lost in thought.

When he raises his head his eyes are saddened, and his lips, unconcealed by mustaches, are sterner even than they were. From a small drawer in a writing table before him he takes out a case and holds it for some minutes in his hand, as though hesitating whether to open it or not.

It is only a little battered brown case, apparently containing nothing of dark hair, and glowing eyes that reverently, knowing it is the epitome of the story of his life.

In it there are two likenesses. One is a photograph from an oil painting of a lady with sad, stern eyes half hidden by the soft gray curls falling over her forehead, and a mass of filmy lace, who, from the strong likeness she bears to the man before her, can only be his mother. The other is a tinted miniature on ivory of a girl with rich, dark hair, and glowing eyes that redeem the decidedly marked features that are portrayed there.

After all, there must have been some truth in that story of ten years ago, for the ripe, red lips, so perfect in their outline, and the delicate aquiline nose mark plainly the race from which she sprang. The strong man quivers as he gazes upon the beautiful imaged face and remembers all she might have been to him, and was not. He almost dashes the miniature to the ground.

"What has brought her into my mind to-day?" he mutters, impatiently—"the unhappy girl who ruined my life and her own!"

Ten years ago! Living then, they seemed long enough; but now, looking back, they are like the shortest dream. The story that had shadowed his life was a sad one, but perhaps not uncommon; it is not always the man who tempts or the woman whose weakness is betrayed. Even a Samson may fall into the hands of a Delilah.

Ten years ago he had been young and free from care. The natural sorrow at his father's death had been as naturally dispelled, and when, after awhile, he left his newly-acquired estate, it was highest hopes and firmest faith in what the future had in store for him, only saddened for a moment by his mother's parting words.

She had taken him down the long picture-gallery and told him the history of each ancestor hanging there; how the men had always been honorable and brave, the women fair and of noble birth.

"Try to be worthy of them, dear Gervase," she had whispered gently, her hand resting on his head, "and let your wife be one that you will not be ashamed to bring here—to me."

They were simple words, if solemn, yet destined to have more influence over

er his future fate than either of them could have supposed.

At a garden party at Richmond, given by some of his bachelor brother-officers, he had met a beautiful Jewess, who could certainly never have been invited had any of the ladies of the regiment been expected, although no thing could have been urged against her antecedents or present conduct. Her mother was with her; and other ladies were there whose exclusion from the inner circles of society was less marked; and, although Gervase Dare knew from the moment when he saw her first that this was not the woman he could introduce to his ancestral home as his bride, although that knowledge haunted him with a strange persistence considering it was their first meeting—and that alone should surely have warned him of his danger—he could not resist lingering at her side and listening to her low-toned voice.

With a woman's quickness of perception, she saw the conquest she had made, and determined to turn it to her advantage. She loved him—yes, ever then she loved him, returning his passion as recklessly as it was offered; but not for an instant did she hesitate in her resolve to ruin his life by linking it with her own. He was rich, well-born, and could raise her to that position for which she longed, and from which she was hopelessly debarred by that accident of birth. Women less beautiful had made marriages sufficiently brilliant to obliterate their past—why should not she?

And so for two months the unequal game went on, she a woman of the world, though not in it; he a beardless boy, with too little experience to guess to what all this was leading. The bright smiles that greeted his approach and the brighter tears that started so naturally at his departure were bewildering enough to blind the judgment and daze the senses of even an older man; but in his weakest moment, when led on to confess his love, he remembered his mother's words and told her at the same time that he could never make her his wife.

Such stormy scenes followed, so many reproaches and prayers, that the boy was nearly overcome by their frequent repetition, and only saved himself by flight. Feeling he was no match for the wily woman who had ensnared him, he realized that discretion in this case really was the better part of valor; and he exchanged into an Indian regiment, without telling any one of his intention beforehand, so that it was from Malta he wrote his farewells.

To his mother he told the whole story and she, knowing that through some such probation, all must pass alike, readily forgave him and sent her loving sympathy and regret.

But the story was not fated to end here. Six months later, when the whole country was convulsed with the horrors of the massacre of Cawnpore, it was Gervase Dare's duty to go and try to reinfuse some order into that fearful scene.

It was a sight to make the strongest shudder. The dead were lying in heaps, bearing marks of the mutilation they had received from their implacable enemies; and here and there was to be seen the body of a Sepoy who had been cut down in the midst of his savage fury, a demonic smile still hovering over the cruel colored face.

It was indeed a fearful scene to witness; but a greater trial awaited the brave young officer who had already distinguished himself in the fighting that had taken place, and who, owing to many gaps caused by death, had won his company.

On the very edge of the fatal well lay a form that made his heart leap to his mouth. It was the work of a moment to alight from his saddle and turn her face to the light; his worst fears were confirmed, and with a wild cry of "Rachel! Rachel!" he lost all consciousness of his pain.

Whether she had followed him intentionally, or whether some outward fate had brought her there, he never heard; he only knew that the woman he loved was dead, and that, faulty and unwomanly as she had doubtless been, for him there was no other in the world.

But that was long ago, and years later, when he revisited the spot and gazed upon the fair white monument with its inscription, "In Memoriam," and wandered through the lovely gardens that surround it like an oasis in the sandy region of Cawnpore, he could scarcely realize or remember the agony that he had suffered then.

And so it is doubly strange that she should come into his mind now, and that he should feel the same fierce resentment burning still. He raises his mother's pictured face to his lips in tender reverence.

"Perhaps I may yet meet a woman who is guileless and true," he murmurs—"one that I need not be ashamed to bring to the house that was your home."

(To Be Continued.)

THE FORCE OF IMAGINATION.

Mr. Billtops Feels a Draught from a Window, Which Later He Discovers to be Closed.

"I had read, as illustrations of the force of the imagination," said Mr. Billtops, "the stories about people getting fresh air by opening a window that really opened into an adjoining room, and about their getting up and breaking a window that they discovered in the morning was a window of a bookcase, and all that sort of thing, I felt a terrible draught the other day in a street car, and glancing over my shoulder I saw that a window at my back was open. I didn't want to shut it myself. I didn't want to take the trouble to ask the conductor to shut it. I just simply shifted over to the other side of the car, and from there I saw that the window that I had thought open was in reality closed. But I was not chagrined by the discovery. On the contrary, I was amused enough over it to smile, and that relieved the tension and dissipated the draught."

YOUNG FOLKS

KATIE'S PART.

"What have you done, dear children?" The mother gently said. And she kissed her white-robed babes at night. And tucked them up in bed; "What have you done through all this day To help someone along the way?" Then each one told her some kind deed—

A loving word just spoken; Some sacrifice for other's wants, Or gift of friendly token. But when 'twas Katie's turn to speak, A tear-drop glistened on her cheek.

"I cannot think of anything So very good to-day," She sadly said; "only I helped A chicken find its way Back to its mother—that was all; But it was lost, and oh, so small!"

"'Twas naughty when it ran away; But, dear mamma, I know It felt so sorry, for it tried The right way back to go. You told us once we ought to seek To save the lost ones and the weak."

"The little chicken looked distressed, And how it cried, poor thing! It was so glad to cuddle up Under its mother's wing. And I was so happy when I found 'Twas there with her all safe and sound."

The children hid their smiles beneath The bed's white coverlet, But the mother kissed her Katie Just where the cheek was wet. "Your part," she said, "you, too have done; God is well pleased, my little one."

PRUE'S PEANUT PARTY.

Mary Ann Prudence Tompkins had borne her load of names nearly fourteen years. To be sure nearly every one called her Prue, her name, however, was a sore trial to her, for the boys—but there! I started to tell you of her birthday party not her name.

She would be fourteen on the tenth of April and on the first day of that month—she began to agitate the subject of a birthday party. The result was that on the third her mother's consent was gained.

"I haven't time to bake anything for a party, you know, Prue, and your father has no money to spare for nonsense, so you mustn't expect your party to be an elaborate affair."

"No," said Prue meekly. "I won't expect anything if you will let me have it. I've got a dollar of my own," she added under her breath. "I'll buy some—I don't know what."

"Pretty Prue's plain party," sang out brother Dan in a teasing voice.

Prue paid no attention to this but went to look in her little shell box in the top bureau drawer. There lay her dollar safe and sound, whereupon she mentally hugged herself for having kept it for this occasion.

The next Saturday was a busy day for Mary Ann Prudence. Twenty-five cents of the precious dollar went to buy gay colored cheese cloth which she made into fifteen medium-sized bags with a shir string in the top of each.

Then she got out her box of gilt-edged note paper which Aunt Ann had given her the Christmas before. With great care she wrote out fifteen very formal invitations. Then she got down her box of water colors and laboriously painted a peanut in the upper left hand corner of each invitation. These she enclosed in envelopes, addressed and hired her little brother Ray to deliver.

It was lots of work and her reward was not just what she expected.

When she reached the school room Monday morning her party was the talk of the school.

"Your invitations were just elegant," said Dora Little, passing her arm around Prue's waist.

"Stunning!" ejaculated Dave Turner. "But say, Prue, tell us what you put that potato in the corner for?"

"Potato!" repeated Prue feebly.

"Why, don't you know, Gumpy?" put in Alex Martin. "She wants us to each carry a potato in our pocket that night so we won't come down with rheumatism and spoil the party."

"Pretty Prue's plain potato party," chuckled Prue's brother Dan who had come up in time to hear the last remark.

"Potato, the idea!" exclaimed Lou G.aves. "There was a pumpkin on mine. Prue is going to have jack-o'-lanterns and I'll be there without fail. Count on me, Prue."

"You boys are just horrid," exclaimed Dora, drawing Prue away. If I were in Prue's place I'd never invite such a ride set of boys again. You haven't manners enough to accept an invitation."

"Prue knows we didn't mean anything, just wanted to talk," said Dan. "Your invitations were fine," Prue, really they were."

The teacher entered and the talk ceased.

Thursday evening the fifteen invited guests gathered at the Tompkins house.

They all seated themselves stiffly in their chairs and spoke only in low tones and to the one next to them. One might think they had never met before.

Pretty soon Prue brought out the cheese cloth sacks and gave one to each.

"There are enough peanuts in this room and the dining room to fill all these sacks," said she. "They are hid around in different places and the one who gets their sacks filled first will get a prize."

Every one sprang up. It was hurry, scurry, jump and dash.

Mrs. Tompkins who was up stairs putting the baby to sleep wondered if she would have any house left to say nothing of the furniture.

It was over an hour before quiet was restored. Dan Turner was the winner

and was presented with a check doll two inches in length, and dressed in cheese cloth to match the peanut sacks. They ate peanuts, told stories and sang songs.

There was a subdued excitement when Dora Little, in the name of the company, presented Prue with a fine new muff. Prue was delighted. It was just like Dora's which she had so much admired. They finally took their leave in high spirits declaring a peanut party ahead of anything for fun.

"Dear me," said Mrs. Tompkins, the next day as she and Prue swept up peanut shells and restored the furniture to its accustomed place. "I think, Mary Ann Prudence, that this is your last peanut party."

"Yes," said Prue gayly. "Next year I'll have a cobweb party."

But we will have to wait another year to hear about that.

Nurse Morris' Secret.

EXPLAINS HOW SHE SAVES MOTHERS' LIVES.

The Critical Time of Maternity and the Methods of a Famous Nurse to Restore the Mother's Strength.

From the Evening News, Detroit, Mich.

No woman is better fitted for nursing, or has had more years of practical experience in that work than Mrs. Morris, of 340 Fourteenth street, Detroit, Mich. For twenty years she has been recognized as the best and most successful nurse in confinement cases, and over three hundred happy mothers can testify to her skillful nursing and care. Always engaged months ahead, she has had to decline hundreds of pressing and pleading applications for her services. She has made a specialty of confinement cases, and has made so high a reputation in this city that her engagement, in all cases, is taken as a sure sign of the mother's speedy recovery.

Mrs. Morris was a nurse in England before she came to America, and so was her mother and her mother's mother before her. When asked once by a leading physician the secret of her great success in treating mothers in confinement cases, she said she used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, in such cases, as they build up the mother more quickly and surely than any other medicine she had ever used.

Mrs. Morris was seen at her pretty little home on Fourteenth Street, and when asked regarding the use of these pills in her profession, she said: "I have used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People since they were put on the market. They built me up when I was all run down and so nervous I could not get any rest. After they had helped me I began to use them in restoring mothers in confinement cases. There is nothing that can be prescribed or given by a physician that will give health and strength to a mother so quickly as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. It is true that in some cases where the father or parents were prejudiced against the much advertised Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, but they all came out of a Dr. Williams' Pink Pills box."

"I have given them in hundreds of cases of confinement to the mother, and it is wonderful how they build up the system. I have practically demonstrated their great worth many times and have recommended them to hundreds of mothers for their young daughters. Yes, I have been successful in confinement cases, but I must give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People a great part of the credit for the speedy recovery of mothers. They certainly have no equal as a strength and health builder. You can say for me that I strongly advise that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People be kept and used in every house."

All the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves are contained in a condensed form in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental strain, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold in boxes, never in loose bulk, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

ODD NOTIONS.

Beware of the man who smiles when he is angry; the man who smiles when he is pleased is sometimes a big bore too.

When your palm itches, it means money; you probably have somewhere a half dollar you have forgotten to spend.

A real gentleman is a 15-year-old boy who will give to some plain-looking woman in a street car his seat by his best girl.

A willing horse is often overworked; a good kicker gets to quit before his time is up.

Fine feathers don't make fine birds; the peacock has to roost in a barn.

KNOCKED MANY A MAN OUT

Yes, said the pugilist, this is my favorite punch.

And, setting down the glass, he smacked his lips.

RESENTFUL.

Mamma, said the pretty bride, how will I know when the honeymoon is at an end?

You can tell very easily, snapped the old gentleman, who hates to be ignored. It always breaks up in a cyclone.