SHE WON.

hear them,

CHAPTER III .- (Continued.)

She looks so fair and fragile sitting there, the firelight flickering on her sweet, pale face, that Colonel Dare's ing before the tutor, gaunt and grim. heart beats in such sympathy as he has never before accorded to any living woman. Surely, he thinks, Lord Leigh must have been a worse man even than rumor has made him to have ill treated her. She looks so young, too-scarcely three-and-twenty, though in the Peerage her age is put down as twenty-seven and she must have been a mere child when she became a wife. Little Rollo is coiled up in her lap

now, having faithlessly deserted his new friend; and mother and son make a picture which any painter, however spoiled by fame, might be proud to portray.

"Have I interrupted you?" she asks, presently. "You were telling Rollo some stories. Won't you go on with

them? For a moment he ifeels aggrieved, that, like Othello, he cannot strive to win this other Desdemona with stories of his prowess. He has been the hero of many a warlike anecdote and not for nothing was the V. C. awarded him when the mutiny was at an end.

"Tell us about India," says the boy, eagerly, edging closer to his mother, and composing himself to listen com-

fortably. "India! Have you ever been in In-

dia, Mr .-- " She stops in some confusion, remembering that he has been in her house a week, and yet she does not know his

"My name is Dare," he puts in quickly, trying to evade the question, and not noticing until he has spoken that in the hurry of the moment he has forgotten to give the false name he had invented for the occasion. However, the subject is successfully changed.

You will think me sadly unbusinesslike," she begins, with a half smile,

"But ladies are never expected to be amateur detectives," he finishes for

"Detectives!" she echoes, with a little startled cry. "Luwyers, if you like the term bet-

ter. It is the same thing.'

"Oh, no. Lawyers transact business detectives discover fraud."

It is his turn to start now and turn pale, and she, noticing it, adds, quickly: "It was your word, not mine. I did not mean anything by it."

"Would you like to write to an address I can give you, and ask for a re- | will be out, and so avoids him, or wheference?"

sweet, sad smile,

so at first, but there is not longer any occasion. I have heard and seen enough to trust you thoroughly.'

more abashed at the confidence she has expressed than he would have done had she discovered all and overwhelmed him with reproaches.

"Mother, ask him to tell the story," persisted little Rollo.

Lady Leigh, however, shakes her head, and does not urge the request. Perhaps she feels that she has condescended sufficiently for once in coming there at all, and does not wish to awaken the familiarity that breeds contempt. Or perhaps she, too, is thinking of Desdemona and Othello, and knows

to what such story telling might lead. And yet this tall, thin, professorlooking man is surely old and ugly enough for there to be an utter immunity from danger. Half-laughing at the fears that had arisen, she lifts Rollo from

her lap and rises to her feet. "It is getting late, and Rollo, it will gaze. be your bedtime soon.'

The boy pouts, and would rebel, but Colonel Dare, whose first lesson to his pupil had-military-like-been obedience is there, so he only looks his dis-

"My boy, those who have been taught to obey learn soonest how to command," is the grave admonition he receives, and then the speaker stoops and kisses the child, so that all sternness is taken out of the rebuke.

Lady Leigh holds out her hand impulsively.

"If I could believe there was good in any man, I should believe it of you,"

she says, quickly.

Then, ashamed of her words, she turns to leave the room, But the tutor so far forgets himself as to follow her and take hold of the handle of the door. "Believe that there is good in every man," he says gently, "and that only

in some the evil predominates.' " Prove your words. Train my boy so that in the future I may never have cause to blush for him, and I will bless

and pray for you as long as I live!" she exclaims, excitedly. "Indeed, it will not be so difficult a

task. Rollo is a dear little fellow, and I think he will grow up a noble man, fit for the high station he is destined to fill."

But Lady Leigh is gone. It is the first time since she has given up the world that she has permitted herself to talk on the subject which drove her into retirement, and she finds she cannot bear it yet; the old wound still winces at a touch. Rollo runs after her, and Colonel Dare is left alone.

More than ever he is attracted toward this woman, who had evidently suffered much before she became so bitter. She had looked so lovely, too, in her ruffled calm, with her big, troubled eyes and tremulous lips; so that, guilty as he feels in having deceived he complies. her, he cannot quite regret what he has done. For such women men have died, gone mad, or committed far worse

sins than this of his. Besides, he can make atonement. Sure- gloomy prison." ly, if he devotes himself to the education of her boy, caring for him as no mere hireling could, the wrong done will not be so great. Already the child is growing stronger and less dreamy, pitying contempt and curiosity." now that he has a new interest in life.

"What had you been saying to my though fearing to give her pain.

lady to make her cry so this afternoon ?" asks Tabitha, sternly, when she brings in dinner that evening, stand-

"Of course she was, or I would not have mentioned it. But there-don't fash yourself; I dare say it was none of your doing "-a little mollified by his evident distress.

"Indeed, I hope not. Heaven knows, would not willingly add to her suf-

The words are so low she does not

"Likely enough she was worrying about the boy," she goes on, musingly She turns to the sideboard to cut some bread, and so does not notice the undue excitement he is betraying. Then as she comes back to the table, she sees for the first time how pale he is, and, with the privilege of an old servant, comments upon it at once.

"You are not looking well yourself, sir,' she says, with some concern. "It is nothing. I have a little headache, perhaps. Want of fresh air, I suppose," he answers lightly.

"There's the park. Why don't you walk out sometimes?"

"Would Lady Leigh care about that There would always be the chance of our meeting, and I do not wish to be an annoyance to her."

"I forgot that," says Tabitha, but inwardly resolved to speak to her lady on the subject at once.

Colonel Dare is just putting down the lamp preparatory to retiring for the night, when the good-natured but head in at the door.

"My lady hopes you will walk in the grounds as often as you feel inclined, and there's a library downstairs, if you care to go sometimes."

er shut up in his own suite of rooms, he may possibly, by a little maneuvering, manage to see her again. This bear. concession gained, it will depend upon himself whether he wins the day or given him so much pain may in the might have betrayed his secret. end cause his greater discomfiture.

CHAPTER IV.

It is some days before Colonel Dare sees Lady Leigh again. Whether it is that she guesses at what time he ther she has ceased to care for out-She shakes her head, with a little door exercise, it is difficult to determine, but certain it is that neith-"I may have been wrong in not doing | er in the park nor on the stairs does he meet her.

Not the less does he think of her, however, and Rollo forms a strong link The tutor's eyes droop, and he feels between them, the little fellow repeating to each what the other has said in I came to Leigh Park, and have never authority that Sir H. Kitchener had childish ignorance of the interest that one at least takes in the recital.

It is evening when chance brings them together again. The tutor is walking up and down before the house, looking a little wistfully at the window, where a subdued light is shining, as he smokes his after-dinner cigarette.

His gaze is still directed upward when a slight shock runs through his frame, and he finds that Lady Leigh is almost in his arms. Coming suddenly round the corner of the house, she had not seen him until too late. For so elderly and staid-looking a man, he is singularly confused by this encounter, and by the half-amused smile that flickers on her lips as she notes what it is which so attracts his

Hastily flinging away the cigarette he raises his hat and murmurs some inarticulate apology.

"'You were looking at the stars, Mr. Dare?"

"Yes, I was looking at the stars. Lady Leigh smiles a little consciously; she is too beautiful not to know of her beauty, and to guess at least a part of his presumption, yet too gracious not to forgive it.

She has wrapped a shawl round her and come out directly her solitary meal

In the clear moonlight Colonel Dare can note the soft, silken robe, the glitter of jewels, and the gleam of the snow-white throat and arms. In spite of sorrow, even of despair, she has retained sufficient womanliness to love pretty things for their own sake, and to care to look well even if there is no one to admire her.

"What a bovely night!" she says sighing. Colonel Dare acquiesces, and, turn-

ing round, walks by her side. "Tabitha tells me that you have been keeping in all this time for fear of annoying me," she says again, pres-

should have done so." "Is it a false report, then, that represents you as being wedded to seclusion, so averse to meeting---"

"No; it is true. Mr. Dare, if you me." knew my story, you would not wonder that I should hate all men for the sake

He does not answer, being amazed at the audacity of his own question and the warmth of her reply; but, dependent, and perhaps unconsciously somehow, she seems to know his silence is from sympathy, not coldness, and does not resent it.

They have come to a rustic seat, and Lady Leigh, with a gesture of fatigue, sinks down on it and motions her companion to do the same. Nothing loath,

"It is the anniversary of my wedding day," she says, presently, in a dreamy voice, only half aloud. "It is nearly seven years since I came to this "You do not like the place," he asks,

in some surprise. "Other places are worse. Here at least I am free from the insults of

"And you fled here in your trou- about drilling? ble?" he hazards, half doubtfully, as

"Yes, it was the first time I had seen my husband's home. Leigh Park was too dull a retreat for him-even -even during our honeymoon. He had not been here since he was a boy. He left his mother to die alone."

Always impulsive in words or deeds, Lady Leigh's lips are opened now by the unexpected encounter; her confidence is won by the tutor's gentle voice and evident admiration for herself, and perhaps not a little by the half-clerical garb he has adopted-women are so prone to religious influence-besides, to-night the past seems so near that she feels she must speak. She goes on after a pause.

"I was nineteen when I married, perhaps younger than my years, and before I had been a wife three month's my husband told me, with cruel candor, that he had never loved me, only married me from pique. With equal frankness, he informed me of the name of the woman for whom alone he cared, and half begged, half commanded me to invite her to our house. But why do

I tell you all this!" "Because you know I sympathize, and because it is good sometimes to unburden one's heart, lest it should become over-full and break."

The shawl has fallen back from her head in her excitement, and the moonlight streams over her uncovered hair, encircling it like a halo. Her eyes are glittering and hard, but she smiles a smile so bitter sweet that it is more pitiful than tears.

"If my heart had been breakable it would have broken long ago," she answers sadly. "I was too hardened from the first. Six months after our marriage we were separated; he to follow up the attachment to which he had so long been a slave, and I to wander to find a million for this purpose. I about the Continent striving in vain | could tell what it is necessary to find to hide myself from the sight of men. blunt-spoken woman servant puts her | Nearly every town I visited contained somebody I had known before. The best-informed and least censorious pitied me as the woman whose husband had left her without a given reason; others, not so merciful, condemned me The tutor gives a pleased smile as as a faithless wife-for my case had not the door closes behind her. No long- come before the public, and where there is mystery the woman is always blamed. Oh! it was very, very hard to

"You have indeed suffered," he whispers gently, and it is well that his eyes loses it by the very means he has adopt- are hidden by spectacles, for they are ed to succeed. The deceit which has burning with an indignation which

> "The worst was yet to come. It was at Rome. In the papers I had seen that she was there with her husband, always admired and sought after. And further down the column I read of Lord Leigh's presence in the city. I meant to leave at once, but that same afternoon I met them driving. He lifted his hat with a Mefiant, mocking smile, and she-cut me dead; I, the inshould have been his shame. I could perior to all Christians. left it since.

society no longer blames me; it knows the gunboats under Colin Keppel up all the truth at last. When my husband beyond Metemneh, almost before the died so suddenly he had not prepared course of peaceful post could have takfor death, and papers left undestroyed en the papers containing the semi-ofhad rendered further concealment of ficial announcement as far as Kharhis sins impossible. A reaction set in, toum, the Khalifa exclaimed in intense and I was besieged with letters and surprise and indignation: "Why the cards of condolence, but can you won- fellow is disobeying the orders he has der that I did not again trust a world | received!" The amusement this created which had once treated me so ill? My when Slatin Pasha's and Colonel Winparents were dead; I was an orphan gate's spies sent in the report, was when I married, and in all my life I tempered a good deal by the considerahave only know none true friend-Tab-

Rollo's sake, Lady Leigh, count me, too. be enormously increased-if, in fact, an I would do much to serve you."

stiff reply, as Lady Leigh suddenly -a limit must be put to the publicaawakens to a sense of her indiscretion | tion of information likely to be useful in having said so much to a mere out- to the astute gentlemen at Omdurman.

asks, a little sadly.

She is at once repentant, feeling that it may seem as though she had twitted him with his position as dependent in

been my lot to meet with so much kindness that I can afford to refuse it when offered." "Even from me," bitterly.

"Least of all from you. You have been so good to Rollo; that alone should make me grateful," "I did not ask your gratitude, Lady

Leigh, only your friendship. Taking care of Rollo has been a very pleasant "And he is looking so well now, so

well and strong. Before you came he was getting sensitive and delicate, imperious, too, as all women-bred childdren will, not now--" The mother's words fail her in des-

cribing all that her boy has become under his new guardianship, how manly ently; "I am very sorry that you and yet gentle, how intelligent, but always ready for play, or to listen to those stories which the tutor often tells him in the twilight.

> "Then your ladyship is satisfied with "Quite," is the cordial reply, and she

holds out her hand. Then suddenly it strikes her how sel dom he addresses her by that title; no that he is disrespectful ever, only inspeaking, as though they were equals not employer and employed.

To be Continued

READY FOR A RAINY DAY.

What are you laughing at? Put an advertisement in the paper saying that the man who had approand I met a messenger boy in every | will be taken of the block on the way down.

OLD AT THE BUSINESS.

a quarry for foive year.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE GREAT MARCH TO KHARTOUM.

Preparing to Occupy Gen. Gordon's Ol Charge - An Instance of the Effects of Modern Artillery - The Dervishes ar Sure to be Beaten.

The British newspapers are now receiving despatches almost daily from their correspondents with the columns under General Gatacre and Sir Herbert Kitchener. The force under the latter which

leads the advance is principally composed of Egyptian troops officered by Britishers.

The following from the correspondent of the Daily Chronicle dated Wady Halfa gives an interesting glimpse of the situation and the probable course of events:

Long before this can reach you the decision of the Government of Downing street will have been made public concerning the principle of help to the Government of Egypt in this coming campaign, though the amount may not be made known until later. But it is more clear than ever that help must be found outside Egyptian resources if the Khalifa Abdullahi is to be beaten out of Khartoum. And I should not wonder if England is asked habit to blurt out official secrets unless it is for the public good that they should be made known. And here it is not in the public interest that there should be any statement of the Sirdar's plans, much as some of us might like to summarize them for the benefit of our readers.

And really there is cause for saying that a general's intentions are not and should not be

PUBLIC PROPERTY.

There is especial cause for saying so in the present instance. There are plenty of people in Egypt who make it their business to supply the Dervishes with information of purposed Anglo-Egyptian movements. Abdullahi gets the Cairo and Alexandria Arabic papers which watch the European and especinocent, injured wife, and she, the guil- ally the British Press very carefully ty woman, only countenanced by the in the interest of the man whom they world because her husband was still regard as an arch-heretic and yet as with her, blind or callous to what a Mussulman who stands infinitely su-

was born, and directly I could travel, year it was announced on good enough been advised from London not to ad-"Yes, I guess what you would say; vance beyond Berber. When he sent cion that the enemy is wonderously well informed, and that if the difficul-"And me!" he answers rapidly. "For ty of the operations in future is not to extra risk is not to be run by the sol-"You are very good," is the rather diers of the Khedive and of the Queen, Many of us have been inclined to scout "Or very presuming,-which?" he the possibility of barbarians like the Mahdists being able to get or to make use of such information. But the fact remains that they do get it, and that it is very valuable to them occasionally in enabling them to avoid an impend-"No, I mean what I say. It has not | ing blow or to pause in the delivery of one likely to rebound on themselves.

EFFECTS OF MODERN ARTILLERY. That visit of the gunboats to Metemneh has produced a piece of evidence of the effect of modern shell fire on earthworks, which has not yet, to my knowledge, been made public. Commander Keppel has reported that after he had passed beyond Metemneh he determined in returning to lead his little squadron of three. The Dervishes fired on him vigorously, and he more vigorously replied. His shell in a very few rounds so smashed up the embrasures of the Dervish forts that they could not see the leading gunboat for the ons under the iron hail. The consequence was that the second and third gunboats not only had no need to fire, but actually could not effectually fire by reason of the invisibility of anything guns. I think that incident will bring home very forcibly to thinking men what is the power of modern artillery. even in the case of guns of small calibre. By the way, it may be mentioned that, in view of the operations at High Nile, two more naval lieutenants have been applied for. I can only recommend my young friends in blue and gold not to speak all at once.

It is the more unnecessary to complain of silence on the part of the staff in this campaign, because, in the first place, the general lines of the operations have long been, by the necessity of the case, obvious. They are limited by natural obstacles, and facilitated. priated my umbrella at the reception in turn, by the operations of nature was known. There were 27 umbrellas at | The obstacles have been and are being my house before I left this morning, overcome; every advantage is being an

NATURAL ADVANTAGES.

In the second place, the very details of the plans are made no secret to those Sergeant-Do you know anything who undertake to preserve discretion concerning them-to understand them Recruit-Faith, Oi do. Oi wurked in | for guidance, and not make such use of them as may be advantageous to the they?

enemy. Under due reserve, them. In say that The Daily Chronicle has already on more than one occasion told the home-staying reader all that would really interest him as regards plans, and that Sir H. H. Kitchener holds the Khalifa and the Dervishes in the hollow of his hand, bar a few isolated raids of no importance. Strategically, he must fight one, or at the most three, losing battles if he fights at all on a big scale. Michaelmas Day will see Khartoum once more with British rulers, whether the flag be the crescent and star or the Union Jack. Even allowing the widest conceivable margin for delays and casualties, there never was a series of operations contemplated of which the result could be more easily foreseen. Rumors reach me from Berber about the increasing signs of hostility among the 15,000 inhabitants of that six-mile-long city. At first the sympathisers with the "English" appeared to far outnumber the admirers of the Khalifa. Now I am told of officers being insulted in the streets, and that they are advised never to go out without their revolvers. One officer goes so far as to say, Berber is a volcano."

TROUBLE NO LONGER REGARDED AS INCURABLE.

An Orangeville Lady Who Had Suffered Severely Speaks of Her Illness and

Tells How she Found a Cure. From the Sun, Orangeville, Ont. A remarkable case recently came under the notice of our reporter, and

the million for, but it has not been my | for the benefit it may be to some of our readers, we are going to tell them about it. In the south ward of this town lives Mrs. John Hubbard, a lady much esteemed by those who know her. Mrs. Hubbard has been a great sufferer from heart trouble, and ultimately became so bad that it would not have surprised her friends to have heard of her death. But a change has come and she is once more rejoining in good health. When our reporter called upon Mrs. Hubbard and made his mission known she said she would be delighted to tell him of her "miraculous cure" as she styled it. "Of course no one thought I would get better. I thought myself I could not last long. for at times it seemed as if, my heart was going to burst. Oh, the dreadful sensations, the awful pains and weakness together with a peculiar feeling of distress, all warned me that my life was in danger. I consulted a doctor but he could do absolutely nothing for me. My friends saw me gradually sinking, and many an hour's anxiety I caused them. My strength waned, my nerves were shattered; I could not walk, for every step caused my heart to palpitate violently. It is utterly impossible to fully describe my condition. One bear no more then. That night my child Let me give you an instance, Last day a friend brought me abox of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and told me to use them, but I said there was no usethey could do no good. To this my benefactor replied, that if they did not they at least could do no harm, so to please her I took the box of pills. Then I procured another box and began to feel that they were doing me good. I took in all eight boxes and now I feel strong and hearty, each day doing my housework without fatigue or weariness. For anyone who suffers from weakness of the heart, I delieve there is no remedy so sure or that will bring such speedy results as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Had I only used these wonderful pills at first l would have been spared months of intense suffering. Mrs. Hubbard but re-echoes the experience of scores of sufferers, and what she says should bring hope to many who imagine there is no relief for them in this world. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have saved more lives than we will ever know of.

A YUKON FINANCIER.

' Rig Aleck" Macdonald Took Great Risks and Finally Won.

The "Napoleon of finance" of the region, and certainly the richest man there, is a brawny Scotchman known as "Big Aleck" Macdonald. He managed to make a large clean-up on his claim-said to be \$90,000-and invested every dollar of it in other claims part payment down, the remainder when the water came in the spring. Everyone about the camp knew of Macdonald's speculations, and all were wondering whether he would become a bankrupt or a millionaire. The water did not come down early in 1897, and in some instances the cleanups on clouds of dust, or stand to their weap- | the claims he had bought on speculation came so close to the day of payment that, as the story goes, the gold was paid over "before it was dry." The death of two brothers to whom he owed \$40,000 on a claim is said to have on which they could have laid their been his financial salvation, because the time of payment of a debt to a decedent's estate is extended one year by law, the gold commissioner acting as judge of probate for the time being. Macdonald is probably owner of an interest in about twenty-odd claims, bought on his mining knowledge and his wonderful nerve. He paid enormous interest on the money he borrowed, took tremendous risks, and finally won. In some instances during the winter of 1896-'97 money was loaned at 10 per cent, for ten days.

WANTED A CHANCE.

A Scottish preacher, who found his congregation going to sleep one Sunday before he fairly began, waddenly stopped and exclaimed:

Brethren, it's nae fair ; gie a mon half a chance. Wait till I get alang, and then if I nae worth listening to, gang to sleep, but dinna gang before I get commenced. Gie a mon a chance i

She-He married beneats him. He-Well all men have to con't