

HOW SHE WON.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

"Who are you?" she asks quickly, with a scarcely-defined suspicion which she tries to dispel by a point-blank question.

"Your ladyship's humble servant, Lord Leigh's tutor."

She looks at him searchingly, but only meets the blank glare of the dark-blue spectacle and a quaint, quizzical smile on the thin lips.

At the idea that he is daring to joke, her delicate eyebrows come together in a darkling frown, and seeing she is angry, he hastens to apologize.

"Forgive me if I read your thoughts and was amused by them. It could not but seem strange that—of all men—should be taken for a prince in disguise."

He pushes back the long hair from his neck with a half-laugh, in which, as at once she recognizes the absurdity of her suspicions, she joins merrily.

"I am very glad it is not so. The honor of being educated by a royal highness would be too much even for my little Lord Leigh."

"And you do not regret taking me without testimonials and with no previous experience?"

"No; I shall never regret that," she answers kindly.

"I hope not."

And then, half wondering at the gravity of the response—a gravity so much greater than is necessary for the occasion, she rises slowly from her seat, and, with a little nod of farewell, leaves him there.

For a long time he remains motionless, thinking of their meeting and of the confidence she has placed in him.

If only he might tell her of his love—a love at first sight that subsequent events have strengthened—and prove to her that all is not over because the beginning of her life was so sad! He loves her no less because she has been scathed by suffering; the purest gold is that tried by fire, and sorrow has only helped to make her what she is:

"A perfect woman, nobly planned—
To warn, to comfort and command."

Lady Leigh runs lightly upstairs to her room, and when she divests herself of her shawl, smiles at the reflection she meets in the mirror. She has not failed to see the conquest she has made, and is amused that her admirer should be so old, so ugly.

She cannot help feeling a little gratified vanity at the thought that she has not lost all power to charm. Of course it is only an elderly tutor, unworthy of her in every way; but still—but still, if it were not for those hideous glasses, he would not be so very ill-looking, and even with them his appearance is distinguished and much above his position.

If there really be a Cupid, god of love, surely he must laugh in his sleeve at the turn things are taking. If only the ungainly form of the tutor is to keep these two from love, his task will not be too difficult a one. Women do not always insist upon beauty in their lovers—witness Titania's passion for the weaver—and propinquity is a man's strongest point.

CHAPTER V.

"Mother," says little Rollo, a few days later, "don't you think Mr. Dare talks like a soldier?"

Lady Leigh starts.

"How can you tell, child? You have never even seen a soldier."

"No, but you have told me about grandpa, and read to me about them in books. And mother, he is so brave, and has such wonderful stories of the war—that dreadful mutiny in India, you know."

"Was he there, then?"

"I don't know—perhaps he was—he has been everywhere, I should think," replies Rollo proudly.

He has very exalted ideas about the powers of his tutor and would not be surprised at any proof of his prowess.

Then Lady Leigh remembers the deep scar on his cheek, and wonders if it could possibly be a saber cut. A soldier's daughter herself—her father died a hero's death at Balaklava—she still has a deep veneration for all sons of Mars, even the meanest of them, and of this man she feels sure that whatever he has done in the world has been done thoroughly.

At first she resolves to question him herself upon the subject, and then natural delicacy makes her hesitate. Perhaps he does not wish his antecedents to be known, and surely she should be the last to wish to peer into the past of any one when her own has been so dark and gloomy!

Still conjecture cannot but be rife, and often she finds herself wondering whether he was in the Crimea, perhaps even at Balaklava itself at her father's side, and whether it was as officer or common soldier he fought. He looks old enough to have been there, and yet his voice is so young. Altogether, it is a mystery, and one that absorbs her more than is at all satisfactory. Her pride rebels against the interest she takes, but strong as that pride is it cannot banish the ever-recurring thoughts.

"It all comes from having been shut up here so long that the most trivial incident assumes gigantic proportions. It is not interest in the man, but a woman's natural curiosity which has been too much repressed."

This is what she tells herself, but she is hardly deceived by what she says. It is easier to deceive others than to deceive one's self. Besides she has seen him oftener of late, and the conviction has grown upon her that he is not always been what he is now. Some time in his life it has been his to command and not to obey. If so, how his present life must gall him. In some households he would not feel it so much—happy households whom misery had not made bitter, and who would have treated him as one of themselves. But she—hating all men as she does, and de-

spising them so thoroughly—how can she be more than merely civil, coldly kind?

"Mother!" cries little Rollo again, breaking into her reverie.

"My child."

"Is Mr. Dare anything like what my father was?"

"No—no a thousand times no!"

"How is he different?" he continues curiously.

That women are not always alike he knows, for between Tabitha and his mother, for instance, there is not the slightest resemblance; but of men he has seen so little that it can be naturally supposed he might fancy they would be all cast in the same mold.

The mother is silent for a moment. How can she tell her son the fault of her husband—his father?

"Your father was a very handsome man," she says, then, and with almost an accent of disgust.

"And so is Mr. Dare. He looks ever so handsome, sometimes, when his glasses fall off and you can see his eyes. He has beautiful eyes, mother."

She smiles at his enthusiasm.

"Your father was a young man, Rollo."

"Mr. Dare is not old, only his hair." Lady Leigh laughs, but had the tutor been there he would have trembled at the boy's clear sightedness.

Children often see more than their wiser elders, and Rollo has been the only one to discover the incongruity of the long, iron-gray hair in juxtaposition to the still young face. But then he has seen him without his spectacles and on them Colonel Dare has depended chiefly for the success of his disguise.

"Was he good?" is the boy's next question, with irrepressible curiosity.

The subject is so seldom broached, and he has had so few opportunities of learning anything of his father, or his tastes and favorite pursuits.

"Hush, my darling! He is dead," she answers gravely, and her face grows paler as she speaks.

"But, mother, let me see his picture."

Slowly, as if much against her will, and yet obliged to comply with his request, Lady Leigh leaves the room, and after ten minutes' absence, returns with a case in her hand.

The boy almost snatches it away from her, so eager is he to gaze upon his father's portrait, but when he has opened the case and looked for a moment he returns it with a gesture of disappointment, offering no remark.

"Well, Rollo, what do you think of him?" asks his mother, timidly.

"I think he looks cross. I think I would rather have Mr. Dare."

"Hush!" says Lady Leigh.

So stern is the rebuke conveyed in that single monosyllable that the boy stops abashed, and his eyes fill with tears. Before they have time to fall, his mother catches him in her arms and kisses him passionately, half sobbing the while.

"Rollo, Rollo, my darling, I did not mean to be unkind."

A stranger might have smiled at her self-abasement, and at the gracious pardon accorded by the young autocrat, who is already beginning to know his power, but she herself sees nothing ridiculous in it. Is he not her all-her king in whom all her hopes are centered, the only interest and love of her lonely life?

"Never mind mother," says the boy, magnanimously—"never mind; I didn't cry, you know, and now let's have a game together."

And so mother and son are soon engaged in a romp which has the effect of totally banishing the serious conversation they have had from the boy's head, and from his mother's, too, for a time.

Colonel Dare is on his way to the library when the sound of soft laughter and Rollo's shrill cry of delight arrests his steps. As he lingers, longing, yet not daring to join them, the door of the room where they are is burst open, and Rollo comes out, his face crimson with excitement and pleasure.

"We are having such games, Mr. Dare," he calls out, gayly, flinging his little arms round him, and looking up into his face with a gleesome smile.

The tutor stoops and strokes his ruffled hair caressingly.

"What are you playing, my boy?"

"Shy widow."

A strange smile passes the tutor's face at the answer he receives, but he makes no comment and Rollo goes on.

"Mother is 'shy widow,' of course, and I keep going behind her chair, looking different every time, but she won't have any of us," he concludes, triumphantly, proud that his mother should be so difficult to please.

"Then, then, how are you going in now?"

"I think I'll put an anti-macassar over my head, and then she won't know who it is."

"If she can't see your face she certainly won't have you."

"Ah! but," says the boy, with a self-confident smile, "the next time I shall go in as my very own self, and then I know she'll have me!"

He has dragged the tutor with him into another room, and is looking everywhere for means of disguise when suddenly an idea strikes him.

"Mr. Dare, you go in this time, and I'll go in afterward."

The tutor starts. He would most certainly have refused had a moment been allowed him for thought, but Rollo, in his eagerness, has hurried him away again, and before he hardly knows where he is—in such a whirl in his mind—the boy has pushed him into Lady Leigh's presence.

Now she is getting tired; she has been playing a very one-sided puss-in-the-corner, hunt the slipper, and blind man's buff, and has had some difficulty in keeping up with the agility of her son. As a rest, she had proposed a quieter game.

She is seated in the centre of the room, her back to the door, and her head half turned, with an arch smile; a mirror is in her hand, and she does not know the tutor is there until she sees his features reflected in it. He has been propelled along so rapidly by his over-excited pupil that his spectacles have fallen forward, and for the first time Lady Leigh gazes straight into his eyes without a mask of glass before them. As Rollo had said earlier in the evening, they were undoubtedly beautiful eyes, but it is not that she notices now; it is their expression, so full of passionate admiration—or is it love?

She starts to her feet and confronts him, but even as he met her glance he knew how careless he had been, and in a moment had pushed the spectacles back to their place.

Little Lord Leigh claps his hands in childish delight.

"She has chosen you, Mr. Dare!—she has chosen you!" he exclaims.

But Colonel Dare only bows low before the woman who is looking at him with an outraged queen.

"I beg your pardon," he says humbly. "I had no right to intrude. I—I forgot myself."

And in good truth he has forgotten himself—forgot the part he has to play, and the respect due to the lady from whom he receives his income of £120 a year. It is with almost abject penitence that he turns and makes his way from her presence.

Lady Leigh is more vexed with herself than with him because she cannot feel really angry at what she would like to term his "impertinent presumption." She, of course, has not been deceived by the indignation she has assumed to hide a novel sense of confusion.

CHAPTER VI.

Lady Leigh has wisely decided to ignore the tutor's offense—in fact, she scarcely knows how to allude to it without loss of dignity, seeing that he was more guilty in expression, than actual deed. She cannot bring her pride to confess what it was she saw for a moment glowing in his eyes—he a mere schoolmaster, she the widow of a peer, herself of noble blood, and so averse to all his sex—even those members of it who would be fit to mate with her, were she inclined to marry.

When next they meet, he averts his eyes, half expecting a reproof, or at least, some token of displeasure, but she only says a few commonplace words and passes on leaving him still confused and silent. Women are always so much more self-possessed in such cases than men.

Soon, by mutual and tacit consent, the subject is forgotten or at least ignored, and they become very good friends—better than Lady Leigh could have believed she would ever be with any man again.

For some weeks past workmen have been busy constructing a small Swiss summer-house in the grounds, the young lord's latest freak, and now at last it is completed, and all three have gone out to see the finishing touches put to it. Rollo is in ecstasies.

It is all my very own, you know, and no one can come in unless I ask them," he observes, with quiet satisfaction, the first taste of proprietorship proving very sweet.

"You will have to give a house warming," laughs Lady Leigh.

"What's that?"

Lady Leigh explains and her son takes up the idea in huge delight. He will have a tea party that very afternoon; his mother and tutor are to be the guests, and Tabitha shall help him to plan the feast. They—the guests—are to know nothing about it until they come and find the dainties prepared.

"Come at five o'clock exactly," says Rollo preemptorily, having no idea of being kept too long on the tip-toe of expectation, besides not liking to run the risk of the tea getting cold and the cake spoiling by a too close adherence to the rules of society. Boylike, he has no sympathy with fashionable unpunctuality.

All day long he keeps running backward and forward between the kitchen and the summer-house, "on hospitable thoughts intent." Lessons are suspended, and the tutor spends an idle morning in the library, reading the papers and speculating upon the changes that will have taken place before he goes out again into the world.

Does he intend to remain here so long as his services are required in the false character he has assumed, or shall he avow himself and trust to her generosity to forgive? Nay, shall he avow more—shall he tell her of the love that has grown up in his heart extinguishing all else, and would he have a chance of success?

He starts from his seat and walks up and down the room in uncontrollable agitation, when suddenly, at the low French window, he sees something that arrests his steps and makes him involuntarily look around to see if any one else is near.

It is the Heathen Chinee, his face pressed against the glass the better to peer in and with such a grin of amusement on his face that Colonel Dare shudders and wonders to what all this will lead. Far better that he should have confessed all himself than be discovered like a common impostor.

"Come in; what do you want?" he says, gruffly, throwing the window open and almost dragging the young dandy in out of sight.

But the Heathen Chinee only grins the more, and lifting his glass, adjusts it to his eye.

"I only wanted to see how Colonel Dare acted schoolmaster. By Jove! it seems to suit you well, and apparently you are not much troubled with your pupil!"

"The boy has a holiday to-day," explains Colonel Dare, stiffly.

"And all other days as well, I suppose. What lessons do you give when

you do teach him, Dare—extracts from the Army and Navy or the Army List itself undiluted?" goes on Mr. Meade, bantering, having the general and not altogether unfounded idea that soldiers can only talk on the one subject.

"What is the good of all this fooling, Graver? It can't be much amusement to you, and it only imperils my situation here. Why did you come?"

"Because it's such a capital joke. Ha, ha, ha! How does the man hater take to the 'elderly gentleman with quiet habits'?"

"Hush, Graver! I tell you I am ashamed of the part I have played. Let the subject drop."

"Ashamed! Why it's the best joke I ever heard in my life!"

"Then you must have been singularly unfortunate in your experience," curtly.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that it was neither a very brilliant nor a very creditable thing to make a lady the subject of a bet, nor to enter her house under such false pretenses."

"Nonsense, man; you are looking at it too gloomily by far. She'll be the first to forgive you when it comes out—women always forgive faults committed for their sake," he answers, shrewdly.

"She will hardly forgive me for making her a jest—a by-word in the county; and that is what it will be when this story becomes known."

"Why should it be known?"

"It is already known, I suppose, or you would not be here."

Graver Meade lays his hand on the colonel's shoulder and looks steadfastly in his eyes.

(To be Continued.)

THE COUNTERSIGN

Some Curious Incidents of the War in South Africa

During the Matabeleland War of 1896 the relief force, marching in search of the natives, halted when the place selected for the night's camp was reached. The wagons were drawn up in larger formation—diamond shape or oblong—rations were served, supper cooked and guards posted.

It was the duty of a sentry, when any one approached to cry out, "Halt! Who goes there?" and on receiving the reply, "A friend," to say, "Advance, friend, and give the countersign!" But the sentinels, not being disciplined soldiers, frequently mistook the orderly officer, who visited each post during the night, for the other sentry from the next post, and instead of using the prescribed formula would greet him familiarly with:

"Hallo, Smith! Is that you?"

Then, in place of the friendly reply, "Yes, how's things?" would come the rejoinder:

"Why, sir, don't you halt and challenge?"

The countersign for the night was always read out at dress parade each afternoon. If a man was absent from parade, and neglected to inquire, he might find himself in an awkward predicament. The author of "With Plumer in Matabeleland" mentions several cases in point.

A trooper had gone down to a water-hole after the sentries were posted. On returning he was challenged but not knowing the countersign, the sentry refused to let him pass.

"Hang it all! You know me well enough! What's the use of playing the fool at this time of night!" pleaded the soldier.

"Can't be helped. You know the orders, and unless you give the countersign there you are, and there you will remain!" retorted the sentry. And he did remain there until the visiting officer admitted him in the small hours of the morning.

On another occasion the countersign was "Nordenfeldt," the name of a certain kind of gun. A soldier, on approaching the picket, had a hazy recollection that some sort of a gun had been mentioned as the countersign, and in answer to the challenge, gave "Maxim."

"That's not it," replied the sentry.

"Oh, well, the other kind of gun," hazarded the man.

"Well, that's near enough; pass in!" said the sentry.

An orderly officer, on going his rounds, was astonished to find the sentry singing at him in this fashion:

"Hi tiddle de hi ti! Who goes there?"

"What do you mean, sir, by challenging in that fashion?" asked the officer.

"The last time I was on duty, sir, I was told to challenge in a more musical voice, and that's the only tune I know, sir," replied the sentry.

PECULIAR VOCATION.

There is a kind of employment, a paying one, too, which is peculiar to China alone, says an exchange. The Chinese name for this trade literally signifies gossip-monger. A number of ladies, usually widows, make it their business to collect gossip, chit-chat and stories of all kinds, with which they repair to the houses of the rich by beating a small drum which they carry for that purpose, and offer their services to amuse the ladies of the families. When it is remembered that shopping, calling and attending public assemblies is almost entirely forbidden the fashionable women of China, the welcome these dames are given may be imagined. They are paid according to the time employed, at the rate of 50c. per hour, and receive, besides, many valuable presents. On these accounts, they usually retire from business in easy circumstances, but are said never to do so unless actually obliged, so congenial is their occupation to their feminine tastes.

GAINED 39 POUNDS.

THE EXPERIENCE OF MISS FLORA FERGUSON, OF SYDNEY, N.S.

For Five Years She Was an Almost Helpless Invalid—Used Many Medicines Without Benefit—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Restore Her Health.

From the Sydney, N.S., Reporter.

Many of our Cape Breton readers, especially those residing in Sydney and vicinity, will remember the subject of this article, and also knew Miss Ferguson when residing at her home on Hardwood Hill, just on the borders of the town. From 1890 to 1895 sickness preyed upon Miss Ferguson, and from a bright and healthy girl she became an invalid, completely given up to weakness and despondency. In the spring of 1895 she left her home and went to the States, where she has a sister and other friends, thinking that a change of climate might benefit her. While there she was attended by medical men, but without any improvement; in fact she gradually grew worse, until she used to spend the greater part of every day on the lounge at her sister's. Friends came to see her, only to go away with the sympathetic remark, "Poor Flora, she is not long for this world." From the beginning of her sickness up to the time when the first box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills was taken, she had tried upwards of twenty different kinds of medicine—some from doctors and some of the many patent drugs for sale at druggists. Hearing from a friend of the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, Miss Ferguson resolved to give them a trial, and requested her sister to get her a box. Following the directions carefully, she began to take them. As day by day went by she began to feel better and her spirits to return, and in the course of a few weeks she walked a mile to the post office and home again. Miss Ferguson continued taking the pills until she had used eight boxes, when she was completely restored to health and happiness. She was again strong and healthy. While ill she had greatly run down in weight, and at the time she began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, was reduced to 102 pounds, and when she had completed the eight box her weight had increased to 141 pounds. Only one month ago she called at the home of the editor of this paper to leave her address to have the Reporter forwarded to her at Arlington, Mass. During the moment's conversation with her the above facts were told to Mr. W. A. Richardson, the editor, and with beaming countenance Miss Ferguson willingly agreed to have him tell the people "How Dr. Williams' Pink Pills brought her from the gates of death to the enjoyments of health." He was astonished, as being well acquainted with her when in Sydney, knowing how ill she was and seeing her a physically changed person was enough to cause anyone to be amazed at the change.

The above facts can be verified by writing Miss Ferguson, at No. 16 Henderson street, Arlington, Mass.; the editor of the Island Reporter, Sydney, C. B., or any one of the intimate friends of Miss Ferguson, Hardwood Hill, Sydney.

WHAT SHE WEARS.

The famous woman, Annie S. Peck, who has been noted as having scaled the Matterhorn and broke the record on Mt. Orizaba, going 8,600 feet into the clouds wore flannel undergarments, a waist of serge, a woolen sweater, knickerbockers and leggings of sage-green duck canvas, which she made herself. She wore the heaviest kind of winter boots, and a shoemaker in Switzerland put an extra piece of heavy leather over the whole lower part of the shoes, toes and heels, and then nearly covered them with nails. In many of her trips she has worn fur-topped gloves, but for the Matterhorn she wore woolen mittens. A substantial canvas hat, tied on with ribbon, and veil, as well as smoked glasses, complete her outfit. She takes the precaution to put cold cream on her face before facing the severe weather.

PAPA EXPLAINS.

Little Bobby—Papa, is it true that the earth is falling through space all the time?

Papa—Yes, it never stops.

Bobby—And ain't there any danger of it ever running against anything?

Papa—Not much.

Bobby—But what'll happen when it gets to the end of space?

Papa—Well, it'll keep right on falling, because there won't be anything there to stop it.

A HEAVY BABY.

The heaviest baby known is reported from a village near Brussels, where a farmer's wife has just given birth to a child weighing over twenty-one pounds, which is declared by experts to be the heaviest known.

NO REFERENCE REQUIRED.

Mistress—You will leave this house as quick as your week is up, and you need not ask me for a reference either.

Domestic—Sure a riference from you wouldn't do me any good, fur Ol've towldn't nobody there's no belavin' a warrud yez say.

DOMESTIC PEACE.

Old Doctor—How do you get along with your husband now, Mrs. Maguire?

Mrs. Maguire—Very nicely, thank ye, he's dead.

It has been estimated that there are between 150 and 200 women who are practicing dentistry in the United States.