

HOW SHE WON.

CHAPTER XI.

Lady Leigh is not long in carrying out her resolve. Her first step is securing men servants, and a carriage and horses, her next calling on the county magnates.

She has been so long out of the world that she has forgotten some of its etiquette, and her first visit is to Mrs. Crosse-Breton, and not, as it should have been, to the Duchess of Downshire, the wife of the lord lieutenant of the county.

But this mistake is, after all, a success. Her grace of Downshire is a haughty woman who accepts all civilities as her right, and thinks anything that is odd must necessarily be disgraceful. Had Lady Leigh taken her by surprise it is possible she might have closed the portals of county society forever against her by the fatal message, "Not at home," for where she led the conservative county was always ready to follow.

As it is, Mrs. Crosse-Breton is so delighted at being the first to see the beautiful recluse after her long retirement that she cannot welcome her enough, and immediately organizes a dinner party in her honor.

Mr. Crosse-Breton himself willingly seconds his wife, and gives such a glowing account of Lady Leigh to the club, that the old duke, who happened to be there, in reporting it again, bids his haughty helpmate use her best endeavors to make Lady Leigh most welcome when she comes, as the daughter of one of his oldest friends, who had died serving under him in the Crimea in other days, when he was a spendthrift younger son.

And so Lady Leigh is launched into society, and the passport once gained her beauty and grace soon carry all before her. Her romantic story is an additional charm, and her reputation as a determined man hater brings more suitors in her train, out of pique and curiosity than her beauty alone might otherwise have gained. But she is indifferent to all, and makes no secret of her wish to remain unwedded.

One day, Mr. Meade, who is one of the foremost and most fervent of her admirers, christens her "Shy Widow," when she has been more than usually tantalizing and coy. The name is so appropriate that it is generally adopted, and some one telling her of it one day is surprised at the vivid flush that dyes her face.

In a moment has come before her mind's eye the evening when Rollo and she had been disturbed in their games, when her son had laughingly accused her of choosing the tutor for her husband. The jest had come so true. If ever she should marry—and even now she would pause before complying—it could only be to him that she would render up her life and entrust her happiness.

Of all this she says nothing, and if any one notices the wistful glance round that she gives on first entering a room, it is the Honorable Graver Meade. It comes into his mind one afternoon to test her.

It is at a garden party, and Rollo is rushing about with his latest novelty, a butterfly net. The boy has found that gifts come fast when one has a pretty, eligible, and marriageable mother.

"Does your little boy go to school?" asks the Heathen Chinese, with his most harmless look and most innocent tone.

"No, he has never left me yet," she replies, unobtrusively.

"Ah! then you have a tutor, perhaps?" fixing his glass in his eye and staring into her face.

"I-I had one once."

He has no pity for her distress and goes on, remorselessly:

"And do you think it answers?"

"No—yes—in some cases perhaps."

The Heathen Chinese pulls his long amber mustaches and changes the subject. He has gathered that in this case the experiment has not answered, or rather that it has answered too well, and, having found out this much, he forbears to torture her more.

Only for this time it is noticeable that he does not so often linger at her side, that he has, in fact given up the contest for her hand. And Lady Leigh wishes that others would as easily see when they were beaten. But they only gain courage from having one rival less, and sometimes the beautiful "Shy widow" is very hard beset.

Her Grace of Downshire is now one of her strongest partisans, and herself does the wooing for her eldest son. He relies too much on the solidity of the benefits he has to offer to trouble to make himself personally attractive and his cool assurance is rather refreshing, though at times irritating.

Tabitha speaks up boldly for him and does not hesitate to avow her motives. "He is not very handsome and he is not very nice, but, oh! my lady, I should like to see you above everybody and I've heard tell that the Downshire diamonds are just magnificent!"

But the lady only shakes her head and says, smiling, that the Leigh sapphires are nearly as handsome as the Downshire diamonds, and, even if less valuable, are more uncommon. She has enough and to want more would be grasping.

Tabitha's comment on this takes her a little aback.

"Now, if Mr. Dare had been a gentleman," she begins, musingly, but Lady Leigh cuts her short at once.

"Mr. Dare is a gentleman," she says, sharply. "But I do not see what that has to do with it."

And then, ashamed of her attempt at deception, she moves away, decidedly cross with her faithful old servant.

It ought to have made her conscience lighter when she finds, by the amused grin on Tabitha's face, that it has not at all imposed on her, but it only makes

her anger greater, and Lady Leigh is irritable and uncertain of mood that day.

Another time Captain Venere is presented to her, and Mr. Meade watches her narrowly to see if she will recognize him as one of those who answered her advertisement. But she does not; she is, as before, utterly indifferent and inattentive to him and his conversation.

Mr. Crosse-Breton had conjectured rightly when he said she would not again be won by a handsome man. For her Colonel Dare's rough, weather-beaten face, with the keen eyes and smiling mouth, has infinitely more charm than even the perfect features of her dead husband, whose good looks were so notorious that he went by the sobriquet of "Lovely Leigh!"

But the quondam tutor has disappeared, and she has not the smallest clue to his place of abode, and though she starts and wonders when she hears Castle Dare mentioned as one of the few remaining architectural curiosities in the county, she does not seriously think of it as his possible home. It is difficult to realize that the man who held a subordinate situation in her home could be the owner of those broad lands and a correspondingly important rent role.

She is staying with the Crosse-Bretons when the subject is first mentioned, and the Heathen Chinese had his eye glass turned full upon her, and though she does not suspect him of any knowledge of what has happened, she is none the less unwilling to arouse his suspicion by betraying any extraordinary curiosity.

"It is well worth seeing and a very handsome building, in spite, or perhaps because of its antiquity," her hostess is saying.

"And the owner?" hazards Lady Leigh, timidly.

"The owner is away—has been for some time."

"Why not make a party to explore it, now it is empty? Lady Leigh ought to see all the sights worth seeing in her native county."

It is Mr. Meade who says this, with a quizzical smile, letting his eye glass fall, but keeping his prominent blue eyes still stationary.

"It is not my native county, only by adoption," interposes Lady Leigh quickly.

"A relation by marriage," laughs Mrs. Crosse-Breton, "and they are often more kin than kind."

"We are begging the question," says Mr. Meade, unabashed, "and the question is whether Lady Leigh would care to go over the old place or not?"

"Of course I should like it. Why not?" defiantly.

"Why, not, indeed! I think it would be almost delightful excursion."

The proposal is carried unanimously, and an early day fixed for the visit.

"We must make haste, for the master of Castle Dare is always erratic in his movements, coming and going with little or no notice," says Mrs. Crosse-Breton, as she and Lady Leigh move to the other end of the room.

"Who is the owner?" asks Lady Leigh, and the crucial question once put, she devoutly wishes it unsaid, for Mr. Meade has followed, and is again beside them with his irritating smile.

"I hope I am not intruding on a confidence," he says, politely.

"Oh, no," answers one lady and the other is coldly silent.

The day comes when they have arranged to go, and still Lady Leigh is ignorant of the name of the man whose house she intends to inspect. She does not like to ask again for fear of arousing suspicion, but she feels a strange excitement as they drive along the road, and is half afraid to analyze or inquire even of herself what the cause can be.

The grounds themselves are uninteresting and limited in space, for the greater part of Colonel Dare's property is built over and forms the town making it a more valuable if less slightly inheritance, but some of the timber is old, and there is a maze which has been notorious in the family history.

The mansion itself is very curious. The architecture is Gothic, one of the earliest specimens, and the necessary repairs from time to time have been so managed that they should not mar the effect. There are no incongruities either within or without.

As the visitors approach they come upon a side window which is standing open, and Lady Leigh runs forward, laughing.

"Let us scale the battlements," she cries merrily. "Who will follow me?"

"I," says Captain Venere.

"And I," says the Heathen Chinese.

But the others go round to the door.

"Of course," explains Mrs. Crosse-Breton, "there is no danger of the housekeeper refusing to let us go over the place; still, it is always better to ask. If an Englishman's house is his castle, his castle must be something still more sacred, and I, for one, dare not invade its sanctity without an express permission."

In the meantime Lady Leigh has clambered on to the window sill without assistance, and has jumped into the room with the agility of a school-girl, then turning round she bids the young men follow. A little careful of their clothing, they are rather slow in obeying, and she goes on into the next room without waiting. But on the threshold she stops dumfounded.

A man is seated in a long armchair with a book in his hand. He raises his head on hearing voices, and, when she enters, starts up with a low cry of surprise and joy. It is Colonel Dare himself, and once more he and Lady Leigh are face to face.

Before either of them can speak, another door behind them is opened and a servant announces Mr. and Mrs. Crosse-Breton and Lord Downe.

The lady advances, laughing and blushing, apologizing for and congratulating herself on her presence there, all at once; Colonel Dare draws a long breath, and without having no "Not a word," is the decided reply, ticed Lady Leigh by word or gesture, turns and welcomes the speaker with ever more empressment than is necessary.

Everybody is introduced in a few general phrases, and the visitors have been some minutes talking before some one discovers that Lady Leigh is missing.

Cut to the heart and more offended than she would ever admit by his thus ignoring their acquaintance, she has slipped away through the open door and is out of sight before they think of looking for her. Only Lord Downe goes in pursuit, and Colonel Dare's eyes follow him jealously as he wonders whether she has given him the right.

But nothing more is said, Colonel Dare shows them over the house himself, and is profuse in offers of hospitality, which, owing to Lady Leigh's absence, are not accepted. Once he finds an opportunity of whispering to Graver Meade:

"Did she know?"

and the colonel's countenance falls, for he had hoped something from her presence, fancying it might have been from a wish to see his home.

The visitors do not stay long, and Colonel Dare does not make a move to accompany them to where the carriage is waiting. When they arrive there they find Lady Leigh seated, with a face as white as the cotton gown which she had donned in expectation of wandering through dusty picture galleries or possible vaults and underground passages which it is well known Castle Dare possesses. She is looking cold and proud, utterly unlike the bright, gracious woman she has become of late, and Lord Downe, hanging over the carriage door, not daring to enter, has evidently not met with a warm reception.

Mrs. Crosse-Breton comes up full of glee.

"Colonel Dare showed us all over the place himself. So odd that he should have returned so suddenly, and how charming he can be when he exerts himself to please!" she chatters, disconnectedly.

"He had only just come from abroad," says her husband.

"And is returning there almost directly," interposes Mr. Meade.

Lady Leigh listens to all but says nothing. She talks more on their homeward way, and mentions casually that she was feeling unwell when she left so abruptly, confessing that she was a little unnerved at seeing any one in a room which she had naturally expected to find empty, and which might reasonably be supposed, from its antiquity, to possess at least one ghost to haunt its walls.

But in her heart is a cruel consciousness of pain, a knowledge that hope is dead. They have met again; it is true but how differently from what she had dreamed! He had not forgiven her, and the opportunity gone she would not again have courage to beg for pardon. All the fondly imagined phrases with which she had meant to deprecate his anger have fled, and she feels that she cannot now ever reckon on a reconciliation.

He is avenged. She is suffering as keenly as he had done when in her own house she insulted him. For the second time in her life the haughty Lady Leigh has been "cut dead."

CHAPTER XI.

The Duchess of Downshire is giving a ball, and as she is generally noted for either hospitality or prodigality, the event causes some little stir. Mrs. Crosse-Breton, who had issued invitations for a dinner on the same date, promptly sends out a notice of postponement.

"Such a thing," she says, laughing, "only occurs once in a lifetime and nobody shall miss it on my account."

When she next meets the duchess she asks her point-blank for what reason this festivity is given, and gets a very straightforward answer.

"It is in honor of Lady Leigh. I think we have every reason to welcome her reappearance; she is a very great acquisition to society. I grudge neither trouble nor expense to show my appreciation of her."

"Nor even your eldest son," supplements the other, wickedly.

"No, nor even my eldest son," she assents gravely.

And as her grace is never known to jest, or to fall where she resolves to succeed, the report flies about like wildfire that an engagement has already taken place, and on the night of the ball it will be made known.

As usual, the person most concerned is the last to hear of it, and, not having been warned, Lady Leigh sees no danger in the marquis' frequent visits, nor in his being so often in attendance on her in public.

Only on the very day itself, which is expected to see the denouement something is said which opens Lady Leigh's eyes a little. She makes no outward sign of her knowledge, only her haughty head is held a little higher at the idea, which seems to be prevalent, that the handkerchief will only need to be thrown by this young eligible for her to eagerly grasp at the chance.

To be Continued.

HIS WAY OUT OF IT.

Porter, in station—Don't you see that sign. No smoking allowed?

Farmer Oatcake, in a whisper—That's all right, ole man; I'm smokin' on the quiet.

CAUSE FOR THANKS.

Here is a short poem taken from the French, said the would-be contributor.

The French should be everlastingly grateful, snorted the editor as he opened the door and bowed a series of short bows.

PERSONAL POINTERS.

Notes of Interest About Some of the Great Folks of the World.

Lord Dufferin is said to have twelve white cats, almost exactly alike, for which he paid \$6,000.

The German playwright Gerhart Hauptmann has joined the ranks of inventors by devising a bicycle which can be immediately transformed into a tricycle.

The Japanese jinrikisha-puller who saved the life of Alexander III. and received therefore a present of \$10,000, spent that sum in a few years, and then committed suicide.

Mrs. Andrew Carnegie has informed the board of directors of the Braddock (Pa.) Carnegie Library that she has donated \$10,000 for a pipe organ to be placed in the building.

The two oldest German Generals are Major-Gen Lucas von Cranach and General-Fieldmarshal von Blumenthal who have been, respectively, in service seventy-one and seventy years.

Dr. Nansen who had to curtail his recent lecturing tour in England, being suddenly called home to Norway by the illness of his infant son, has decided to return to London. A letter from him states that his child is now quite well.

The late Felice Cavallotti wrote poems not only in the language of Dante, but in that of Homer, his knowledge of Greek being almost as thorough as that of Italian. His Greek poems were translated into Latin by Archbishop Joachim Pecci.

Piper Fintlader, the hero of Dargai Ridge, has had an offer of marriage from a lady who is well known in Indian society, and who not only offers the piper a home, but says she will willingly place at his disposal her income of £5,000 a year.

In view of the fact that Fritz Muller is one of the commonest names in Germany, Prof Haeckel has proposed that the late eminent naturalist of that name should be known as Fritz Muller-Desterra—Desterra being the name of the place where the naturalist went to work in 1852, after his refusal to make the state oath, without which he could get no appointment in Prussia.

This year England is to have another distinguished Indian visitor in the person of Prince Ami Singh, Prime Minister of Cashmere. Prince Ami will be under the charge of Major Kaye, a trusted and prominent official of the government in India. He will have an audience of the Queen, and will undertake a provincial tour. He is direct heir to the throne, being brother to the present Maharajah.

M. Sato Premier of the Japanese legation in Paris met with an extraordinary accident the other day. He was driving from town towards the Arc de Triomphe in a cab, when the horse suddenly bolted in the Champs Elysees, and ran into the Round Point fountain, where it fell. The cab toppled over into the water, with the driver and the Oriental diplomatist, both of whom had a bath in their clothes, but escaped unhurt.

The new master of Selwyn College, Cambridge, in succession to the late Bishop J. R. Selwyn, is Canon Alexander Kirkpatrick of Closeburn in Scotland, a younger branch of the family of the Kirkpatricks of Closeburn, in Scotland, and was born at Leves in 1849, so that he is not quite fifty years old. He is a "Bell," a "Porson," a "Craven," and a "Tyrwhit Hebrew" scholar.

Sir William Turner, who is to be the successor of Sir Richard Quain in the presidency of the General Medical Council of Great Britain, is the well-known professor of anatomy in the University of Edinburgh. He has occupied the chair since 1867, when he succeeded Prof. Goodsir. Sir William's contributions to the science of anatomy, both human and comparative, have been many, the most popular being his researches on the convolutions of the brain.

During the English Jubilee festivities Lord Salisbury was the recipient of a costly and magnificently worked Persian rug, which was formally presented to him one afternoon in Downing street by the Prince Amir Kahn of Persia. Recently this chef d'oeuvre was submitted to the Office of Works, with the result that the experts who examined it pronounced it to be of the finest workmanship, and of the value of at least \$4,000. It has accordingly been placed in a black frame of massive design, and will henceforth adorn the Premier's private room at the Foreign Office.

A notable English clergyman has just died in the person of the Rev. J. P. Gell, rector of Buxted in Sussex. He was the "Old Brooke," of "Tom Brown's School Days"; and with him passes away, probably, the last survivor of Arnold's famous "Sixth." Mr. Gell began his career as an official of the Colonial office, and was sent out to Tasmania, where he married the daughter of the Governor, Sir John Franklin, the Arctic explorer. He subsequently took orders, and became distinguished as a preacher, still more as a speaker, most of all as an untiring and successful worker in a poor London parish.

BRITISH PENALTY.

A signalman on the British cruiser Taurago, on the Australian Station, has been court-martialed for striking an officer and sentenced to three years' penal servitude and dismissed from the service.

A CHEAP MEDICINE.

IS ONE THAT WILL PROMPTLY AND EFFECTIVELY CURE.

Mr. John Hitch, of Ridgetown, Tells How He Had Spent Dollar Upon Dollar in Vain Before Finding the Medicine That Cured Him.

From the Standard, Ridgetown.

People who read from week to week of the marvelous cures effected by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills little think that right in their midst exist many who have been relieved from pain and suffering by the use of these wonderful little pills after having suffered untold agonies for months.

Mr. John Hitch, a man well and favorably known throughout the county, was ever ready when opportunity offered to speak a word in praise of these pills and was never tired of recommending them to his friends. A representative of the Standard, anxious to know of the cause of Mr. Hitch's recommendation called upon him at his home recently and upon telling that gentleman the object of his visit Mr. Hitch consented to an interview. The story in his own words, is as follows:

"In the winter of 1891 I was taken with a severe attack of la grippe, from which I was confined to the house for some time. This was followed by severe pains and swellings of my lower limbs. I consulted a physician and he told me it was acute rheumatism. I continued under his care for about two months. I was unable to stand alone, but sometimes when I got started I was able to make a few steps unaided. The trouble was principally in my feet and clung to me all summer long. I tried almost everything that friends suggested, hoping to gain relief, but neither medicine taken internally nor liniments applied externally gave me any relief. The pain was very great, and I was only too ready to try anything suggested. I spent dollars upon dollars in doctor's medicine, but all to no purpose. The last week I was attended by a physician it cost me five dollars, and having about that time read in the newspapers of the work accomplished by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I concluded it was certainly worth the experiment and accordingly purchased a box from a local druggist and commenced their use, discontinuing the doctor's medicine. This was in June or July, 1892. After I had taken the first box of the pills I could feel some change and after taking seven boxes I noticed a great improvement. I continued taking them until I had used thirteen boxes when I must say I felt as well as I ever did in my life. Some of my customers who came into my yard would ask me what I was doing that I was looking so well knowing the sick spell I had undergone, and I would always tell when that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had wrought the change. (They are the cheapest medicine I ever bought.) I said Mr. Hitch, "and if I had what I spent in other medicines I could sit at ease this winter. During the interview Mrs. Hitch was an occupant of the room and she heartily concurred in what her husband said, and stated that for one other member of the family the pills had been used with success in a case of severe nervousness. Mr. Hitch at the time he was seen by the reporter appeared in excellent health. He is 56 years of age and a man who had always been used to hard work. He was born in Cambridge, England, and came to this country 27 years ago. Before locating in Ridgetown he conducted a brick and tile yard at Longwood's Road, Middlesex county. He has been carrying on a successful business in Ridgetown for the past ten years.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapper bearing the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." If your dealer does not keep them they will be sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

SMALL FANS.

The little Empire fan, so popular all winter and so convenient to handle, seems to have had its day. Fan fashions have suddenly jumped to the other extreme, and the fan of the spring is nearly three times the size of its predecessor. Closed it is full twenty inches in length, and spread out it forms a truly huge expanse for the summer girl to simper behind and blush.

Big fans will from now on be all the rage, and no one knows how large they will grow before the fashion changes. As it is, the woman who wants to be in good form can hardly get too big a fan.

The new fan is being displayed in every variety, though it is too new a fashion to have gotten into all the shapes yet. The popular fans will be of feathers in every shade of color, spangled, for tinsel on everything is to be the fad of the summer, and gauze painted.

DOESN'T HURT HIS FACE.

Dobbs—There's a man who shaves several times a day.

Wiggin—You don't mean it. I should think there's nothing left of his face.

Dobbs—It doesn't hurt his face at all. He's a barber.

NO ALLOWANCE.

They say, Blokeley, old man, that your wife has an independent fortune? That's right. It's so confoundedly independent that I can't get any of it.