

STRONGER THAN DEATH OR A RANSOMED LIFE

CHAPTER X.—Cont.

"A few days more at the outside," the doctor murmured to John Trevor, as he bade him "good-bye" at the door.

Then another cause of grief arose. Harry Trevor was found to be slowly pining away. His face grew pale and pinched, and he moped in corners, silent and smileless. He hardly ate or slept at all. Even the child's mind seemed affected. Twice at midnight he had stolen into the sick-room, startling Eva, who was on guard at the bedside, by his white face and wide-open, earnest eyes.

Compelled by the doctors, Eva had consented to rest during the day. The night nursing she still reserved as her share. One evening it chanced that Harry suddenly claimed the privilege of filling with water the little silver kettle from which her coffee was made.

On that same night she had a very curious experience. She had felt quite fresh and wakeful when she began her vigil, having slept well during the day. But no sooner had she sipped her coffee than a sudden drowsiness, soft, warming, overpowering, fell upon her. Before she could resist, sleep came and conquered absolutely soul and body.

The winter sunshine was bright in the room when she awoke, alert and refreshed, from a long sleep.

Her eyes as they opened fell on Lucy. She was sleeping placidly as a three-year-old child: sleeping as she had not slept since the fell disease caught her.

Softly she slipped from the room to where her husband slept. At once he started up wide awake and frightened at the whisper of his name.

"No, John," she answered to his frightened look, "it's not that, thank God! it's not that. I have good news. Come with me quickly—come!"

Lucy still slept on placidly, and as they stood together at the bedside each read hope in the other's eyes.

"I was not mistaken?" she questioned eagerly.

"It is wonderful," he answered. "I cannot understand it. How—"

The next moment Eva's action had answered his unfinished question.

One of Lucy's arms lay upon the quilt, with the white robe open at the sleeve. With deft fingers Eva rolled the loose sleeve back to the shoulder.

Yes! there was a little red dot where the sharp needle point of the gold syringe had pricked the white satin of her skin. Lucy was safe. She had been saved by the same miracle as Eva and her child! By whom wrought?

They never knew for certain. The girl herself could not help them to an answer.

She had puzzled over it for a while, half awake. But presently a pleasant drowsiness stole over her, and she dropped off into a dreamless sleep, in which there was rest and no pain.

So they never knew for certain what mystery had happened in the night. Certain it was, however, that the morning found him as childish as ever, and the mysterious medicine case had disappeared again.

So the cloud lightened over the once happy house of Lavelle, though it never wholly passed away.

Legal means were taken to secure the property of Dr. Ardel, which proved to be even more enormous than was currently believed. He had

no relatives, and the custody, and guardianship, and the management of his vast estate under the Court was entrusted to John Trevor, Q.C., by the Lord Chancellor, who was a friend of both men, and knew the intimate trust and friendship between them.

In the teeth of the confident prophecies of the mental scientists, Dr. Ardel improved from day to day and from week to week. His memory never returned. He never showed the faintest recognition of his own identity. But his physical health was superb, his gay spirits never flagged, and slowly, but surely, his intellect brightened.

Harry Trevor, as dull boys sometimes will, had suddenly developed a marvellous precocity. He, who used to hate books, now loved them.

Dr. Ardel—the wonderful Dr. Ardel—whose intellect and accomplishments had been the wonder and admiration of Europe, was now the halting pupil of a clever child.

So the years went by till Harry's time came for a public school. At home the boy's education had gone at so tremendous a rate that his mother, and sometimes even his father, was a little afraid of him. It was not that he was what is called a bumptious boy. Indeed, he seemed always anxious rather to hide his knowledge than to display it. But his quickness was marvellous.

With Lucy he grew almost at once from a pet to a companion. He was shy with her, as has been said, and she was so infected by his shyness that she left off kissing and fondling him at once. Now and again she caught by chance, as it were, a glimpse of his knowledge of science and literature, which frightened her. Very quickly the relation of teacher and taught were reversed between them, and she found herself constantly forgetting his age. On the question of religion alone the boy never willingly spoke.

In the innocence of her maiden heart Lucy unknowingly laid bare to the keen eyes of this precocious child the love she had ever cherished for Dr. Ardel, till he too found the secret that Eva had once found so easily.

To all this Harry Trevor would listen moodily, answering in monosyllables only. There was a keen, strange sting of jealousy in his heart, that grew keener as years advanced and his own intimacy with Lucy increased. But he strove hard to hide the pain the subject gave him, and was kinder than ever to Dr. Ardel after Lucy's confidence. Still she, somehow, divined at last that the subject hurt him, and half-guessed the cause, and thenceforward it was mentioned no more between them.

CHAPTER XI.

Eva was loth to part with her only son. He was nearly fifteen years before John Trevor—who was now Judge Trevor—coaxed consent from her for school. Harry did well at Eton from the first. He was liked by masters and by boys, for he was, as the phrase went, "good all round," at books and games. Once only was bullying tried with him, just after he came, and the experiment was not repeated.

He had the unique distinction of being chosen on the school cricket eleven only a few months after his arrival. It so chanced that the captain, who had a quick eye for promising material, was attracted by his

style. He found it a little old-fashioned, but most effective. Harry Trevor, he saw, could hit hard and clean to every part of the field, and his defence was impregnable as a stone wall. Further experiments proved that he could bowl as well as bat, and his judgment and temper were always to be relied upon.

So he quickly climbed up to the second eleven, his reputation growing daily. It was still the beginning of the cricket season, and practice was hard and competition keen amongst the young cricketers, for there was last year's defeat by Harrow to be wiped out.

A fortnight before this great event a test match was played. It was a perfect cricket day. The sun shone unclouded from a blue sky on a green earth. The crease was level as a billiard table and elastic as its cushions when Harry Trevor went in first to face the bowling of his chief rival. Jack Samson owed his place on the eleven to his reputation as a lightning bowler. Somewhat erratic, it is true, but undeniable when "on the spot" and especially deadly to nervous players. Tall, lean, and wiry, with arms of abnormal length, he made the ball fly from his hand as from a sling. The air swung round it as it flew, the wickets it struck leaped yards from the ground or shivered to pieces. Glove or pad were quite powerless to save a luckless batsman from that numbing shock.

To-day Samson meant to do more than his best. Some instinct told him it was a duel to the death with the cool, flaxen-pated boy, who, resting lightly on his bat, waited imperturbably for the flying ball. For a boy to drop from his place on the eleven to the common ruck was like Adam expelled from Paradise—like Lucifer driven headlong from Heaven. No wonder Jack Samson nerved himself for the struggle.

"Play!" cried the umpire. The bowler took three quick strides to the wicket and swung his long arm like a pendulum. The ball flashed down the crease, straight for the centre stump. But the batsman was ready, eyes and judgment, nerves and muscle acting together in that minute fraction of a second. The push of a straight bat met the furious ball as it rose from the sward, and tamed by the touch it rolled back softly to the bowler's hands.

"Played, sir!" rang out over the ground from a hundred shrill voices. The next ball went past the wicket, fast and low, a foot to the off. It just glanced from the wicket-keeper's glove as it went, and a "leg-bye" for four was the result.

The third was to leg, pitched a shade too far. With a quick swing the bat caught it on the "half volley" as it rose. The muscles of arms, back and legs, every ounce of strength in young Trevor's body, was in the stroke. The sound was clean and sharp as a rifle shot. Hard and low the ball flew at right angles to the wicket, clear of the fielders, crash in amongst a group of spectators that sat far out on the field, and broke and scattered like a flock of fluttered wild duck as it came.

"Well hit! well hit! A sixer! Run it out!" clamoured the crowd of boys, and the triumph of the tumult thrilled young Trevor with the unreasoning delight of youth.

With the bowler's temper his skill went. The cool young batsman punished the wild bowling without mercy. Now a sharp cut, now a clean drive, kept the figures constantly changing on the telegraph board. Poor Jack was put off bowling in disgrace. When Trevor eventually carried out his bat for one hundred and seventeen, scored without a fault, his place on the eleven was assured.

His triumph filled him full of the pure, exhilarating joy of boyhood, which no triumph of after life can rival. Yet all the time he was conscious of a second self, that smiled with good-humoured amusement at his transports.

Passing with the throng of boys into the schoolroom, he was roughly jostled and almost thrown, and, turning sharply round, found Samson close to him, his face blazing with passion. Boys can hate with a good, honest, meaningless hatred. Harry Trevor by some quick instinct knew at once what that shove meant. A man's duel is full of formality, but a boy needs no preliminaries or explanation for his fighting. It comes natural to him. He fights because he wants to—with reason or without it. Samson's jostle was a challenge. For just a second Trevor seemed to hesitate, half annoyed, half amused at the incident. "It's a nuisance," he muttered to himself, "but I suppose it must be gone through with." Then to the scowling Samson he whispered, "All right. I'm ready any time you please."

So the challenge was given and accepted. Like wildfire the news went about that there was to be a fight between Jack Samson and the new boy—"the chap that hit Jack's bowling all over the field, you know, and got his place on the eleven." At school the news of a fight is always good news, whatever be the cause belli, and whoever the combatants. Some few cricket devotees there were who thought the school eleven a thing too sacred to be the theme of fist cuffs, but they were a miserable minority from the first, and their scruples were speedily absorbed and lost in the general enthusiasm.

Call it by what name you will, the innate human savagery which rejoices in hurt or danger was at work

amongst them. This same spirit set the gladiators to kill for the public amusement at the Colosseum, and that made professional pugilism so popular in Merrie England in the good old days. There is no professional pugilism, of course, in the humane and enlightened England of our time. Men wear "two ounce" boxing-gloves, according to law, and beat each other to a jelly, and "put each other to sleep" as the pretty phrase is—a sleep from which it is often hard to waken them, and from which sometimes they never waken at all. But this is "sport" and of all sports the most exciting and the most popular in enlightened England.

Let us get back to the only fight this story has to do with. The two boys met the next day in a secluded corner of the play-ground stripped to the waist and eager for battle. For a ring there was a closely packed circle of young bodies and eager young faces. Amongst the knowing ones Jack Samson was the favorite. He was a year older and two inches taller than his opponent, and his strong arms had made him victor in many a similar encounter.

But young Trevor, clean-limbed and square-shouldered, full of vigorous vitality, was hard to beat. As he quietly faced his opponent, young experts of the ring noticed the perfect guard that covered face and body.

Samson was angry and eager to begin and end the battle.

Trevor was very cool and quiet. There was a half smile on his lips, as a man in a frolic smiles at his own folly; but his keen blue eyes never left the face of his opponent.

Samson forced the fight from the first, striking fiercely with right and left at his opponent's face. But the quick, moving face was never where he struck. He beat the empty air, and the force of his own blows wrenched his muscles till they ached again.

The indifference with which Trevor began the fight was changing to keen enjoyment as blow after blow went by him harmlessly and his opponent gasped, and panted, and smote in vain. Now and again Trevor struck back, but lightly and without malice. He grew careless in his enjoyment, and at last Samson, evading his guard, planted a heavy blow upon his chest. A look of pain and anger flashed across his face at the blow.

In a second he changed from play to earnest. Samson, encouraged by his first success, rushed upon him furiously. Trevor's right fist on his forehead stopped the rush. Before the other could get back the left hand shot out viciously from the shoulder and caught him under the jaw, and sent him down like a log. The back of his head struck the ground, and he lay motionless. At once the frightened boys broke up the ring, and fluttered and clamored round the still unconscious body. Then fear crept into their eyes, and their white lips, whispered falteringly, "He's dead."

But Harry Trevor—cool as ever—walked briskly to where his coat lay.

He took a small bottle of green glass with green glass stopper from his pocket.

"I thought it might be wanted," he muttered, letting a few drops fall upon his handkerchief, while he came back to where his opponent lay with a group of frightened, pale-faced boys about him.

Piles To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles, the manufacturers have guaranteed it. See testimonials in the daily press and ask your neighbor what he thinks of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured. Go to a box at all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & CO., Toronto.
Dr. Chase's Ointment

He put the boys aside with a curious air of authority that made him seem older than he was. They yielded without protest, for fear is submissive, and they were horribly frightened. Alone amongst the group he did not seem in the least degree flustered at the sight of his own handiwork. "It will be all right," he said cheerily; and he clapped the handkerchief, from which a pleasant, pungent smell came, to the mouth and nostrils of the prostrate boy.

Like a charm it acted. The color came back to the boy's face, his eyes opened, and he leaped to his feet like one awakened from sound sleep. For a moment he stood bewildered, gazing round with comic perplexity at the circle of wondering faces.

"Where am I? What has happened? Oh! I remember now. Well, you've licked me fairly, Trevor," he went on. "I earned what I got. I had no call to make an ass of myself because you can play cricket and I can't. Shake hands, old chap. You can lick me all round, sport or earnest."

The boys shook hands heartily, and moved away together, getting their coats on as they walked. Thereafter Trevor put a new ambition into his friend. He helped him with his tasks as no master had ever helped him. When Samson, at the end of the term, got a school scholarship, he stoutly averred it was Trevor earned it.

Trevor gave him tips in cricket, too, and got him back his place in the eleven in good time for the Harrow match, when—crowning triumph of all—he took seven wickets for twenty-five runs in the first innings, and was the hero of the day.

SKIN DISEASES.

INVARIABLY DUE TO POOR AND WATERY BLOOD.

Pimples, Blotches, Boils and Ugly Rashes Easily Cleared From the Blood.

From the Advocate, Exeter, Ont.

All diseases of the skin and complexion are caused by bad blood. Paleness and pimples, blotches and boils, ugly rashes and open sores, itching eczema and burning erysipelas—all these blemishes come from bad blood. A bad skin is a sure sign of bad blood—thin blood, watery blood, blood poisoned with impurities. You can't have a healthy, clear skin till you make your blood pure and rich with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills are a sure and speedy cure for all skin diseases, for agonizing eczema or bothersome little pimples—for a bad complexion or ugly open ulcers. No claim is ever made for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills not backed by the most positive proof, and in this connection we offer the testimonial of Mrs. Nicholas McAvoy, a life-long, much-esteemed resident of Exeter, Ont. To a reporter of the Advocate Mrs. McAvoy said:—"Some years ago I was taken with a slight itching under one of my arms. I gave it little attention at first thinking it would pass away, but in this I was mistaken for as time went on it became worse and soon developed into an aggravated case of eczema, causing a great deal of pain, irritation and suffering. In fact I was compelled to endure tortures. I consulted a doctor and took medicine for several months, but the trouble did not leave, neither did it get any better. In fact it took a turn for the worse and developed into scrofula. As the doctor's medicine did not help me I tried several advertised medicines, but with no better results. Finally a lady friend strongly urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The effect was almost magical. In a few weeks there was a decided change for the better, and as time went on the trouble gradually left and to-day I am entirely free from it. I owe my complete recovery—if not my life—to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, a fact I wish to put on record that others may benefit as I have done."

There is absolutely no disease due to poor blood—and most diseases are due to this trouble—that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will not cure. You can get these pills from any druggist or they will be sent post paid at 50c a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Remember that substitutes cannot possibly cure.

It was, as has been said, Trevor's first and last fight. Liked by all, lending a helping hand here and there as it was needed, he led a pleasant, easy life at school. In sports he had the keen enjoyment of youth; in books the discriminating delight of age. At study or play he was equally contented. His masters could make nothing of him. He had ability enough—"too much," one master petulantly complained. He was industrious too in his own way, but of emulation or ambition he had not a trace. He shied at the regular, hard-beaten, dry track of school routine. He loved to read on his own account the old books in literature and the new books in science. As the school phrase goes, he never "did himself justice" at the examinations, and was cheerfully content to see the prizes all go to his friends.

(To be Continued.)

ARTIFICIAL MARBLE.

A new process for making imitations of statuary marble, onyx and other multicolored stones has been devised in Europe. About 1,000 parts of alum to from 10 to 100 parts of heavy spar (barium sulphate) and 100 parts of water are mixed with the requisite pigments, and the liquid mass is boiled down and cast in a mold. The amount of heavy spar used varies with the degree of translucence desired. After being molded and dried, the artificial stone thus produced can be polished and finished as desired.

SLEEPLESS BABIES.

When a little one is sleepless and cross it is the surest sign in the world that it is suffering from some derangement of the stomach and bowels—the seat of nine-tenths of all baby ailments. In cases of this kind Baby's Own Tablets act like magic. They sweeten the sour little stomach, relax the distended little bowels, cool the parched, fevered mouth, and bring natural, health-giving sleep. An experienced mother, Mrs. Ed. Godin, Griffith, Ont., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for many ailments peculiar to babyhood, such as fevers, indigestion, diarrhoea, etc., and I have found them the most effective medicine I have ever tried. I can only add I would not be without them in the house, so much do I think of them."

Other mothers who wish health for their little ones cannot do better than follow Mrs. Godin's example. You can get the Tablets from all medicine dealers or they will be sent by mail at 25 cents a box by writing direct to The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Grace: "Why, Ethel, how could you tell all the news in Mary's letter so soon? You haven't even read it." Ethel: "Well, you see, dear, I read the postscript first."

Dreaded Results of Kidney Disease

Allments of the Most Painful and Fatal Nature Prevented and Cured by
DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS.

When you think of the pain and suffering which accompany backache, rheumatism, lumbago, stone in the kidneys and bladder; when you think of the dreadful fatality of Bright's disease, dropsy, diabetes and apoplexy, you may well wonder why people neglect to keep the kidneys in perfect order, for all these ailments are the direct result of deranged kidneys.

Once the kidneys fail to filter from the blood the impure and poisonous waste matter there is trouble of a painful and dangerous nature. Among the first symptoms are backache, weak, lame back, pains in the legs and sides, deposits in the urine, impaired digestion, loss of flesh, energy and ambition, stiffness and soreness in the joints and feelings of weariness and lassitude.

Prevention is always better than cure, and hence the advisability of using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills on the very first indication of such derangement. Whether to prevent or

cure, Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are the most effective treatment you can obtain, for besides their direct and specific action on the kidneys, they keep the bowels regular; and the liver active, and hence purify the system and remove the cause of disease.

This medicine has long since proven its right to first place as a cure for the complicated and serious derangements of the filtering and excretory organs. It has the largest sale and is endorsed by more people than any similar treatment. You can depend on it absolutely to bring prompt relief and lasting cure. In view of these facts it is a waste of time and money and a risk to life itself to trifle with new and untried remedies when Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are at hand. One pill a dose, 25c. a box, at all dealers, or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Toronto. To protect you against imitations the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.