

THE SECRET OF HER POWER;

Or, A TRUTH NEVER OLD.

CHAPTER XII.—(Cont'd)

Gervase smiled, conscious of his past successes and willing to acknowledge them.

"But you see she does not sigh!" he murmurs, with a sense that the admission is not flattering to his own amour-propre.

"You have lost the power to make her sigh, do you mean?" "I make no impression on her at all. I am utterly unable to imagine her feelings, her sentiments,—how much she would acknowledge, how much she would ignore."

"That is a confession of great helpfulness! I should never have believed that you would be baffled by any woman, above all by a woman who once loved you."

"It is not easy to make a fire out of ashes."

"Not if the ashes are quite cold, certainly; but if a spark remains in them, the fire soon comes again."

He is silent; the apparent indifference of a person whom he believed to be living out her life in solitude, occupied only with his memory, annoys and mortifies him. He has never doubted his own power to write his name indelibly on the hearts of women.

"Perhaps she wishes to marry Blanford?" suggests Dorothy Usk.

"Pshaw!" says Lord Gervase.

"Why pshaw?" repeats his cousin, persistently. "He would not be a man to my taste, and he hates marriage, and he has a set of Hindoos at St. Hubert's Lea, which would require as much cleaning as the Augean stable; but I dare say she doesn't know anything about them, and he may be persuading her that he thinks marriage opens the doors of Paradise; men can so easily pretend that sort of thing!"

A great many men have wanted to marry her, I believe, since she came back into the world after her seclusion. George declares that Blanford is quite serious."

"Preposterous!" replies Lord Gervase.

"Really, I don't see that," replies his judicious cousin. "A great many women have wanted to marry him, though one wonders why. Indeed, I have heard some of them declare that he is wholly irresistible when he chooses."

"With Hindoos, perhaps," says Gervase.

"With our own women," says his cousin. "Lady Mary Jardine died of a broken heart because he wouldn't look at her."

"Pray spare me the roll-call of his victims," says Lord Gervase, irritably; he is passionately jealous of Blanford. He himself had forgotten Xenia Sabaroff, and forgotten all his obligations to her, when she had been, as he always had believed, within reach of his hand if he stretched it out; but viewed as a woman whom other men wooed and another man might win, she has become to him intensely to be desired and to be disputed. He has been a spoiled child of fortune and of the drawing-rooms all his years, and the slightest opposition is intolerable to him.

"I have no doubt," continues Dorothy Usk, gently, continuing her embroidery of a South Kensington design of lilies and palm-leaves, "that if he were aware you had a prior claim, if he thought or knew that you had ever enjoyed her sympathy, he would immediately withdraw and leave the field; he is a very proud man, with all his carelessness, and would not, I think, care to be second to anybody in the affections of a woman whom he seriously sought."

"What do you mean?" asks Gervase, abruptly, pausing in his walk to and fro in the boudoir.

"Only what I say," she answers. "If you wish to eligner Blanford, give him some idea of the truth."

Gervase laughs a little.

"On my honor," he thinks, with a bitterness, "for sheer uncompromising meanness there is nothing comparable to the suggestions which a woman will make to me!"

"I couldn't do that," he says, aloud. "What would he think of me?"

"My dear Anne," replies Dorothy Usk, impatiently, getting her silks in a tangle, "when a man has behaved to any woman as you, by your own account, have behaved to Madame Sabaroff. I think it is a

little late in the day to pretend to much elevation of feeling."

"You do not understand—" "I have always found," says his cousin, impatiently searching for shades of silk which she does not see, "that whenever we presume to pronounce an opinion on any man's conduct and think ill of it we are always told that we don't understand anything. When we flatter the man, or compliment him on his conduct, there is no end to the marvellous powers of our penetration, the fineness of our instincts, the accuracy of our institutions."

Gervase does not hear; his thoughts are elsewhere; he is thinking of Xenia Sabaroff as he saw her first in the Salle des Palmiers in the Winter Palace,—a mere girl, a mere child, startled and made nervous by the admiration she excited and the homage she received, under the brutality of her husband, the rallery of her friends; but that time is long ago, very long, as the life of women counts, and Xenia Sabaroff is now perfect mistress of her own emotions, if emotions she ever feels. Gervase cannot for one moment tell whether the past is tenderly remembered by her, is utterly forgotten, or is only recalled to be touched and dismissed without regret. He is a vain man, but vanity has no power to reassure him here.

In the warm afternoon of the next day the children are in the school-room, supposed to be preparing their lessons for the morrow; but the German governess, who is alone as guardian of order in the temple of intellect, has fallen asleep, with flies buzzing about her blonde hair, and her blue spectacles pushed up on her forehead, and Dodo has taken advantage of the fact to go and lean out of one of the windows, while her sister draws a caricature of the sleeping virgin from Deutschland, and the Babe slips away from his books to a mechanical Punch, which, contraband in the school-room, is far dearer to him than his Gradus and rule of three.

Dodo, with her hands thrust among her abundant locks, lolls with half her body in the air, and, by twisting her neck almost to dislocation, manages to see round an ivy-grown buttress of the east wall, and to spy people who are getting on their horses at the south doors of the building.

"They are going out riding and I am shut up here!" she groans. "Oh, what a while it takes one to grow up!"

"Who are going to ride?" asks Lillie, too fascinated by her drawing to leave it.

"Lots of them," replies Dodo, who speaks four languages, and her own worst of all. "All of them, pretty nearly. Mamma's on Pepper, and Lady Waverley's got Boppeep—she's always nervous, you know. I can't see very much 'cause of the ivy. Oh, there's the princess on Satan—nobody else could ride Satan; Lord Blanford put her up, and now he's riding by her. They're gone now—and papa's stopping behind to do something to Boppeep's girths." Whereat the dutiful Dodo laughs rudely, as she laughed coming home from church.

The sound of the horses' hoofs going farther away down the avenue comes through the stillness, as her voice and her laughter cease.

"What a shame to be shut up here just because one isn't old!" she groans, as she listens enviously. The sun is pouring liquid gold through the ivy-leaves, the air is hot and fragrant, gardeners are watering the flower-beds below, and the sweet, moist scent comes up to Dodo's nostrils and makes her writhe with longing to get out; rot that she is by any means ardently devoted to nature, but she loves life, movement, gayety, and she dearly loves showing off her figure on her pony and being directed with by her father's friends.

"I am sure Lord Blanford is in love with her; awfully in love," she says, as she peers into the distance, where the black form of Satan is just visible through far off oak-boughs.

"With whom?" asks Lillie, getting up from her caricature to lean also out over the ivy.

"Xenia," says Dodo. She is very proud of calling her friend Xenia. "Take care Goggles don't wake, or he'll see what you've been doing."

The lady from Deutschland was always known to them by this endearing epithet.

"I don't care," says Lillie, kicking her bronze boots in the air. "Do you think she'll marry Lord Blanford?"

"Who? Goggles?" "The idea?" They laugh deliciously.

"You say he's in love with Xenia. If they're in love they will marry," says Lillie, pensively.

"No, they won't; people who are in love never marry," replies Dodo.

"What do they do, then?" inquires the younger sister.

"They marry somebody else, and ask the one they like to go and stay with them. It is much better," she adds. "It is what I shall do."

"Why is it better? It's a round-about way," objects Lillie. "I shouldn't care to marry at all," she adds, "only one can't ever be Mistress of the Robes if one doesn't."

"Oh, everybody marries, of course; only some miff it, and don't get all they want by it," replies the cynic Dodo.

"El l'amour, Miladi Alexandra?" says the French governess, entering at that moment. "On donc mettez-vous l'amour?"

"Nous ne sommes pas des bougeoises," returns Dodo, very haughtily.

The Babe, sitting astride on a chair, trying to mend his mechanical Punch, who screamed and beat his wife absolutely comme la nature, as the French governess said, before he was broken, hears the discourse of his sisters and muses on it. He is very fond of Blanford, and he adores his princess; he would like them to live together, and he would go and see them without his sisters, who tease him, and without Boom, who lords it over him. Into his busy and precocious little brain there enters the resolution to pousser la machine, as his governess would call it.

The Babe has a vast idea of his own resources in the way of speech and invention, and he has his mother's tendencies to interfere with other people's affairs, and is quite of an opinion that if he had the management of most things he should better them. He has broken his Parisian Punch in his endeavor to make it say more words than it could say, but this slight accident does not affect his own admiration and belief in his own powers, any more than to have brought a great and prosperous empire within measurable distance of civil war affects a statesman's conviction that he is the only person who can rule that empire. The Babe, like Mr. Gladstone, is in his own eyes infallible. Like the astute diplomatist he is, he waits for a good opportunity; he is always where the ladies are, and his sharp little wits have been pre-

NA-DRU-CO Headache Wafers

stop the meanest, nastiest, most persistent headaches in half an hour or less. We guarantee that they contain no opium, morphine or other poisonous drugs. 25c. a box at your druggists', or by mail from

National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Montreal.



Shipping Fever

Influenza, pink eye, epizootic, distemper and all nose and throat diseases cured, and all others, no matter how "exposed," kept from having any of these diseases with SPOHN'S LIQUID DISTEMPER CURE. Three to six doses often cure a case. One 50-cent bottle guaranteed to do so. Best thing for brood mares. Acts on the blood. 50c and \$1 a bottle. \$6 and \$11 a dozen bottles. Druggists and harness shops. Distributors—ALL WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS. SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Chemists, Goshen, Indiana, U. S. A.

MAPLEINE

A flavoring used the same as lemon or vanilla. By dissolving granulated sugar in water and adding Mapleine, a delicious syrup is made and a syrup before their maple. Mapleine is sold by grocers. If not send 50c for 2 oz. bottle and recipe book. Crescent Mfg. Co., Seattle, Wa.

ternaturally quickened in that atmosphere of what the French call "l'odeur feminine."

He has to wait some days for his occasion. The frank and friendly intercourse which existed at first between Blanford and Mme Sabaroff is altered; they are never alone, and the pleasant discussions on poets and poetry, on philosophers and follies, in the gardens in the forenoon are discontinued, neither could very well say why, but the presence of Gervase chills and oppresses both of them and keeps them apart. She has the burden of mystery, he the burden of suspicion; and suspicion is a thing so hateful and intolerable to the nature of Blanford that it makes him miserable to feel himself guilty of it.

But one morning the Babe coaxes her out to go with him to his garden—a floral republic, where a cabbage comes up cheek by jowl with a gloxinia, and plants are plucked up by the roots to see if they are growing aright. The Babe's system of horticulture is to dig intently for ten minutes in all directions, to make himself very red in the face, and then to call Dick, Tom, or Harry, any under-gardener who may be near, and say, "Here, do it, will you?" Nevertheless, he retains the belief that he is the creator and cultivator of this his garden, as M. Grevy believes that he is the chief person in the French Republic; and he takes Mme. Sabaroff to admire it.

"It would look better if it were a little more in order," she permits herself to observe.

"Oh, that's their fault," says the Babe, just as M. Grevy would say of disorder in the Chambers, the Babe meaning Dick, Tom or Harry, as the President would mean Clemenceau, Rochefort, or M. de Mun. (To be continued.)

TO THE SCRAP HEAP.

British Admiralty Has Condemned Six Battleships.

The British Admiralty has ordered that six battleships of the Royal Sovereign class, the first batch of

armored ships laid down under the naval defence act of 1889, are to be partly dismantled and removed to the Motherbank, Spithead, otherwise known as "Rotten Row."

They are all at present in the Fourth Division of the Home Fleet at Devonport, manned with one-fifth of their full complements. Their names and cost as originally given are:

Launched.	Cost.
Royal Sovereign... 1891	£ 839,136
Royal Oak... 1892	1,014,934
Repulse... 1892	907,843
Ramilies... 1892	952,550
Empress of India... 1891	902,788
Resolution... 1892	929,267

Total cost... £5,546,532. They have a displacement of 14,150 tons, their armament consists of four 13.5-in. and ten 6-in. guns, but from the main turrets the sides forward and aft are not armored.

BUTTER AND THE SOIL.

Expert butter-tasters in France maintain that a flavor of the soil on which the cattle browse is always distinctly perceptible in butter, no matter what the special race of the cows producing it may be.

Normandy cows sent into Poitou show a change in the flavor of their butter approaching that characteristic of the butter produced in that region, although the resemblance is never complete. Thus they say that just as there are different crus of wine, depending on peculiarities of soil and climate, so there are corresponding crus of butter arising from peculiarities of nourishment and pasturage. The immediate influence of the soil is shown by the fact that in winter, when the cows are nourished on concentrated food, not taken directly from the land, the characteristic flavors ascribed to the soil vanish.

The quickest way to convince a girl that you have good taste is to tell her she is good looking.

Shiloh's Cure

quickly stops coughs, cures colds, heals the throat and lungs. 25 cents.

Shiloh's Cure

quickly stops coughs, cures colds, heals the throat and lungs. 25 cents.



This Concrete Root Cellar Costs Less Than Wood and is Much More Durable

Cement is particularly adapted to the construction of Root Cellar floors and walls.

Experience proves that for the farmer, Concrete is superior to wood in every point of comparison.

Concrete permits of a desirable degree of coolness without freezing. There is no question as to its durability. Concrete lasts, not for years, but for ages; and needs no repair.

Anyone who has scooped vegetables from the old plank floor will appreciate the fact that Concrete offers a smooth, continuous surface with no projecting plank ends or nails to damage the scoop or ruffle the temper of the scooper.

The various uses to which Concrete may be profitably put, on the farm, are plainly and simply in our 160-page book,

"What the Farmer Can Do With Concrete"

which shows how the following farm buildings and utilities can be constructed of concrete:—

- Barns, Cisterns, Dairies, Dipping Tanks, Foundations, Fence Posts, Feeding Floors, Gutters, Hens' Nests, Hitching Posts, Horse Blocks, Houses, Foul-Shelter Walls, Stables, Stalls, Stalls, Steps, Tanks, Troughs, Walks, and so forth.

Send for it—it's free—though it regularly sells for 50c. Write to-day.

CANADA CEMENT CO., Limited

30-35 National Bank Building, MONTREAL

You may send me a copy of "What the Farmer Can Do With Concrete."

Name.....

Address.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....