FOR THE THIRD TIME.

CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

He came. The fate that had struck down George Wildair spared Victor Latour. He was there, pale as a dead man, with a look in his wild eyes that made people recoil in terror; but there he was, and the ceremony went on.

It was over—Amy was a bride. There was embracing and congratulating. Breakfast was eaten; the wedding dress was changed for the traveling suit; the happy pair were in the carriage and away.

They reached London that evening, and drove to the Grosvenor Hotel. And all through that day's journey Victor Latour's lips had not opened half a dozen times. Silent, sullen, moody, mysterious, he sat wrapped in gloom; and the light of his weird black eyes made Amy shiver like an aspen leaf. Oh! what was this that had come upon him on his wedding day?

"I have something to tell you, Amy. A secret to tell you—a terrible secret that you must swear to keep."

They were alone in a spacious chamber, and these were the first words he had spoken to her. His face looked livid in the gaslight, his eyes were blazing like coals of fire.

"Victor!"

"You must swear, Amy! Never, in your dying day, must you breathe to living mortal the secret I shall reveal to you now. Here is a Bible, lay your hand upon it and swear."

The spectral black eyes held her with their horrible, irresistible, light. She could no more have refused than she could have fallen at his feet and died. She laid her hand upon the sacred volume, and repeated after him a terrible oath of secrecy.

"And now listen to the secret of my life."

There was a secret, then. Even in this supreme moment the old leaven of romance thrilled Amy with a little tremor of romantic delight. She sat down at his feet and listened to the few slowly-spoken words that he uttered.

Ten minutes later, Mr. Latour left the room, hurriedly, ringing the bell as he left. He met a chambermaid on the landing, hastening to answer the summons.

"My wife is ill," he said. "You had better try cold water and sal volatile; I am afraid she is going to faint."

He hurried away. The girl looked after him aghast; then opened the chamber door, and entered. And there, in a white heap on the carpet, lay the bride in a swoon.

CHAPTER VII.

The waving trees around Blackwood Grange were arrayed in the sere and yellow leaf long before Mr. and Mrs. Latour returned from their bridal tour. The shrill winds of October had blown themselves bleakly out in the green glades and leafy arcades around that stately mansion; and the ides of November had come when the happy pair returned home.

During the two months of her absence, Mr. Latour, for the first time in her life, proved herself a bad correspondent. She had written but one letter and that of the briefest and brusquest to Mrs. Sterling. It was a polite notice to quit.

"Dear Mrs. Sterling," the bride wrote, "my husband thinks newly married people are always better entirely by themselves. I shall regret your loss but of course it must be as he says. Nurse Carry is quite competent; tell her to take charge, and have everything prepared for our arrival. We shall return by the middle of November."

Mrs. Sterling smiled bitterly over this effusion.

"You might have spared yourself the trouble of ordering me out, Mr. Victor Latour, if that be your name. I would not have dwelt under the same roof with you for a kingdom. Oh, my poor little Amy! You are the veriest puppet that ever danced helplessly in its master's hand."

Mrs. Sterling departed to St. Jude's and took up her abode in the bachelor apartments of her son. There came no more letters, and Amy had always been addicted to note scribbling.

"But what can you expect," said Mrs. Sterling, with a bitter laugh, "wrapped as she is in post-nuptial bliss? The scheme of the universe holds out Mr. Victor Latour just at present. It is to be hoped the illusion will have worn off before her return."

"It is to be hoped the illusion will never wear off," said John Sterling, gravely, "if the illusion makes her happier. Don't be so bitter, mother; the poor little girl will pay dearly enough for her folly, I dare say. Heaven knows I wish I could save her."

His mother looked at him almost contemptuously.

"I don't believe you ever loved her, John Sterling."

"That is your mistake, my good mother. I love Amy so well, that if I could see her happy, with the husband of her choice, I should be almost happy myself. You love her, mother, and so do I, but in a different way, I think."

The November day that brought the bridal pair came swiftly round. The house was all in order; fires burned in every room; the dinner table was spread and the servants in gala attire, were waiting to welcome their young mistress home.

The short November afternoon was darkening down into a cold, raw twilight when the carriage came rattling up the avenue. It had been a dull day, threatening snow; a few flakes had hovered low through the o[illegible] ing wind was [illegible] cold [illegible]

Amy? The Christmas snow-drifts were not whiter nor colder than her face. Those gay, smiling blue eyes, once so sparkling and starry, looked out of that pallid face with a fixed look of unutterable fear; she stood before them the wan shadow of the radiant little Amy of ten months ago.

"She has awakened," said Mrs. Sterling, with a momentary thrill of spirit, notwithstanding her compassion. "The delusion is over; her idol of gold has turned out potter's clay."

Dr. John looked at the altered face of the girl he had loved; then at the dark, impenetrable face of the man beside her, and his heart hardened.

"He is a greater villain than even I gave him credit for," he said. "He begins the work of breaking her heart betimes. I would have spared him for her sake if I saw he made her happy; now I will hunt him down as I would a dog."

The numerous friends of Miss Amy Earle began at once to call upon Mrs. Latour. Mrs. Latour received them in her spacious parlours, exquisitely dressed; and Mr. Latour was there to assist her. Call when they might, the ladies of St. Jude could never find her alone. Near her, bending over her chair, the dark, handsome face, and fathomless black eyes of Victor Latour shone, freezing every attempt at confidential conversation. He was scrupulously polite, but these ladies went away with no courteous request to repeat their calls. And Amy sat like a white automaton, and talked in monosyllables; she, who had been the most inveterate of chatter-boxes, now looked up at her husband with the wild, wide eyes of a frightened child.

Mrs. Sterling and her son were among Mrs. Latour's callers. The lady was too strong minded and too fond of her charge to be frightened away by the bridegroom's black looks.

"I'll go there now, and I'll go again and again, and still again," she said grimly. "I don't think Mr. Victor Latour will open the door and order me out, and nothing less shall affront me. I'm not going to give up my poor little girl altogether, to be eaten alive by this black-eyed ghoul."

The pale face and scared blue eyes of the little bride lit eagerly up, for the first time, at sight of her old friends. She sprang up to meet them with a low cry, but a hand fell lightly on her shoulder from behind. Its touch was light as down, but a mailed grasp could not have checked her quicker.

"My dear Amy," the soft voice of Victor Latour murmured; "pray don't excite yourself; be calm! You are glad to see Mrs. Sterling, no doubt. Tell her so by all means; but don't make a scene."

The black eyes looked down into the blue eyes, and the bride cowered before the bridegroom, as a whipped hound before its master. She held out her hand to her old friends, with a few very coldly-murmured words of greeting.

The interview was short and eminently unsatisfactory. Strong-minded as Mrs. Sterling was, conversation was impossible with that frigid face, and those weird dark eyes, staring her out of countenance behind Amy's chair.

"I shall call and see you again, Amy," she said, pointedly, as she arose to go, "when the honey moon ends, and there is a prospect of my being able to see you alone."

Amy looked at her with a startled face, but Mr. Latour answered for her with a short, mocking laugh.

"Tell your kind old friend, Amy, that our honeymoon has not yet commenced. As to seeing you alone, tell her you have no secrets from your husband, nor he from you, and that he really cannot separate himself long enough from his charming bride, even for a confidential gossip with Mrs. Sterling."

He bowed her blandly out, as he spoke; and, wonderful to relate, Mrs. Sterling went without a word. She looked up into his face defiantly, but the black eyes had met hers with so strange a light in their sinister depths that she absolutely quailed before it.

"He looked like a demon!" she burst out to her son. "The light of those fierce black eyes was absolutely horrible. Good Heavens! I don't believe the wretch is human!"

"He is a bad man," answered Dr. Sterling, "and a mysterious man. There are dark and deadly secrets in his life, I am sure. There is a look in his face that repels me with absolute horror at times. I have doubted——" then he paused.

"Doubted what?"

"It is a terrible suspicion, mother; but I have doubted whether Victor Latour is really sane. There is a wild, unnatural light in those great black eyes of his, on occasions, that never shine in the eyes of a sane man."

"There appears to be method in his madness, at all events," retorted his mother. "He was sane enough to secure for himself the little heiress."

"The subtle cunning of partial insanity is a very good substitute for a sane man's worldly wisdom. But it is a revolting subject, mother—let us drop it. Poor little Amy!"

"Poor little Amy, indeed! You may thank yourself for it. The game was in your own hands before this man came along. She might have been your wife now, instead of Victor Latour's, if you liked."

Dr. Sterling made no reply. His face wore a look of pain, almost remorse. Poor little Amy! How unhappy she looked! And he had loved her, and might have made her his happy wife.

There was a round of dinner parties given in honour of the bridal pair and Dr. Sterling and his mother often met Mr. and Mrs. Latour in society—Mr. Latour always dark, cold, politely frigid, and impenetrable, as if that handsome face of his were an iron mask; and Mrs. Latour always the same pale, scared, silent shadow. And last of all there was a grand party at Blackwood Grange, to wind up these entertainments—a very superb affair, indeed; and, after that, society saw little of the newly married couple. Further invitations they declined—Mrs. Latour's health, Mr. Latour said, precluded the possibility of gay society.

December came with high winds and snow, and Amy ceased to appear even at church. Mrs. Sterling grew seriously uneasy, and rode over to Blackwood. Mr. Latour met her in the hall, and told her his wife was suffering from a chronic headache, and could see no one; and absolutely froze the blood in her veins with the glare of his black eyes—and, co[illegible] Mrs. Sterling l[illegible] Christm[illegible]

visit from me, did you? But it is so long, oh! so long, since I saw you, that I could not resist the temptation."

"And Mr. Latour?" Mrs. Sterling gasped, "where is he?"

"Gone to meet the captains at the Citadel; I mean to dine at Major Malloy's; and I took advantage of his absence and stole out. I have but a moment to stay; I don't wish him to discover this visit."

"He plays the tyrant well!" said Mrs. Sterling, bitterly. "And you the submissive slave. Oh, Amy Earle pluck up a little spirit—defy him! Don't let him trample you under his feet."

Amy covered her face with both hands, and burst out crying convulsively.

"You don't know! You don't know! And I dare not tell you! Oh, Mrs. Sterling, I wish I were dead!"

"Amy, for Heaven's sake, tell me!—What is the secret of this man's power over you? Something more than a wife's fear of a cruel husband; Tell me; it is not too late to save you yet."

"Too late! too late! too late!" cried Amy, wringing her hands. "I have sworn, and I dare not break my oath. His wife? I am no wife! Oh! what am I saying! I must go, Mrs. Sterling. I shall betray myself. I have seen you for a moment—that is all I wanted. Good-by! Good-by!"

She rushed from the room like one insane. Mrs. Sterling followed in a panic of fright.

"Amy! Amy! for Heaven's sake, come back! You will perish in the storm!"

But there was no reply. The little figure had fluttered away into the chill blast, and there was nothing to be seen but the black night and the ceaseless snow that was falling, falling.

To be Continued.

LUCK IN DISGUISE.

An Ill-Guarded Speech Led On to the Operator's Fortune.

It isn't easy to tell when Fate means well by a man. Some of her apparently hardest knocks are all for the victim's good. A crushing piece of misfortune may be the means of spurring the crushed one to more ambitious efforts. It did no in one case to a certainty.

He was a telegraph operator, and a good one, but he wasn't in favor with the chief. In fact, the chief didn't possess many friends among the boys. He was disposed to be sharp and quick with them and telegraph operators are a sensitive lot.

There was a vacant room that hadn't been occupied for a long time and the chief one day took possession of it as a sort of private office. The operator whose story we are telling didn't know about his change, and that very day when he happened to be in the washroom with one of the boys he opened up on the chief in a particularly savage fashion. The washroom was separated by the thinnest kind of partition and every word could be heard distinctly on the other side. The operator dipped his face over the washbasin and as he sputtered and splashed he blessed the chief in a shockingly left-handed way. The man with him tried to stop the tirade, but he couldn't catch his eye, nor could he get near enough to him in time to shake him. Finally the other man exhausted himself and turned around with a towel in his hands. Then he saw the look of horror on his companion's face. He knew that he was doomed.

As he stepped from the washroom with a jaunty air he met the chief.

"I suppose," said the latter, "you are ready to express your personal opinions in public as well as behind your victim's back?"

The operator never wavered a hair's breadth.

"I am," he said, smilingly, "and I can add a little to what I have already said." And with that he expressed his opinion of the chief in still more vigorous language, took his hat and stalked out.

It was the first time he had been an idler since he was a boy. He felt a little dazed. Then he resolved on a bold stroke. He would go straight to another city.

That night he was on his way. Within a week he had secured an excellent situation. To-day he commands a salary of at least $6000.

"And I owe it all,—he said, not long ago to a friend, "to the fact that I fired myself out of the old operator's room."

SOLDIERS UNDER FIRE

Their Sensations When Hearing the Singing of Bullets for the First Time.

A correspondent of the London Daily Telegraph, at the front in India describes some of the sensations of men under fire for the first time. It may seem difficult to believe that fifty bullets could fall in a camp only a few hundred yards square—crowded with animals and men—without any other result than to hit a single mule in the tail. Such was, however, the fact. This shows of what value a little active service is to the soldier. The first time he is under fire, he imagines himself to be in very great danger. He thinks that every bullet is going to hit him, and that every shot is being aimed at him. Assuredly he will be killed in a moment. If he goes through this ordeal once or twice he begins to get some idea of the odds in his favor. He had heard lots of bullets and they have not hurt him. He will get home safely to his tea this evening, just as he did last time. He becomes a very much more effective fighting machine. From a military point of view the perpetual frontier wars in one corner or other of the Empire are of the greatest value. This fact may one of these days be proved when our soldiers are brought into contact with some peace-trained conscript army. Though the firing produces very little effect on the troops—most of whom had been through the experience several times before—it was a severe trial to the wounded, whose nerves, shattered by pain and weakness were unable to bear the strain. The surgeon in charge told me that the poor fellows quivered at every shot, as if in the anticipation of a blow.

HOW TO REACH THE BEST.

[illegible] the best there is in [illegible] ar best. Don't [illegible] t and polite [illegible] you." [illegible] y care- [illegible] d ask [illegible] getti[illegible]

[illegible] ind. [illegible] bought

[illegible] a will there's a [illegible] where there's [illegible] woman, too.

COOL ROBBERY.

Dick Turpin Holds Up a Mining Party in the Transvaal.

The Sheba gold robbery, of which an African correspondent sends some interesting particulars, has made an immense sensation, and it is said to be the most daring affair of the kind that has ever occurred in the Transvaal. The Sheba mine itself is situated thirteen miles from Barberton, in a deep valley, surrounded by steep mountains, and egress from which can only be obtained by zig-zag footpaths cut into the mountain sides. Accordingly all the gold taken away from the mine had, till recently, to be conveyed away in a very primitive fashion by those responsible, who, with their precious burden made their way down to the Elephant's Kloof, from which point a carriage conveyed the gold into town. On this occasion the specie which aroused the cupidity of the Rand brigands was being carried up to the point where the tramway was to be met by Mr. Holland, an important official of the mine, accompanied by two friends.

They carried revolvers, but do not seem to have had the slightest apprehension of any danger till they arrived within five hundred yards of the summit of the mountain, where the road took the shape of the letter S, and where midway between the highwaymen had walled in the space between two boulders, so as to form a breastwork, thus obtaining a good view in both directions, while the veldt, being denuded, of both, deprived the gold-laden party of any chance of cover. Both those who were about to be "held up," and their assailants numbered three.

The robbers were very intelligently led to the attack by a masked man, who gave the signal for the attack by crying out, "Hold up your hands!" Mr. Holland and his small escort made a gallant fight. The masked highwayman, however, was quite equal to dealing with the whole number, and he actually kept them quiescent under his rifle for some hours—in fact, till dusk came down. Then courteously relieving them of their load, also of their horses and revolvers, he admonished them to make their way to Sheba without looking round.

One of the gentlemen, Mr. Cubitt, had a small parcel with him, containing part of a costume he intended to wear at a fancy dress ball at the mining camp next evening, and he asked the "boss of the show" if he would mind giving him the parcel. "Oh, no!" replied the genial highwayman; "take your dress, I am not going to a ball."

This individual seems to have behaved in the most approved style. He talked cheerfully with his temporary prisoners, and informed them casually that he had another pal ready with four horses, in order to facilitate his escape with their money; also he incidentally observed that if he got half an hour's start he defied all the police of the country to catch him. So far he seems all liberty to pursue his operations on a more extended scale, for though he has been actually twice met with face to face by those who are out after him, he has always managed to be in a position to cover with a rifle his determined pursuers.

THE DEATH DUTIES ACT.

Attempts to evade the death duties act are causing queer complications in England. An old man transferred all his property by deed of gift to his young wife, not expecting that he would survive her. She made a will leaving it to a former beau of hers, and then was killed on the hunting field. The husband was thus left dependent on the lover's generosity.

UTTERLY HOPELESS.

It's all off, darling, groaned the disconsolate lover.

No! Did papa refuse his consent?

Practically. He said that I might have you when I had earned and saved $1,000. Pes a monster, Amie.

Why Suffer

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Jones says he thought his gas-meter had gas-trick fever, but now believes it to be affected with galloping consumption.

Hogan— "Oi wonder who will be the last man on earth?" Grogan — "Oi dunno, anny more than you. But it is to be hoped that he'll be an oondertaker, so he'll know how to bury himself dacently."

Corn Sowing

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THE PROCESS IS EXPENSIVE.

Nubbins—Here is a line of poetry that says, 'Every wife is worth her weight in gold.' If that were really so a man could double his wealth in a hurry.

Bliffers—How so?

Nubbins—Why, marry a thin woman and fatten her up.

It's a small thing, but when you think that most people drink it at each meal, and some people drink two or three cups each time, you can readily see it is most important that you drink pure tea. Very few know what happens from the time the tea leaf is picked until they buy it from their grocer, who as a rule, sells bulk tea. Few of them carry a sufficient stock of teas to blend successfully, and large importers, knowing this, and seeing the advantage of keeping the tea from exposure, have introduced the package tea. One of the most successful of these is Ludella Ceylon Tea, which seems to be thoroughly appreciated wherever used. A few years ago one dollar a pound would not be as good a tea as 25c. Ludella. To a great extent this is accounted for by new methods of production; instead of rolling the leaf by hand, this is now done by machinery.

AN AGONIZING WAFT.

You are short a cent, said the conductor, as he leaned forward and breathed heavily.

You are not, said Briggs, as he caught an agonizing waft of garlic.

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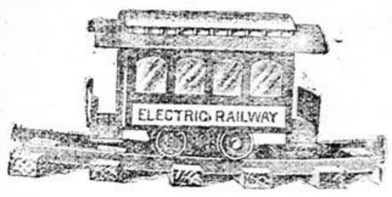

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Do solemnly declare that I have used the "Amberine Hair Producer," manufactured by Messrs. Job Cook and Company, of No. 58 Wellington Street, in the City of London, Ontario, since the 15th day of April, 1897. It has stopped the itching of the scalp, stopped the hair from falling out, removed the dandruff, and has brought out a thick crop of hair where my head was entirely bald before I commenced using their preparation.

And I make this solemn declaration conscientiously believing it to be true and knowing that it is of the same force and effect as if made under oath and by virtue of "The Canada Evidence Act, 1893."

Declared before me at the City of London, in the County of Middlesex, this 11th day of October, A.D. 1897, all which I certify under my notarial seal } H. A. PLASTOW
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Rheumatic sufferers who have doctored for years with the best physicians, and undergone hospital treatment to no purpose, declare themselves cured by Kootenay. Limbs that have for months at a time been warped and twisted by the fetters of rheumatism are released by the action of Kootenay Cure. The new ingredient which enters into its composition reaches the old stubborn and chronic cases and leads the way to speedy recovery, causing discerning physicians who have watched its cures to admit that it is a "miracle worker." Read the testimony in which the convincing ring of truth is sealed by sworn statements. It is the only true cure for rheumatism on earth.

HAMILTON.

I, MRS. ISABEL SULLIVAN, residing at 65 Walnut Street South, in the City of Hamilton, County of Wentworth, do solemnly declare: That last fall my little boy, aged five and a half years, was attacked with rheumatism and also pains in his back and kidneys. He was unable to stand and could not get out of bed without assistance. His suffering was terrible, and although he had medical treatment he got no better. The pain was so severe at times he would almost faint. His appetite left him and he grew very weak. About this time we heard of "*Ryckman's Kootenay Cure*," and commenced giving it to him, with what results I am pleased to tell you. Since taking the first bottle of medicine he has not had a pain, never complains, and is as healthy a boy as one could wish for. He has gained flesh and plays hard all day, and in my opinion is completely cured. Young as he is the boy himself appreciates the medicine, and I heartily recommend it to anyone suffering from rheumatism or kidney trouble.

ISABEL SULLIVAN.

Sworn to before Notary T. F. LYALL, 25th day of August, 1896.

LONDON.

I, C. B. HAMILTON, of the City of London, County of Middlesex, do solemnly declare that I reside at 131 Sydenham Street in said city and that I had rheumatism for over seven years. I was so bad that at times I was unable to satisfactorily use my limbs. I was employed by I. D. Saunby, Black Friars Mill, as head miller, and it was while working for him that I was so severely afflicted. I am now a well man and was cured by "*Ryckman's Kootenay Cure*," which I recommend to all rheumatic sufferers. In connection with this I may add that my wife gratefully endorses my recommendation of *Kootenay Cure*, as she also has good cause to speak highly of it as a tonic and blood purifier.

C. B. HAMILTON.

Sworn to before Notary C. G. JARVIS, 15th day of August, 1896.

OTTAWA.

I, MARTIN WATSON, of the City of Ottawa, in the County of Carleton, do solemnly declare that I live at 112 Catheart Street, in the City of Ottawa. That I am thirty years of age and a tinsmith by trade. I was severely afflicted with rheumatism, and so bad was my case that I was confined to my bed for two months. In June, 1895, I began taking "*Ryckman's Kootenay Cure*." I used two bottles and am now entirely cured and free from rheumatism. I have since been exposed to wet weather which has had no bad effect on me. I consider *Kootenay* a great cure for rheumatism. I have also gained 27 pounds in weight. It is a grand tonic and a wonderful blood purifier. I attribute my cure solely to the use of *Kootenay Cure*.

MARTIN WATSON.

Sworn to before Notary DANIEL O'CONNOR, 19th day of February, 1896.

TORONTO.

I, GEORGE BAKER, of the City of Toronto, County of York, do solemnly declare that I am a fur dyer, and reside at 14 Stayner Street in the said City. That I was afflicted with inflammatory rheumatism in the knees for over a year and was barely able to walk the short distance from my home to my work and then only with great pain. After taking two bottles of "*Ryckman's Kootenay Cure*" I am an all round healthy man, have a good appetite and sleep well. I frequently walk six to ten miles at a time and feel no fatigue whatever from this exertion. Am free from all pain and attribute my present wholesome and sound condition of body to "*Ryckman's Kootenay Cure*."

GEORGE BAKER.

Sworn to before Notary J. W. SEYMOUR CORLEY, 10th day of July, A.D. 1896.

INGERSOLL.

I, CHARLES BRITTAIN, of the Town of Ingersoll, County of Oxford, do solemnly declare that I am forty-five years of age, and I live in said town, and was formerly employed by the Ingersoll Pork Packing Company; that I suffered severely with rheumatism for six years. I tried several kinds of patent medicines and was under the care of a physician for some time without relief. I was so bad that I was unable to hold up my arms; in fact I could not raise my hand to my head. I have taken two bottles of "*Ryckman's Kootenay Cure*" and am now entirely free from rheumatism, and I attribute my recovery solely to the use of "*Ryckman's Kootenay Cure*," and I recommend the remedy to all sufferers from rheumatism.

CHARLES BRITTAIN.

Sworn to before Notary J. F. MONCK, 21st day of August, A.D. 1896.

If you are sick and discouraged by Rheumatism, Bright's Disease, Kidney Troubles, Eczema, or any Blood Disease, write The S. S. Ryckman Medicine Co., Hamilton, for Chart Book, mailed free. It will tell you of cures made by Kootenay that were considered hopeless. The medicine is put up in bottles containing over a month's treatment, and sold for $1.50 per bottle, making it cheaper than a month's use of inferior medicines. If not obtainable from your dealer, sent charges prepaid, by addressing S. S. Ryckman Medicine Co., Limited, Hamilton.