prince changed. He became reckless;

he fell in with evil company; he grew

to be a shameless ruffian, a man who

brought his women into his wife's

presence and struck her while they

were there. And in his passions he

called her terrible names. He made a

yow that when children came he would

make them things of scorn. In her

great trouble the princess came to my

inn, where the Princess Hildegarde

was born. The prince refused to be-

lieve that the child was his. My mis-

tress finally sickened and died broken

hearted. The prince dled in a gam-

bling den. The king became the guard-

ian of the lonely child. He knows but

little or he would not ask her high-

"To wed the man who caused all this

"Yes; I prayed to God, herr, that

your friend's bullet would carry death,

"I am going back to London," said L.

"When I have settled up my affairs

"Perhaps I shall complete what my

I climbed into the ramshackle con-

veyance and was driven away. Once I

looked back. The innkeeper could be

seen on the porch; then he became lost

to view behind the trees. Far away to

my left the stones in the little ceme-

tery on the hillside shone with bril-

liant whiteness.

CHAPTER XVI.

months which followed when I believ-

ed that I was walking in a dream and

waking would find me grubbing at my

desk in New York. It was so unreal

for these days-mosaic romance in the

heart of prosaic fact! Was there ever

the like? It was real enough, however,

in the daytime, when the roar of Lon-

don hammered at my tears, but when

I sat alone in my room it assumed the

hazy garments of a dream. Sometimes

I caught myself listening for Hillars,

a footstep in the corridor, and I would

take my pipe from my mouth and wait

expectantly. But the door never open-

ed, and the footsteps always passed on.

Often in my dreams I stood by the riv-

er again. There is solace in these deep,

wide streams. We come and go-our

hopes, our loves, our ambitions. Na-

ture alone remains. Should I ever be-

hold Gretchen again? Perhaps. Yet

there was no thrill at the thought. If

ever I beheld her again, it would be

when she was placed beyond the glance

of my eye, the touch of my hand. She

was mine-aye, as a dream might be;

something I possessed, but could not

hold. Heigho! The faces that peer at

us from the firelight shadows! They

troop along to a ghostly cavalcade, and

the winds that ereep over the window

sill and under the door-who can say

that they are not the echoes of voices

I was often on the verge of sending

in my resignation, but I would remem-

ber in time that work meant bread and

butter-and forgetfulness. When I re-

turned to the office, few questions were

asked, though my assistant looked

many of them reproachfully. I told

him that Hillars had died abroad and

that he had been buried on the conti-

nent at his request, all of which was

true, but only half of it. I did my best

to keep the duel a secret, but it finally

came out. It was the topic in the

clubs, for Hillars had been well known

in political and literary circles. But in

a month or so the affair subsided. The

world never stops very long, even

One late October morning I received

Dear Sir-I am in London for a few days, home

ward bound from a trip to Egypt, and as we are cousins and "orphans, too," I should like the

pleasure of making your acquaintance. Trusting

that I shall find you at leisure, I am, your humble

"Ah," said I, "that Louisianian cous-

in of mine, who may or may not live

the year out," recalling the old law-

yer's words. "He seems to hang on

pretty well. I hope he'll be interesting.

Few rich men are. He writes like a

low say was the matter with him?

PRILIP PEMBROKE.

tall, slender, but well formed, and his ! condness I know the language."

when it loses one of its best friends.

a note which read:

we once heard in the past?

There were intervals during the three

"He would not ask her what?"

"What! Prince Ernst?"

ness"- He stopped.

but it was not to be."

there, I shall return."

"And then?"

friend began.

(Continued from last week.)

"Dan?" said I. The lids of his eyes rolled wearily

"Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Bury me." It was very sad, "Where?" I asked. "Did you see the little cemetery on the hill, across the valley? Put me there. It is a wild, forgotten place. "Tis only my body. Who cares what becomes of that? As for the other, the soul, who can say? I have never been a good man. Still I believe in God. 1 am tired-tired and cold. What fancies a man has in death! A moment back I saw my father. There was a wan, sweet faced woman standing ! close beside him; perhaps my mother. I never saw her before. Ah, me, these chimeras we set our hearts upon, these worldly hopes! Well, Jack, it's curtain and no encore. But I am not afraid to die. I have wronged no man or woman. I have been my own enemy. What shall I say, Jack? Ah, yes! God have mercy on my soul! And this sudden coldness, this sudden ease from pain, is death!"

There was a flutter of the eyelids, sigh, and this poor flotsam, this driftwood which had never known a harbor in all its years, this friend of mine, this inseparable comrade, passed out. There were hot tears in my eyes as I stood up and gazed down at this mystery called death, and while I did so a hand, horny and hard, closed over mine. The innkeeper, with blinking eyes, stood at my side.

"Ah, herr," he said, "who would not die like that?"

And we buried him on the hillsic just as the sun swept aside the rosy curtain of dawn. The wind, laden with tresh morning perfumes, blew up joyously from the river. From where I stood I could see the drab walls of the barracks. The windows sparkled and flashed as the gray mists sailed heavenward and vanished. The hill with its long grasses resembled a green sea. The thick forests across the river, almost black at the water's edge, turned a fainter and more delicate hue as they receded till far away they looked like mottled glass. Only yesterday he had laughed with me, talked and smoked with me, and now he was dead. A rage pervaded me. We are puny things, we who strut the highways of the world, parading a so called wisdom. There is only one philosophy; it is to learn to die.

"Come," said I to the innkeeper, and we went down the hill. "When does the herr leave?"

"At once. There will be no questions?" I asked, pointing to the village. "None. Who knows?"

Then remember that Herr Hillars was taken suddenly ill and died and that he desired to be buried here. dare say the prince will find some excuse for his arm, knowing the king's will in regard to dueling. Do you understand me?" "Yes."

I did not speak to him again, and he strode along at my heels with an air of preoccupation. We reached the inn in silence.

"What do you know shout her serene highness the Princess Hildegarde?" I asked abruptly. "What does herr wish to know?"

shifting his eyes from my gaze. "All you can tell me."

"I was formerly in her father's service. My wife"- He hesitated, and the expression on his face was a sour one. "Go on."

"Ah, but it is unpleasant, herr. You see, my wife and I were not on the best of terms. She was handsome-a cousin of the late prince. She left me more than 20 years ago. I have never seen her since, and I trust that she is dead. She was her late highness' hair-

"And the Princess Hildegarde?" "She is a woman for whom I would gladly lay down my life."

"Yes, yes?" I said impatiently. "Who made her the woman she is? Who taught her to shoot and fence?" "It was I."

"You?"

"Yes. From childhood she has been under my care. Her mother did so desire. She is all I have in the world to love. And she loves me, herr, for in all her trials I have been her only friend. But why do you ask these questions?" a sudden suspicion lighting his eyes. "I love her."

He took me by the shoulders and squared me in front of him. "How do you love her?" a glint of anger mingling with the suspicion. "I love her as a man who wishes to

make her his wife." His hands trailed down my sleeves

till they met and joined mine, "I will tell you all there is to be told. Herr, there was once a happy family in the palace of the Hohenphalians. The prince was rather wild, but he loved his wife. One day his cousin came to visit him. He was a fascinating man in those days, and few women were there who would not give an ear to his flatteries. He was often with the princess, but she hated him. One day an abominable thing happened. This cousin loved the princess. She scorned him. As the prince was entering the boudoir this cousin, making out that he was unconscious of the husband's approach, took the princess in his arms and kissed her. The prince

his wife's face. He beneved her to be acquiescent. That night he accused her. Her denials were in vain, -He confronted her with his cousin, who swore before the immortal God himself that the princess had lain willing so his arms. From that time on the

was too far away to see the horror in

ound of tanned skin. He had fine blue eyes. lave I the pleasure of speaking

John Winthrop of New York?" he be gan, taking off his hat. I rose. "I am the man." He pre sented his card, and on it I read, "Philip Pembroke."

"Philip Pembroke!" I exclaimed. "Evidently you are surprised?" show no a set of strong white teeth. "Truthfully I am," I said, taking hi hand. "You see," I added apologetically, "your family lawyer—that is—be gave me the-er-impression that you were a sickly fellow-one foot in the grave or something like. I was not expecting a man of your build."

The smile broadened into a deep laugh, and a merry one, I thought enviously. It was so long since I had laughed. "That was a hobby of the old fel

low," he replied. "When I was a boy, I had palpitation of the heart. He never got rid of the idea that I might die at any moment. He was always warning me about violent exercises, the good old soul. Peace to his ashes!" "He is dead?"

"Yes. When I took to traveling, he all but had nervous prostration. I suppose he told you about that will I made in your favor. It was done to please him. Still," he added soberly, "It stands. I travel a deal, and no one knows what may happen. And so you are the John Winthrop my dad treated so shabbily? Oh, don't protest; he did. I should have hunted you up long ago and given you a solid bank account, only I knew that the son of my aunt must necessarily be a gentleman and therefore would not look favorably unon such a proceeding."

"Thank you," said L. The fellow "And then I did not know but what

you cared nothing for money." "True. A journalist doesn't care anything about money. The life is too easy and pleasant, and most of the things he needs are thrown in, as they

This bit of sarcasm did not pass. My cousin laughed again that merry laugh "I think we shall become great

friends," he said. "I like frankness." "My remark in its literal sense was the antithesis of frankness."

"Ah, you said too much not to be frank. Frankness is one of the reasons why I do not get on well with the women. I can't lie in the right place, and when I do it is generally ten times worse than the plain truth."

"You're a man of the world, I see." "No; merely a spectator," "Well, you have the price of admission. With me it's a free pasa. Some

day we will compare notes." "Who is your banker?" "Banker? I have none. I distrust banks. They take your mite and invest it in what nots, and sometimes when you go for it it is not there."

"And then again it multiplies so quickly that you have more than you know what to do with, eh?"

"As to that I cannot say. It is hearsay, rumor. So far as I know it may be so. Experience has any number of teachers. The trouble is we cannot study under them all. Necessity has been my principal instructor. Sometimes she has larruped me soundly, though I was a model scholar. You will go to luncheon with me?"

"If you will promise to dine with me this evening." And I promised. For an hour or more we chatted upon congenial topics. He was surprisingly well informed. He had seen more of the world than I, though he had not observed it so closely. As we were about to leave the door opened, and Phyllis, Ethel and her husband, Holland, entered. For a moment the room was filled with the fragrance of October air and the essence of violets. They had been in town a week. They had been "doing" the Strand, so Ethel said, and thought they would make me a brief visit to see how "it was done." the foreign corresponding, Mr. Wentworth and his wife were already domiciled at B-, and the young people were going over to enjoy the winter festivities. Phyllis was unchanged. How like Gretchen, I thought.

While Ethel was engaging my cousin's attention I conducted Phyllis through the office.

"What a place to work in!" said Phyllis, laughing. The laugh awakened a vague thrill. "Dust, dust-everywhere dust. You need a woman to look after you, Jack."

As I did not reply, she looked quickly at me, and, seeing that my face was grave, she flushed. "Forgive me, Jack," impulsively. "I

did not think." I answered her with a reassuring

"How long are you to remain in town?" I asked to disembarrass her. "We leave day after tomorrow, Saturday-a day or two in Paris, and then we go on. Every one in New York is talking about your book. 1 knew that you were capable."

"I hope every one is buying it," said I, passing over her last observation. "Was it here that you wrote it?" "Oh, no. It was written in my rooms under the most favorable cir-

"I thought so. This is a very dreary

"Perhaps I like it for that reason." Her eyes were two interrogation points, but I pretended not to see. "What nice eyes your cousin has," she said, side glancing. With a woman it is always a man's eyes. "And his father was the man who left you the fortune?"

"Yes," I answered, with a short laugh. Of course I had never told Heart trouble or consumption? I can't | see us," she said. "I anticipate nothremember." I threw the note aside ing but dinners, balls and diplomatic Precisely at 10 o'clock the door open- It will all be new to me. Think of seeed, and a man came in. He was fash- ing Egypt, the holy lands, Russia,

at the second willing

icined in Ethel tinizing the beautiful face so near me. would-Phyllis and Gretchen? "Phyllis," said I suddenly, "where were you

"Where was I born?" with a wondering little laugh. "In America. Where

did you suppose? "Eden," said I. "I wasn't sure, so I "I do not know how to take that," she said, with mock severity.

"Oh, I meant Eden when it was paradise!" I hastened to say. "Yes," put in Pembroke. "Please go back, Miss Landors, and begin the world all over again." "Phyllis," said I in a whisper, "have

you ever met that remarkable affinity of yours?" I regretted the words the. moment they had crossed my lips. "Yes, you are changed, as I said the other night," distrustfully. "There is something in your voice that is changed. You have grown cynical. But your question was impertinent. Have

you found yours?" I was expecting this. "Yes," I said. "Once I thought I had; now I am sure of it. Some day I shall tell you an interesting story." "We came up to ask you to dine with

us this evening," she said, trailing her brown gloved finger over the dusty desk. "Are you at liberty?" "No; I have only just met my cousin and have promised to dine with him." "If that is all, bring him along. I

We passed out of the fileroom. anid Ethel.

like his face."

I led Phyllis down the narrow stairs. A handsome victoria stood at the curb. "I shall be pleased to hear your story," said she.

It occurred to me that the tale might not be to her liking, so I said, "But it is one of those disagreeable storiesone where all should end nicely, but doesn't; one which ends leaving the hero, the heroine and the reader dissatisfied with the world in general and the author, who is fate, in particular." I knew that she was puzzled. She wasn't quite sure that I was not refer-

ring to the old affair. "If the story is one I never heard before," suspiciously, "I should like to

hear it." "And does it not occur to you," throwing back the robes so that she might step into the victoria, "that fate has a special grudge against me? Once was not enough, but it must be twice."

"And she does not love you? Are you quite sure? You poor fellow?" She squeezed my hand kindly. "Shall I be candid with you?" with the faintest flicker of coquetry in her smile.

"As in the old days," said I, glancing over my shoulder to see how near the others were. A groom is never to be considered. "Yes, as in the old days," "Well, I have often regretted that I did not accept you as an experiment."

Then I knew that she did not under-"You must not think I am jesting." said I seriously. "The story is of the

bittersweet kind. The heroine loves me, cannot be mine." "Loves you?" with a slight start.

"How do you know?" "She has told me so," lowering my

Frankness of this sort to a woman who has rejected you has a peculiar effect. The coquetry faded from her smile, and there was a perceptible contraction of the brows. Her eyes, which were looking into mine, shifted to the back of the groom. No, I shall never understand a woman. She should have been the most sympathetic woman in the world, yet she appeared to be annoyed.

"What's all this between you and Phyllis?" asked Ethel, coming up. "There is nothing between her and me," said I. "Well, there should be," she retorted.

"That is the trouble." My observation was: "I have always held that immediately a woman gets married she makes it her business to see that all old bachelors are lugged out and disposed of to old maids." "I shall never forgive that," Phyllis

declared; "never." "Then I shall always have the exquisite pleasure of being a supplicant for your pardon. It is delightful to sue pardon of a beautiful woman."

Phyllis sniffed. "Forgive him at once," said Ethel, "If only for that pretty speech."

Mr. Holland pulled out his watch suggestively. "Well," I said, "I see that I am keeping you from your lunch. Goodby, then, till dinner, when I shall continue

at length on the evils"-"William," interrupted Ethel, addressing the groom, "drive on." And so they left us. "Shall we go to lunch now?" I asked

of Pembroke. "Yes," rather dreamlly, I thought "Do you know," with sudden animation, "she is a remarkably beautiful woman?"

"Yes, she is." After all, the sight of Phyllis had rather upset me. "I had a glimpse of her in Vien last winter," went on Pembroke. never knew who she was."

"Vienna!" I exclaimed. "Yes. It was at a concert. Her face was indelibly graven on my memory. I asked a neighbor who she was, but when I went to point her out she was gone. I should like to see more of her." So Gretchen had been in Vienna, and soor Hillars had never known.

I took Pembroke to the club that afterneen, and we dallied in the billiard polite creditor. What did the old fel- Phyllis of that thousand dollar check. room till time to dress for dinner. Din-"You must run over this winter and ner came. But Phyllis forgot to ask me about the story, at which I grew puzzled, considering what I know of and touched up some of my dispatches. receptions. I have never been there. woman's curiosity. And she devoted most of her time to Pembroke, who did not mind. Later we went to the theaionably dressed, a mixture of Piccadil- France and Spain and yet not seeing ter-some production of Gilbert and ly and Broadway in taste. He was the very heart of the continent! Thank Sullivan. Whenever I glanced at Phyllis I fell to wondering how Gretchen maigne pales around the world have leaked in evening dress.

was certainly beautifu For years I had we shiped at her shrine, and then-how tle we know of the heart! I was rath er abstracted during the performance, and many of my replies went wide the

As we were leaving the foyer Phyllis said, "Jack, a man has been staring "Pembroke?" I laughed.

"No. And, moreover, the stare was accompanied by the most irritating

"Point him out to me when we reach the street." I said, humoring what I thought to be a fancy, "and I'll put a head on him."

The sneer was probably meant for an ogle. Beauty has its annoyances as well as its compensations. As we came under the glare of the outside lights Phyllis' hand tightened on my

"Look! There he is, and he is mak-

At the sight of that face, with its hooked nose, its waxed mustache and imperial, I took a deep breath and held it. In the quick glance I saw that his right arm hung stiffly at his side. I attempted to slip into the crowd, but without success. He lifted bis bat, smiling into the astonished face of Phyllis.

"The Princess Hildegarde"- But with those three words the sentence on his lips came to an end. Amazement replaced the smile. He stepped back. Phyllis' eyes expressed scornful surprise. What she understood to be rudeness I knew to be a mistake. He had mistaken her to be Gretchen, just as I had mistaken Gretchen to be Phyllis. It was a situation which I enjoyed. All this was but momentary. We passed on.

"Was the man crazy?" asked Phyllis as we moved toward the carriages, where we saw Pembroke waving his

"Not exactly crazy," I answered. "The Princess Hildegarde. Did be not call me that?" "He did."

"He must have mistaken me some one else, then." "The very thing," said I. "I wonder what he is doing here in London?"

"Mercy! Do you know him?" "Slightly." We were almost at the carriage. "I am sorry to say that he is a great personage in this very court which you are so soon to grace."



ished face of Phyllis. "How strange! I'm afraid we shan't

Pembroke and I dismissed our carriage. We were going back to the club. Ethel and her busband were already seated in their carriage. Said Phyllis as I assisted her to enter. "And who is this Princess Hilde-

"The most beautiful woman in all the world," I answered, with enthusiasm. "You will meet her also." "I do not believe I shall like her either," said Phyllis. "Good night." And the door swung to.

(To be Continued.)

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"And this one?" we said indicating patient at the insane asylum. "Hopeless case," was the reply "Thinks he can pronounce Czelgosz's

"And the next one?" "Still more hopeless. Ciaims to have solved the servant-girl quesquestion.

Wasted Time

There's such a little while to stay That oft I wonder why Men throw their precions time away In nurturing old grudges they Might just permit to die.

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