Until Death=Until After!

A pot of palm, whose slender leaves were stirred by the west wind—a sky blue, tou he l with salmon tints—a f ood of crimson glory in the west—a broad bay window, and two people looking out.

I should have said one of them looking out, the girl. Hartley Chester was looking at her—at the haughty, classical out-lines of the almost perfect face. Did he love her, this queenly girl?

He thought he did; passionately, truly. She, on her part, had done her best to win him, for he was handsome and talented. She was heartless, and a skilled flirt.

Somebody told her that Hartley was engaged, but that only added zest to her desires. If she could win him from that other one so much the greater triumph for her.

At first he had talked to her as a friend about the sweet young girl who loved him. He was honest and manly, then; but his frankness and honesty only added fuel to the flame of an unholy determination to captivate him.

"I'll make this man forget her," she declared, in the solitude of her room. So she sat to him for her picture—he was a professional artist—and deferred to him with pretty humility on all occasions, and placed herself in his way whenever it seemed feasible. She knew how to angle for men—it had been a life study with her—and she played off every grace, used every artifice that her ingenuity suggested, to gain his heart and then break it.

At first he seemed to understand her, and steeled himself against her wiles; but there came a time of danger when he knew only too well that he was yielding to the fascination of her magnetic presence—this siren with the dangerous eyes. And yet he staid.

To-night he was telling her of his love, and she was triumphant. She had won him from that second self, as he had called that other; from the pale, Northern beauty who had trusted him so entirely. She knew he had not written to her for weeks; she knew he was what she called madly in love with herself.

"Helen, you do not answer me," he pleaded, as the beautiful Greek profile never changed, the eyes never looked on him. "You must have seen, you must have known, that I loved you."

"Yes, I have seen it," she replied, and ignoring the gaze and manner which plainly said, "You have even led me on; you have never repulsed me; you have looked and acted love." "I have certainly enjoyed your society," she went on calmly. "It has been such a pleasant summer. I am sorry, however, that your feelings have carried you so far. You have been very kind, and I have reciprocated that kindness in my woman's way. But I thought you were engaged!" And she looked around upon him in her placid faultless way.

"I thank you, Miss Helen, for reminding me of my duty," he said; and in a blaze of wrath added, "You have been fooling me, then!"

"I have enjoyed myself very much," she made reply, smiling sweetly, "but I never thought of loving you."

His face paled slowly. It seemed as if every vestige of color faded from lips, brow and cheeks; but all he said between clinched teeth was, "I feel as if I could kill you!" and turned and left her standing there as he brushed past one of the summer boarders who had just entered, and must have heard him, for she looked at him aghast.

As Hartley went out of the hall on to the wide veranda, the postman handed him a letter. Filled with fury, as his mind was at that moment, the lettering of the postmark only added to the anguish of his mind. It was "Osborne," the name of the village where Isobel Dane lived, the girl to whom he had plighted his troth. He put it in his pocket, intending to read it when he came back. At present he could think only of one thing—he had been slighted, insulted, almost mortally hurt. He could not stay in the house. Down the garden path he moved swiftly, past the pale splendor of the summer's flowers, to which the now fully risen moon gave a ghostlike pallor, out into the open road, on and on, till he came to the woods, into which he plunged only keeping the tiny path by instinct. He scarcely thought. All his being was filled with a blind, cold resentment. This woman with the perfect face was a fiend. She deserved to suffer. If only he knew how to inflict upon her such suffering as she would feel!

It was past two o'clock when he returned to the house, in a state of mental distress such as he had never before experienced. As he entered the gate a strange foreboding seized him. It seemed to him that he heard stealthy footsteps. A screech owl away off in the distance gave his dismal cry. Another, still further away, answered it. The shadows were thick and of fantastic shapes. He hurried to the house, and to escape the chill of almost mortal fear that assailed him. Creeping stealthily up to his room he lighted the gas, and sat as crouched at the table to think. He had almost forgotten the letter in his pocket, but as he rose to take off his coat it fell to the floor.

Picking it up, he sat down again and scanned the envelope. Somehow his heart misgave him that there was bad news inside. The memory of the fair, slight girl with the face of an angel came before him—the sweet, low tones of her exquisitely modulated voice sounded on the air. How could he so far have forgotten honor and his nobler manhood as to forget her image even for a time?

Ah, but the sorceress that had come between them with her dangerous eyes! How she had lured him! He could see it all now.

"I have been a fool," he groaned. "I have thrown away the pure and honest love of a true heart for that poor, miserable girl."

He opened the envelope. It contained only a small square of folded paper, written apparently in red ink—his own handwriting. He read only these words: "Until death!"

"Yes," he muttered, "it is my vow to her, and she has sent it back to me. She has heard from some prating fool the story of my folly."

Then came before him the picture of a soft summer evening in the past. They sat together, Isobel and he. A basket piled high with flowers, red and gorgeous beauties stood on the table beside them. She, in picking a rose, ran a thorns into her white finger. The blood dropped and dropped, rich, red, warm, pure.

"How long will you love me?" she asked, seizing a pen that was near. "Write it in that red fluid. It came from my heart."

And he, seizing the pen had written: "Until death."

"And now let me write," she said, and after folding the paper she gave it to him. "You are to keep that," she added. "I will keep yours. Neither of us must open it unless one doubts the other—or— See, my finger has stopped bleeding."

He had thought then, as he looked at her, that never had beauty seemed so heavenly. And yet he had so far forgotten her as to worship at an unworthy shrine. And he had been fooled. He saw it all now. Placing the missive on the table, he took from a pocketbook a similar square of folded paper and opened it.

"Until death—and after," were the words that met his eyes, and underneath she had written: "If returned, death no doubt."

For a moment it seemed as if his heart stood still.

"Death, not doubt!"

She must be dead then, and had directed that this he sent him in her dying moments. Over his soul rushed the flood tide of memory, bringing with it the tenderness of the old love.

"She has not heard, then, of my perfidy. But dead! Can it be possible? Oh, sweet Isobel, do you hear me entreating for your forgiveness? Oh, my beloved, whom now I feel I have never ceased, and never shall cease, to love, hear me swear that no other woman shall ever come between thee and me!"

The night wore away. Not till nearly daybreak did he fling himself upon the bed, exhausted, longing for rest, not sleep. Hollow-eyed and haggard, he presented himself at the breakfast table. He had spent the early morning in packing his valise, that he might start away at once.

"Have you heard the terrible news?" asked his neighbor at breakfast.

He had not noticed the glances askance the looks of pity, horror, fear, that were bestowed upon him.

"No—what is it?" he asked, as he prepared to taste his coffee.

"Miss Helen Devero was found dead in her room, this morning, murdered! Were you not out rather late?"

"Murdered! My God! Yes, I was out late."

"It's horrible! horrible!"

"And you suspect—"

"You!" was the stern answer.

Another moment and he was in custody—arrested for the murder of Helen Devero.

"Good God! I am punished," was all he said.

"I give you my word that he was out till after one this morning," some one who stood near him said to the officer.

"And I," said a lady, one of the summer boarders, "heard him say to her, last night, "I feel as if I could kill you!"

"Yes you did. I said it!" exclaimed the suspected man with the calmness of desperation. "But I never saw her again. Whatever I felt at that moment, my hands are clear of murder. But what's the odds? Life is not worth much to me now. I am ready for any fate."

It was proved that Hartley and Miss Devero had quarreled; that he had left the house in high anger, and had not returned till after midnight. All the circumstances pointed to him as the assassin. Miss Devero had a suite of rooms on the ground floor, in the rear of the house. It had often been represented to her as dangerous, but she had great fear of fire, and was of a brave nature, so she laughed at the idea of danger. The window of her room had been forcibly opened, and none of her jewels or money were missing. It had evidently been a deed of revenge, cruel and dastardly, and there was no pity left for the assassin.

Hartley made his defense as best he could, but it was of no avail; and when, near the end of the first day of the trial, word was brought into court that a dying man and a suicide—a man who had been one of Miss Devero's victims—had confessed that he, and not Hartley, was the murderer, though cheers rose on every side, he hardly seemed to care that he was free.

All his desire now was to return to Osborne, and to that end he travelled night and day till he reached it. As he passed from the main street of the village, and on to the pretty rustic bridge where he had often walked with Isobel, or stood with her counting the ripples in the shining river, he met old Uncle Sam, the factotum of the town, sexton, undertaker and parcels-delivery man.

"Well, uncle," he said, baring his head, "has the funeral taken place yet?"

"What funeral?" the old man asked, with a blank look.

"Miss Isobel Dane's," said Hartley, in a pained, low voice.

"Funeral! Why, man alive, she ain't dead!" was the response.

Hartley staggered and leaned back on the railing of the bridge.

The hat in his hand fell to the ground, and the old sexton picked it up.

"There's been a heap o' sickness," he went on. "and Miss Isobel was took with typhoid; lay by for a matter more than six weeks. Once they thought she's died for sartin, but she come to, and she's a pretty lively corpse now. Had a mighty near call, though I kin tell you."

Hartley by this time had recovered his self-possession, but he was deathly pale and his hands trembled so, that the old man offered him his arm as far as the hotel.

"No, thanks," said, or rather gasped Hartley, "I was misinformed, and the shock of finding her alive overcome me. I can get on very well by myself."

Bewildered by this sudden joy, he found his way to the pretty cottage where the Danes lived. It had never looked so peaceful and beautiful as now, standing half in sunshine half in shadow, under the chestnut tree that bordered the road.

How sweet the flowers were! And the trim little hedges of the small garden, and the thick vines covering walls and casements, seemed to welcome him.

And she, exquisite as a lily, sitting as in a chair of state, all clothed in white, so frail in the beauty of convalescence, so glad to see him! Surely there had never come doubt of him in her mind.

"You did get my letter, then?" she said, after the first happy, lingering kiss—"my letter explaining everything and asking you to come."

He smiled. He had received no letter, but allowed her to think he had—till the time came for explanations, he said to himself.

"And the little message—mamma sent it by my instructions. You know they thought me quite gone once. I was so sorry when I had recovered enough to realize what mischief might be done, and to think how you would suffer, you poor boy! So as soon as I could hold a pen, I wrote you. Did you suffer?"

"Yes dear, I did," he answered softly, dropping on one knee beside her; "but I find you getting well,—that repays me for all."

"Did you suffer?" The words echoed through his brain. Great Heaven! what had he not suffered? More than he should ever dare to tell her.

But it was all over, thank God! a night-mare of the past. And ah, the heaven of happiness that awaits him now.

PERSONAL HEROISM.

It Still Proves a Factor in Modern Warfare.

Modern weapons have not changed the art of war very much, after all, if this campaign, on the Afghan frontier is a criterion, and rapid-fire guns have not decreased the need for personal heroism of the old-fashioned melodramatic sort. It is true that a battle between Englishmen and Indians on one side, and some slightly civilized mountaineers on the other, gives few data from which to deduce what an engagement between two European armies would be, but it does give some. The attacking force was provided with weapons of the most modern kind, while the tribesmen were not entirely destitute of the same implements. The fortunes of the day turned, however, not on cannon that fired themselves many times a minute, or on rifles that sent out a score of bullets while an old muzzle loading musket would send out one, but upon officers who would shout "Follow me!" and upon men who would do the following. Machinery is well enough in its way, but for some time to come success in war, as in most other things, will be the result of human courage and human determination to do or die, if need be to do and die. It is the personal element that counts when the critical moment comes, and the English invaders won that useless bridge not because they had better arms than their foes, or even because they had the right on their side, but because a certain colonel, after making a speech at which the auditors in a metropolitan theatre would smile wearily if they heard it from beyond the footlights, proceeded to commit suicide in the way that once was called glorious by everybody. All this is deplorably illogical and archaic no doubt, but it's an illogical and archaic world, and though we use lots of machinery, the really difficult jobs are still performed by hand and heart

TRUE SYMPATHY.

Little Girl's Comforting Words To Her Injured Grandmother.

She was a little auburn-haired darling, the idol of grandma, and she was fully aware that, in the eyes of that august personage, she was the dearest thing on earth. Not long ago grandma met with a painful accident, and, after long and weary weeks of suffering, was told that her hand, which had been injured, would probably never be right again. Of course she was feeling very badly, and perhaps for the first time in her short life, Auburn Locks saw tears in the eyes she loved so well. She snuggled up to the unhappy woman, laid her soft cheek against her knee as she sat on the little stool, and for a long time seemed trying to think of the most comforting thing to say. At last she spoke. "Grandma, you know if it had been your neck that was broken, you could never have kissed me any more."

SHARK ABOARD A SHIP.

The British steamer Wilderspool arrived at New York the other day from Java with a fish story as big as some of the immense waves which boarded the vessel in the storms through which she passed. While crossing the Gulf Stream on the night of October 17, in a strong, northwest gale, the steamer took a great deal of water on her decks. Captain Japp remained on the bridge during the night, and he says that the seas swept the sugar-laden ship from stem to stern. In a lull in the big storm he heard a flapping forward, and, thinking a sail had got loose, sent a man to fasten it. The next thing heard was a cry of astonishment from the sailor, and every one hurried forward to see what had happened. There upon the deck, lay a shark, so the story runs, which had been cast on board by the waves. The crew dispatched him, and when stretched out he measured 11 feet.

GETTING TO KLONDIKE.

WORDS OF WARNING FROM THE LONDON FINANCIAL TIMES.

What a Famous Explorer has to Say About the Trials and Tribulations of a Trip Thither.

The Financial Times, London, writes on the Canadian gold country as follows; In general terms we all know that there are difficulties in the way of getting to the goldfields on the Yukon River. But, speaking for ourselves, we had not the faintest conception of the extent of these difficulties until we read in this month's Strand Magazine, an interview with Mr. Harry de Windt, a well-known—almost famous—explorer, who has been there. The recital of the obstacles in the way of getting to the fields would make a bi-metallist chortle in his joy, were it not for the fact that Mr. de Windt predicts that all the troubles will ultimately be overcome. His statements bear the unmistakable impress of truth, impartiality and intelligence.

NO AXE TO GRIND.

There is obviously no axe to grind; the explorer, while narrating his own experiences, of a kind calculated to give one a cold shiver down the spine, concludes in this wise—"As to the great Klondike 'rush' next spring, there is no doubt it will alter the face of the entire region, the climate notwithstanding. Railways and steamships and telegraphs will soon be established. Fortunes will be made and the unlucky forced to the wall. Sensational reports may be expected daily, for the place is a real Tom Tiddler's ground, honeycombed by rivers and creeks with sands of gold. There is plenty of room for all between the Klondike to the Cassiar.

"Let the gold seekers take their time and make prudent preparations. The ultimate result will doubtless be that a little known region will be dotted with thriving cities, and the shouts of triumph from the fortunate few will drown the dying wails of the many who will fail." These words are worthy of consideration by all interested, either as prospective gold seekers on their own account or through the media of exploration and development companies. To these companies, as to individuial prospectors, the remark applies that "the shouts of triumph from the fortunate few will drown the dying wails of the many who will fail."

NOT A HAPPY LOT.

Mr. de Windt is very careful to warn everybody who starts from England for the Klondike fields, that it is madness to do so with less than £300 capital. "You've got to get yourself, and perhaps half a ton of stores, over thousands of miles of awful country—snow mountains, stormy lakes and raging rapids." That is not a cheering prospect, and there are other trifling details, such as snow blindness, accidents on the water, scurvy, filthy companionship physically and morally, accidents in mountain climbing and so on. Taking one consideration with another, the Klondike explorer's lot is not a happy one.

The photographs illustrating this interview, are all interesting, and one in particular is appaling. It makes one feel giddy to look at the picture of Mr. de Windt, scaling a precipice at an angle of more than 45 degrees, as a necessary stage in his journey to the fields. At one point in the journey, when transportation by water becomes necessary, the explorer or prospector has to build his own boat! On arriving at the head of Lake Lindemann, the first of a chain of five lakes, this becomes essential: "You must build a boat here capable of carrying yourself and your stores hundreds of miles across lakes and through rapids. It doesn't matter if you know nothing of boat building, you must build some sort of boat or raft, or else turn back over the awful Chilcoot. 'Where is the wood?' you ask in dismay. You have to fell the trees for it—aye, and travel miles to find a tree, so disafforested has this spot been by hundreds of eager gold-seekers. In your baggage should be not merely the tools for tree felling and plank sawing, but even the very pitch which is to caulk the seams of your crazy craft."

DRAWING THE MORAL.

The starting point from comparative civilization is a place called Jureau, and when you leave that, says Mr. de Windt, "there is no more food for eight hundred miles, and gold won't buy it." Miners, he adds, have been found dying of starvation in the camps with sacks of gold dust for their pillows.

The moral to be drawn from what Mr. de Windt, as an explorer, has said regarding the way of getting to Klondike is a very simple one. The gold fields are of fabulous richness, but to get at them involves fearful risks of every conceivable kind. The richness of the fields, however, is such as to promise ample profit to those who venture to spend their money in providing facilities for access. In the best event it is a gamble, but the possibilities of gain in Klondike are illimitable, and the people who provide the means of getting there in a reasonable time, and with only a moderate danger to life and limb, will be certainly entitled to a very handsome percentage on the capital they put in, keeping in mind the very serious risks they undertake. The problem of transportation is the one to be solved. There is no question as to the outcome, provided that this result is arrived at. But here we must warn our readers to be very watchful in one special respect. Assuming that the existing difficulties in transport are overcome, it will be the height of folly to accept as a basis for an estimate of future earnings, and thereby for capitalization, the onerous rates for both freight and passenger traffic which could readily be obtained at present as an alternative to climbing precipices, dying of starvation, being frozen to death, or dashed to pieces in descending rapids.

CANADA GIVES WARNING.

The Canadian Government, with the candor and altruism which has always marked its administration, has issued a notice that "The attention of the Managing Committee of the Emigrants' Information Office having been drawn to various advertisements of persons or syndicates professing to despatch parties of emigrants and prospectors to the Klondike gold fields, the public is warned that these gold fields are not at present accessible to ordinary emigrants, and is strongly urged not to send money in consequence of such advertisements without making enquiry either at the above office or at the office of the High Commissioner for Canada, 17 Victoria street, London, S.W." We understand that our own Emigration Office has given similar advice, and warnings of this kind ought not to be disregarded.

A WIDOW'S STRUGGLE.

HARD WORK BROUGHT ON A SEVERE ILLNESS.

Nervous Prostration, Dizziness and Extreme Weakness—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Came to Her Rescue After Hospital Treatment Failed.

From the Fort William Journal.

In the town of Fort William lives a brave widow, who for years has by dint of constant labor kept the wolf from the door and her little family together. From morning till night she toiled to provide comforts for her loved ones until nature at last protested against such a constant drain on her strength, and so she began to lose health. Soon the slender frame became unable to bear its daily load of toil, and the poor mother was at last forced to give up the unequal contest, and become a burden where she had once been the chief support. Nervous prostration, heart disease, consumption, and other names were given to her malady by local physicians, but months passed, during which she suffered untold agony, without finding any relief from her sufferings. Palpitation of the heart, dizziness, extreme pain in the chest, loss of appetite and nervousness were some of the symptoms of the disease, gatherings that caused excruciating pain formed at the knee joints and other parts of the body, and at last she became perfectly helpless and unable to walk or even sit up. At this stage she was advised to enter the hospital, that she might have the benefit of skilled nurses as well as best medical treatment; but after spending some time there without obtaining any relief the poor woman gave up all hope of recovery and asked to be taken home. So emancipated and weak had she become that her friends were shocked at her appearance, and so utterly hopeless was her condition that it was like mockery to speak hopefully of her ultimate recovery. What then was the astonishment of all who had known her dreadful condition to hear that she had at last found a remedy whose magical power at once demonstrated the fact that where there is life there is hope. The name of this remedy that worked such a wonderful change in such a short time was Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after taking five boxes she was able to walk about and visit her friends. Her strength gradually but surely returned and in a few months from the time she began using the medicine she was able to resume her work. The subject of this article, Mrs. Jane Marceille, is well known, and her youthful and healthy appearance to-day causes people to exclaim—wonders will never cease. She attributes her restoration to her family, solely to the virtues to be found in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and her experience she hopes, may put some other sufferer on the right road to health.

This great remedy enriches and purifies the blood, strengthens the nerves, and in this way goes to the root of disease, driving it from the system, and curing when other remedies fail.

Every box of the genuine Dr. Williams' Pink Pills has the trade mark on the wrapper around the box, and the purchase can protect himself from imposition by refusing all others. Sold by all dealers at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50.

BEASTS, BIRDS AND FISH.

The Caymans in the West Indies export nothing but turtles.

The tiger's strength exceeds that of the lion. Five men can easily hold down a lion, but nine are required to subdue a tiger.

On June 12, 1775, upwards of 2,400 samlon were taken above the bridge in the River Tyne, and sold in Newcastle at 1d and 1 1-4d per pound.

Herman Gunsallus, of Beech Creek, Penn., recently caught a large catamount in a trap at the head of Big Run. The animal measured three feet seven inches from the tip of the nose to the tip of the taill. Gunsallus has also caught four bears in traps last winter.

Live bees are sometimes shipped on ice, so as to keep them dormant during the journey. This is particularly the case with bumble bees, which have been taken to New Zealand, where they are useful in fertilizing the red clover which has been introduced into the colony.

FOR TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

LARGEST SALE IN CANADA