THE WHITE ROSE.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.—Sir Karl Allanmore is about to wed Dolores, Lady Rhysworth. Lola Ferras has pressed her love upon him but it has been rejected and she vows vengeance on the object of his affections. Lola goes abroad. Two years pass happily.

CHAPTER XXII.—Continued.

"What a happy surprise!" cried Dolores, when she saw the Squire. "But, papa, I ought to know what to expect when Karl goes away early; it is always for you."

"We have had a large correspondence this morning," said the Baronet, opening the letter-bag. "This is Lady Fielden's handwriting—a ball or dinner-party for you, Dolores," There were several letters for himself, some on business some from friends. "I must say," he cried, looking round with a happy beaming face, "that I do like a number of letters!"

"Then you have what you like," laughed the Squire.

Sir Karl's eyes fell suddenly on a small square envelope addressed to him in a lady's handwriting. His countenance changed when he saw it, his lips trembled, and all the light of happiness went out of his eyes, He opened it and read these few lines—

"I must see you. I can take no refusal. My mother is dead. I am desolate and most unhappy. You professed friendship for me in former times. By the pledge of friendship that you gave me, and by the memory of my mother, I appeal to you to let me see you. I will not enter the house where the woman who stole you from me lives; but for her, you would have been mine. Let me see you this evening; I want a favor from you—the last I shall ask from you in my life. You must not tell Dolores. To-night at eight o'clock, I will be at the white gate, which leads into your woods. Meet me there.

Lola."

"I thought that old chapter was finished," he said thoughtfully, to himself." For what can she want me? The girl is a perfect—."

But he did not finish the sentence; some remnant of loyalty, some memory of the time when he had been her friend, some pity for her because she was motherless and desolate, prevented it. For what she could possibly want him he could not imagine. A half thought crossed his mind as to whether it might be money; but madame was wealthy, and Lola was her only child. Still it would be almost a relief to him if it were money. He would not do anything without telling Dolores. He looked up with a great sigh. It seemed to him that all the perplexities of his life were returning. The red rose for him had always been surrounded with sharpest thorns. He looked up to find his wife's eyes fixed upon him.

"A sigh, Karl—and such a deep one! What is it about; and from whom is your letter?"

His first impulse was to tell her, his second not to let her know, if possible. It could bring her only sharpest pain, and could do no good. Her words returned to him that her name was a burden of sorrow, and her happiness too bright to last. A superstitious chill came over him as he looked at the letter. He would not tell Dolores what was in it. But she saw that he looked pale and agitated.

"You have bad news, Karl?" she said suddenly.

"No, my darling—indeed I have no news at all." he replied.

"Show me that letter you have in your hand," she said.

The Squire looked up in wonder at the change in his daughter's voice. Sir Karl was at a loss for a few moments. He knew that, if he did show the letter to Dolores, it would make her miserable; she would imagine all kinds of horrors and perhaps their happiness would be destroyed. If he refused, she might be vexed, and think he was keeping a secret from her. He compromised the matter by thrusting the letter into the depths of his pocket, and saying to her that he would show it to her later on.

"Is it anything important?" she asked.

"Oh, no," he answered—"only a little favor, asked by a neighbor!"

Then her anxiety left her. It could only be a letter from one of the tenants who wanted something done.

In some strange manner all the brightness was gone from the day. They went out for a long drive after breakfast; but Sir Karl's jests were few—he even forgot to smile. His one thought was, What did Lola want with him, and should he tell Dolores? He looked at the bright, sunny face, so radiant with happiness and love. How could he sadden it, even for a moment? And yet he hated to keep a secret from her. The struggle between his desire to save her pain, and his desire to be truthful to her made him wretched.

"What day of the month is it, Karl?" asked Dolores, as they stood together in the library after luncheon.

"The tenth of June," he replied.

"Well, I shall always remember the tenth of June," she said, laughingly, "as the first day on which you seemed dull after our marriage."

"I am not dull, surely" he cried. "That cannot be, Dolores."

"You are; and a greater crime, Karl, you could not commit—in my opinion at least, for I love to hear your laughter. What has been the matter all day? Even papa has noticed it; he says that he fears you are not well."

She went up to him, and her finger traced the lines on his face.

"This is quite a new line over your brow, Karl. I never saw it until today. Now what has brought it here?"

"I cannot tell. I think you will soon send them all away. Kiss the lines, Dolores, and they will vanish, as if by magic."

She kissed them with her sweet, fresh lips. How he longed with all his heart to fold her in his arms and tell her all his perplexity! How at that moment he hated Lola for coming between them. Never was man so sorely perplexed; and the loving wife read the perplexity in his face.

"Karl," she said, "you are keeping a secret from me—that is, you are trying to keep it; but you will not succeed. I can read your thoughts You have not the faintest chance, believe me. You had better tell me at once, before I find it out."

"My darling Dolores, I shall never keep any secrets from you," he answered; and he spoke the truth. He never intended so to do. If he did meet Lola to ascertain why she wanted to see him, it would be only to tell Dolores afterward every word that had passed between them. Of that he felt convinced; so he took her in his arms and kissed her until she cried out for mercy.

"We have been married all this time, Karl, and you kiss me as if we had been married only a day or two."

"My beautiful wife," he cried, "every day of my life I love you more and more."

"Do you really, Karl. Ah, my dear, it is too bright, too beautiful to last!"

He kissed her again, and told her that they would never be less happy, because they could never love each other less; and Dolores was satisfied, although still a little anxious.

Father and daughter talked about him later on just before dinner; and the Squire said that Karl was not well, that there was a look of distress about his face which could come only from physical pain; but he laughed at Dolores' forebodings of trouble.

"All happy wives have those fears," he said. "There is nothing wrong; only Karl is not well."

They dined on that day at six o'clock so that the Squire might be driven home by daylight; and at dinner the young Baronet's face was more clouded than ever. He remembered that Lola had asked to see him at eight; he would barely have time to finish dinner and get so far as the white gate by that hour. He had decided that it would be better for him to see her. If he refused, she would perhaps call upon him; and, though for his own sake he did not care in the least, he could not bear that Dolores should be distressed. It was the first silent dinner eaten at Scarsdale since their marriage. Both Dolores and the Squire were full of wonder.

"Are you going to drive me home, Karl?" asked the Squire, when the dessert was placed on the table.

The Baronet flushed all over his handsome face—not a faint flush, but a hot burning color, which deepened when he saw his wife and her father looking at him with wondering eyes.

"Why, Karl," laughed Dolores, "you are blushing like a girl! And what a beautiful blush! I wish I could look like that!"

"I am so very sorry," said Sir Karl—"I really cannot go. I have to see some one this evening, on business, and I must keep my appointment."

He detested the bare idea of it as he uttered the words.

"Can I drive anywhere with you?" asked the Squire, his heart sinking more and more with the sense of coming evil.

"This is the first time you have been unable to drive papa home," observed Dolores. "How strange! Shall I drive you papa?"

But a vague belief that his beloved child would be better and safer at home came to the Squire.

"No, my darling. If you can spare James, I will take him."

"James can go with pleasure," said Sir Karl, with a look of relief—a look not unnoticed by the Squire.

So it was arranged. The Squire, after bidding a loving good-night, to his daughter and her children, drove off with James Ashford, the groom, in the pony-carriage."

"I am not going straight home," he said. "I shall go round by Deepdale."

They stood together, Sir Karl and Dolores, little dreaming of what that night would bring forth, watching the carriage and waving adieus to the Squire until he was out of sight. Then Lady Allanmore said gently to her husband—

"I hope papa is not disappointed. He likes you to drive him, Karl."

"And it pleases me to do so," rejoined the Baronet. "It is as great a disappointment to me as it is to him. But it will not happen again. I am sure he will forgive me this time."

"Yes, I am sure he will," said Dolores smiling. "You are always good to him, Karl. If I loved you for nothing else in this world, I must love you for your constant kindness to my father."

He longed to remain with her, it was so pleasant out in the sunshine, with the one being he loved so dearly by his side. Dolores wore the dress that was his favorite—a pale violet silk, with a superb suite of pearls. She never even looked at that dress again after that evening.

"I am sorry I must leave you, Dolores, he said, "It is very annoying to have our pleasant evening spoiled in this way."

She looked up at him.

"Where are you going, Karl? It is unusual for you to have business interviews in the evening."

"It is not only unusual, but it is awfully disagreeable," he replied. "I will take good care that it never happens again."

"Tell me what it is all about," she said, "You know that everything of interest to you is of equal interest to me."

"I will tell you all about it, my darling, when I return;" and to his morbidly-excited fancy, the rustling leaves seemed to repeat the words "when I return."

"At least," said Dolores, "tell me where you are going, Karl."

"I cannot; I will tell you all about it when I come home."

Again the summer breeze stirred the leaves, and they seemed to repeat the words, "when I come home."

"I shall sit up for you," continued Dolores. "You will not be late."

He looked at his watch, and, as he held it in his hand, the sunlight flashed upon the ruby ring and the white rose. Dolores bent and kissed it.

"How I love white rose!" she exclaimed. "And, oh, Karl, how your ring shines in the sun! It dazzles my eyes."

"I must go," said Karl, hastily—"I shall not be late; but I am loath to leave you Dolores. You seem sweeter and dearer than ever." Their lips met in one long, loving kiss, and then he was gone. She watched him until he was out of sight, and then slowly went back to the house.

CHAPTER XXIII.

It was half past seven o'clock on the tenth of June when Sir Karl Allanmore left his home on business which he had explained to no one; and from that hour he was not see again—there was so sign, no trace of him. He vanished completely, as though he had disappeared from the face of the earth.

He had said that he should be back by half past nine at the very latest; and Lady Allanmore wondered how she should spend the time. It was the first evening she had been alone since her marriage; Sir Karl had never left her before, and she could not help wondering what this most mysterious business was; it was evidently something that engrossed his thoughts. But she would not trouble about it; he would explain when he came home. She longed for his presence that she might feel the clasp of his arms around her, his kisses warm on her face; but he would soon be back. It was striking nine, and he had said he would return by half-past. She put away a little song that was closely associated with him, and played all the airs she could remember. She was startled when, mingling with the notes of the piano, she heard the clock strike ten.

He must have returned, she thought, and, owing to the music she had not heard him. She rang the bell quickly and asked if Sir Karl had come in. Frodsham, the butler, said "No." Most of the servants had gone to rest; but he was sitting up for Sir Karl. He was dismissed with a grateful smile.—nothing pleased Lady Allanmore so much as attention to her husband.

He would be with her directly, she told herself; he had said half-past nine, but she would not feel uneasy even if he did not return until half past ten. She closed the piano and walked to the window. She would wait there watching the bright moonlight until the shadow of her beloved husband fell across it and she should hold him in her loving arms.

He would have a beautiful walk, she thought. It was the silvery light on the red and white roses that brought Lola to her mind; and, once there, she could not dislodge her. What an interview that had been! She pitied her from the very depths of her heart, but trembled as she remembered the vengeance that Lola had threatened. However, it had come to nothing. The threats had been only empty words; nothing had come of them—nothing ever would; but vividly and forcibly there came back to her mind the threat that, even in years to come, the vengeance should fall.

"Poor Lola!" she murmured, "She has never tried to injure me, and she never will. If she did try, there is nothing she could do."

But she could not forget the beautiful French girl. She seemed on that night to haunt her thoughts. She was startled once more by the sound of the clock—this time it was striking eleven. and as yet no shadow had broken the long line of silvery light. She began to feel anxious. Was the night growing colder? She drew a white lace shawl round her shoulders and shivered under its light folds. She felt a sudden sense of terror and isolation.

"I will never sit up at night alone again," she thought.

To Be Continued.

GREAT OPPORTUNITY.

Mrs. Bjenkins—They are going to have another rumage sale next week.

Mr. Bjenkins—Good! I wish you'd send down that rocking chair in the sitting room that I always tumble over when I come in late at night.

DEVELOPMENT OF X-RAYS.

DISEASE CAN BE DISCOVERED BEFORE SYMPTOMS DEVELOP.

Are Invaluable to Surgery—With New Appliances Physicians Are Now Able to Reveal the Condition of Any Organ.

Although five years' work by the scientists has not given to the world any more definite knowledge of the actual character of the X rays than was disclosed by Profesor Roentgen when he announced their discovery, remarkable and interesting advances have been made in their use and in the apparatus for producing and utilizing them.

As adjuncts to the work of physician and surgeon, the Roentgen rays have found their most valuable uses, and it is now possible to make examinations which for the definite character of their disclosures are of the highest value, not only for the detection of bone fractures and the location of foreign substances within the body, but even the discovery of lesions or changes in the softer portions of the body which indicate or accompany disease.

With the later forms of vacuum tubes good pictures can be obtained of the thickest portions of the body with an exposure of but a few minutes, where only a year or two ago such pictures were impossible, and the making of much less difficult exposures was a matter of many minutes, and often resulted in serious injuries through burns.

By the older apparatus it was only possible at the best to get the location of troubles

IN ONE DIRECTION

while now there are several designs of apparatus by which pictures are made simultaneously from two points of view so that an injury or a foreign substance imbedded in the flesh can be located accurately through the range lines of the pictures.

Dr. G. P. Girdwood, of McGill University, Montreal, has accomplished a like result by another ingenious device. His apparatus takes two X ray pictures at once from points of view two and a half inches apart, the result being stereoscopic radiographs, which are very effective in giving the modelled form of all the parts beneath the skin when viewed through the proper lenses. When radiography was first undertaken it seemed as if it must remain impossible to get distinct pictures of any portions of hidden anatomy except the bones and perhaps a few of the other finer parts, but this difficulty has been overcome.

It has been found that almost every organ or kind of tissue in the body has its own distinctive effect upon the X rays, and that these can be caught by the skilful operator in picture form. The various calculi of bladder, gall or kidney can be located with certainty; an X ray picture will show a cavity in a lung, disclose the presence of a space filled with liquid instead of tissue or clearly indicate an adhesion.

Careful observers assert that they can accomplish even more than this. A study of the radiograph, they say, will enable the skilful man to detect the existence of certain diseases, even before their symptoms have made themselves manifest to either patient or physician.

TO PREVENT COLD AND GRIP.

An Eminent Doctor Advises the Use of Paper Handkerchiefs.

Away with the linen handkerchief, says Dr. Pfeiffer, the discoverer of the influenza bacillus. The handkerchief propagates 70 per cent. of all colds and inflammations of the head, throat and nose, he declares. It often causes erysipelas to spread, and that influenza re-occurs season after season in epidemical form is directly traceable to the use, or abuse, of the linen handkerchief.

Every physician knows the influenza bacillus. It is easily killed, because it cannot live where disinfectants are employed. It will die quickly if its element, water substances, are drained off.

The bacilli of cholera, typhus, tetanus, blood poisoning, etc., even those of the dreadful plague, are confined in the intestines, in the skin, or blood; if a person is known to have one of these diseases, we take all possible care to prevent the spread of its microbes to other persons. So we now seldom hear of an epidemic of those maladies in our cities.

If the staphylokokke and streptakokke bacilli, which cause colds in the head, catarrh, and sometimes erysipelas, and the small red-shaped microbe which causes influenza were treated like the others named, like them, they would do only individual harm; but fashion, ill understood or wholly misconstrued notions of cleanliness, and, finally, courtesy are against the self-suggested

PRECAUTIONARY MEASURES.

In this case the poor and ignorant also the unwashed, are not to blame, It is the perfumed woman of fashion, and the man in patent leather boots and a high shirt collar who act as distributers of disease.

A cold in the head, influenza and similar maladies, cause copious flow of tears and sneezing and tingling of the nose, followed by watery and other acrid discharges. These tears and the mucus teem with millions upon millions of rod-shaped microbes which ought to and could be destroyed in short order, but instead are collected in handkerchiefs. The handkerchiefs are buried in the pocket; and what is quite as bad, or worse, a good many microbes cling to the sick person's hand or glove, and are transferred to other persons by means of a handshake.

No one suspects that the sick person carries a veritable arsenal of microbes in his pocket. Yet every physician can tell you that a handkerchief and pocket furnish all the elements calculated to prolong and propagate the microbe's life. The microbe needs nourishment, darkness, warmth and dampness. The discharges furnish the first and last, handkerchief and pocket afford warmth and darkness. Every time the sick person puts his hand in his pocket he is liable to infect it with the dangerous microbes and every handshake he deals may transfer to others the disease from which he is suffering.

"Let us take pattern," says Dr. Pfeiffer, "after the Chinese and Japanese, who, instead of the linen square, employ small sheets of soft paper, which they carry along in blocks, and that are thrown away after use. This fashion is much cleaner than ours, besides excluding an element of danger that is always with us as long as we stick to the superannuated linen handkerchief."

A NERVOUS WRECK

WAS THE CONDITION OF MISS GILLIS FOR EIGHT YEARS.

The Best Doctors' and Hospital Treatment Failed to Help Her, and She Had Almost Lost Hope of Ever Being Well Again—Her Earnest Advice to Other Sufferers.

One of the most common, at the same time one of the most to be dreaded, ailments which afflicts the people of this country is nervous debility. The causes leading to this trouble are various, overwork or worry being among the most prominent. But whatever the cause, this affliction is one that makes life a burden. Sush a sufferer fo ryears was Miss Margaret Gillis, of Whim Road Cross, P.E.I. Her life was one of almost incessant misery, and she had come to look upon her condition as incurable, when Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were brought to her notice, and to this life-giving, nerve restoring medicine, she now owes health and happiness. Miss Gillis tells of her illness and cure as follows: "For the past eight years my life has been one of constant misery. My nervous system was shattered, and I was reduced to a mere physical wreck. My trouble began in one of the ailments that so frequently afflict my sex. I was irritable and discouraged all the time, and life did not seem worth living. For several years I was under treatment by doctors. I even went to Boston and entered a hospital where I remained for some time. While there the treatment temporarily benefited me, but soon my condition was worse than ever. Finally my nervous trouble took the form of spasms which caused more suffering than words can tell. When thus attacked I felt as though I was literally being torn apart. I would frequently become unconscious and sometimes would remain in that condition for half an hour. I have sometimes had as many as six of these spasms in a week, and no one who has not similarly suffered can imagine the tired, wornout, depressed feeling which followed. Doctors seemed utterly unable to do anything for me, and those years of misery can never be forgotten. Then I began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and in a short while found them helping me Then another doctor told me he could cure me. I stopped taking the pills, and like the dog in the fable, while grasping at the shadow I lost the substance. I was soon in as wretched condition as ever. The pills were the only thing that had ever helped me and I determined to begin them again. I continued to take them for nearly nine months, the trouble gradually but surely leaving me, until I am now in almost perfect health and fully released from what I at one time thought would prove a life of constant misery. I cannot praise Dr. Williams' Pink Pills too highly, nor can I too strongly urge those who are ailing to test their wonderful health restoring virtues."

In thousands and thousands of cases it has been proved that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the greatest blood builder and nerve restorer medical science has yet discovered. The pills act speedily and directly upon the blood and the nerves and thus reach the root of the trouble, effecting thorough and permanent cures. Other medicines merely act upon the symptoms, and when the patient ceases using them they soon relapse into a condition as bad as before. There is no trouble due to poor blood or weak nerves which these pills will not cure. Those who are sick or ailing are urged to give this medicine a fair trial, and are cautioned against the numerous imitations which some dealers offer. The genuine pills always bear the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" on the wrapper around every box.

No man does his duty till he has forgotten duty in the joy of love.