

UNREQUITED LOVE.

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

While the mob surrounded the dead man, lamenting him, waiting for medical help, for a stretcher to carry that motionless bulk of humanity away, Lashmar had slipped off his coat, flung it to the remonstrant Colonel Spillington, and had begun to climb the iron balconies just as Boldwood had climbed, but at a greater disadvantage, for the smoke and flames had intensified with every moment; window after window had vomited fire. The lookers on, those who were not too absorbed by their thoughts of the dead to watch the living, gave a cry of horror—horror at the madness of such an attempt.

Some of them recognized him by that marred spine, knew him to be Lord Lashmar, a chronic invalid, a weakling. Others, who knew better, knew that he had trained himself to the highest feats of athleticism, that he had built a gymnasium at Lashmar Castle and that he had exercised his body with all the devotion of a Greek wrestler or a Roman gladiator. To these it was no surprise to see the hunchback's long lean arms lift him from balcony to balcony, to see that well-shaped head thrown back to escape the suffocating rush of smoke and fiery dust, to see railing after railing gained, as that stunted figure mounted higher and higher, diminishing almost to a vanishing point. That sinuous right arm was wreathed round the iron column between the fourth story and the balcony above. A mighty cheer swelled from the throat of the crowd—a cheer that was half a sob.

"Bring round the fire escapes," shouted one, and there was a rush to the other side of the building. Lives were being saved there as fast as the firemen could save them— young children, helpless old people, sick and maimed. But here was a life more precious than them all—the life of the deliverer, the hero, the Hercules who had entered himself, a voluntary combatant, in a hand-to-hand fight with death.

Would he perish in his generous endeavor? No; just as the fire-escape appeared round the corner of the building, swaying to and fro as the firemen and the crowd steered it, along just as succor drew near, that slim figure in the white shirt-sleeves flashed out again amidst the smoke. Lord Lashmar was standing on that fourth floor balcony with a child in his arms. He had but to await the adjustment of the escape, to guard himself and his living burden from the flames, and all the rest was easy.

CHAPTER IV.

Five, ten minutes of supreme anxiety and all was over. Lashmar was standing among the crowd with Boldwood's five year old daughter in his arms, a small, thin figure in a little white nightgown, a sallow, wizened, little face, with great goblin eyes.

"God bless you, sir; God bless you, my lord."

"By Jove, Lashmar, I thought you were a dead man," cried Colonel Spillington. "You must be hurt, surely; dangerously hurt, perhaps," he added, running his hand over the young man's shoulder and arm, as if in search of broken bones.

"A few scratches more or less," answered Lashmar quietly, and then he added to the crowd: "Don't make such a fuss my good friends; I'm sure there ain't one of you that wouldn't have done as much."

He made his way through the throng towards the farther side of the broad barren road where he had left the cab, with the rescued child still in his arms, clinging to him, soiled and pale, with those wide goblin eyes of hers. Spillington followed him closely.

"What are you going to do with the child?" he asked. "She'll have to go to the Union, I suppose poor little soul!"

"She'll have to go to no such place," answered Lashmar; "she is going to my house."

"You mean to take Boldwood's child to Lashmar Castle?" asked Spillington, astounded.

"Why not? I should take a stray dog home. Why should I draw the line at a stray child?"

"Well, there's a considerable difference, I believe, though you may not see it. To take a Radical orphan upon one's hands is rather a serious business. If I were you I should drive straight to the Union, and deposit this poor little thing with the matron; much the best you can do for her."

"I have saved her out of the fire, I am not going to throw her back into it," answered Lashmar resolutely. "She is mine, jetsam and flotsam from the great ship Fate; my prize, my portion. She shall never cross the threshold of a workhouse while I have the power to prevent it."

They were in the cab by this time. He told the man to drive to the George, the chief hotel in Brumm, the hotel patronized by the county people, when they gladdened the great grimy town with their superior presence.

Lord Lashmar was known and honored at the George. The landlady, who had lingered over her supper in the snug little parlor behind the bar, waiting up to hear the latest news of the fire, came bustling out to see if she could be of any use to his lordship.

She almost shrieked at the sight of the child, looking round with frightened eyes; such a poor little pinched, sallow countenance, so wizened, so unchildlike.

"Oh, my lord, where did you pick her up? Is she one of the children from Goldwin's?"

"She is Boldwood's child, and his lordship risked his life to save her," answered Spillington. "What will you have, Lashmar, by way of pick-me-up? A brandy and soda—a tumbler of champagne, eh? You must have something!"

"I'll take some soda, with a dash of brandy, if you like," said Lashmar. "Do you think you could lend me a shawl to wrap up this little one, Mrs. Sycamore?" he asked the obsequious landlady, "and do you think you could get me a pair of horses to take us back to Lashmar? Her ladyship will be anxious till she sees us all safe at home."

"Certainly my lord," and Mrs. Sycamore rang a bell; "Tell Joe to get the landau and the grays ready directly." And, Mary, run and fetch one of my shawls. The warm knitted one in the bottom drawer, you know, simpleton."

Mary was gazing at the dark-eyed child in Lord Lashmar's arms. A child in a nightgown was a curious kind of thing for a young nobleman to carry about with him at midnight.

"Daddy!" cried the little girl piteously, and the great dark eyes began to fill with tears. "Where's daddy? I want my daddy!"

Lashmar looked at her helplessly. What could he say to soothe or console, what could he say of a comforting nature that should not be a deliberate lie? The little one's breast began to heave with sobs.

"Daddy!" she cried, "where's daddy? Was he burnt in the fire—was he hurt? Let me go to daddy!"

"By-and-by," murmured Lashmar, feebly; "by-and-by, dear child. Will you give her a little milk and a biscuit, Mrs. Sycamore?" The poor little thing may be hungry."

"Poor little dear," said the landlady. "Have a nice cake, pet? Mary, bring me a glass of milk and a sponge cake."

But when the motherly soul attempted to take the child in her arms the little one scowled and clung tighter to Lashmar.

"Take me to daddy," she pleaded, frowning darkly at Mrs. Sycamore's friendly face, rejecting all tenderness from that source.

"Upon my soul, Lord Lashmar, this is too much of a good thing," cried Spillington, who had finished his brandy and soda and was waxing impatient to be gone. For a man who had not dined this indefinite postponement of supper was a trial. "You had better let our good friend here take charge of the child for to-night and hand her over to the proper authorities to-morrow. I never saw such a goblin. Why, she's as black as Erebus. There must have been a dip of the tar brush somewhere."

"It's the gypsy blood, sir. Everybody says that Boldwood's wife was a gypsy."

"Is that carriage ready?" asked Lashmar.

"In five minutes, my lord."

Mary—no less a person than the head chambermaid—had brought the milk and cake by this time, and Lashmar tried to coax the child to eat and drink. In vain! She only wept and pushed aside his gentle hand.

"Where's my daddy?" she asked hopelessly.

Lashmar huddled her up in the shawl and carried her off to the landau, one of those capacious vehicles peculiar to country inns, and seemingly built to hold eight inside. Colonel Spillington buttoned his light overcoat across his chest and composed himself in the corner.

"If that brat will only let me sleep now," he thought, and Providence was kind to him for before they had left the inn the landau was far behind them. Boldwood's daughter had sobbed herself to sleep upon Lord Lashmar's breast.

It was past one o'clock when the grays from the George trotted along the avenue that led to Lashmar Castle.

Lady Lashmar and Victorian came out of the white parlor as the carriage stopped.

"My dear colonel, I thought you were never coming back!" she said. "How dreadfully you must want your supper!" and then, starting at sight of Lashmar's burden—the little figure muffled in a red, fleecy shawl—she exclaimed, "Why, Lashmar, what in heaven's name have you there?"

"A child, madam; an imp of darkness; the spawn of a demagogue—Boldwood's child, rescued from the flames by this young hero of yours. By Jove, Lady Lashmar, you have reason to be proud of your son," said the colonel.

"You rescued Boldwood's child?" cried her ladyship, looking at Lashmar's smoke-grimed face. "But how?"

"By climbing to the top of a four-story building—one of the most heroic acts I ever saw anywhere, except before the walls of a hill fort," answered the colonel. "It's a wonder I've brought him back to you alive, Lady Lashmar."

"The Lashmars were always brave!" she said gravely.

"You have no right to risk your life for a demagogue's brat," she said. "Why could not Mr. Boldwood rescue his child himself?"

"He did his utmost, poor beggar, and was killed in the attempt," said the colonel.

"Boldwood killed?"

"Yes; he will trouble us no more. He is gone, and this is his orphan daughter."

"But why in mercy's name did you bring her here? Why not at once hand her over to the proper people?"

"That was precisely my idea," said the colonel, longing for his supper.

"Pray, who are the proper people to whom a five year old orphan should be handed over?" asked Lashmar deliberately.

"Why, the matron at the Union would of course be the proper person to take care of her."

"Exactly what I told Lord Lashmar," said the colonel.

"And you would have her begin her life in a workhouse, be reared and educated as a pauper?"

"And properly trained for domestic service," pursued her ladyship; "the very best career for any young woman. Do you know, Colonel Spillington, that I pay my third and fourth housemaids twenty pounds per year, which their innumerable perquisites must increase to thirty. The very best and most comfortable career for any young woman, Lashmar; and our workhouses nowadays are thoroughly well administered that I have not the least objection to take a servant from the pauper class. Some of our best girls have come from the Union."

"This child will not go to the Union while I live," answered Lashmar, with quiet determination. "Are any of the women up, Longley?"

"Only her ladyship's maids, my lord."

"Will you allow me to ask a favor of Barber?" asked Lord Lashmar.

"Certainly."

Barber was summoned and came, sleepy but smiling, to receive her ladyship's orders.

"I believe his lordship wishes you to take care of a child, Barber," said Lady Lashmar. "You will have to put it in your own bed for to-night, I suppose, after you have given it a hot bath. You had better cut its hair, too, as close as you possibly can."

"This child has not had scarlet fever, mother."

"Who knows? Poor people are always having fevers. At any rate it is most likely very dirty. Bathe it and crop it, Barber, I beg."

The shawl fell off as Lashmar handed the child to Barber, and the little white nightgown and little bare feet were the best answer to her ladyship's sweeping conclusion. Both were spotlessly clean.

"What an ugly child!" cried Lady Lashmar. "Take the child away, and make her as comfortable as you can, Barber," she said. "And now let me give you both some supper. Poor creatures, you must be dreadfully hungry!"

"I confess to feeling a vacuum," said the colonel.

"Lashmar, did you really climb a four-story balcony?" said Victorian eagerly. "I know Goldwin's—iron balconies all the way up, like a grid-iron. I dare say I could do it myself; but it must have been a deuced difficult, I envy you."

"I hope you may never have the inclination to attempt anything half so wild," said Lady Lashmar in a biting voice.

"Victor, you ought to have been in bed hours ago," she exclaimed. "Good night, Colonel Spillington, or good-morning, rather. I will leave you and Lashmar to take care of each other."

"What a glorious fellow Lashmar is!" said Victorian, as he and his mother went upstairs. "So quiet, so unassuming and so plucky. I wish I wish his back was as straight as other people's. Poor chap! He bears his burden so well!"

To be Continued.

QUITE SO.

She has an open countenance, hasn't she? Especially when she sings.

BOERS' LAST STRONGHOLD.

MAGATOLAND IS CONSIDERED AN IDEAL RETREAT.

One Great Series of Natural Fortresses—A Difficult Country for the Transport Service.

Reference to any map of the Transvaal will show a small blank patch in the extreme north-east corner of the Republic about which the typographers appear at fault. A few fancifully executed mountains are scattered here and there, but beyond this gratuitous information no details, physical or political, are inserted. In the Transvaal the country comes under the wide-embracing term of "Dist. Zoutpansberg;" but the yellow-faced malaria-stricken trader who lives on the spot calls it Magatoland, after the redoubted chief of the Makatse tribe which inhabited this wild stretch of country. Events move rapidly, and although at present Magatoland is absolutely unknown to Europe, it is likely to loom large on contents bills in the near future, for it is in the fastnesses of the Zoutpansberg that the Federal forces will make their last stand.

Swaziland and Lydenburg have been mentioned in English papers as the locale of the Boers' final resistance to British arms. The wish is probably rather to the thought, for amongst the burghers the only place we have heard spoken of with approbation is Magatoland, "should we be beaten?"—a hypothesis only the more educated would admit. By the Boers Magatoland is considered an ideal retreat. In the first place it has two back doors—across the Limpopo into Mashonaland, and through the malarial wastes of Portuguese East Africa. But a far greater advantage from the burghers' standpoint is that the whole country is one great series of

NATURAL FORTRESSES.

interspersed by dense vegetation in which a commando could be concealed for a week, if need be, without fear of discovery.

Further, to reach Magatoland would be a severe tax on the transport arrangements of our army. From Pretoria the country lies exactly as far north as Bloemfontein is south, while the roads are frightfully heavy. For a distance of 214 miles Lord Roberts would, however, have the assistance of the Pietersburg railway, a single track recently opened from Pretoria, and with the exception of the Apies river, Nytiroom, Pietpotgietersrust, Pienars river, and the Moord drift bridges, not likely to receive much damage. The remaining 80 miles to Louis Triehardt, founded a year ago as the capital of Magatoland, offers many difficulties to an advancing force. The road after the first 20 miles runs through dense bush, and is at best but a very heavy waggon track.

Magatoland was practically unknown to the Boers up to the beginning of 1899, when, having defeated M'Pefu, they resumed occupation after an absence of 30 years. The campaign afforded 8,000 burghers the opportunity of thoroughly exploring the country, and first gave them the idea of making it their last resort in the event of invasion. No survey of the district has ever been made, but, roughly speaking, the towering krantz crowning the Zoutpansberg, and overlooking Louis Triehardt and the Klein Spelken, extend some 60 miles to Mura Mission station, on the north, and the territory of the Sewas and Knobouzen Kaffirs on the south, viewed from Fort Schutte for many years the advanced Boer outpost. The Magato range rising high above the clouds presents a most imposing spectacle. Swelling from the plain in terraces for about three miles, the crown of the range is formed of a mighty overhanging krantz of volcanic rock descending 500 feet sheer. This extends with a few breaks the whole length of the range, and need less to say is

ABSOLUTELY UNSCALABLE.

Only one waggon road enters the country, at Magato's Hoofstad, a distance of four miles from the plain in a direct line. This road is covered by a recently erected fort, and so winding and steep is the track that it could be held against an overwhelming invading force by a single commando. The slopes of the mountain from the foot of the krantz are covered, with the most luxuriant verdure, many of the trees rising to 70 feet in height. Two other passes into the interior are situated near Funyo, 41 miles north-east of Louis Triehardt, and Pisangkop 20 miles south-west.

On the mountains the Boers would possess abundance of water, and unless recently removed, hundreds of tons of meat. The climate at such an altitude from the plain is healthy and comparatively cool, but down below in the valleys in the fever season but little short of pestilential. On this point the burghers doubtless count. Dwarfs valley for any length of time prior to scaling the Magato heights a deadlier enemy than the mauler would decimate our ranks. The malaria fog rolls up from the river every night during the summer, and spreads its ghastly folds over the plain to a depth of 8 feet or 10 feet. Missionaries and

traders living in the district rarely elude its clutches, but as the miasma is not of the pungent quality of the fever-trees districts it rarely kills outright if proper precautions are taken.

Whether Col. Plumer will allow the Boers to make use of their prepared retreat remains to be seen but it may safely be asserted that should they reach the Zoutpansberg fastness and carry on a guerilla warfare hostilities would only cease with the expenditure of all ammunition by the Federals. Aided by the impassable bush and the uneven formation of the country they could stave off defeat by our fever-stricken soldiers for many a month, and if cornered take refuge in the caves, with which the range is honey-combed.

BRITISH PATRIOTISM.

It Persists in the Minds of the Earth in Spite of Time and Distance.

A writer in The Cornhill Magazine says: "It has been my fortune, since the beginning of the war, to have moved constantly from country to country. Everywhere in our own colonies it goes without saying that the one dominant interest proved to be the day's news. The war and the war news was the lodestone of nearly every man's existence. But far away from English speech, in a remote port of the Western seas, I landed one gleaming tropic morning. There was only a single Englishman in that unwholesome little town, and he had been there for years. He came down to the broken wharf to meet me. 'Got any news of the war?' were his first words: 'I've a bottle of champagne up at the house waiting to be drunk to the first big British victory.'"

"And later again in another port I came across a quaint and, in its way, a pathetic figure. It was that of an old man. Almost all the marks by which you can detect a white man had fallen from him. He was a doctor, he said. His medical equipments consisted of a dictionary and a case of ancient instruments. The tropics had set their marks deeply upon him. His eyes were misty and bleared with ophthalmia, his coat hung away from his little bony shoulders. No mosquito would touch him. Among his few little men he was something of a laughing stock. He took an embarrassing and peculiar fancy to me, and continually desired me to benefit myself free of all charge of his medical knowledge. 'There's no disease this cursed country grows. I can't cure,' he would proclaim in his high pipe; 'if you get ill you come to me, and I'll straighten you out double quick.' And every one would caustically laugh at him, at which he would waggle his old head and chuckle. 'Such was the man.'

"One evening, however, I went along to that club, with its desolate outlook over the marshy brackish and unprofitable waste. Coming near, I heard the well known, high old voice raised in anger. I hurried at the sound, and ran up the steps for the round old creature. There he was making a picture I shall never quite forget, with his lean, long-nailed hand raised in a gesture of half-dovish fury above his audience of three fat Brethren. 'I tell you,' he screamed, 'that you lie! England has not been defeated, either at the Modder River or elsewhere. You can't beat England! Then, after a pause, 'I'm a Britisher myself.'

"Wives and maidens, the old people and the children, of such is our great army which does not take the field. Surely, they too fight for us. Do you remember how Mrs. Leigh watched Amy's ship 'fade into the Atlantic mists, perhaps forever, and then bowed her head and returned to loneliness and prayer? Amy's sailed to gain great colonies for a great Queen; those who sail to-day do so to hold them for a greater.'

A Medicine of High Reputation.

A Special Formula of a Great Physician is Dr. Chase's Nerve Food—The Great Blood Builder.

There are imitators of Dr. A. W. Chase, but none who dare to reproduce his portrait and signature, which are found on every box of his genuine remedies.

Not are there any preparations that can duplicate the marvelous cures brought about by this great physician of the letters duly received from grateful cured ones.

Mr. A. T. P. LaSalle, railway agent at Clarenceville, Que., writes: "For twelve years I have been run down and consumed by doctors, and used medicine in vain. Some months ago I heard of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and bought two boxes, and my health improved rapidly that I ordered twelve more. I can say frankly that this treatment has no equal in the medical world. I could feel my system being built up until now I am strong and healthy. I cannot recommend it too highly for weak, nervous people."

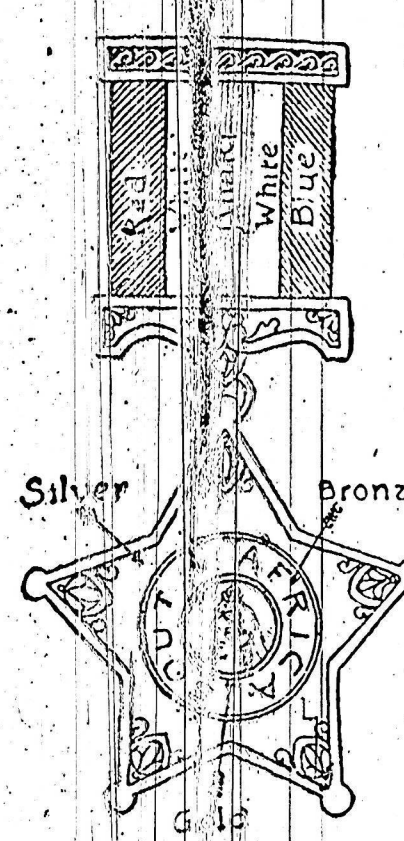
Mrs. E. H. Young, of 214 Greenwood avenue, Jackson, Mich., is a recognized leader among the Nerve Food cures, and is well known throughout the State for her social qualities. Her young son, recently recovered from nervous debility, which she describes in the following words:

"My social and domestic duties in connection with my father's business had drawn so much upon my strength that I found myself running down. I had no appetite, I got no sleep, and I was troubled with much pain in the head and back. I tried many sorts of tonics, but could get no permanent help until I used Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. I took two boxes and it directed me a perfect cure for my troubles. My action was very mild and effective, and I believe 'here to be the best medicine for nervous troubles that I know of.'"

Insist on having the genuine and you can be absolutely sure of great benefit. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, at all dealers or Edman, Bates, & Co., Toronto.

WILL WEAR.

The Brave Soldiers in South Africa. The "South Africa" campaign against the most expensive of the war in recent years. The medals to be awarded to the brave soldiers in the campaign against the most expensive of the war in recent years. The medals to be awarded to the brave soldiers in the campaign against the most expensive of the war in recent years.



SOUTH AFRICAN SERVICE MEDAL.

of 1881. The medal is of four colors, a stripe of red and blue. There was a bar granted for each separate engagement. The ribbon was a blue and white striped. The medal is of four colors, a stripe of red and blue. There was a bar granted for each separate engagement. The ribbon was a blue and white striped.

When the war broke out, the medal was of four colors, a stripe of red and blue. There was a bar granted for each separate engagement. The ribbon was a blue and white striped.

HOPEFUL ITEMS.

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THE SAVAGE AMERICAN.

They say it is a good thing.

They say it is a good thing.

SPARKS FROM THE WIRES

Neway Items About Ourselves and Our Neighbors—Something of Interest From Every Quarter of the Globe.

CANADA

Chaudiere water power concerns at Ottawa will make improvements valued at \$50,000.

The new Manitoba election bill drafted by the Hon. J. G. Macdonald and Hon. J. G. Macdonald for seven years.

Midsex county receipts from Jan. 1st to June 5th were \$92,542, and expenditure \$42,847.

Jack Roach, of Napanee bank robbery notoriety, is being tried at Montreal on a charge of robbing a cigar store there.

Engineer Parry was killed by the explosion of a boiler at the Dominion Iron and Steel Company's plant near Sydney, C. B.

H. Walters, axe manufacturer, of Full, has received a trial order for a number of axes for use in the British army and navy.

An attempt to poison 23 heads of cattle belonging to Geo. Gledhill, near Kingston, was made by putting Paris green into their suet.

Triplets, two girls and a boy, were born to Mrs. C. S. Moore, of Parvato, Manitoulin Island. The boy was named Powell after the hero of Malak.

Winnipeg immigration returns for May total 5,000, out of which 1,133 were Galicians. Total returns this year show 17,000 new arrivals in the west.

Francis Kerr, a city laborer, shot and wounded his wife, then shot himself probably fatally at Winnipeg. She paroled over putting the body to bed.

An attempt to wreck an electric streetcar on the Penitentiary hill, Kingston, was made by placing a large boiler on the track. The car was derailed but no one was hurt.

A Montreal despatch says that Nobel Dynamite Trust, of London, has secured a majority of the shares of the Hamilton Powder Company, which has been doing business in Canada since the sixties.

The Government will improve the Intercolonial Railway with several powerful engines, also cars of the latest design. Over 20,000 tons of steel rails will be ordered to lay portions of the road.

Hon. George A. Drummond, speaking at the annual meeting of the Bank of Montreal, warned the business community that there was a danger of over-production, and advised that merchants during the present year.

Hon. W. S. Fielding has proposed a communication signed by Sir Gordon Boyle, Government Secretary of British Guiana, and Mr. J. H. De Jonge, enclosing a draft for \$100,000 as a first instalment to the Ottawa fire relief fund.

GREAT BRITAIN.

All horse cars in Glasgow will be replaced by electric cars by January next.

A combine of the curtain manufacturers of Nottingham and Scotland is in process of organization.

The Peninsular and Oriental Steamship Company, of London, has donated \$25,000 to the Indian famine fund.

The Secretary of State for India has just purchased \$2,500,000 worth of silver for coinage into rupees for circulation in India.

A complimentary dinner was given at the Savoy Hotel, London, to welcome home Sir Henry Irving after his American tour.

The statement of the British Board of Trade for the month of May shows an increase of \$2,999,000 in imports, and \$1,683,700 in exports.

England is said to be gathering a fleet at Malta with a view to landing troops at Tangier, Germany to give moral backing in the move against France.

Lord Radnor, owner of one of the finest mansions in England, who was for several years Treasurer of the Queen's Household, is dead, aged 59. Viscount Folkestone succeeds to the title.

The Earl of Darnley has refused to take his seat in the House of Lords because he believes that he has proceeded conclusively a miscarriage of justice against the law advisors of the Queen.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, in a speech in Glasgow, said it was for the Government who had allowed the war to deal with the results. The members of the Opposition were only onlookers and critics.

UNITED STATES.

Kansas wheat crop will be over \$6,000,000 bushels.

Geo. Otis, now at Washington, says the Philippine rebellion is over.

The United States army in the Philippines now numbers 62,000 men.

Cripple Creek, Col., mines have paid \$13,821,998 in dividends since 1893.

A Kansas City man has invented a machine to pick chickens by electric fans.

Thirty-two Chicago couples were