

His Favorite Niece;

A SECRET REVEALED.

CHAPTER XV.

The Duke and Duchess of Rosedale had become very much attached to Leah, and when the season ended they begged the general and her to come to pay them a long visit at Dene Abbey. They were to remain there during the autumn and winter. Sir Arthur did not quite like the idea, and a compromise was made. The whole party were to visit Brentwood first, and remain there for six weeks; then they were to go to Dene Abbey and stay there as long as Sir Arthur wished—an arrangement which pleased every one. Leah by this time had grown to love the duchess so much that she never liked to be separated from her for long together.

Brentwood was looking its best at the end of July. The lovely month was as fair as it could be—not too warm, but with all the glory of sunlight, the song of birds, the bloom of flowers, the beauty of spreading trees and singing brooks. There were four counties in England so charming as Warwickshire. Shady woods, green hills, clear deep streams, meres on which the great white water-lilies sleep, valleys full of ferns and wild flowers, rendered beautiful by the sun, and Brentwood was one of the most beautiful places in it. The mansion was built on rising ground overlooking the river Brent—a deep, clear stream, full of lights and shadows, that meandered through the fairest woodland, and seemed to sing as it wandered, of the scenes it had left behind it. Of arches formed by the green willow, dense beside it, of dark, cold, shadowy nooks, of laughing hillside which glowed in the sun, of fields, of what seems that sunset drowsy of reeds and sedges through which the wind made music, of pretty rustic bridges that spanned it, of lovers that whispered sweet words on its banks—all these the river seemed to murmur.

The grounds of the mansion extended to the very banks of the river. There was a picturesque old boat-house, haunted, so rumor said, by the spirit of a jealous, unhappy lady who had drowned herself in the stream, and whose dead body was drifted into the boat-house, where it was found the next day.

The Brent woods were as beautiful as a dream—a fair, green kingdom, uninhabited by any mortal, of woods by shaly rocks, by a thousand things known only to ardent students of Nature. There were avenues like great cathedral aisles, full of towering lights, half green shafts of sunlight, shaly clean, green, when the flowers grew so that they formed a carpet—bitter-cups and masses, meadow-sweet and celandine with hyacinths and blue-bells, flowers enough to send a poet or artist into raptures. Hidden in the woods, too, were numerous little nook and tributaries of the river Brent.

As the mansion stood on the slope of a green hill, its appearance was very striking. From the back-land there seemed to arise a forest of green, on either side stretched the beautiful terraces and grounds sloped down to the brimming river.

The general had invited several guests to Brentwood, and the party consisted of the most pleasant ones. "At some future day you will be sole mistress of this beautiful place," said the duchess, as they were walking one morning on the great terrace.

"I suppose so," she replied, "but I never like to think of the day when my uncle could live as long as if not longer than I shall." She seemed anxious not to continue the conversation, for soon afterward she clasped her hands in delight.

"O duchess," she said, "what quaint things your favorite passion-flower!"

"And what colors—purple, scarlet, and blue!" What rich clusters! I must gather some; they are like the faces of old friends smiling at me. "You have brought passion-flowers into fashion," the duchess said smiling. "I never saw you without them. Why do you like them better than any other flower, Leah?"

"I do not know. I think it is because they are mystical flowers, they are full of mystery and passion, and sprout, like like red roses best," said the duchess, "they suit you."

"No," returned Leah, "give me scarlet—passion-flowers; they seem to me the choice of all."

"I suppose," laughed the duchess, "that the ideal he comes it will be discovered that his favorite flower is the passion-flower?"

"I should not be surprised," replied Leah, gently.

"That will be one of the signs by which you will know him," said the duchess, mockingly; but afterward the words came back to her, and she marvelled at them.

What the duchess had said was true—Leah had brought the passion-flower into fashion. It was her favorite. In a fashionable crowd one saw the gleam of scarlet, passion-flower. Leah Hatton was there. This fancy of hers was well known when Mr. Miller, the great artist, painted her portrait—that year the loveliest picture, on the walls of the Picture Academy. He carried out the picture, he painted her, in all the pride of her girlish beauty, with dresses of superb black velvet, with a black passion-flower in her dark, shapely hand. The picture created quite a sensation as the original had. People crowded to see it. The artist favored it. "The artist," he said, "had named it 'The Passion-Flower.' He thought, when he saw that there was some strange affinity between the beautiful face, with its dark eyes and wild-rose bloom, its scarlet lips, its dawn of passion, and the passion-flower. The artist and the society, journals lauded it, and it brought the mystical flower into fashion; and during the third season Miss Hatton spent in London, she was known as 'The Passion-flower.'

"I have had an adventure this morning," said Sir Arthur, as they sat down to luncheon. "I found that the young master of Glen is expected home during the week. I lost my way in the woods, and came quite close to the mansion; I have been quite a lover."

"Who and what is Glen?" asked the duchess.

"And Sir Arthur smiled as he said: "I ought to be a poet to answer you; it is almost impossible to do so in prose. Glen is simply one of the most lovely spots in England. More beautiful than Brentwood," he said, "than Brentwood, indeed."

"Quite different, Leah. Glen was once the domain of a queen; three hundred years ago it came into the possession of the Carttons, and has been theirs ever since. It is simply perfect. Your eyes are almost dazzled by the gleam of sunlight in the waters of the 'many fountains, and by the bright colors of the flowers. The surroundings are the most picturesque."

"I should like to see it," said the duchess.

"So should I," added Leah.

"Fair ladies," cried Sir Arthur, "you shall see it whenever you will. The house does look so cheerful. I do not know where to go for the most of the scene of a tragedy."

"Was it?" asked the duchess. "Tell me."

"I am a new-comer," said the general, "and naturally, enchanted with the little about it. But one thing of the gardeners at Glen spoke this morning. I asked:

The Farm

SITERS AND NON-SITERS.

The hens may not pay for their shelter when they are not producing eggs; however, there are sources of profit other than from eggs. After they cease to lay, the hen is worth a certain sum in the market, and every hen that becomes broody offers an opportunity to her owner to add to the receipts. When the hen goes on the nest and brings off a brood of chicks, she may be of more profit in three months than if she produced eggs every week in the year. All depends upon the care given her and her brood by the owner. To illustrate the case, let it be supposed that a farmer experiments with two hens—one a siter and the other a non-siter. The siter lays but five dozen eggs a year (a low estimate) and the non-siter lays twelve dozens in the year (above the terrible average). The siter produces a portion of her eggs in a month or two, and the owner receives a profit of one dollar and fifty cents from the sale of the eggs. The non-siter lays her eggs in the winter, and the owner receives a profit of one dollar and fifty cents from the sale of the eggs. The siter lays her eggs in the winter, and the owner receives a profit of one dollar and fifty cents from the sale of the eggs. The non-siter lays her eggs in the winter, and the owner receives a profit of one dollar and fifty cents from the sale of the eggs.

"And This is No Romance Either"

UNLESS YOU HAVE USED "SALADA"

Devon tea, you have no idea what a cup of tea tastes like. Sold only in sealed lead packets. By all grocers. Given the gold medal and highest award at St. Louis.

horses are chetly alike. There is also a great difference in the draft and of those more highly bred, such as cutting and coach horses. The former require a great deal of handling, and the latter, after studying closely the disposition of the colt, the next step is to enter, and in this, as well as other periods of the training the person in charge should exercise patience.

It is somewhat toward the end of the year (above the terrible average), the brood of chicks is twenty or twenty-five, and the owner receives a profit of one dollar and fifty cents from the sale of the eggs. The non-siter lays her eggs in the winter, and the owner receives a profit of one dollar and fifty cents from the sale of the eggs.

RECKONING AS A DISEASE

Very long ago King Solomon, who lived about 1000 B.C., was considered the wisest man of his time. He was a Jew, and his wisdom was the result of a long study of the human mind. He was the author of the "Proverbs," which are a collection of wise sayings that have been passed down through the centuries. One of his most famous sayings is: "Reckoning is a disease." This means that when a person is constantly calculating and worrying about things, it is like having a disease that affects the mind. Solomon believed that a person should not be so concerned with material things, but should instead focus on being a good person and having a good relationship with God.

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Take No Risk With a Cold

There's No Time to Experiment With Untried Remedies When You Can Depend Upon DR. CHASE'S SYRUP OF LINSEED AND TURPENTINE

Cough mixtures are legion. Nearly every dealer has some preparation of his own to offer. Thorough cures for coughs and colds are rare, and when you find a medicine that you can rely on for such ailments, as well as croup, whooping cough, bronchitis, and asthma, you do well to stick to it. Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine has by far the largest sale of any such remedy on the market, and as the demand increases by leaps and bounds every year we believe this is due to the peculiar merits of this preparation. You only need to be reminded that it is sometimes necessary to insist on getting what you ask for. Dealers have other preparations of linseed and turpentine put up for sale as cheaply as possible. Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine is the most efficient treatment obtainable; 25 cents a bottle, at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

MANY SHIPS LOST

Official returns of casualties in the war show that 500 tons gross register and upwards during last year—show that 225 vessels were totally lost from various causes, of which more than 17 were British steamers, with an aggregate tonnage of 138,064, and 29 were British sailing ships, totalling 41,822 tons.

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THIN PEOPLE

Food is not all that thin people need. Maybe they're sick. You can't make them eat by bringing them food. But Scott's Emulsion can make them eat. This Emulsion gives a man appetite and feeds him both. It brings back lost flesh. No trouble about digestion. The weakest stomach can digest Scott's Emulsion. It tastes good, too. Scott's Emulsion paves the way for other food. What is wasted and weakened by long illness it gives strength and appetite that ordinary food cannot give. Not only food—medicine too—Scott's Emulsion of pure cod-liver oil.

IN MEMORIAM

Admiral of Mark Twain, who has never written anything more effective than the little tale he had cut in the modest block of marble which marks the resting-place of his wife in Woodlawn Cemetery, Elmira, N. Y.

Warm summer sun,
Shine kindly here,
Warm, southern wind,
Blow softly here,
Green soil above,
Lie light, lie light,
Cool night, dear heart,
Good night, good night.

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PROBLEMS OF COURTSHIP

When does courtship begin? At the moment when a man first sees the girl. At the time when she realizes that she is the object of his affection. At the time when he determines to like her. At the time when he decides to ask her to marry him. At the time when he proposes to her. At the time when she agrees to his proposal. At the time when they are married.

FENCE WIRE SHOULD NOT BE TAXED

The Dominion Government has a good reason for placing a tax on fence wire. It is because fence wire is a necessary part of the farming industry, and it is a luxury that should be taxed. The government has a duty to protect the interests of the farming industry, and it is one of its duties to tax the luxuries that are used in the industry.

THE NUMBER IS

100 years ago...

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