

His Favorite Niece;

OR
A SECRET REVEALED.

CHAPTER XXI.—(Continued.)

Presently Lady Maude Trevor entered, and sitting down, wrote a letter after letter without a single thought as to whether any one was in the room. She was not in the least surprised when the general, turning his newspaper, betrayed his presence. Then came his Grace of Rosedale.

"I do not like the Indian news this morning," he said. "If Government is not more on the alert, we shall have another terrible rising, a fear is most likely," answered Sir Basil, briefly again.

The duke went on in his usual amiable manner, making very mild and pointless comments, which elicited but monosyllabic replies.

"What seems to be the question here?" he asked.

"I will discuss the question more fully after dinner."

Sir Arthur groaned as his friend went on. "Now surely I shall remain uninterrupted," he thought. "Elate was against him this morning for the fourth time. The dear old man, it was Leah who now appeared. She was in her favorite colors of amber and white, with creamy roses at her throat. She did not observe the general, much less wonder if any one were behind it. She knew it was a favorite recess of the uncle's, but she was not thinking of him. He recognized the gentle footsteps, but her presence did not disturb him. He loved her too well and he was accustomed to it; but he was there, it was necessary to tell her he was there.

"For a moment there was almost complete silence. He could hear the sound of Leah's pen. She was writing rapidly. Then suddenly the door opened, and Sir Basil's countenance grew as lost in the choice of the scene."

"Shall I disturb you Miss Hatton?" It was Sir Basil who put the question. "I am in trouble, from which a lady alone can release me. I am not," she said, "but I do not know."

"There is no old proverb which says that a stitch in time saves nine? Will you make that last stitch now, and say 'I do not disturb you'?" she asked.

"Of course I will," she replied. "In this driving snow," he replied, "I should be so glad to assist you. Would Leah laugh at this?" she said, as she took the thick yellow driving-glove that he held out to her. "Will you excuse me one moment while I find needle and thread?" she said, as she left. She went away, leaving Sir Basil looking over an open volume that lay upon the table.

"I hope," thought the general, "that this good fellow will not let me down and begin to air his ideas on Indian politics to me."

But Sir Basil was in happy ignorance of the general's proximity. He read a few lines in the open volume, hummed a favorite air to himself, and then Leah returned.

"What do you want you wait—me," she said. "I will release you now in a few minutes."

The slender fingers soon accomplished their task. She held out the glove to him, and as she did so her eyes fell on the spray of staphylococci that were on his coat.

"Your flower is faded," she said. "Let me give you another. I have a superstition that it is unlucky to wear faded flowers."

"It will all come before me," he responded. "She took the spray of staphylococci from him and laid it on the table. From one of the packages she chose a beautiful moss-rosebud, fresh as the dawn, and fastened it in his coat for him.

She thanked her bravely, stood talking to her for some few minutes, and then went away.

Sir Arthur, looking over the screen, was about to thank Leah when she came to him, and he saw that she had been thought of as a priestess' hood. She had never seemed to care for love or admiration for lovers or admirers. She had loved, through the medium of the fountain pen, what she did indeed love. "What was she doing?"

She had taken the wretched flower in her hands, and was kneeling down by the table and eyeing the faded spray with kisses and tears.

"My love," she sighed, "my love, if you only loved me! But I am less to you than the withered flower you have thrown away."

The general would have spoken then and have told Leah that he had overcome her, but surprise and wonder kept him silent. He saw her kiss the open volume where Sir Basil's hand had rested.

"I shall die," she sobbed, "just as this flower has this. And just as far from his heart. Oh, cruel world! I have asked but for one thing, and it has been denied me. I wish I had never been born. Oh, my love, why can you not love me? I am far enough for others, why not for you? I can win other hearts, why not yours? I would give my life for your love!"

The low, moaning sound of her

bitter sobbing mingled with the song of the birds and the whisper of the wind; it smote the heart of the old soldier with unutterable pain. He had reached her from whom he thought she would be his, and now she was kissing her love and protection; he had made her heiress of his vast fortune; and this was all that had come of it. This was the end of his hopes for her. She was wearing her heart and her life away for a lover that could never be hers, or at least that was not hers. From the sight of the kneeling figure, the clasped hands, the proud head so despairingly bent, the general turned with tears in his eyes. "I could but die," she said. "I have said, 'I do not disturb you' but I could not sleep and never wake; I could but hide my love and sorrow, and weep."

"He was tempted to go to her, to take her in his arms and try to comfort her, but he could not. He could not take her. He would not for the world let her know that he had overheard her; so he laid down his newspaper and passed noiselessly out through the open window on to the lawn, and not until he had walked some distance did he feel at ease. "I would not have her guess that I have been a witness of that scene for trouble my fortune, poor child!" he murmured.

This was her fate—brilliant, beautiful, worshipped and wretched. This was the lot he had never anticipated, never even understood. How strong, and deep and terrible it must be thus to torment one on whom the brightest gifts of earth had been lavished. He forgot the Indian news; all that he remembered and puzzled over was Leah's secret. "Sir Basil," he thought, "he did not love her!"

"Poor child, poor child!" muttered the general. "How distressed—she was the love he loved! How he loved her. No wonder she loves him; he did not let her know. I have overheard her. Any woman might love him. The wonder is why she does not love her. Perhaps, though she is simple old soldier, she is like me. I did not understand such things until she pointed out to me. I should never have supposed that Leah Bourgoyne, if Major Wratte had not told me that she loved the very ground I stood upon. After that it was plain sailing. It must be the same with Sir Basil. Some day she will confess to me. It is the thing when girls love their mothers, it is only woman who understand each other. If I were here, she would know what to do."

His heart was heavy. He had meant this girl's lot to be so fair, and she was so unhappy. He grew nervous at the thought of meeting her again; but to his surprise, when he saw her at the luncheon table, there were no traces of sorrow on her beautiful face. She looked calm and prouder than usual, but there was no sign of self-consciousness about her.

"Who can understand women?" said Sir Arthur, appealing to some invisible power. They were beyond him altogether.

CHAPTER XXII.

The general was greatly perplexed and quite at a loss what to do. At first he thought he would consult the duchess, who appeared to be a compendium of all worldly knowledge, but she soon dismissed that idea. It would be a betrayal of a secret that he had discovered himself only by chance. During the next few days he watched Leah covertly, and now that he had the key, he understood the enigma of her conduct better. He saw how completely engrossed she was in her love; that she seemed to have no thoughts, no interests, no cares outside of it. It would be in every respect a most eligible husband, thought the general. The two estates would become one, and Sir Basil would make a name for himself. They were both young, handsome, gifted. What a pity that Sir Basil did not fall in love with the girl who was so devoted to him!

Leah came down one morning looking pale and tired; she had not slept at all the night, and the dark eyes were languid and shaded. Sir Arthur grew alarmed and anxious about her. He wanted to take her out for a drive, but she declined going. She admitted that she was not well. He proposed that he should take her into the woods, or for some walk down to the sea; but she was not to be got out of her room. The general was greatly disturbed.

The duchess found him wandering uneasily up and down the terrace.

"You are looking very grave this morning," said Sir Arthur, she said. "May I venture to ask what occupies your thoughts?"

"I am thinking about subjects that do not in the least understand," he answered. "It seems to me that even after so many years' experience, I know but little of the heart. The duchess—you understand matters—do girls ever really suffer and die from love?"

The duchess started. Had he, too, found out the secret that she had discovered? "Yes," she answered, "I think they

do, sometimes die of love. Not often, but in exceptional cases, as there are exceptional natures."

His face cleared a little.

"It is not the kind of thing you would expect from a sensible girl?" he interrogated.

"No," replied the duchess; "it is just the kind of thing that would happen to a sensible girl."

He gave a great sigh of relief.

"And yet you think there are girls who would really die if they were what is called 'crossed in love'?"

"Yes," said the duchess; "I do think so, if a girl is full of romance and poetry, and throws her heart and soul into her love, the consequences are likely to be serious if matters do not progress smoothly."

There was little comfort to be gained from this, and Leah, he knew, was "visionary and romantic."

"It seems to me," he said gently, "that such love causes more pain than pleasure."

"I think it does," agreed the duchess.

Then she went away. She would say no more; it did not seem to her either fair or honorable that she should discuss the secret which both had discovered.

The general became more and more anxious. He was thinking always of his niece, he would not let her get on. He was not sure that she was getting on at all. He was not sure that she was getting on at all. He was not sure that she was getting on at all.

The Farm

SHEEP NOTES.

Sheep are kept for a two fold purpose, wool and mutton.

Next to selection comes the proper care and feed.

Usually when the weather is better the price of wool is higher and the price of mutton is lower. The price of wool is the price of mutton.

Weak lambs are the result of poor selection and poor care of the ewes, to live on coarse foods.

A sheep will not eat out of its own pocket. It will not eat out of its own pocket.

Sheep are not to be kept in a pen, unless they are to be kept in a pen. They are to be kept in a pen.

The age at which a ram ceases to be useful is largely dependent on his vigor.

The sheep is a good feeder; other animals feed on so many kinds of herbage.

No other animal drops a better manure, nor in so good shape, as the sheep. It is a good feeder.

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UNREALIZED FURT.

The great trouble with the average milk producer is that he does not realize that he is dirty, both personally and in his surroundings. Judged from a clean milk standard, milk is the one farm product that calls for exceptional cleanliness, and it is hard for the man who finds manure to be an excellent material for corn raising to understand the damage it will do in the milk pail.

The average work of the farm saturates the farmer's clothes with dust of many kinds and bacteria of many species. The stable is equally covered with the same material, and it is a vessel with iron so to render her impervious to clean milk.

This was during the siege of Antwerp by the Spaniards under the Duke of Parma.

Unluckily for the hopes of her inventor, the great four-wheeled chad, which had been named by the burghers of Paris as "the end of the War," went ashore on a sand bar very soon after she was launched, and could not be got off owing to her weight and bulkiness. This proved the death knell of the chad for the next 270 years.

One considering the matter, however, one sees that this invention was plainly born before its time, for the four-wheeled vessel could have been a success without some better motive power than sails.

EARLIEST IRON CLAD.

Dutchman First to Build Armored Battleship.

When one comes to pore into the origins of weapons of war, it is positively startling to discover how many of those which we fondly imagine to be the output of the most advanced civilization of to-day, really date back to almost mediaeval periods.

Ask the average man when the first will tell you last century.

As a matter of fact, it was a wily Dutchman who, more than 300 years ago, first conceived the idea of plating a vessel with iron, so to render her impervious to cannon shot. This was during the siege of Antwerp by the Spaniards under the Duke of Parma.

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CARING FOR THE HARNESS.

LESS money would be required to keep farm horse harnesses in service if they were hung up after use instead of being thrown down over wagons and in like places; in such positions the straps are bent and the rats get a chance to eat them. A supply of buckles and the other small parts which wear out most frequently should be bought and kept ready for emergencies. An excellent plan for taking care of the harness is to attach strong hooks made of broad strips of iron to the frame-work of the barn, making them four feet high from the bench, and the plate by which they are fastened, being four inches long. By having them high as indicated there is no danger of the harness slipping off. Have a box of convenient size nailed to the wall beside the hooks and have it placed underneath. In this box keep all the small pieces which have to do with the harness, buckles, oil sponges, etc., and you are at all times ready for emergencies.

FOR INVENTORS.

Oh! brainy men with wrinkled brows, 'tis waste of time to pore over trifles such as radium or other occult ore, pray pack those shining specks away as something far too tame, and turn in other grooves of thought a never-dying fame.

We want, with scores of other things, a peaceful, honest cat that wouldn't slumber through the day, then venture on a chat with scandalous, knowing friends upon the garden wall when night should bring a quietude or snoring fit to all.

And will some ten-horse thinking man invent a little box who couldn't tear his Sunday suit, for take anybody's in smashing booby's with blowiness—especially air own—with pebble-belching catapults or bits of paving-stone?

Oh! hog your wits, ye scientists, let's roll out a plan, wear sodden towels round your heads, and conjure up, ye can, a woman who will close her eyes to all the fairy tales of less-than-cost-price bonnets at the bargain sale.

Western Assurance Company

Financial Statement for the Year Ending December 31st, 1904.

ASSETS	
United States and State Bonds	\$ 250,393 20
Dominion of Canada Bonds	65,350 00
Bank Loan Company stock	237,390 80
Company's Buildings and	1,100 00
Municipal Bonds, and Debentures	1,800 00
Railroad Bonds	1,180,576 69
Cash on Hand and on Deposit	504,149 08
Bills Receivable	215,109 32
Mortgages	98,557 21
Due from other Companies	21,742 00
Interest Due and Accrued	158,332 14
Office Furniture, Maps, Plans, etc.	10,288 40
Branch Office and Agency Balances and Sundry Acts	506,723 48
	\$2,305,504 95
LIABILITIES.	
Capital Stock	\$1,500,000 00
Less Calls in course of payment	31,254 00
Reserve Fund	774,250 95
Dividend payable January 5th, 1905	33,312 29
Reserve Fund	1,908,765 73
	\$3,305,504 95
Capital	\$1,500,000 00
Reserve Fund	1,808,765 73
Security to Policy Holders	1,087,765 73
Losses paid from organization of the company to date	\$40,765,765 73

DIRECTORATE:

Hon. Geo. A. Cox,
G. E. R. Ockburn,
J. N. Baird,
J. J. Kenny,
Hon. S. G. Wood,
B. R. Wood,
James Kerr Osborne,
W. R. Brock,
Geo. McMurrich,
EON. GEO. A. COX, President,
J. J. KENNY, Vice-President and Managing-Officer.
C. G. FOSTER, Secretary.
Head Offices—Corner Wellington and Scott Streets, Toronto.

Western Assurance Company

The largest and most complete world-wide life insurance structure.

The cost of the British India which India will have to pay. The British Administration has raised a new day. It is too much to expect. It is too much to expect.

It is a new day. It is too much to expect. It is too much to expect.

It is a new day. It is too much to expect. It is too much to expect.

It is a new day. It is too much to expect. It is too much to expect.

Always in Sight

Crowded street. People passing by. Old and young. All eager about their own affairs and always somebody in plain sight who needs Scott's Emulsion.

Now it's that white-haired old man, weak digestion and cold blood. He needs Scott's Emulsion.

to warm him, feed him, and strengthen his stomach.

See that pale girl? She has thin blood. Scott's Emulsion will bring new roses to her face.

There goes a young man with narrow chest. Consumption is his trouble. Scott's Emulsion soothes ragged lungs and increases flesh and strength.

And here's a poor, sickly little child. Scott's Emulsion makes children grow—makes children happy.

For the Sake of Good Health Drink "SALADA"

It's the purest tea in the world.

Sold only in lead packets by all Grocers. Black, Mixed or Green. Highest award St. Louis, 1904.

UNHAPPY ROYAL FAMILY

QUARRELS OF THE KING OF THE BELGIANS

Disagreements With His Daughters—Another Forbidden Marriage

Very simple, very plain, very modern, very intelligent. A girl's feet in such shoes are recommended. The most beautiful white net work from the waist to the ankles. The stockings are white, the shoes are white, the hair is white, the face is white, the hands are white, the feet are white. This is the only outfit that is entirely white. It is the only outfit that is entirely white. It is the only outfit that is entirely white.

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Fashion Talk

MILITARY IS SMALL

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