

Maida's Secret.....

By the Author of.....
"A Gipsy's Daughter,"
"Another Man's Wife,"
"A Heart's Bitterness,"
Etc., Etc.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS—Guy Hartleigh leaves England to find his long lost cousin in San Francisco. Maida Carrington, an actress in that city, is pestered by genteel loafers amongst whom is Caryl Wilton who proposes and is rejected. She learns the story of her mother's betrayal by Sir Richard Hartleigh. Sir Richard's child, Constance, whom Guy is seeking, dies, and Maida impersonates her and is taken to Hartleigh Hall, where she becomes the idol of the household. A fête is given in her honor at Vyner Castle during which it is suggested that she take part in some amateur theatricals. Mildred Thorpe, an unemployed American girl in London is exhausted by her fruitless efforts to obtain work. After securing engagement as country church organist she is about to faint when she is assisted by Carl Wilton who is struck assisted by Caryl Wilton who is struck by her likeness to Maida Carrington.

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

"Pardon me," he said, gravely, "I am not going to try to force my services on you, but I am not deceived. You are not well enough to walk alone, and if you can only persuade yourself that I am a gentleman, and will let me walk with you to the entrance, where you can get a cab I shall esteem it a favor."

She looked at him once more and judged him with a woman's quick intuition. She realized that she was too weak to walk far, and that she must take a cab at any cost. She did not hesitate, but answered with her sweet, frank smile:

"I shall be grateful to you."

"Then, when you feel able, tell me, and I will walk with you."

"Let us go now, please. I am anxious to return home."

He walked with her to the entrance, preserving all the while the appearance of the most profound respect, though he did not refrain from studying the face, which was a marvel of loveliness in spite of its pallor. But it was not for her sake that he studied it. It was for another, and he said to himself as they went along:

"Why have you come to me to revive the memory of one I would forget if I could? They reported her dead, but I knew better than that. I followed on her track and found that she had escaped. Ah, Maida, Maida, I will find you yet, unless I succeed in forgetting you. Forget! As if I could."

"Thank you, sir," said Mildred, gratefully, when they had reached the gates.

"I am glad if I have been of any service. But let me call a cab. Here caddy. What address?" he asked, as he helped Mildred into the vehicle.

She shrank back, and he smiled and turned to the driver, saying in a low tone, as he gave him a sovereign:

"Drive to the corner and take the lady's address. Keep the change." Then he stepped to the door again, and said to Mildred, who was waiting uneasily for the cab to move: "You may give the driver your address at the corner."

"Forgive me," murmured Mildred, in confusion.

"Not so. You were quite right. Good day. Oh, I have paid the driver. You may repay me if you wish, some day."

"You may forget," said Mildred, not liking to accept the aid, and yet so regretful over her recent misjudgment of him, that she did not like to refuse it. "Let me give you my card."

"Thank you, no. Please allow me to remain in ignorance of it. Good-day," and with a smile he was gone.

Mildred sank back in the cab with a grateful remembrance of his handsome face, with its slightly cynical lines; and he, forgetting her in the recollection of her whom she reminded him of walked impatiently to another, and, giving an address, was driven away.

When he had arrived at his destination he paid the cabman and went up to a suite of rooms, furnished with a taste and luxury which told at once the tale of the owner's wealth and culture. He threw himself into a chair with an air singularly mixed of determination and ennui.

"Francois," he called.

A deferential valet appeared instantly.

"What have you done with those invitations you brought me this morning, and which I told you to destroy?"

"I have them in the next room, sir."

"Have you looked at any of them?"

"Yes, sir, all of them."

The tone was partly ironical, but Francoise was too well trained in his master's ways to venture to notice any hidden meaning either by word or manner. He stood silently awaiting the instructions which were evidently coming.

"I want you to go to the pile—I suppose they are all in a pile, but it doesn't matter if they are not—go to them and take one of them at random and bring it to me."

"Yes, sir."

In as little time as it could take to perform the errand, the well-trained valet returned with an envelope, bearing a ducal crest.

"H'm! Beldaire!" commented the master. "Well, it will do, I suppose, as well as anywhere." He opened the envelope and read the contents. "H'm—h'm! Shooting and—h'm—well, I'll go. Francoise, we go to the Duke of Beldaire's this afternoon."

"Yes, sir."

And that afternoon Caryl Wilton took the cars for the country.

And that evening Maida Carrington was to play the part of Juliet at the Duke of Beldaire's.

Lord Algy was a vigorous manager and the rehearsals for the plays were begun as soon after the garden party at Lady Vyner's as he could get the books, which was the very next day.

It was little wonder that his theatrical ventures were so well liked, for he left nothing undone to surround them with all the pleasures that a lively imagination and lavish expenditure could. And then, too, he was an indefatigable worker, and contrived to fill everybody with his own enthusiasm.

Guy, as stage carpenter, was in his element, and worked as no man on day's wages ever did work, showing, moreover, an ingenuity and skill that proved that a good carpenter had been spoiled when fortune made an aristocrat of him.

At the first, Maida did not show any more than a passing interest in the part she had to perform, and her father became very anxious when he saw how little she seemed to study her part, for he was so proud of her that he could not bear to think of her not doing well. And Lord Algy, too, seemed very much concerned; so that, from a desire to please them both, she roused herself to take an interest she did not feel.

After that the interest grew on her, and she offered suggestions now and again. These when adopted from a feeling of politeness, proved so admirable that, after a time, on difficult occasions they all would turn to her for advice. When the test came she showed that she knew her lines much more perfectly than any of the others, no matter how hard they may have studied; but she went through the part with so little enthusiasm that, in spite of the feeling that she could do well, they all, with the exception of Lord Algy, began to have a fear that she would make a fiasco of the part.

Lord Algy, however, had been studying Maida, and he told them, with a confidential smile, that she would astonish them when the night of the performance came. He really was an expert in private theatricals, and he had recognized in Maida a familiarity with details which all his practice had not taught him. But he said nothing of it; for if Maida did not care to have it known, he was too true a friend to speak of it. The real reason for her knowledge.

For Romeo, Lord Algy had selected an amateur actor of celebrity, who had made his mark in the part, and was accounted one of the very best in England. He had come up from London, and was spending the intervening time with the Duke of Beldaire. His name was Sir George Manville.

Maida would have preferred dressing the part as quietly as the case would permit, but Sir Richard was so desirous of having his beautiful daughter shine, that nothing less than gowns from Worth would satisfy him, and she yielded rather than disoblige him.

Lady Gladys, all the while, was too much interested in her own part of Julia, in "The Hunchback," to pay very much attention to Maida, and the latter was therefore spared the disagreeable espionage of the jealous little creature during a time when it would have been most irksome.

And Maida was so grateful for the unintentional relief that she volunteered to Lady Gladys several very telling bits of business, which the pretty little creature was only too glad to receive and profit by. And as her acting was really very good for an amateur, it seemed, as matters stood, as if she were going to carry off the honors of the evening.

And nobody was more sure of it than Lady Gladys herself; and that fact, together with the additional one that during the course of the rehearsals she was thrown a great deal with Guy, kept her in the most amiable mood.

As the day came nearer, the interest and excitement grew, until it seemed as if everybody but Maida was on the verge of distraction. Sir Richard was totally unlike his old calm self-contained self, and was as nervous as, according to all established rules, Maida should have been, with the honors of the evening dependent upon her.

He was satisfied that she could eclipse all previous amateur efforts if she would but try, but when he saw her going about smiling and unconcerned in the midst of all the flutter and worry, he could not help feeling that she would fail by reason

of underestimating the seriousness of the occasion.

And it was a serious occasion; for the fact that the Duke of Beldaire was the treasurer and Lord Algy the manager, gave everybody the assurance that the affair would be a notable one. In consequence, it was anticipated by the fashionable world as one of the great events of the season, and there was an audience assured that would have been the envy of a professional manager.

The theatre was a beautiful little place, and the stage was all that money and skill could make it. Lord Algy had rehearsed and rehearsed, until everybody was perfect and he was confident. And at last the day came.

And with the day came crowds on crowds of brilliant equipages bringing bearers of famous and historic names—names which were in the mouths of all England.

The seats of the theatre were filled as soon as the hour came, and there was rustling of silks and satins and gleaming of diamonds and other precious stones as the merry assemblage waited expectantly for the rising of the curtain.

But behind the curtain there was anything but merriment. The Romeo, Sir George Manville, had met with an accident—had fallen and so sprained his ankle that he had to be carried to his room, from which the doctor had said he must not be removed for at least two days, and perhaps longer.

Lord Algy was in despair, and such of the actors as had come from their dressing-rooms joined him in a chorus of lamentation.

"Hadm't he any under-study?" asked Guy, ruefully.

"Of course not," answered Lord Algy, with just a suspicion of vexation. "Who ever heard of an under-study in amateur theatricals? Where's your cousin—where is Constance? Perhaps she can suggest something."

"What's the matter?" inquired Lady Gladys, coming forward at this moment, looking very charming, as she knew very well.

"Manville has sprained his ankle and can't move out of his room," answered Guy.

Lady Gladys looked her appreciation of the seriousness of the news, but said nothing; for the first thought that had flashed through her mind had been, "Then she can't play."

"Oh, here is Constance, now," cried Lord Algy.

Everybody turned as he spoke, and an involuntary murmur of admiration broke out. Surely no one had ever seen a more perfect Juliet. The costumer had been faithful to Sir Richard's order to spare no expense to make the dress a marvel of elegance and taste, and no one could have fitted into the part—better than the dark-eyed beauty who stood there now with a supreme unconsciousness of her extraordinary brilliancy.

"What's the matter?" she smilingly inquired. "Has the leader of the band disappeared?"

"No; but the Romeo has taken to his bed with a sprained ankle," answered Lady Gladys.

"Really?" queried Maida, with an involuntary sense of relief.

"It is the cold truth," said Lord Algy, "and I don't for the life of me know what to do. No one is prepared to take the part, unless—oh, Guy, couldn't you do it somehow? Even if you balked it would be better than doing nothing."

"Not for worlds," cried Guy with so much feeling that Lord Algy was almost moved to smile.

Lord Algy looked into every male face gathered around him with an appealing glance, but though there was not one there who would not have been delighted to have had the part, there was not one who did not realize how difficult it was under the best of circumstances, and how well-nigh impossible it would be to walk through the part without having learned the lines.

"It'll break my heart to have to give it up at the last moment," exclaimed Lord Algy, as he saw the failure of his mute appeal. "What is it Simmons?" he demanded of his valet in no very pleasant tones, as he saw that gentlemanly servant trying to attract his attention.

"Just a word, sir, if you please."

"If it's anything about the arrangements outside, I don't want to hear a word. Go to the Duke."

"It isn't that your lordship."

Lord Algy went crossly over to him, and said, shortly:

"You know I don't like to be interrupted at such times, Simmons. What do you want?"

Simmons lowered his voice and said something which no one else could hear.

"Are you sure?" demanded Lord Algy, with an air of wildness that made everybody fancy that some great catastrophe had come to cap the recent one.

Simmons moved his lips with an air that left no doubt of his being in the supremest state of certainty.

"Go on with the first play," shouted Lord Algy, after one more doubtful glance at Simmons, who remained magnificently unmoved. "Constance I'll get a Romeo for you who will make you play your very best. Providence has come to the rescue gloriously! I'll give you a guinea if you are right, Simmons."

Simmons smiled as if he already had the guinea in his hand, and Lord Algy hurried away from the stage to the upper part of the Castle.

CHAPTER XII.

About half an hour earlier a carriage had driven up to the door, and

from it had alighted Caryl Wilton.

He glanced carelessly at the gleaming windows, and then walked up into the brilliantly lighted hall. A footman who did not know him stepped up to him with a glance of surprise at his travel-stained figure, and held out his hand for the ticket of admittance which Lord Algy had issued in regular form.

Caryl looked at him coolly and asked:

"Well, what is it?"

"Ticket, if you please."

Caryl turned to his valet and bade him discover what it was all about, adding, as he saw the Duke's butler coming toward him.

"Oh, here's Dawkins. Dawkins what is the matter here? What does the demand for tickets mean?"

"Oh, Mr. Wilton! His grace will be delighted. Amature theatricals, sir, and very fine, sir, if I may guess."

"Amateur theatricals! Great Heaven! What have I done to deserve this? Look here, Dawkins, have I ever done you any harm?"

Dawkins shook his head with a grin.

"Well, then, say nothing about my coming—I dare say I am not expected—and let me go to my room at once. Give me anything at all to eat, and let me go to sleep. I'll be around early in the morning and nobody need know I came to-night, as I surely would not have done had I suspected that I was to run into such an abomination as amateur theatricals."

"Yes, sir—certainly sir," responded Dawkins, who had a most profound admiration for Caryl Wilton and his bored, languid manners.

"I'll make you comfortable. Thomas take the luggage and bring it upstairs. And, William, you go tell Mrs. Parker to come up to Mr. Wilton's old room at once."

It was evident enough that Mr. Caryl Wilton was a person of consideration in the house of the Duke of Beldaire. And, indeed, he was in most houses in England, for he was not merely the possessor of a great fortune, but of a name that ranked second to none in the matters of age and honor. It was a name which had refused to take a title.

When Mrs. Parker appeared in his room a few minutes later he greeted her in that way of his which was so easy and condescending, and yet forbade any approach of familiarity:

"A bad time to come, Mrs. Parker; but I am here now and cannot get away, so you must do the best you can for me."

"Lor, sir, it doesn't make any difference at all. I'll have your dinner here in no time."

"I can't hear their noise here, can I?"

"No, sir. Not a sound."

"Thank you. I shall always look upon this as one of the narrowest escapes of my life. I suppose it is Lord Algy's doing. Has he the disease very badly, Mrs. Parker?"

"Disease? Oh, you mean theatricals. Yes, sir, pretty bad, but he's done well, sir; it's a pity you wouldn't change your mind and go down. He has worked so hard—painted all the scenery himself, and taken the management himself. You ought to see how he has succeeded, sir. You wouldn't know it from a real theatre sir."

"No, I suppose not," groaned Caryl, "except for the actors and the scenery, and the properties. Oh, I know all about such things, Mrs. Parker. Well, I don't doubt you want to go down, so don't trouble about me. Francois will see that I don't starve. Anything will do. Good-night."

To be Continued.

THOSE OCEAN MOUNTAINS.

We hear persons talk about "waves mountain high," but such waves exist only in the imagination. If, on the land, you see a hill thirty-eight feet high, you would hardly call it a mountain; yet it is very seldom that an ocean wave reaches that height. An Englishman named Cornish has invented an instrument for measuring waves, and with it has made many experiments. In the Southern Indian Ocean, during a violent north-west gale, waves averaged 29 feet in height. The largest seen was 37 feet high. In the open ocean a strong wind caused waves 16 feet high. East of the Cape of Good Hope, during strong west winds, which blew with great regularity for four days, the height of the waves only increased from 19 to 22 feet, and even waves of this height are extremely rare.

NO MORE MAGERSFONTEINS.

There will be no more night attacks if military experiments prove what they promise. Trials are now being made with an illuminating shell that bursts in the air and emits a fiery body of globular shape, which vividly lights up a large area for a considerable time. The experiments are for the purpose of improving and perfecting bombs that are now made for the purpose of exposing the position of an enemy at night, and to reveal the character of defences to be attacked. These projectiles explode on impact, liberating a flaming compound. One compound, consisting of sulphur, saltpetre, and a hydrocarbon, is a blue-light mixture. The illumination lasts as long as the saltpetre supplies oxygen to maintain combustion.

That was an appropriate flower Lord Impecune wore when he was married to Miss Nuggets. I had not heard of it. What was it? A mangle.

Pale and Dejected

THE TRYING CONDITION OF MANY WOMEN.

Subject to Headaches, Dizziness and Heart Palpitation. They Grow Discouraged and Prematurely Old.

From the Review, Windsor, Ont.

"Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the only medicine that ever gave me any real benefit," said Mrs. R. K. Harris, a well known resident of Windsor, to a representative of the Review recently. "I do not know exactly what my trouble was; doctors seemed unable to tell me, though I thought myself it was consumption. I had a constant racking cough, and a constant feeling of languidness. My blood seemed to have turned to water, and I was very pale. I had a feeling in my chest as though some foreign substance was lodged there. The slightest noise made me nervous; I was dejected all the time and could not scarcely do any household work. I tried medicines, but they did not help me in the least. Doctors did not seem able to help me or tell me what ailed me, although their bills increased with alarming rapidity. I grew so weak, and so despondent that finally I decided to take a trip to Colorado to see if a change of climate would benefit me. While contemplating this trip I read in a paper one day the testimonial of a person whose symptoms were almost identical with my own, who was cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I decided to give them a trial and purchased a box. When that box was done I got another, and found gradually that the pills were helping me. The trip to Colorado was abandoned, and I continued using the pills until I had taken eight or nine boxes when I felt like an altogether different person. From a pale, thin, listless person, I became the picture of health, and felt it too. It is several years since I used the pills, and I have not had any return of the trouble. I am positive Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved me from an early grave, and I cannot recommend them too highly to those who are afflicted as I was."

It is the mission of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to make rich, red blood, nourish the nerves, tissues and various organs of the body, and thus by reaching the root of the trouble, drive disease from the system. Other medicines act only on the symptoms of the disease, and when such medicines are discontinued, the trouble returns—often in an aggravated form. If you want health and strength, be sure the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," is on the wrapper around each box. If your dealer cannot supply you the pills will be sent post-paid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

King Edward can handle a gun with the best of field shots. When in India he went in for that most exciting of sports, tiger-shooting, and it is on record that when out with Sir Jung Bahadur in Nepal he brought down six tigers in one day. There are many things far more easily imagined than Lord Salisbury carrying clay to the brick-makers for the erection of some ecclesiastical edifice. Yet, according to news which has just reached London, this is precisely what has been done by the Prime Minister of Uganda. The huge red cathedral in the capital of the Protectorate is to be replaced by a substantial structure of brick. Almost everyone appears to have lent a helping hand. The native Christians are supplying the labor, and the leading ladies—including even some of the Princesses of the Royal Household—have been cutting down forest trees for burning the bricks and carrying the fagots back upon their heads. Nay, even more: the Katikoro, who is the Prime Minister of the place, has taken the lead in digging clay for the bricks and carrying it to the brick-makers.

PHRASEOLOGICALLY CORRECT.

A young fellow who was looking for a clerkship was recently recommended to a city merchant by a Glasgow gentleman. When the two friends met some time thereafter the Glasgow man ventured to hope that his recommendation had been productive of good results.

On the contrary, replied the merchant.

You astonish me, said his friend. I thought he would suit you exactly, he was so full of go.

And so he was. He has gone off with a thousand pounds of my money.

Is it possible? And I thought he was the very man you were looking for.

You are right there. He is the very man I am looking for.

ROUGH ON SCRIBBEL.

Mirnick—I thought you said Scribbel was a good-hearted fellow.

Sinnick—Well?

Mirnick—Well, I hinted pretty strongly that I'd like to have a copy of his latest book, but he studiously ignored the request.

Sinnick—That's where he proved his kindly nature.