# Maida's

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

Etc., Etc.

CHAPTERS .- Maida Carringford the anything wrong, you two? You look illegitimate child of Sir Richard as if you were waiting for a whip-Hartleigh, meets her half-sister Con- ping, that you do." stance on a stage-coach in America. The stage is attacked and Constance is wounded. Maida leaves her for dead and goes to impersonate her in England. Caryl Wilton, who knew Maida as a famous actress, meets her at some amateur theatricals in her new home and visits the portrait Guy stirred his tea as if he meant gallery at Hartleigh Hall. He is passionately fond of her and to be often in her presence asks leave to fusion she had occasioned, began to paint her portrait. Guy, a nephew chatter and ask questions, and Guy of Sir Richard, to avoid seeing Wil- was compelled, as usual, to give an lon's admiration for the girl he exact account of the health of the thinks he loves, rides off and calls on folks at the Hall, and of every little his old nurse. He meets Mildred event which had happened there since Thorpe. Lady Gladys a rival for his last visit to the cottage. Juy's affections takes steps to unlover Maida's past.

#### CHAPTER XXII.

red with leaden heels for the lonely talk about what you like." ier parties for her. Day after day gently into her chair again. tad all been joyous to her, they now him till I come back." vere dull.

o run eight days ago.

rractice, and she had played and him. rung the music and the hymn which 'Not tired of your seclusion yet, the had played and sung that after- Miss Mildred, he asked. 100n when Guy had fallen asleep in 'Not in the very least. I am

the church. very flower among flowers she looked, say. But you look it; you look the fairest of them all. The girl quite happy." turned away from the rose-tree and "I am very happy," she assented was entering the cottage, but at that in a low voice. moment there came the sound of hor- 'Yes, you look it," he said, ure, riding a great, powerful horse, ful lips and downcast eyes. coming toward the cottage.

merely bow and ride on? She knew, sealed book to you; as if life had in that moment of intense longing, been one untroubled day, neither too what it was that had filled her mo-, bright nor too cloudy, but-" She had been looking for the second look. visit of this young squire with the 'Oh, you are wrong, quite wrong,' boyish smile.

Would he ride past? question, Guy caught sight of her. it has not been too bright-but A pleased light shone in his blue clouded." eyes, and he sent Hotspur forward in all directions.

and standing bare-headed before her. a great deal." "What a beautiful afternoon!"

who was waiting to see her put out work. her hand, at last put out his. With a little twitch of the scarlet lips, she have travelled a great deal." put her little hand into his great brown one, and felt a thrill run ed. through her, as his strong fingers closed over her soft ones, and he held them prisoners.

her hand, 'I have kept my word, voice-something American.' and very soon put yours to the test. here's the dame. Well, dame?"

exclamation. "Is it you? Oh, bring him in."

"Horse and all?" laughed Mildred, her soft eyes beaming, her cheeks 'How strange! You know, of She had not known he was so near,

blushing like roses. "Oh, that great, ugly Hotspur," from there?" said the dame. "Tie him to the

gate." 'Where he can kick all the passers- you there," he said, as if commun- fingers strayed on the keys. by," said Guy. "No, he shall go in ing with himself. "Were you ever in

the paddock; it will not be the first | San Francisco?" time," and he led the horse away.

"Only gone to her room, poor answered him in a low tone: child!"

"What's the matter? Why is she co." 'poor child?' " asked Guy, smiling. be?" said the dame. "Not at all answered: like herself, she haven't been for this -oh, this week past."

door opened and Mildred entered, a the first time I saw you I had an up her face was pale. beautiful color on her sweet face, her idea that I hah seen you before. I He looked at the brooch for a moeyes shining, her lips eloquently curv- fancied at first you were like my ment, and then held it out to her in ed in a smile of serene happiness.

ago the girl had been sitting in the co?" arm-chair, looking "like as if she were going into a decline," the dame "I don't think we had ever met be- eyes to his, a half frightened queshad said and now:

Mildred started, and looked shyly beautiful."

grew to peonies. complimenting me directly on my al- from yours."

tered appearance." "Ah, and so I will," said the laugh.

PRECEDING | isn't red now. Have you been doing

#### CHAPTER XXIII.

There was a profound silence for some moments after the dame's remark, and two beautiful roses settled on the cheeks of Mildred, while to scratch a hole in his cup. Then the dame, all unconscious of the con-

"And the old cat's dead, and that's all. Quite enough too, dame. Miss Thorpe is bored to death. Let us talk of something else."

"Very well, my dear," laughed the Time, that flew with fleet wings for | dame: "I'm going to clear the things he petted heiress of the Hail, drag- away; you and Miss Mildred can then

With a little laugh and a heighten-Eight days had passed since Guy ed color, Mildred arose, and taking and sat in the easy, chintz-lined up her work, went and sat beside the thair-eight long days; and in the open door, but she did not offer to ifternoon of the eighth, Mildred came talk. Guy leaned back and watched in at the gate, and slowly walked her, his head resting on his hand, his tlong the hall, into which she used thoughts roaming here and there aimlessly, a feeling of repose, very She had been to the church to novel and grateful, stealing over

quite content." A perfect picture she made as she ("Quite content!" He nodded and paused beside the autumn roses. A sighed. "That's a great thing to

se's hoofs on the gravel of the lane, thoughtfully, "nconsciously gazing at and, turning, she saw a stalwart fig- her sweet face, with its soft, reposelook as if the world, with all its fal-Was he going to stop, or would he sities and disappointments, were a

notonous life with a vague sense of He paused suddenly, for at his gladness-of sweet, melancholy plea- words the color left her cheeks, and sure-of infinite, dream-like longings. she raised her eyes with a troubled

has been very hard and sad for me till now; perhaps that is why I am Suddenly, as she asked herself the | so content. Not too bright-ah, no,

"You will forgive me," he said with a spring, scattering the gravel "but sometimes, when I am thinking of you' -she colored faintly and low- marry-if he kept his promise-to he cried, dropping from his horse, have an idea that you have travelled willing to marry Constance—had giv- SUNDAY CLOSING IN FRANCE. are in vogue among the natives of "Good-afternoon, good-afternoon," ered her head at those words-"I marry Constance. And he had been

She looked up with a hesitating She murmured something, and Guy, glance, and then went on with her

"Yes," she said reluctantly,

"I thought so," he gently respond-"Why?"

"I scarcely know. For one thing, because I sometimes fancied I de-

slowly said. "I thought so," said Guy frankly, he sighed.

"Yes, I know," she assented.

A shade of white passed over her When he came back Mildred had face, and she looked at him with a know of no one who can compare strangely searching glance. Her fin- with you-"

"Where's Miss Thorpe?" he asked. gers paused in their task, and she

"When?" demanded Guy, eagerly.

"In July."

cousin Constance. Is it possible that his open palm; and as she touched it The dame stared. Half an hour we could have met in San Francis- with the tips of the soft white hand,

fore the other day, and it must be tioning in them. "Heart alive!" exclaimed the dame that I am like some one you have Some word trembled on Guy's lip,

"Come, dame, don't be personal," colored and went on, blunderingly, ed aside. said Guy, banteringly. "You'll be "hers is a different style of beauty



Preacher-' Well, Tommy, how did your papa like my sermon yester-

He said he always did like that sermon." Tommy-Fine.

will you?"

said, still smiling.

to the piano. softly into song.

thought; "she is lovely-lovably Guy. de end and protect her, there would her hand imprisoned in his?

ever he may be." the idea of a possible lover for Miss perplexity and embarrassment, crisp, golden hair, and the frank, she said, in a startled voice. 'Life piano. She was playing softly, a she would go out for a walk. sort of running accompaniment to matter little to her which way she

did not hear him approach. so near her that it almost touched leigh village. her arm, a strange, wistful, troubled feeling possessing him. He was to en her his love; but she had coldly thrust it aside. Her coldness had made him miserable, the air of mystery and reserve had chilled him and "| saddened him; and now, at the critical moment, he meets this beautiful creature, a faint shadow of Constance, with all the tenderness and meek maidenliness which to him Constance lacked.

Was he fickle? He could scarcely of them gave a favorable response "You see." he said, still holding tected a little foreign accent in your accuse himself of that. For one by putting up their shutters at once. thing, he was not in love with this It is notable that not a single dis-Once again she glanced at him with sweet young creature yet. He liked orderly incident occurred. The Sun-Will you give me a cup of tea?. Ah, the half-troubled, half fearful look, her, in a friendly way, and she ex- day closing movement in France has as if wondering if he suspected any- erted a soothing, quieting influence of late made enormous strides, and falling fish can easily be caught "What, Master Guy!" was the glad thing she would not have him know. over him, but he was quite sure that its effect may be seen even in Paris in this way. "I have been in America," she he did not love her. He thought of itself. Constance as he looked at her, and

course, that I have not long returned and, looking around with a little start, was in time to see the troubled, perplexed look in his handsome "It would be singular if I had met face. Her voice faltered, and her

"I am tiring you," she said, and her hands dropped into her lap. "Don't talk like that," he said. "I

He stopped in confusion and she looked up at him with a frightened "Yes, I have been in San Francis- flush. Then she bent her head timidly and looked down. As she did so her brooch—a little silver bird—fell "Why, don't you see how pale she she hesitated, and then reluctantly from her throat to the floor. She bent, and put out her hand to recover it, and in doing so touched his "Pale!" said Guy, incredulously, with a tone of pleased surprise; "why flew to both their faces as she drew come back. Well, I don't know. I ladies who said they suffered from a and looked up significantly as the I was there in July. Do you know, her hand back; but when he looked always give them bread when they peculiarly irritable kind of headache

his fingers closed on hers.

"No, no," she answered, hastily. With a sudden quiver she raised her

"Why, bless the boy! if he! "I am unused to such compliments"! When she looked around afterward breeding and refinement.

says. Ah!" and he sighed, "if she cottage won his heart? Why, else, trial." were only suffering from some wrong, had he been on the point of telling and wanted someone to right her-to her so at that moment when he held better title comes to take her away groaned and dug the spurs into Hotis sure to come sooner or later. Son | reared and plunged forward in a mad curate, or-or-confound him! who-|gallop.

As for Mildred, she could not leap He broke off, and, too disturbed by into the saddle and ride away her Thorpe, he arose and went to the she caught up a white shawl and said addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine her thoughts it seemed to him, and took, and it was not until she had gone some distance that she realized Guy stood looking at her, his hand that she had turned toward Hart-

To be Continued.

A very remarkable demonstration took place recently at Nimes. About 1,100 shopkeepers' assistants and employes marched the streets of the ancient city, bearing banners with the inscription, "Buy nothing on Sundays." Many of the shops were closed, and those that were opened were respectfully summoned to follow the good example. Nearly all

### HORSES OF THE WORLD.

There are in the whole world about 75,000,000 horses and 11,000,000 mules and asses. They are distributed as follows: Europe, 39,400,000 horses, 3,200 mules, etc.; America, 22,800,000 horses, 4,700,000 mules, etc.; Asia, 9,100,000 horses. 1,-300,000 mules, etc.; Africa, 1,000,-000 horses, 1,900,000 mules, etc.; Australia, 2,300,000 horses. In the United States there were, January 1, 1900, 13,500,000 horses and 2, 000,000 mules and asses.

I don't believe in feeding tramps at a straw hat on a windy day.

#### LONDON LANGUAGE FAD.

gazing at her admiringly. "What a seen; though," she added, with a a world of passionate longing shone Language in a big city is constantgirl it is! Why and where have you smile, "I do not think it can be Miss in his eyes; then he remembered Con- ly changing, says a writer in a progotten those roses in your cheeks?" Hartleigh, because they say she is so stance and his promise to Sir Rich- minent London Journal, and the ard, and, as if with a sudden effort, slang of the streets of yesterday offrom one to the other, and the roses 'No more,' answered Guy, hastily he let her draw her hand away, and ten becomes the polite conversation feel in keeping such a thing poised on and with some vehemence, and then with tightly compressed lips he turn- of next year. Years ago the elimination of the final "g" was considered With a long breath, either of relief the prerogative of the uneducated. or regret, she let her fingers touch Recently, adds this writer, this cus-She stopped him with a merry the keys, to gain time and compos- tom has been annexed by the upper Europe, between Paris and Arras, classes and accounted a sign of good 1194 miles in 2 hours, 10 r, inutes-

## RHEUMATIC PAINS.

CAUSED BY AN IMPURE CON-DITION OF THE BLOOD.

If Neglected They Will Grow Worse and Serious Trouble Will Follow-Rheumatism Can be Permanently Cured.

From the Telegraph, Quebec.

Rheumatism is one of the most common and at the same time one of the most painful affections from which humanity suffer. It affects the joints and muscles, and is characterized, even in its simplest form, by a dull constant pain. While it remains in the joints and muscles, it is sufficiently painful and distressing, but as it is liable to attack the vital organs, such as the heart, the disease becomes a source of danger, and in many instances it has proved fatal. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills possess qualities for the cure of this disease which are unequalled by any other medicine. Mr. Cyrus Lamond, a well known resident of Stadacona, Que., bears testimony to the wonderful curative powers of these pills. To a reporter of the Telegraph, he gave the following story:-"Until some three years ago I always enjoyed the best of health, but about that time I was attacked with what proved from the outset to be a severe case of rheumatism, from which

I suffered great torture. I tried a she said; "to any indeed, so I do Guy was gone, and a minute later number of the supposed cures for this firl at the little cottage at Loug- "Let me help you, dame," said the not know what to say. Of course I she heard the sound of his horse disease, but none of them benefited iam. There were no picnics, no din- girl, rising, but the dame pushed her am very much obliged, Mr. Hart- tearing up the lane. Then the music me. I seemed to be constantly growleigh," and she laughed again in a suddenly ceased, and her face went ing worse, so I called in a physician, vore away, each like its fellow, and Sit still, my dear; he'll be off manner which indicated that she did down and was hidden in her hands. but as his treatment did not give whereas but a few days ago the days like a shot if he's left alone. Keep not set much store by what he had Guy rode like a man fleeing from me relief, I sought the assistance of some terrible temptation, but the two other doctors, but they also "That's right," he said, cheerfully. look in those soft, melting brown failed to help me. My appetite left "I wanted to hear you laugh. And eyes went with him and haunted him. me; my strength gradually ebbed if you are so much obliged you can That touch of her warm hand on his away; one of my legs was drawn out show it by singing something for me, cheek-why had it sent the blood of shape, and I was never free from surging through him and made his pain. I was in despair of ever being "I don't think you deserve it," she heart beat so wildly? Could it be well again, when one day a relative possible that he loved her? He had brought me a box of Dr. Williams' She arose, nevertheless, and went only seen her twice or thrice-knew Pink Pills and urged me to take nothing of her except that she was them. He seemed to have such great Guy leaned his head against the loth to mention the past. And Con- confidence in the pills that I deterdoor-post and watched her, as her stance!-what was to be done about mined to follow his advice. To-day I white, slender fingers glided over the her? It was true that she showed am happy that I did so, for with the keys, and the exquisite voice rose no signs of accepting him if he pro- use of less than a dozen boxes of posed to her; but still, he had prom- these pills the pain from which I suf-"She is not only beautiful," he ised, and the promise was sacred to fered so much is all gone, and I feel stronger and healthier than I did bebeautiful. What a hard world it is. | And that thought took him to the fore This I owe to Dr. Williams' But what can I do for her? Noth- one of love. Did he love Constance, Fink Pills, and I would strongly ing. She is happy and content, she or had the sweet-faced girl at the urge similar sufferers to give them a

> Experience has proved Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to be without an Well, equal as a blood builder and nerve You be some comfort in that-for me. I then, he did love her. But what restorer. It is this power of acting could do something then. But to be right had he to even think of her if directly on the blood and nerves that her friend only till some one with a he was pledged to another. He enables these pills to cure such discases as rheumatism, sciatica, neu--she's very beautiful, and some one spur's sides till that noble beast ralgia, locomotor ataxia, paralysis, and all the ordinary diseases of the blood and nerves. These pills are sold by all dealers in medicine, or can be had by mail, postpaid, at 50c a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by It Co., Brockville, Ont.

> > PRIMITIVE FISHING.

How Fish Are Caught By The Natives of The Congo.

Primitive methods of catching fish the water and occasionally fish with a hook and line, but their favorite instruments of destruction are funnels, shaped somewhat like ordinary eel pots, from which no fish, having

once entered, can escape. A small funnel of this kind is called a "nsoso" and is made of thin strips of palm. A fish can easily enter, but as soon as he tries to get out he finds the exit barred by the ends of the strips, which come together just inside the broad entrance. When the water is rising

Larger and longer funnels, known as "nswa," are also used. They are made of broad strips of palm or of branches of other trees, and are found very effective in rapidly flowing rivers. First, the river is dammed, and then a number of openings are made in it, behind which the "nswas" are placed. Through the force of the current the fish are driven into the openings, and once there they cannot get out.

Some of the fish caught in these funnels are of enormous size, frequently, indeed, so large that two boys find it no easy task to carry one of them home.

#### LADIES' HATS AND HEADACHE.

A medical man recently published a the door, said Mrs. West. You feed letter in which he stated that he had them once, and they are sure to been called in by several married ever knew a tramp to come a second them. The husbands of nearly all of time. Oh, well, Mrs. Yeast, you them told him privately that they make your own bread, do you not ? had never found their wives so dis-This was all that was said, and yet agreeably snappish-anything seemed Mrs. Yeast went down the street like to annoy them, especially when they had their hats on. When the correspondent in question asked to see these hats he found them very much alike-large structures of straw, with masses of flowers and ribbons towering high into the air. The weight in itself was too heavy for the delicate cranium of a woman, but worst of all was the anxiety the lady must her head.

> France has the quickest train in 55 miles an hour.