Maida's

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

" A Heart's Bitterness," Btc., Etc.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING And-and, Guy, I think, I am almost CHAPTERS .- Maida Carringford the sure, she returns your love." Illegitimate child of Sir Richard Guy looked up with a sudden start Hartleigh, meets her half-sister Con- of consternation, which the old man stance on a stage-coach in America. | took for one of surprise. The stage is attacked and Constance s wounded. Maida leaves her for boy," he said. "A father's eyes are lead and goes to impersonate her in sharp, and can penetrate the veil England. Caryl Wilton, who knew which a young, pure-hearted Maida as a famous actress, meets her strives to throw over her love. She at some amateur theatricals in her new home and visits the portrait For my sake join hands, as you have gallery at Hartleigh Hall. He is passionately fond of her and to be often in her presence asks leave to paint her portrait. Guy, a nephew of Sir Richard, to avoid seeing Wil- ness. What is to prevent it?" Lon's admiration for the girl he thinks he loves, rides off and calls on his old nurse. He meets Mildred Thorpe. Lady Gladys a rival for noticed his weak state, realized that Guy's affections takes steps to uncover Maida's past. Maida dismisses remembered his own promise. Wilton.

CHAPTER XXVI.

smoking a cigar in the gallery. On the sweet face he had had so near darling, and that is to be spared to dawn on the north. Psalm lxiv., the morrow the long-looked-for ex- his own but a few hours ago, and incursion to the Titan's Shield was to wardly suffered that anguish which come off, and, as an early hour or only the man can comprehend who two in the fields had been planned, has deliberately sacrificed all his the male visitor's, all ardent sports- hopes of happiness in this world. men, had gone to rest.

friendless little organist there.

stood his promise; on the other, the would have seen through it. sweet face which had haunted him "Heaven bless you, Guy!" said the since the first moment he had seen it. old man, brokenly. "I was not de-There was no longer any doubt that ceived in you. But do not think I he loved her. He would gladly have could have done this if I had not sacrificed any material consideration known, almost surely, that it would to have secured her for his own; but come back to you. I know she loves what was he to do with his promise you, Guy." to his uncle? He knew that the old | Guy sighed inwardly. But a few man had set his heart on the mar- days ago he would have feared that riage between his daughter and ne- his uncle was deceived. phew, and, with all he owed him, dreaded lest he was not. could he ask him to release him of "Come, let me do your wooing for his promise?

made the sacrifice less bitter; but he and see if she is still up. If she is, knew she did not love him, and he ask her to come to me. You shall shuddered to think of a marriage | hear it from her own lips." under such circumstances. And yet | Guy slowly left the room. It was could he do so?

self the same question, and, all he robe of some soft material. He was still wrestling with eyes fell upon him. the problem, with no nearer approach his presence in the library

Guy went at once, glad of a respite from the vexing question. There was a dim light from a reading lamp in the library, and Guy entered in his usual direct fashion.

voice dropped suddenly as he crossed | She looked keenly at him, and, no- see him like this." the room, and he hurried up to the chair with an expression of concern, for Sir Richard was sitting, lying rather, in his usual arm-chair, his face white and drawn, his hands lying on his knees, supine and limp. "Uncle, you are ill!" he cried, an-

xiously. "Yes, yes; but never mind that

now. Where is Constance?"

"She has gone to her rooms. Do you want her, sir? I can fetch her." The old man looked wistfully at the door, and then at Guy, but held his hand as Guy arose.

"No, not yet-I want to say a few words to you alone first. Guy, do you remember the night you started to seek her?"

"Quite well, sir. But are you sure

you ought to allow--"

"You are alarmed at my state. It is nothing unusual. Let it pass, Guy, and listen. You have not forgotten the bargain we made that night, Guy?"

"I have not forgotten, sir." "It was a solemn engagement, was it not. Guy? Neither of us knew then what the future would bring forth. But now that I know, I am as much concerned to have the engagement fulfilled as I was then when I thought it might mean the whole future of my wronged child. I am so anxious that I cannot rest longer in this uncertainty. Guy,"and his voice quivered appealingly-"I am an old man, tottering, waiting on the brink of that dark river which all must cross. The grim ferryman will be here directly-how soon I cannot tell. Already I hear the splash of his oars, catch glimpses of his black boat. Guy, I cannot cross contented and resigned until I see the dearest nope of my life fulfilled."

He bent forward in his eagerness Guy was about to speak when the

old man stopped him.

'Don't speak; hear me out, Guy. Since the night of her return-a blessed night for me-I have watched you-her and you, Guy. Neither of you can be completely happy; there seems to be some difference between hand to her lips. you. What is the barrier? You love her, Guy; I saw that long ago-and mured, "it is as I have wished, as I indeed it would be wonderful if you have longed it might be. You love Only 73 in 1,000 letters delivered fly at the rate of ninety-two miles an home?"

"This is no time for modesty, my loves you, Guy. Why-why wait? joined hearts, and let me go hence in peace and contentment. I have only one thought-for your joint happi-

Rapidly, as the old man talked, Guy ran over in his mind the weight of obligation he was under to him, he was not long for this world, and

"Nothing on my part shall prevent it," he said.

As he said the words he felt that A couple of hours later Guy was his own dearest hopes. He recalled

Sir Richard, unconscious of the Guy sat alone, his eyes half closed, self-abnegation of his nephew, exhis thoughts wandering to the little tended his hand gratefully, and with cottage at Lougham, and the sweet, a certain sort of congratulation, too, and Guy grasped it with what fervor He had done his best, during his he could assume. Poor Guy! It was long ride, to make up his mind and his first attempt at dissimulation, arrive at some decision. On one side and any other than the old man

To-day he

you, Guy. She is a strange girl-If she had loved him it would have poor darling. Let me- Go Guy,

his promise! If Constance did not as if he was going to call his own ask to be released-if she was willing executioner. He went up the stairs to yield for her father's sake-how and knocked at her door, expecting cine here, sir," and he went to a her maid to open it. What shall I that Maida herself did so. She had him. Let me try the effect of this, thrown off her magnificent evening sir," and he forced some dark fluid For hours he had been asking him- dress, and was clad in a clinging between the thin, white lips, could answer was that he had prom- face was pale, but flushed as her Guy, agitatedly.

Has anything happened?"

about to be required of her.

went down stairs.

door of the library, looking in at her guidly aside. father. Then, as she noticed his at- "No. Harkins," he said; "my titude, and grasped the tale it told daughter and Mr. Guy will help me. of weakness, she glided across the We-have-kept-our secret a long room and fell at his knees.

"Father!" Guy told you?"

She shook her head, her eyes fast- he murmured, and passed in. ened on his face.

speak for him better than he can down on the mat, and leaned her speak for himself. Constance, he head against the door. loves you."

With a slight start she drew her "leave me here." head back and looked at him; and Guy stooped with a look of alarm then, with her hands clasped on his and raised her in his arms. knees, drooped her head and was si- "Come," he said, gently, "you lent. He lovingly passed his white, cannot stay here." trembling hand over the thick tress- "Yes, it is my place! I am his

es of her beautiful hair. repeated, in a low voice. "Are you would never do to let her remain glad or sorry? I cannot see your there, he said: has not told you himself? It is be- you will be my wife. Come!" and look since-since you came back her room. to me-I do not think you will say you are sorry. So sure am I, that I have asked him to let me have the happiness-which should be his-of first hearing from your own lips that the great hope of my life will be realized. Tell me that it is so, Con-You do not speak, darling? You are started in business.

not surprised, not-not sorry?" At the sharp alarm and dread in at since ?" his voice she looked up and drew his

"My child, my Constance," he murand fail to love, to worship her? how anxiously, how impatiently I abroad.

have waited for this moment, you would realize how sweet, how glad a one it is to me. Constance I have watched you for months, hung on your every word and look, watching for some sign that would tell me that everything was going well with my great desire. Then you do love relatives who enquired what was to him and will be his wife?"

asked in a low voice.

is the dearest wish of my life." "Then-then," she said, slowly, gone a long journey. and with a strange and ghastly look, "I will do it."

"Thank Heaven!" he murmured, day appointed." brokenly. "Ah, if you knew how Under Kruger rule, every South

He smoothed her hair caressingly. never spoken of your mother-" will be released. Psalm xxii., 21, drew her closer to him. "It is too me from the horns of the unicorns." late now. I did her a great wrong, De Wet heliographed Cronje the Constance-no wife was more foully same day at 12:20 p. m.; "President led. Go, dear; he is waiting."

She arose, and, with slow, falterin the hall, and came toward her. Sir Richard arose, and, steadying himself by the table, pointed to her.

said, and sank into his chair again. graphed, "Psalm xx., 7":-Guy turned to Constance. With lowered eyes she held out her hand, which he took mechanically. Almost on the same instant she withdrew it from him and threw herself on her of the 26th, General Cronje helioknees beside Sir Richard with a cry graphed: "The enemy has been enor-

The old man's head had fallen for- Psalm iii., 1":ward and his eyes were closed. had fainted. Guy sprang forward to the bell, and Sir Richard's man entered. With a comprehensive glance

"Send for a doctor at once," said Guy; but the man hesitated.

said, with a grave concern. "Sir Richard has been taken ill like this, off and on, for the last ten years. He's seen the doctor, sir," and he can't do anything. There's a medismall cabinet, "which I always give

"For more than ten years!" said "Why have you not told me?"

"I thought it was my maid," she "I dared not, sir," said the man, to a solution, when a messenger said. Then with a look of appre-respectfully. "Sir Richard's orders came to say that Sir Richard wished hension: "Is anything the matter? were too strict. He never liked any fuss, as he called it, and was averse "No," answered Guy. "Your fa- to anyone knowing of these attacks. ther is not quite well, but is not He will be all rigjt directly, sir; it's seriously ill. It is not for that his heart. He is coming to, now. that he sends for you. Will you say If-if you will pardon me, I think to him that I shall be in the dining- you had better leave him to me, sir. "Do you want me, sir?" But his room in case he should want me?" Sir Richard doesn't like anyone to

ticing his downcast eyes, leaped Guy arose, troubled and sorrowful, quickly to a suspicion of what was but Maida still clung to the old man's arm. Slowly he opened his "I will tell him," she said, and eyes, looked down at Maida with an ineffable tenderness, and then, as the She stood for a moment at the valet came forward, waved him lan-

while, but it is out now."

Guy and Maida raised him between "It is nothing, nothing, my dar- them, and, with an arm on each, he ling," he murmured. "Don't be went slowly along the corridor to frightened. Not a word about my- his room. At the door he turned self-not yet, at least. Has-has and laid his hands on their heads. · "Heaven bless you, my children!"

Guy put his hand out to Maida, "It is as well," he said. "I can but with a strange look she sank

"No, no," she said, brokenly;

daughter! His daughter!" "He loves you, my darling," he He hesitated a moment, but as it

eyes. Are you wondering why he "Yes, you are his daughter, but cause I asked him to let me do so. At the word wife she started, look-Constance, if I know you-if I have ed at him fiercely, then turned her not uselessly dwelt upon every word head away, and let him lead her to

It was a strange betrothal. To be Continued.

WHAT IT'S COMING TO.

Master (to journeyman joiner)-Do stance. He loves-my good, honest, you call yourself a workman, and straightforward Guy-as only such a turn out a job like that? Have you time which snow lies on the ground, man can love. And how great such ever served any time at the trade? a love can be, you cannot even con- Man-Aye, I served a proper ap- its of the people. jecture, but you will learn in time. prenticeship long afore you ever

Master-Well, what have you been

Man-Well, I've been out on strike pretty well ever since.

THE BIBLE AS A WAR CODE.

How Aptly Chosen Texts Have Been Used in South Africa.

Mr. Kruger's cable to his Pretoria be done with the ex-President's house "Would it make you happy?" she now it was no longer tenanted by the late Mrs. Kruger, was: "Read Pro-"Happier than words can say. It verbs, vii, verses 19, 20":- "For the goodman is not at home, he has

> "He hath taken a bag of money with him, and will come home at the

happy you have made me! It was African editor found the Bible an the one thing wanting. Could I die indispensable book of reference, most and leave my child without a pro- proclamations from Pretoria contector-leave her to buffet the world taining Biblical allusions. The latand all its misfortunes alone? No, est cable sent by Mr. Kruger has no. Now, I am content. With Guy now prompted a correspondent to a by your side you are safe in a haven Leeuwarhen (Holland) paper to enumerate a number of Scriptural mes-"Safe!" she murmured, with a sages exchanged by the Boer leaders sudden start. "Yes: I shall be just before the surrender of Cronje.

On February 25, 1900, Mr. Kruger te'egraphed to General Christian "Yes, I can cross the river, now, De Wet (who was to rescue Cronje): darling, feeling that some atonement - "Notify Cronje that large reinhas been made. Constance, I have forcements are on the road, and he With a sudden start she shrank from which reads: "Save me from the him, but he held her in his arms and lion's mouth, for Thou hast heard

misjudged by her husband; but-but telegraphs, "Stand firm, large reinhe had sounded the knell of I can make some atonement to her forcements are approaching. As soon which will thoroughly and effectively child. I have only one wish left, my as they arrive we shall attack at see you Guy's wife, and the future Cronje replied with Psalm xx., 7. Lady Hartleigh. Call him, Con- also mentioning incidentally that his stance. Let me see you join hands, food supplies were getting short, to and feel that my hope will be fulfil- which the ingenious De Wet retorted; 'Psalm lix., 15":-

"Let them wander up and down ing steps, opened the door. Guy was for meat, and grudge if they be not

But Cronje grew impatient; De Wet's promised convoy of food was "Take her, Guy-she is yours," he long in coming, and he again helio-

"Some trust in chariots and some in horses; but we will remember the name of the Lord our God."

No relief coming on the morning mously reinforced; I am hard pressed

"Lotd, how are they increased that trouble me! Many are they that rise up against me."

The unhappy general's final meshe took in the situation in a mo- sage to De Wet was at 4:10 on the afternoon of the 26th: "Bombardment terrible; enormous losses. Majority of the burghers clamoring for "I don't think it's much, sir," he capitulation. Psalm lx., 11":-

"Lord give us help from trouble, for vain is the help of man."

heliographed to both De Wet and had not taken the pills long before I Cronje: "Psalm lxiii., 9, 10, 11":- | could see that my hopes for recovery destroy it shall go into lower parts had taken half a dozen boxes all of the earth.

shall be a portion for foxes.

everyone that sweareth by him shall saying that I think that Dr. Wilglory but the mouth of them that liams' Pink Pills are the best known speak lies shall be stopped."

aptly chosen, and in many cases con- them a trial. vey the meaning of the sender as perfectly as a long message sent over | best teacher," might well be applied the wires in the usual way



Preacher-"When you're tempted to drink, think of your wife at home." Henpeck-"I do-and that's what drives me to drink.

BLIND PEOPLE IN RUSSIA.

There are more than twice as many blind persons in Russia as in the whole rest of Europe. They number 190,000, which is equivalent to two in every 1,000 of the population. In France and England the proportion is not quite one per 1,000. It is believed that blindness in Russia is so prevalent because of the length of and also owing to the uncleanly hab- mous runs of 1893.

SPEED OF BIRDS.

lows, when emigrating, is not less assuage the pangs of hunger by dethan fifty miles an hour; so that, vouring bread. At last, his patience when aided by the wind, they soon quite exhausted, the little fellow reach warmer latitudes. It has also said : "Papa, why can't you kick up been calculated that the swallow can a jolly row, the san's as you do at tribes at that of 150 miles an hour! liers to 1 widower.

The Lesson of Health

IS ONE TAUGHT US BY THE EXPERIENCE OF CTHERS.

Learn This Lesson Well and the Ravages of Disease Will No Longer Be So Prevalent - The Story of One Who Has Been Benefited and Who Offers Her Experience To Aid Others.

From L'Sorelois, Sorel, Que.

Among the multitude of ailments that afflict humanity there are few that cause more acute misery than indigestion or dyspepsia, as it is variously called. Both young and old are susceptible to its attacks, and its victims throughout the country are numbered by tens of thousands. Among the disagreeable symptoms which accompany dyspepsia and make it easily recognizable, are weight, uneasiness and a heavy feeling in the stomach after eating. a feeling of weariness, sick headache and dizziness, pains in the stomach, offensive breath, irritability, etc. Ordinary medicines will not cure dyspepsia. They may relieve its symptoms temporarily, but the trouble always returns and each time in an intensified form. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the only medicine cure dyspepsia. These pills act not merely upon the symptoms, but on the disease itself through the blood, hence through the stomach, which is strengthened and restored to its normal functions.

Mrs. Alp. Lussier, a lady well known in Sorel, Que., is one of the many who have been released from the clutches of dyspepsia through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and in the hope that her experience will be of benefit to some other sufferer she gives the following story for publication: "For over two years I was a sufferer from dyspepsia or bad indigestion. The disease became chronic and I was an almost continual sufferer from headaches, heartburn and heart palpitation. All sense of taste left me and at times my stomach was so weak that I was unable to keep any food on it, and this caused me more distress than one could imagine. Although I tried several remedies, none of them gave me any relief, and I began to regard my life as a burden, rather than a joy as it should be. One day while reading I came across a case similar to my own, cured through the use of Dr. Williams' But this message was captured by Pink Pills, so in the hope the Lord Roberts, who is generally cred- would receive similar benefit I deited on the Continent with having cided to give the pills a trial. I "But those that seek my soul to were being realized. By the time I symptoms of the trouble had disap-"They shall fall by the sword; they peared and I was able to enjoy life as I did before being seized with the "But the king shall rejoice in God; malady. I have no hesitation in cure for dyspepsia, and I would Most of the verses have been most strongly advise all sufferers to give

The old adage, "Experience is the in cases of dyspepsia, and if sufferers would only be guided by the experience of those who have suffered but are now well and happy through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, there would be less suffering throughout the land. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills can be had at all dealers in medicine or by mail, post paid, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

SALMON RIVER RUNS DRY

Fish Waiting for a Chance to Ascend the Miramichi.

The news that comes from the Miramichi Itiver, N. B., one of the greatest salmon streams of New Brunswick, must prove somewhat tantalizing to fly fishermen, who found the sport rather below the avorage there this season. Now the lower waters of the Miramichi are teeming with splendid fish. This is due to a most unusual state of af-

No rain has fallen in the watershed of the Miramichi for the past three months, and the northwest and southwest branches are extraordinarily low. For nearly 200 miles, indeed, they are almost dry, so that the salmon are unable to move up to their accustomed spawning grounds. The fish have gathered in unprecedented numbers in the tidal waters of the river, and the attention of the Department of Fisheries has been called to the fact that there is likely to be wholesale destruction of the salmon unless measures are taken to prevent it.

Nothing like the present condition of affairs has been known on the river for more than twenty years. Moreover, the runs of fish on the Miramichi have been greater this season that they have since the fa-

The other night Robinson was dining at a friend's house with his It is said that the speed of swal- little son, the latter endeavering to

Who could live near her him Constance? Ah, if you knew in the United Kingdom come from hour and hawks and several other Of men who marry, 10 are bache-