

# Maida's Secret.....

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

## CHAPTER XXVIII.—Continued.

Forgetting the narrowness of the ledge, and her own danger, she bounded forward and knelt beside him.

His face was white, his eyes closed. She thought he was dead, and all the love that she had so carefully repressed went out to him, as with a low wail she threw herself on him and pressed her cheek to his, her lips to his.

Not a word passed her lips—in that supreme moment all power of thought or speech seemed to desert her.

Last night she had for the second time sent him from her—had bidden him go forever, and he had obeyed her and gone to his death. She could never send him away again.

For an age it seemed she crouched thus, then suddenly a thrill ran through her, and she shrank away from him. She had felt the heart beating beneath her arm, the dark, mournful eyes were fixed on her, open and staring in confusion.

With a low, eager cry of hope she tried to rise, but he put out a weak hand and feebly held her.

"Not yet—not yet," he muttered, a spasm of pain crossing his white, handsome face. "So, it is really you! Oh, do not leave me! No, it is a dream."

For she had drawn her arm away, and, as she did so, his head fell back and his eyes closed. Then her voice came back to her.

"No, no!" she cried. "It is I, Constance! I am not going. Oh, what shall I do?"

—And she sprang to her feet and looked eagerly along the beach. Her voice roused him again, and, with a great effort, he raised himself on his arm, but still staring at her.

"Constance?" he said.

"Yes—yes, it is I," she answered, looking down at him in wild agitation. "Let me go for help; there are others there below us. Oh! How did you come here? Are you much hurt? Let me go?"

"No," he said, staying her with a feeble grasp of her gown, "do not go for a minute. Let me have you all alone for a few seconds. I—I am not much hurt. How came you up here alone?"

"What does that matter?" she cried, wringing her hands. "How did you come here, and—how did this happen?"

He beckoned her to come nearer, and in her agitation she could not disobey.

"I obeyed you," he faintly said. "I left the castle this morning. But I knew you were coming here, and—and it was weak and foolish, but I thought I could come here by a by-path, and get a last look at you."

With a sudden, crimson flush, she hid her face in her hands. He raised himself until his face was on a level with her shoulder.

"I heard you coming down the path—I was just in front; and thinking you would be displeased, I struck off by one of the narrow paths. I slipped somewhere above this and fell here. Constance, you have saved my life."

With a low sob she still hid her face. Then she sprang up.

"Now let me go for them," she pleaded, for he still held her dress.

"You have saved my life," he said, with a faint smile. "You cannot still insist on making it a curse to me. Constance do not go away from me again. I—I felt your dear face against mine—surely I did not dream it. I did not dream that you loved me. Constance—my Constance!"

With a shudder she drew her dress from his hand, and shrank from him like a guilty creature.

"No, no," she murmured, "I—I—you do not know. Let me go. They are down there. Oh, let me go!"

"Who?" he asked, eyeing her with a suspicious light in his dark eyes all the darker for the black line which pain had drawn around them. "Let them be!" he said, almost wildly. "Constance, I would rather lie here and die than live without you. Can

you swear you do not love me?" he groaned out, grasping at her.

With a sudden pallor she put his hands from her.

"No, no!" she said. "For your sake, no. It is too late. I—I—"

"Too late!" he echoed, hoarsely. Then a fierce light flashed across his face, followed by a dull, deadened despair. "You have promised yourself to him—to Guy Hartleigh?"

He fell back, white and death-like. With a loud scream, Constance sprang along the ledge and down the narrow path along the beach, crying for help at every step. Loud shouts of alarm arose in answer, and Guy and the rest came dashing toward her.

When they came she could only point above her, but Guy understood, and making his way up the cliff, was soon kneeling beside the unconscious man.

"Hi! you fellows!" he shouted, leaning over; "don't come up here—you can do no good yet. Go around to the point and hail the boat, then two of you come up—the two strongest."

They hailed the boat and two of them went up to him.

"Why, great Heaven! It's Caryl Wilton," exclaimed one. "How on earth did he get here?"

"Don't know," said Guy, quietly—he was always cool in moments of danger. "Is it more important to know how to get him away from here?"

As gently as possible they lifted him, and with no little danger to themselves carried him down the narrow path to the beach. There they made as comfortable a bed for him as they could with their coats, and two of them volunteered to row the boat.

"I will go," said Guy, and he jumped in and took his place in the boat.

Then as he seized an oar, he said: "We shall row to the point. The first man who gets to the top of the cliff, send a carriage to the point—send a wagonette. The dog-cart can go on to Lougham, to Dame Chester's—she must find a room in one of the cottages; the castle will be too far. Now, then!"

And with a strong stroke he sent the boat toward the point.

Long before they gained the point Caryl came to, but he still looked so white and haggard that when Lord Algy, who had come down in the wagonette, first caught sight of him, he sent up a cry of alarm and sorrow.

"My dear old man!" he cried, leaning over him as they laid him on the floor of the wagonette, "are you much hurt? How did this happen?"

For the first time Caryl spoke. On regaining consciousness in the boat, Guy's face and voice had been the first to greet him, and he had turned his head away in silence; but now he explained:

"Don't alarm yourself, my dear Algy; it was all my fault. Cliff-climbing is not my vocation, I find. How did I get there? By the quickest and simplest route—by falling. It beats an express train, my dear boy. Oh, you mean what brought me to the cliff at all? Well, you see, I could not resist this picnic of yours, and when I had got half way to the station I turned back and made straight for the Titan's what-you-call-it."

"But why didn't you wait for us?" asked Lord Algy, anxiously.

"Oh, my! don't ask me any more questions," he retorted testily. "What does it matter? What does anything matter, if it comes to that? Where are you taking me?"

"I sent on to get you a room at Lougham," said Guy. "There's an old nurse of ours out that way; you couldn't be in better hands."

"All right," was the response, given with languid indifference; "that will do famously." Then he added, looking around, "You fellows have had an awful trouble. I'm very grateful."

## CHAPTER XXIX.

Going at a walking pace they

reached Lougham. There one of the grooms, who had gone on with the dog cart, met them and told them that Dame Chester had prepared a room in the cottage and was waiting for them. Guy looked up with a sudden start. He had not intended that they should go to her cottage, but it was too late to alter arrangements, even if he had wished to do so.

The dame met them at the gate, and Mildred stood in the doorway. He avoided her eye, but he need not have feared. She as sedulously avoided his. She waited with womanly sympathy for the sick man to be brought in. She had yielded up her room to him and was ready to do what lay in her power for him.

At first the dame was not willing, but Mildred was so persistent that she yielded and allowed Mildred to watch him during the night.

During the early hours of the night the sick man was delirious and talked incessantly of Maida Carrington and Romeo; and Mildred, hearing him, knew he was talking of the famous actress who created such a furor at the time she was in San Francisco. But after a time he mixed the name of Maida Carrington and Constance Hartleigh, and little by little told the whole of his own and her story. And Mildred, listening as if to a voice from another world learned all that had been a mystery before.

And so, all through the lonesome night, she listened to the wild utterances of the sick man, and struggled with her own thoughts. She pitied this man who had been so kind to her, and still more she pitied the erring woman who had brought so much misery to herself.

"Two weeks," she muttered to herself; the man said two weeks. I must do something within the two weeks to save her from that man. If I had the money that would do, for all he cares for is money; but then, there is that wicked little creature who stole the memorandum book. What shall I do about her? What shall I do at all? Oh, if he would only get well in time."

But he did not get well at all, seemingly. Every morning a host of inquiries were made at the little cottage. Lord Algy was almost heart-broken, and he never allowed a day to pass without calling. Guy, too, rode over every morning, but it was not often that he saw Mildred, or if he did it was only to exchange a shy good-morning with her.

Maida seemed the only one of all the neighborhood who did not call, and Mildred, though in daily expectation of a call from her, and on the alert to slip out of sight in case she did come, was very much relieved to have her remain away, for she did not know what would be the effect of a recognition.

It was rather strange, considering how frequent a visitor to the Hall the injured man had been, that that one, of all the ladies in the neighborhood, refrained from calling.

More than a week had elapsed since the accident, and the interest in it had not disappeared, when the prospect of a still more exciting event stirred the country to its depths. The engagement of Guy and Constance Hartleigh had not made much stir, simply because it had been foreseen and predicted from the first; but now it was announced that the marriage was to take place almost immediately.

The news ran around like wild-fire, and the neighborhood was divided into two parties; the men who envied Guy and the women who envied Maida. Poor, unselfish Algy went straight to the Hall to hear if the news was true, and to get a few words with Maida.

As he drove up to the house in a low pony-carriage, which he preferred to the stately barouche he saw Guy standing on the terrace. It lacked an hour or more of dinner time, and Guy was smoking his favorite pipe. Algy's eyes were sharp, and he keenly scanned the frank, handsome face.

"He ought to look happy—as happy as a mortal can look," sighed the boy, "but he only looks grave."

When he called to him, Guy came down the steps with his open-hearted smile.

"Hello, Algy, where have you dropped from? I didn't see you coming."

"I came by the Lougham road. I have just been at the cottage to enquire after poor Caryl."

"And how is he this afternoon?"

"A little better, they say; they wouldn't let me see him. No one sees him but the doctor and his nurses. Poor old boy! but he's lucky to

have such such nursing. That pretty Miss Thorpe is as devoted as a sister." Guy winced, but said nothing, and Algy went on with sudden inquiry, "But I say, Guy, is it true?"

"Is what true?"

"That you and Constance are to be married soon? You don't mind my asking you?" and he looked up at him wistfully.

"Yes, it's true, Algy," replied Guy with a half frown.

"I am so glad," said Algy, pressing the strong arm. "Guy, you ought to be very happy, very happy—and you are, of course. And Constance, is she at home?"

"She is in the morning room, or was a few minutes ago," said Guy, as they entered the hall. "Go in and see her, and I will finish my pipe."

He opened the door, and Algy went in. The room was almost dark, lighted by a candle or two at the table; but he caught the glimmer of a woman's dress at the farther end of the room, and Maida came forward to meet him, putting her hand into his extended one.

"Is it you, Lord Algy?" she said, in her low musical voice. "I can scarcely see. Let me ring for more lights."

"No, don't," he said, dropping into a chair beside her. "I like this light, but for one thing. I can't see your face distinctly, dear Constance."

She laughed absently and invited him to be seated.

"Constance," he suddenly asked, is it true that you and Guy are to be married directly?"

There was a moment of stillness. Then she answered, distinctly and slowly:

"Yes, it is quite true. Papa wishes it, and a wish of his now is law."

Algy looked at her. Her eyes were downcast. It was not the voice or the face of a bride blushing with anticipations of happiness. With all his love for her, Algy was beginning to think he did not understand her.

"I hope you will be happy—you know that, Constance. I think Guy the happiest man in the world—you know that, too?"

"Do you," she said, quietly. "Do you think he looks happy?" and there was almost a touch of irony in her voice.

"Guy always looked grave and wise," said Algy, patting her hand softly.

There was a pause; then he said, suddenly:

"By the way, I have just come from Lougham."

"From Lougham?" repeated Maida, turning on him with a swift blush and a sudden quiver of the delicate lips.

"Yes; I tried to see poor Wilton, but couldn't; they don't let anyone see him. Poor fellow!"

"Is—is he better?" she asked, the words dropping from her lips slowly, as if they cost her an effort.

"A little, they think; and—"

Lord Algy got up and began fidgeting about, and fumbling in his pocket. Presently he laughed shyly, and taking her hand, went on hurriedly, "I hope you won't mind, but I thought I'd bring my wedding present now. It isn't a regular sort of present, as it ought to be, fresh from a Bond Street jeweller. It is quite an old trifle. It was my mother's Constance; but you will like it none the less for that, I am sure."

For a moment it seemed to her that she could not take this thing which his mother had worn, and which could not be worn by such a one as she; but her sense of caution came quickly to her aid, and she rose and, still holding his hand, drew him to the candle light and opened the case.

A cross formed of emeralds and diamonds flashed in her eyes. At a glance she saw that it was of enormous value—a gift fit for an empress. The feeling that it would be unjust to him to take the gift once more overcame her, and she held the glittering mass toward him saying:

"Oh, no, no! Not such a gift as this—I am not worthy."

"Not worthy?" he echoed, looking at her with a rapt smile of worship. "You not worthy? Tell me who is then?"

With a gasp, she sank to the floor, and hid her face in her hands. His question had pierced her to the soul. Who was more worthy? He should have asked who was less worthy than she—than she, the impostor, the criminal.

Lord Algy shook like a leaf, and bent over her, white and agitated.

"Constance! Constance! Dear Constance, you will kill me! Are you unhappy? What is it? Tell me, you can trust me. Constance, you know I would die to shield you from one minute's pain. What is it?"

Her good and bad angels struggled for the mastery for a moment; then she looked up, a smile quivering on her lips, her eyes wet and languid, and put her hand on his arm.

"It is nothing," she murmured; "it is past now. I am a naughty, unreasonable girl; don't tell on me, as they say at school, Lord Algy."

Only half satisfied, he bent and touched her forehead with his lips.

"Is it nothing?" he asked, wistfully. "Don't kneel—don't kneel. I don't like to see your proud head so low—your, who are my queen. Rise, dear Constance."

She rose slowly, and put both her hands in his.

"You will keep my poor gift," he said. "It is a poor one, too. Think of the Hartleigh diamonds. You will keep it?"

"Yes," she said, slowly; "I will keep it until—"

"Until—" he said, wonderingly.

"Until you yourself are convinced that I am unworthy to wear the

## A Teacher's Worries.

### FREQUENTLY RESULT IN A BREAKDOWN OF HEALTH.

Headaches, Backaches, Dizziness, Poor Appetite and Insomnia the Outcome.—How to Avert These Troubles.

From the Review, Windsor, Ont.

Only those engaged in the teaching profession realize how much care, worry and perplexity is met with daily. It is therefore little wonder that there are so many health breakdowns, especially among young ladies who follow this calling. Miss Christine Pare, of Ojibway, Ont., is one who has suffered much in this respect. To a reporter of the Windsor Review, Miss Pare said:—"For several years, while teaching school, I was continually troubled with headaches, dizziness and a weak back. I tried several doctors and medicines, but got no relief. I became so badly run down that I thought possibly a change of employment would give me relief. I gave up my school and tried other duties, but the result was disappointing as the trouble seemed to have taken a firm hold upon me. The headaches grew more and more severe, my appetite failed me and I was frequently compelled to take a rest in order to overcome dizziness. A friend advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I decided to try a box, and before they were all used I found much relief. I continued taking the pills for some time longer every day gaining new health and strength; and now I feel as well as ever I did in my life, and am never bothered with the old troubles. You may say therefore that there is nothing I can recommend so highly as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Young girls who are pale and weak, who suffer from backaches, headaches, loss of appetite, palpitation of the heart, and other symptoms that overcome so many in early womanhood, will find a certain and speedy cure in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills make rich, red blood, strengthen the nerves, and give new life and vigor to the whole body. The genuine bear the full name, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all dealers 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.

gems that have shone on your mother's bosom. Hush! Here is Guy. To be Continued.

### ONLY HALF THE BATTLE.

Brown—"Are you anything of a linguist?"

Jones—"Well, I can read and understand French, German, golf, yacht, baseball and football; but I can't talk 'em."

### ALWAYS OPPORTUNE.

"Doctor, when is the best time to eat an apple?"

"Whenever you can get hold of one."

Of the 87 miles of the Suez Canal only 66 miles had to be cut through land.

Between 1815 and 1820 poor relief cost English people 12s 8d a head. This amount has now dropped to six shillings.

### BABY'S ILLS.

Every Mother Should be in a Position to Relieve the Minor Ailments of Her Little Ones.

The baby who is always plump always has a good appetite, always has a clear eye and a rosy cheek, and is always active and playful, is the choicest treasure this life affords. The medicine which keeps babies in such a condition or which restores them to it when they are ill is certainly a priceless boon to humanity. There are many medicines which produce sleep, but their action upon the child is similar to that which whisky or opium has upon a full grown man. They deaden and stupefy and are the most injurious things which can be given to children.

The only safe course is to use nature's remedies. Nature has provided a vegetable cure for every ill, and her remedies for children's disorders are scientifically compounded in Baby's Own Tablets. For diarrhoea, constipation, colic, simple fever, croup, irritation when teething, indigestion and all the disorders of children so familiar to mothers, this remedy is conceded by the medical profession to be without an equal. Its effect is gentle, soothing, promptly curative and never failing. It will save pain, anxiety, doctor bills and perhaps a life. All mothers who have used Baby's Own Tablets for their little ones speak of them in terms of warmest praise. Mrs. Ben. Seward, Forfar, Ont., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets and can highly recommend them to all mothers. My baby was cutting his teeth, and was very cross when I first gave them to him. They acted like magic, he cut his teeth almost without my knowing it, and gave him such ease that they proved a blessing both to the child and myself. He has not been sick since I gave them to him, and I would not be without them in the house." Baby's Own Tablets can be procured at any druggist's, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of 25 cents by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

## Cold Settles on the Kidneys.

Deep-seated Kidney Disease Often the Result of a Neglected Cold—Then Come Great Sufferings From Lumbago and Backache.

Few people realize what a vast proportion of serious illnesses arises from cold settling on some delicate organ of the body. The kidneys and liver, as well as the lungs are very easily affected by sudden changes of temperature, and the results are often suddenly fatal. It is a common experience with farmers, teamsters, railroad men and laborers to have a cold settle on the kidneys and throw these organs, as well as the whole digestive system, out of order. There is usually backache, pains in the sides and limbs, deposits in the urine, pain and scalding with urination and irregularity of the bowels.

### Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills

So many thousands of cases of serious kidney disease have been cured by Dr. Chase's Kidney Liver Pills that they have come to be considered an absolute cure for all kidney derangements. They are purely vegetable in composition, prompt and pleasant in action, and thorough and far-reaching in their effects. They are endorsed by doctors, lawyers, ministers and others, and are beyond doubt the most efficacious treatment obtainable for diseases of the kidneys and liver. One pill a dose; 25 cents a box; at all dealers or Edmansson, Bates & Co., Toronto.