

In Peace and War

Or, The End of It All

CHAPTER XXV.—(Continued.)

There was a strange, hard ring in the young wanderer's tone as he echoed the forbidding words and turned gravely away. The sound seemed to strike some sympathetic chord in the good lady's heart, for she, too, looked almost mournful.

"I would give a good deal to have you safe back again," murmured Mrs. Wylie in an undertone. The remark was hardly addressed to him, and he allowed it to pass unnoticed. Presently, however, he turned and looked into her face with some anxiety depicted on his calm features. Then he took a step or two nearer to her.

"This will never do," he said gravely, standing in front of her with his strong hands clenched.

She gave rather a lame little laugh, and looked up with a deprecating glance.

"Theo, I am afraid I am not so plucky as I used to be. My nerve is gone. I think I left it—at Fjaerholm."

He made no reply, but merely stood by her in his silent manliness, and from his presence she somehow gathered comfort, as women do—from your presence and mine sometimes.

"Nevertheless," he said more cheerily, returning to the original question, "you are the pluckiest woman I have ever met! You must not give way to this habit of anxiety, for it is nothing but a habit—a sort of moral cowardice. It serves no purpose. An over-anxious man misses his opportunities by moving too soon; an over-anxious woman has no peace in life, because she can do nothing but watch.

Mrs. Wylie laughed pleasantly. "No!" she exclaimed, with determination. "It is all right, Theo; I will not give way to it. My anxiety is only anticipatory; when the moment comes I am generally up to the mark."

With a brave smile she nodded to him and moved toward the door, carrying her gloves and muff. He followed in order to open the door, for he had some strange, old-fashioned notions of politeness which promise to become fossilized before the end of the century.

"Will it be a long war?" she asked, before passing out of the room.

He answered without deliberation, as if he had already pondered over the question at leisure with a decisive result.

"I think so. It will go on all through the summer and autumn. As things get worse, Turkey will probably pull herself together. It is a way she has. It may even continue actively right on into the winter. The Turks will be on the defensive, which suits them exactly. Put a Turk into a trench with a packet of cigarettes, a little food, a rifle, and a sackful of cartridges, and it will take a considerable number of Russians to get him out."

"I hope it will not extend into the winter," said Mrs. Wylie, as she left the room.

"So do I." He closed the door and walked slowly back toward the bow-window. There he stood staring out with eyes that saw but understood not, for many minutes.

"I am not quite sure," he muttered at last, "that I have done a wise thing in coming to Wyl's Hall!"

In the course of a few hours Theodore Trist was quite at home at Wyl's Hall. These three people had lived together before, and knew each other's little ways. Mrs. Wylie,

the personification of comfort—Theo Trist, possessing no real comprehension of the word—Brenda, midway between them, with a youthful faculty for adopting herself to either.

Again and again Mrs. Wylie found herself watching the two young people thus thrown together, and on each occasion she remembered how she had watched them before to no purpose.

One trifling alteration seemed to present itself occasionally to the good lady's eyes, and this was a well-hidden fear of being left alone together. Whether this emanated from Theo or Brenda it was impossible to say, but its presence was unmistakable, and moreover, whatever its origin may have been, it was now mutual. At one time they had possessed a thousand topics of common interest, and found in each other's conversation an unending pleasure. Now they both talked to her, using her almost as an intermediary.

On the Saturday morning, while dressing, the widow meditated over these things, and in the afternoon she deliberately sent her two guests out for a walk together. About three miles down the coast, in the very centre of the marsh lying to the south of Mizzen Heath Moor, was a ruined lighthouse, long since superseded by a lightship riding on the newly-formed sandbank four miles off the shore. In this ruin lived an old marshallman, in whose welfare Mrs. Wylie appeared suddenly to have taken a great interest. For him, accordingly, a parcel was made up, and the two young people were dispatched immediately after lunch.

A slight haze lay over the land as the two young people made their way across the moor toward the coastguard-path—a narrow footway forever changing its devious course before the encroaching sea. Already the clouds were freeing themselves from winter heaviness, and in their manifold combinations there was that suggestion of still distance which is characteristic of our English summer days, and has its equal in no other land, over no other sea. The yellow sun was high in the heavens, with nothing more formidable to obstruct its rays than a slight shimmering haze. The air was light and balmy indeed, in earth and sea there was a subtle buoyancy which tells of coming spring, and creates in men's hearts a braver contemplation of life.

It was, I think, a dangerous hour to send two young people away across the lonesome marshland alone together. Nevertheless, Mrs. Wylie watched them depart without a pang of remorse or a sting of conscience. Indeed, she calculated the risk with equanimity.

"I think," she reflected, "that this walk to the old light-house will be one of those trifling incidents which seem to remain engraved in our hearts long after the memory of greater events has passed away. They are both self-contained and resolute, but no human being is quite beyond the influence of outward things."

For some time the two young people spoke in a scrappy way, of indifferent topics. The narrow path only allowed one to pass at a time, and the moor was so broken that progression at the side of the path was almost impossible. After, however, the Mizzen Heath Coastguard Station had been left behind, and the precipitous slope descended, the sea-wall afforded better waiting, and

the conversation assumed a more personal vein.

"Tell me," said Brenda pleasantly, "your plans in case of war! We know absolutely nothing of your proposed movements."

"I know nothing myself, except in a very general way. Of course we shall be guided by circumstances."

"We—?"

"Yes; I take two men with me. The campaign will be on too large a scale for one man to watch unaided. These two fellows act as my lieutenants. I have chosen them myself. One is a future baronet with a taste for sport and literature, which is a rare combination. The other is a soldier, twenty-five years older than myself. We shall be a funny trio; but I think it will be a success, for we mean to make it one. The two men are full of energy and as hard as nails. Our plans are almost as voluminous and as comprehensive as Moltke's. It will be a great war, and we intend our history of it to be the only one worth reading. The old soldier is a Frenchman, so we shall tell our story in two languages simultaneously."

Brenda was not listening with the attention she usually accorded to Theodore Trist, whatever the subject of his discourse might happen to be, and he knew it. She had a strange trick of lapsing into a stony silence at odd moments, and he rarely failed to detect the slight difference. Such fits of absorption were usually followed by the raising of some deep abstract question, or an opinion of personal bearing. It may have been mere chance that caused him to cease somewhat abruptly, and continue walking by her side in silence; or it is possible that he knew her humors as few people knew them.

For some time they walked on without speaking. The soft turf of the so-called sea-wall, which was nothing else than an embankment, gave forth no sound beneath their feet. The tide was out, and the day being still, there came to their ears only a soft, murmuring, continuous song from the little waves.

At last Brenda turned a little and looked at him in her thoughtful, analytical way, as if to read on his features an answer to some question which had arisen in her mind.

"Yes," said Trist, smiling at her gently. "Go on. You are about to propound one of those very deep theories which invariably suggest themselves to you in the middle of my most interesting observations."

She laughed rather guiltily as she shook her head in denial.

"No—I was only—wondering."

"Wondering—?" he repeated interrogatively, but she omitted to answer his implied question, and he did not press it.

"Do you know, Theo," she said, after a little pause, "that you are the greatest puzzle I have ever come across?"

"I am sorry," he murmured, with mock humility.

"Oh, don't apologize! I dare say it is entirely unintentional. What I cannot understand is your nonchalant way of taking of certain things. For instance, nothing seems to be farther from your thoughts at this moment than the possibility of your being—killed."

He chipped off the head of a withered thistle with his stick before replying in a low, steady voice, very deliberately.

"And yet nothing is nearer to them."

"That is what I cannot understand. I think women look farther ahead. They seem to have the power of realizing at the beginning what the end may be—realizing it more fully than men, I mean."

"I doubt it!" he answered. "I have to make two sets of arrangements, two sets of plans. One takes it for granted that I shall come through it all safely, the other goes upon the theory that I shall be killed. Each is complete in itself, independent of its companion. When I say that I will do something at a certain time, or be in a certain place, there is a 'D. V.' understood, hidden between the lines. Everything is of course 'Deo volente,' but you would not have me drag it in obtrusively."

"No—naturally not. But what I cannot understand is your power of facing the two possibilities—or, at the least, the latter—with apparent indifference. Is that the difference that exists between the courage of a man and that of a woman?"

"No," he replied, looking at her very gravely, and speaking in a tone which gave weight to words of apparently small importance; "I think not, for women face possibilities and even certainties with equal pluck. It requires as much courage to remain at home and wait as it does to go out and face the danger, for danger is never so unpleasant as the anticipation of it."

She remembered these words afterward, and recognized then the fuller sense he had intended them to convey. In the meantime, however, she held to her point.

"It is not exactly in that way that I mean," she murmured slowly. "Not from a question of personal bravery at all. I meant—"

She hesitated in embarrassment, and he hastened to remove it.

"Yes—go on."

"I was wondering whether you ever looked at it from a religious point of view."

He did not reply at once, and in some way the pause gave a greater gravity to his words.

"Yes, Brenda. You must not think that. Every man has his religion, and I have mine. It may

consist in faith more than works, perhaps, but it is there, nevertheless."

In this manner they reached the lighthouse, passed a few minutes with its solitary inmate, and set off homeward again across the marsh. Mrs. Wylie would, perhaps, have heard their conversation, which was upon very different topics to what she had expected.

As they passed through one of the swing-gates on the sea-wall, Brenda turned her head, and in a moment the characteristic beauty of the sunset caught her attention.

"Look!" she exclaimed in a little more than a whisper.

He obeyed, closing the gate, and resting his arms upon it. Thus they stood, side by side, without speaking. She in her pure upright maidenhood, with the sunset glow warming her refined face with a hue of great beauty, for her eyes were deep and pensive as woman's eyes rarely are, while her sweet lips were parted with a simple faithful wonderment which was almost child-like. He rested his arms upon the gray, moss-grown oak of the gate, and looked upon the hopeless scene with meekly contemplative eyes. His square chin was thrust forward, and the indescribable incongruity of his face was absurdly prominent. There was a great strength and a wondrous softness, a mighty courage and a meek resignation, an indefatigable energy and a philosophic calm. All these were suggested at once in this strange Napoleonic face. So may the great Bonaparte have leant his arms upon the low wall at Saint Helena, and wondered over the utter incomprehensibility of human existence.

It was Brenda who at last broke the silence, without moving limb or muscle.

"So you are going on Monday?"

"Yes—I must."

Something in his voice caused her breath to come quickly.

"But you will come back?" she whispered almost pleadingly.

He moved, and laid his strong bare hand over the small gloved fingers resting on the gate.

"Yes, Brenda. I will come back!"

Then they turned and walked home in silence.

That was their farewell. They never spoke together again in confidence before he left on the Monday morning. There was, indeed, a pressure of the hand and a cheery word of parting on the little platform of Wyvenwich Station; but their two souls went out unto each other, and stood face to face in one long agonized ecstasy of parting by that old oaken gate upon the sea-wall.

(TO be Continued.)

LIVES IN A GLASS HOUSE.

The Bright Idea of a Nevada Pioneer.

Tonopah, Nevada, aside from being famed the world over on account of its vast mineral resources, hidden and otherwise, also occupies the unique distinction of numbering among its inhabitants a man who is able to live in a glass house and throw unlimited quantities of stones at the same time without suffering any of the serious inconveniences popularly supposed to surround such an association.

Not a tree grows within sixty miles of the great Nevada mining camp, and very naturally building material and fuel brings all sorts of fancy prices, the commonest kind of lumber selling for \$65 per thousand feet while inferior grades of scrub cedar command \$22 a cord. Consequently upon this condition, various subterfuges are resorted to in the architectural make-up of Tonopah, it being nothing uncommon to encounter six or seven different styles within a close range of observation, and in most instances it appears as if the imagination must have run riot in the picturesqueness of design. There are houses made of straw, of burlap sacks trimmed with blue jean overalls; of tin from five-gallon oil cans; of dry goods and cracker box lumber; of mud, stone, tents, cloth—in fact, almost every sort of contrivance is resorted to as a makeshift for a place of habitation; but it has remained for William F. Peck, a miner in the employ of the Tonopah Mining Co., to devise a way of living not only in a class by itself, so far as novelty is concerned, but fully as comfortable and certainly as enduring, as that offered by any of the more imposing edifices that adorn the swell portions of Tonopah. He has constructed of empty beer bottles a house 16x20 feet in the clear, with ceilings eight feet high, and containing two rooms. It was built in October of last year by Mr. Peck entirely unaided, at such odd moments as he could spare from his regular duties at the mine. Water was then selling at \$1.50 a barrel, hence the principal element of expense centered in the supply of mud that was employed as a mortar between the bottles comprising the edifice.

BUILT WITH ART.

Ten thousand empty beer bottles were incorporated in the structure, and even in this arrangement considerable artistic taste was displayed, the northern and western exposures being composed of bottles of light green hue, while those of the south and east are almost black. The combination lends a very pleasant effect to the outside. The inside walls are plastered with lime, which is spread to a depth sufficient to cover the protruding bottle necks

HOT WEATHER FAG.

No Vim, No Snap, No Energy, Exertion Dreaded and Work Shunned.

"Fagged right out," is an appropriate way to express the feelings of many people during the hot summer months. No strength, no vigor, no snap, no ambition, too weary to work and too languid to take any keen pleasure in life. You need a tonic for this summer fag, and the very best summer tonic in the world is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Every dose makes new rich blood, tones the nerves, sharpens the appetite, stimulates the liver, and banishes weakness and weariness, headaches, backaches, languor and despondency. The only tonic that can do this for you is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills—it's a waste of money to experiment with anything else. Mr. Louis Doucet, Grand Etang, N. S., says: "I was very much run down in health and was weak and easily tired. My appetite was variable, my nerves unstrung and I often felt a complete indisposition to work. After trying several medicines without benefit, I decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after taking a few boxes I felt better than I had done for months, and equal to any exertion. I don't know anything to equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills when one feels fagged out."

You can get the pills from any dealer in medicine, or they will be sent paid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Be sure you get the genuine with the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" on the wrapper around the box,

about one inch, thus obliterating all rough features and making a smooth surface.

Mr. Peck lived all last winter in his peculiar abode with his wife and two children, a girl 7 and a boy of 3 years, and says that while the water in many residences of Tonopah reached the freezing point quite often, his family found their glass house exceedingly comfortable at all times. He has sufficient bottles on hand for another room, and it is his intention to utilize them at his leisure in building an addition to his premises.

A MAN OF GENIUS.

"No," said the author's wife, "It's hard to understand these men of genius. There's my husband, for instance."

"Why—is there anything wrong with him this morning?" asked her friend.

"I should think so! Do you know, I merely asked him to take down the pictures, and take up a carpet, and hang the new curtains in the bay-window, and stain the dining-room floor, and move the piano to the other corner—and he flew into a rage and acted as if he had lost all the mind he thinks he's got!"

CHOLERA INFANTUM.

Cholera infantum is one of the most dreaded diseases of infancy. It is prevalent during the heat of summer in spite of all the care mothers may take to guard against it, and it sometimes progresses so quickly that death occurs in a few hours no matter what care is given the child. The first thing to do is to stop feeding the child and give him plenty of fresh air and pure water to drink. Give Baby's Own Tablets to carry off the poison in the system. Do not under any circumstances give a medicine to check the diarrhoea, except under the advice of a doctor. By using Baby's Own Tablets the cause of the diarrhoea will be removed, and the disease will thus be checked in a natural manner. Proof that the Tablets cure this too often fatal trouble is given by Mrs. Herbert Burnham, Smith's Falls, Ont., who says: "When my eldest child was six weeks old he had an attack of cholera infantum and was at death's door. My doctor advised me to try Baby's Own Tablets and in twenty-four hours baby was better; the vomiting and purging ceased and he regained strength rapidly."

Keep the Tablets in the house—their prompt use may save your little one's life. Sold by medicine dealers or sent postpaid at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

AMENDED PROVERBS.

First be sure you're right, then back up.

All the world's a stage, but many of the actors are only understudies. A man is known by the company he works for.

All's well that ends the way you want to have it.

It is more blessed to give than to have to pay for your own gifts.

Easy lies the head that thinks it knows it all.

Many are called, but few like to get up, especially if it is a cold morning.

A dull man occasionally makes a cutting remark.

Itching, Burning Eczema

And all the Torturing and Disfiguring Itching Skin Diseases are Compelled to Yield to Yield to the Extraordinary Antiseptic, Soothing, Healing Influence of

DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT.

With the single exception of itching piles there is no form of itching skin disease so extremely painful and distressing as eczema, or salt rheum, as it is sometimes called. A little poison from a sock or other garment is sufficient to give this disease a beginning, and its fires burn and rage with such fury as to almost drive one crazy. Only persons who have experienced the frightful itching, burning, stinging sensations of eczema can realize the miseries which it brings and the disappointment which comes with trying in vain to find a cure.

Mr. G. H. McConnell, Engineer in Fleury's Foundry, Aurora, Ont., states: "I believe that Dr. Chase's Ointment is worth its weight in gold. For about thirty years I was troubled with eczema and could not obtain any cure. I was so unfortunate as to have blood poison, and this developed into eczema, the most dreadful of skin diseases.

"I was so bad that I would get up at night and scratch myself until the flesh was raw and flaming. The torture I endured is almost beyond description, and now I cannot say anything too good for Dr. Chase's Ointment. It has cured me, and I recommend it because I know there is nothing so good for itching skin."

There is enough evidence in these offices to convince the most skeptical and prejudiced that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a positive and thorough cure for eczema. When the disease becomes chronic and set it is sometimes necessary to use ten or a dozen boxes, but cure is certain if the treatment is regular and persistent. There is no experimenting when you use Dr. Chase's Ointment. It has been tested and proven in thousands of cases of the most severe form. You can depend on it absolutely.

Sixty cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

DR. A. W. CHASE'S CATARRH CURE... 25c.
Is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the ulcers, clears the air passages, stops droppings in the throat and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. Blower free. All dealers, or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Toronto and Buffalo.