

Greed For Gold

Or, The Sign of the Arrow

CHAPTER XVI.

Grayne Hall.—The drawing-room.—Vere—Vere still in mourning for her mother, although a full year since her death had elapsed—and her maid talking.

"You may say what you like, Miss Vere, but it does not alter facts. She came only as a governess to you, and now she's taking the position you ought to hold—mistress."

"Hush, Lucy!"

"It is the truth, Miss Vere. The place is not the same since she set foot in it."

"You must not say such things, Lucy. My father likes her—likes her very much."

"Which is more than I do, miss; and she knows it too, and will pay me out for it. You will see, she will work things so that presently I shall be discharged—"

"Oh no, Lucy."

"Oh, I know, miss. Sorry I shall be, goodness knows, to leave you, after knowing you from almost a baby; but I can see farther than your nose. Governess indeed! You'll find she won't be satisfied till she governs us. She just twists Sir George round her finger—"

"Hush, Lucy! you must not talk so of my stepfather."

"I beg your pardon, miss; but it just galls me to see her come here only a little over a year ago as a servant, and now behaving just as if she was—"

"That will do, Lucy—please. Go now, and see to my room."

"Yes, miss."

And obediently the maid left the room. The servants felt very bitterly against Miss Westcar, and Miss Westcar knew it; and the very knowledge made her wield her whip the more. A protest meant discharge; the household staff knew that from experience.

It was quite true that the guidance of the house had devolved on Vere's late governess. She was something more than that now. She had made herself indispensable to Sir George, and she so cleverly manipulated that gentleman and the things surrounding him that he could not bear her absence from the place.

As the maid left the room Vere sighed, and said:

"Even the servants notice it—this strange power she exercises over Sir George. Alas! it is true—she can turn him round her finger."

It is a foolish thing to speak one's thoughts aloud at any time, more foolish when there is in the house a lady who would not hesitate to listen. And that was so at Grayne Hall. Miss Westcar had been standing in the conservatory during the conversation, and she instantly resolved that the maid's prediction of her own discharge should be verified. Now she was standing in the drawing-room entrance. Then she advanced, and said:

"As your governess, dear it is my duty to tell you that to think aloud is out; as a woman of the world I may add, by way of advice, that it is a dangerous habit to fall into. And this 'she' and 'him' you were mentioning, and the finger-twisting process—may I ask to whom you were referring?—what it meant?"

She knew quite—perfectly—well, but she wanted to entrap the girl, wanted some real reason of complaint to carry to Sir George. As yet her power was not great enough. Despite his head-over-heels belief in Miss Westcar, the old man was not quite blind to the duty he owed his

dead wife's daughter. Her youth and inexperience had been the ground for his giving Miss Westcar the reins; but once between her fingers, she wanted to drive beyond the bounds he had set.

Vere flushed as she said: "I did not know you were here, Miss Westcar."

"I can readily believe that. Listeners do not often hear good of themselves. But you do not answer my question?"

"About my thoughts, Miss Westcar? My thoughts are my own. Pray pardon me."

She bowed coldly and passed from the room. A mocking smile came over Miss Westcar's face, a smile with a blend of triumph in it, as she said:

"The fool! the childish fool! But she is right, though. I can twist Sir George round my finger; and I shall, too when the twisting-time arrives—the time of twisting the wedding-ring round my finger. Lady Grayne—um! sounds a deal better than the plain 'Mrs.' I was called with Alred. Poor wretch! I suppose he is wearing himself out in a convict cell. Well, it is the fortune of war. I am travelling a safe road now, and he can never possibly track me. When he gains his liberty I shall have changed my name by marriage, and be moving in a circle he is never likely to even touch the fringe of. Sir George has one foot in the grave; once married, it will not be difficult to help the other in. He ought to be thinking more of his funeral than marriage, and yet I can see that he is on the point of proposing matrimony to me."

She took a rose from a vase and stood thoughtlessly picking it to pieces, petal by petal.

"What curious creatures men are!—I might say women, too. Who would have imagined that in my nature love would ever find a place? And yet, try to root it out as I will, I feel an indescribable something, which is not passion—it must be love; and for a boy too—a mere boy. Not even a man, but for Reggie Grayne, a twenty-year-old boy. If the old man suspected this for a moment, Reggie's stay here would be a short one. By courtesy he allows himself to be called 'uncle.' But the boy is not a favorite. Perhaps it would be as well if he went."

She threw away the stalk of the rose and picked up a photograph of the man she was thinking of, and looked at it more closely.

"He loves me, I know, and I, try hard as I may—Oh, what a fool

I am! Why should I let this feeling for him find place in— I will end it. Sir George shall send him away. The thing is growing—dangerous."

And then a man's voice—the voice of a man who had entered the room unperceived:

"Holding my photograph, Miss Westcar? Drop the shadow for the substance—hold me."

She was angry with herself for being found out in that way; but she drew herself together and repulsed

him. "You must excuse me. I have some duty necessitating my immediate—"

But he laughingly stopped her, put his back to the door she would have left by, and said:

"Don't go away yet. I have something to say to you, which I must say. My time here is very short."

"Short?"

"I am leaving for—for some time. I must say—be seated—please."

He indicated a chair, and she sat. She felt that she knew what he was going to say—that a crisis had arrived; and she steeled herself to meet it.

"I have quarrelled with my uncle."

"Your uncle?"

"Well he is a sort of uncle, you know—by marriage."

"I did not mean that; I meant that I was sorry you had quarrelled with your kinsman."

"It was about you."

"About—me?"

"He said things about you which, relative of mine as he is, I could not suffer him to say in silence."

"Concerning—me?"

"Oh, in no offensive way; do not think that. On the contrary," he added bitterly, "he could scarcely have spoken of you in warmer terms had he cared for you as much as I do."

CHAPTER XVII.

Reggie was continuing:

"We had the usual war of words—the usual sermon, my extravagance. He is my guardian, you know, and I suppose he considers that a license for preaching to me; and he used the same old text, 'As you sow, so shall you reap.'"

And Evelyn thought to herself if that text were true, how rich—how rich would be her harvest! And what she feared was coming, came.

"Evelyn, you know me—you know I am not altogether a bad egg, don't you? And you must know that so far as you are concerned—"

She would have given the world to stop him, but she had no means of doing so save by positive rudeness, and that she felt she could not exercise; she cared for him too much, and cursed her folly at the caring.

"The result of my display of temper to-day has been that my uncle has, practically, shown me the door. Well, I am going. My income is nearly a couple of hundred a year without a farthing's help from him. And that's why I want to talk to you, Evelyn; to ask you to share that with me in content till things get better and briefs come in—as they are sure to."

She was eyeing him all this time, and when he struck the financial note she hardened up at once. She was as acute on the money question as the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The chord vibrated. He called back to her the thought of her scheme for the future; the illusion his presence created was dispelled. She listened.

"I know you are sure of the good things of this life, and if you went away you might miss the comforts of Grayne Hall; but, Evelyn, I am going to ask you to go away—to go away with me, to marry me. If we are poor at first, we shall be better off later on."

"Meanwhile?"

It was almost the first thing she had said; she had let him talk. And now the way she did speak rather disconcerted him, she spoke so coldly.

"We should have to economise a bit, I admit; take rooms in London."

"Can you imagine my living in rooms—or economising? Doing Saturday shopping in the High Street—bargaining with the butcher for a joint, perhaps, and rubbing shoulders with all the—Ugh! It is too horrible to contemplate. Whilst by way of recreation, perhaps, I should have the darning of your socks, the buttoning of your shirts. No, my dear Reggie, I have a soul above such things."

She had, and an ambition too—an ambition with such a summit that he would never see its peak, and a method of climbing it that would have made him turn from her in loathing and horror—had he known. Her sarcasm made him say moodily:

"And yet I have been foolish enough to think you cared for me."

"Nothing particularly foolish in that."

That made him turn to her eagerly, as he inquired:

"Then you do care for me? Answer me—honestly?"

"Honestly, I do care for you."

"And caring surely merges into love?"

She had to admit to herself that it had done so in her own case, and bitterly regretted the admission all the while she so thought. She answered slowly:

"Perhaps."

"And people have been known to marry for love—"

"Really?"

"Sometimes."

"What, in real life?" She shrugged her shoulders as she spoke, and the eagerness left him; it was so expressive that shrug.

"Are you citing such instances as examples which I should follow?—expecting me to do so?"

"No," he answered slowly, "not expecting it—now. And yet there have been women who have found a man's love brighten up a poor home and give it a brilliancy far exceeding a loveless rich one."

"That would be very pretty, Reggie, on the stage where the 'poor but honest' maxim finds such favor; and such well-turned sentences no doubt steadily increase the circulation of the cheap novelettes. But there is no proof of the truth of it in actual life. Can you tell me of one instance of a woman who has taken the horrible plunge into poverty for what you term 'love,' who, after a short time, will not sell her very soul to get head and shoulders above the slough again?"

"Evelyn, let us come to the point. Honestly, do you care for me?"

"Again, honestly, yes."

"Much?"

"As much as ever I cared for any one—and more."

"Will you marry me?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"I will tell you why plainly—even if it sounds brutal. Because I understand the subject we have been discussing very much better than you do. Love in a cottage is a very pretty picture to look upon, but hateful to endure. I loathe poverty—the horrible, horrible, grinding want of money!"

"Is money everything to you, Evelyn?"

He put the question—he little knew how he had touched the spot.

To Evelyn it was indeed everything.

(To be Continued.)

THE FAMILY PEW.

As It Was in the Good Old Days in England.

In practical religion the English aristocracy of the present day is in advance of that of a generation ago. There is just as much private charity and more organized charity, but the village church is no longer the center of domestic affection. In the old days, says the author of a recent book on social changes in England, it was inseparably connected with memories of ancestry and parentage and early association.

All the family had been christened in the village church; the eldest sister had been married in it. Generations of ancestry moldered under the chancel floor. Christmas decorations were an occasion of much innocent merriment.

Religious people, of whatever persuasion, regarded church-going as a spiritual privilege, but even those who were not very religious recognized it as a civic duty. "When a gentleman is sur ses terres," said Major Pendennis, "he must give an example to the country people; and if I could turn a tune, I even think I should sing. The Duke of St. David's, whom I have the honor of knowing, always sings in the country, and let me tell you, it has a doosed fine effect from the family pew."

Before the passion for "restoration" set in and changed the parish churches of England, the family pews were the ark and sanctuary of the territorial system. It had a private entrance, a round table, a good assortment of armchairs, a fireplace and a wood-basket.

"You may restore the church as much as you like," said an old friend of the author, who was a lay rector, to an innovating incumbent, "but I must insist on my family pew not being touched. If I had to sit in an open seat I should never get a wink of sleep again."

THE SUEZ CANAL.

The Traffic of the Big Ditch Is Steadily Growing.

No more complete refutation of the arguments used to defeat a great investment in canal construction was ever furnished than by the Suez canal, the report on whose traffic for the last year has been recently made public.

The big Suez ditch was opened to navigation November 17, 1869. Its total length is ninety-two miles, from Port Said to Suez. Its actual cost was about \$38,000,000, besides a bond of about \$7,000,000 more. Its stock is divided into 400,000 shares, and of these 176,602 are held by the British government, for which it paid the khedive of Egypt (in 1875) \$20,000,000, using round figures. The shares bear interest at 5 per cent. Up to 1872 the canal's running expenses exceeded its receipts. In that year it earned more than \$410,000 net. Yet its total receipts in that year were only about \$3,250,000. Last year (1902) its total receipts were \$20,621,993, being \$12,481,600 in excess of its expenditures, and it distributed in net profits, after covering its sinking fund, over \$12,000,000.

Its traffic is steadily growing. Last year the net tonnage of vessels using it was 11,248,413, an increase of 9 per cent. since 1900.

"DINNER TASTERS."

Several women in Paris are professional "dinner tasters." In a carriage, just before the dinner hour, the "taster" is whirled from house to house of her patrons, enters each kitchen, and tastes the dishes intended for dinner. She suggests improvements, and describes new methods of preparing food.

A CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.

Even the Most Stubborn Cases of this Painful Malady Can be Cured.

Rheumatism is caused by acid in the blood. That is an undisputed medical truth. Liniments, outward applications, can never cure what is rooted in the blood. A blood disease like rheumatism must be cured through the blood. That is why rheumatism always yields like magic to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills—they actually make new, rich, red blood. This new blood conquers the painful poison, sweeps out the aching acid, soothes the nerves, loosens the muscles and banishes rheumatism from the system. Proof of this is found in the case of Mr. Charles Leatherdale, a popular young druggist's assistant of Tilbury, Ont. He says: "I know from personal experience that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure rheumatism, because they cured me of a severe attack that for months caused me many sleepless nights and painful days. I had tried a number of other medicines, but they failed. Then I decided to give the pills a trial. Before I had finished the second box the pains began to leave me, and by the time I had taken two more boxes the pains were all gone, and I felt like a new man. That is more than six months ago and I have not had a twinge of rheumatism since. It is my belief that a fair course of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will drive the most stubborn case of rheumatism out of the system and as a result of my own experience I cheerfully recommend them for this trouble."

The pills cure all blood and nerve troubles such as rheumatism, sciatica, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, anaemia, neuralgia, indigestion, headaches, backaches, kidney troubles, and the ailments that make the lives of so many women a source of almost constant misery. Imitations and substitutes are sometimes offered, and the buyer should see that the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," is printed on the wrapper around every box. If in doubt send direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and the pills will be mailed at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

Philosophy is nothing but discretion.—John Selden.

The only wealth which will not decay is knowledge.—Langford.

All imposture weakens confidence and chills benevolence.—Johnson.

Trouble teaches men how much there is in manhood.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Your real influence is measured by your treatment of yourself.—A. Bronson Alcott.

Human judgment is finite and it ought always to be charitable.—William Winter.

Kindness in us is the honey that blunts the sting of unkindness in another.—Landon.

Politeness is a sort of guard which covers the rough edges of our character and prevents their wounding others.—Joubert.

The constant duty of every man to his fellows is to ascertain his own powers and special gifts, and to strengthen them for the help of others.—Ruskin.

CAESAR'S HIGH PRAISE.

Vain, ugly people, in seeking compliments, often get the worst of it; and, as the following instance shows sometimes from their servants and flatterers. A South American Adonis, in no way celebrated for his personal attractions, on completing a somewhat protracted toilet one morning, turned to his servant and inquired:—

"How do I look, Caesar?"

"Pleñid, massa! 'pleñid!' was Ebony's delighted answer.

"Do you think I'll do, Caesar?" giving him a piece of silver.

"Golly, massa! nebbber see you look so fierce in a'l my life! You look jis as bold as a lion!"

"Why, what do you know about a lion? You never saw one, Caesar."

"Nebber see a lion, massa! Golly! I see Massa Peyton's Jim ride one ober to the mill every day."

"No, you fool, that's a donkey."

"Can't help dat, massa. You look jis like him!"

BABY'S FIRST TOOTH.

Every mother knows how much baby suffers while cutting teeth. Swollen, tender gums cause a feverish, fretful condition sometimes seriously affecting baby's health. This can be overcome, and the teething process made easy by the use of Baby's Own Tablets. Proof of this is given by Mrs. J. Peckover, New Liskeard, Ont., who says: "I am the mother of six children and I can truthfully say that Baby's Own Tablets is better than any other medicine I have ever used for the ills of little ones. I can especially recommend them for teething children, and would advise all mothers to use them."

The Tablets cure all the minor ills from which infants and young children suffer, and are guaranteed to contain no opiate or harmful drug. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A bride is highly prized, yet she is given away.

Any Sore That Will Not Heal.

Any Ulceration, Eruption or Irritation of the Skin is Curable by Means of Dr. Chase's Ointment.

There is no guesswork about the results obtainable from Dr. Chase's Ointment.

With all medicines taken internally there is more or less uncertainty as to the effect, because the condition may not be exactly as indicated by the symptoms, but if you have a sore or wound and apply Dr. Chase's Ointment and heal it you can see with your own eyes the definite results.

It is because of the certain results accompanying the use of Dr. Chase's Ointment that this great preparation has come to be standard the world over. If a dealer offers you any other ointment, does he do so on its merits, or does he not rather try to make a sale by saying "This is just as good as Dr. Chase's?"

As a matter of fact, Dr. Chase's Ointment is now so universally used that few dealers think of offering anything else when a cure is sought

for eczema, salt rheum, old sores or piles. There is scarcely a town, village or side line in this whole land but can point to some case in which Dr. Chase's Ointment has made a remarkable cure.

While this ointment is best known on account of its extraordinary success in curing the most torturing skin diseases and the most distressing forms of piles, it is also useful in scores of ways in every home for the cure of scalds, burns, wounds, old sores, chafing, skin irritation, sore feet, pimples, rough skin and everything for which an antiseptic, soothing treatment is needed.

Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanston, Bates & Company, Toronto. To protect you against imitations the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box of his remedies.