

DAWN.

CHAPTER IV.

Philip went to College in due course and George departed to learn his business as a lawyer at Roxham, but it will not be necessary for us to enter into the details of their respective careers during this period of their lives. At college Philip did fairly well, and being a Caresfoot, did not run into debt. He was, as his great bodily strength gave promise of, a first-class athlete and for two years stroked the Magdalen boat. Nor did he altogether neglect his books, but his reading was of a desultory and out-of-the-way order, and much directed toward the investigation of mystical subjects. Fairly well liked among the men with whom he mixed, he could hardly be called popular; his temperament was too uncertain for that. At times he was the gayest of the gay, and then when the fit took him he would be plunged into a state of gloomy depression that might last for days. His companions, to whom his mystical studies were a favorite jest, were wont to assert that on these occasions he was preparing for a visit from his familiar, but the joke was one that he never could be prevailed upon to appreciate. The fact of the matter was that these fits of gloom were constitutional with him, and very possibly had their origin in the state of his mother's mind before his birth, when her whole thoughts were colored by her morbid and fanciful terror of her husband, and her frantic anxiety to conciliate him. During the three years that he spent at college Philip saw but little of George, since, when he happened to be down at Bratham, which was not often, for he spent most of his vacations abroad, George avoided coming there as much as possible. Indeed, there was a tacit agreement between the two young men that they would see as little of each other as might be convenient. But, though he did not see much of him himself, Philip was none the less aware that George's influence over his father was, if anything, on the increase. The old squire's letters were full of him, and of the admirable way in which he managed the estate, for it was now practically in his hands. Indeed, to his surprise and somewhat to his disgust, he found that George began to be spoken of indifferently with himself as the "young squire." Long before his college days had come to an end Philip had determined that he would do his best, as soon as opportunity offered, to reduce his cousin to his proper place, not by the violent means to which he had resorted in other days, but rather by showing himself to be equally capable equally assiduous, and equally respectful and affectionate. At last the day came when he was to bid farewell to Oxford for good, and in due course he found himself in a second-class railway carriage—thinking it useless to waste money, he always went second—and bound for Roxham. Just before the train left the platform at Paddington, Philip was agreeably surprised out of his meditations by the entry into his carriage of an extremely elegant and stately young lady, a foreigner, as he judged from her strong accent when she addressed the porter. With the innate gallantry of twenty-one he immediately laid himself out to make the acquaintance of one possessed of such proud, yet melting blue eyes, such lovely hair, and a figure that would not have disgraced Diana; and, with this view, set himself to render her such little services as one fellow-traveler can offer to another. They were accepted reservedly at first, then gratefully, and before long the reserve broke down entirely, and this very handsome pair dropped into a conversation as animated as the lady's broken English would allow. The lady told him that her name was Hilda von Holtzhausen, that she was of a German family, and had come to England to enter a family as companion in order to obtain a perfect knowledge of the English language. She had already been to France and acquired French; when she knew English, then she had been promised a place as school-mistress under government in her own country. Her father and mother were dead, and she had no brothers or sisters, and very few friends. Where was she going to? She was going to a place called Roxham; here it was written on the ticket. She was going to be companion to a dear young lady, very rich, like all the English, whom she had met when she had traveled with her French family to Jersey, a Miss Lee.

"You don't say so!" said Philip. "Has she come back to Roxham?" "What do you, then, know her?" "Yes—that is, I used to three years ago. I live in the next parish." "Ah! then perhaps you are the gentleman of whom I have heard her speak, Mr. Caresfoot, whom she did seem to appear to love; is not that the word?—to be very fond, you know?" Philip laughed, blushed and acknowledged his identity with the gentleman whom Miss Lee "did seem to appear to love." "Oh! I am glad; then we shall be friends, and see each other often—shall we not?" He declared unreservedly that she should see him very often. From Fraulein von Holtzhausen Philip gathered in the course of their journey a good many particulars about Miss Lee. It appeared that, having attained her majority, she was coming back to live at her old home at Rewtham, whither she had tried to persuade her Aunt Chambers to accompany her, but without success, that lady being too much attached to Jersey to leave it. During the course of a long stay on the island, the two girls had become fast friends, and the friendship had culminated in an offer being made by Maria Lee to Fraulein von Holtzhausen, to come and live with her as companion, a proposal that exactly suited the latter. The mention of Miss Lee's name had awakened pleasant recollections in Philip's mind, recollections that, at any other time might have tended toward the sentimental; but, when under the fire of the eyes of this stately foreigner, it was impossible for him to feel sentimental about anybody save herself. "The journey is over all too soon," was the secret thought of each, as they stepped on to the Roxham platform. Before they had finally said good-bye, however, a young lady with a faint figure, in a shabby hat, and pink and white dress, came running along the platform. "Hilda, Hilda, here I am! How do you do, dear? Welcome home," and she was about to seal her welcome with a kiss, when her eye fell upon Philip standing by. "Oh, Philip!" she cried, with a blush. "don't you know me? Have I changed much? I should have known you anywhere; and I am glad to see you so fully glad, excuse the slang, but it is such a relief to be able to say 'awful' without being pulled up by Aunt Chambers. Just think it is three years since we met. Do you remember Grumps? How do I look? Do you think you will like me as much as you used to?" "I think that you are looking the same dear girl that you always used to look, only you have grown very pretty, and it is not possible that I shall like you more than I used to." "I think they must teach you to pay compliments at Oxford, Philip," she answered, flushing with pleasure, "but it is all rubbish for you to say that I am pretty, because I know I am not," and then, confidentially glancing round to see that there was nobody within hearing, Hilda was engaged with a porter in looking after her luggage, and took at my nose and you will soon change your mind. It's broader, and flatter, and snubrier than ever. I consider that I have got a bone to pick with Providence about that nose. Ah! here comes Hilda. Isn't she lovely! There's beauty for you, if you like. She hasn't got a nose. Come and show us to the carriage. You will come and lunch with us to-morrow, won't you? I am so glad to get back to the old house again; and I mean to have such a garden! Life is short and joys are fleeting," as Aunt Chambers always says, so I mean to make the best of it, while it lasts. I saw your father yesterday. He is a dear old man, though he has such awful eyes. I never felt so happy in my life as I do now. Good-bye. One o'clock." And she was gone, leaving Philip with something to think about. Philip's reception at home was cordial and reassuring. He found his father considerably aged in appearance, but as handsome and upright as ever, and to all appearance heartily glad to see him. "I am glad to see you back, my boy," he said. "You come to take your proper place. If you look at me, you will see that you won't have long to wait before you take mine. I can't last much longer, Philip, I feel that. Eighty-two is a good age to have reached. I have had my time, and put the property in order, and now I suppose I must make room. I went with the clerk, old Jakes, and marked out my grave yesterday. There's a nice little spot the other side of the same that they say marks where the old squire Caresfoot, who planted Caresfoot's Staff, laid his bones, and that's where I wish to be put, in his good company. Don't forget that when the time comes, Philip, There's room for another, if you care to keep it for yourself, but perhaps you will prefer the vault." "You must not talk of dying yet, father. You will live many years yet." "No, Philip; perhaps one, perhaps two, not more than two, perhaps a month, perhaps not a day. My life hangs on a thread now. And he pointed to his heart. "It may snap any day, if it gets a strain. By the way, Philip, you see that cupboard? Open it! Now, you see that stoppered bottle with the red label? Good. Well, now, if ever you see me taken with an attack of the heart, I have had one since you were away, you know, and it nearly carried me off, you run for that as hard as you can go, and give it me to drink, half at a time. It is a tremendous restorative of some sort, and old Caley says that, if I do not take it when the next attack comes, there'll be an end of Devil Caresfoot," and he rapped his cane energetically on the oak floor. "And so, Philip, I want you to go about and make yourself thoroughly acquainted with the property so that you may be able to take things over when I die, without any hitch. I hope that you will be careful and do well by the land. Remember that a big property like this is a sacred trust." "And now there are two more things that I will take this opportunity to say to you and your cousin George don't get on well, and it grieves me. You have always had a false idea of George, always, and thought that he was underhanded. Nothing could be more mistaken than such a notion. George is a most estimable young man, and my dear brother's only son. I wish you would try to remember that. Philip, blood is thicker than water, you know—and you will be the only two Caresfoots left when I am gone. Now, perhaps, you may think that I intend enriching George at your expense, but that is not so. Take this key and open the top drawer of that secretaire, and give me that to look over it, and can understand it—which is more than I can—you will see that everything is left to you, with the exception of that outlying farm at Holston, those three Essex farms that I bought two years ago, and twelve thousand pounds in cash. Of course, as you know, the Abbey House, and the lands immediately round, are entailed—it has always been the custom to entail them for many generations. There, put it back. And now married, Philip, I should like to get the last thing is, I want you to get married, Philip. I should like to see a grandchild in the house before I die. I want you to marry Maria Lee. I like the girl. She comes of a good old Mar-

shire stock—our family married into hers in the year 1703. Besides, her property would put yours into a ring-fence. She is a sharp girl, too, and quite pretty enough for a wife. I hope you will think it over, Philip." "Yes, father; but perhaps she will not have me. I am going to lunch there to-morrow." "I don't think you need be afraid, Philip; but I won't keep you any longer. Shake hands, my boy. You'll perhaps think of your old father kindly when you come to stand in his shoes. I hope you will, Philip. We have had many a quarrel, and sometimes I have been wrong; but I have always wished to do my duty by you, my boy. Don't forget to make the best of your time at lunch to-morrow." Philip went out of his father's study considerably touched by the kindness and consideration with which he had been treated, and not a little relieved to find his position with reference to his succession to the estate so much clearer than he had anticipated, and his cousin George's so much worse. "That red-haired fox has plotted in vain," he thought, with secret exultation. And then he set himself to consider the desirability of falling in with his father's wishes as regards marriage. Of Maria he was, as the reader is aware, very fond; indeed, a few years before he had been in love with her, or something very like it; he knew too that she would make him a very good wife, and the match was one that in every better way commended itself to his common sense and his interests. Yes, he would certainly take his father's advice. But every time he said this to himself—and he said it pretty often that evening—there would arise before his mind's eye a vision of the sweet blue eyes of Miss Lee's stately companion. What eyes they were, to be sure! It made Philip's blood run warm and quick, merely to think of them; indeed, he could almost find it in his heart to wish that Hilda was Maria and Maria was in Hilda's shoes. What between thoughts of the young lady he had set himself to marry, and of the young lady he did not mean to marry, but whose eyes he admired, Philip did not sleep so well as usual that night. (To be Continued.)

WAS WORTH \$100,000,000. AND YET OGDEN GOELET DIES OF STARVATION.

Was Not Able to Take Any Solid Food Whatever, and Medical Science Could Do Nothing to Help Him.

One hundred millions of dollars! This is said to be the fortune left by Ogden Goelet, of New York, who recently died in London. Try to imagine what those figures mean. Think of the land, buildings, rentals, coupons, bonds, mortgages, horses, yachts, jewels they may represent. With a hundred millions a man should move mountains and buy countries. There should be no comfort, no luxury on the whole wide earth that should not be his.

Starvation! What a formidable word. It suggests all that is frightful and cruel—hollow cheeks, sunken eyes, waning strength, tottering limbs, a living death, hopelessness, despair.

And what must be the irony of fate when it perpetrates the horrible jest which forces a man worth one hundred millions to starve to death?

Ogden Goelet, one of the richest men in the United States, a man who supported princes, and who was able to give feasts calculated to make all the old Roman entertainers turn uneasily in their tombs, multi-millionaire, born vivant.

FRIEND OF ROYALTY

True, his disease was not called by this name. It is said that he died from a complication of diseases. Dr. Dawson, the personal physician of Mr. Goelet, says nothing beyond the fact that his patient died from a complication of diseases; the two Drs. Hoffmeister, of Coves, whose father is surgeon apothecary to the Queen, and who carried out the embalming operation with the aid of two other physicians from Ryde, Isle of Wight, were equally reticent as to the immediate cause of Mr. Goelet's death.

But from reliable sources of information a correspondent in London is able to state the fact that Mr. Goelet died from starvation. His poor, emaciated frame was reduced to the last stages of debility and inanition. For months he was utterly unable to digest any solid food, and he subsisted entirely on minute doses of champagne varied occasionally by a spoonful of champagne jelly.

It is stated by those to whom these facts are well known that Mr. Goelet suffered thus for four years, and that but for the unremitting care of his faithful physician he might have died at any moment during the period mentioned.

Mr. Dawson devoted day and night to Mr. Goelet, watching his every symptom, ready to take alarm at once and fan the flickering flame of life. This vigilant physician was the only watcher by the sick man's couch during the last hours of his life. Mr. Goelet was too ill to take part in the lavish entertainment offered the Princess of Wales on board his yacht during regatta week at Coves. There was a brilliant function given—a luncheon party to Her Royal Highness. The banquet was spread in the saloon, the table was a mass of glittering plate, rare flowers and

EXQUISITE CHINA.

Servants were bustling here and there putting the final touches to the sumptuous board, when suddenly there tottered feebly into the saloon the wraith of the master of all this opulence and



Fifty Years Ago. President Polk in the White House chair, while in Lowell was Doctor Ayer; Both were busy for human weal. One to govern and one to heal. And, as a president's power of will Sometimes depends on a liver-pill, Mr. Polk took Ayer's Pills I trow For his liver, 50 years ago.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills

were designed to supply a model purgative to people who had so long injured themselves with griping medicines. Being carefully prepared and their ingredients adjusted to the exact necessities of the bowels and liver, their popularity was instantaneous. That this popularity has been maintained is well marked in the medal awarded these pills at the World's Fair 1893.

50 Years of Cures.

luxury. He surveyed the table with his pathetic eyes and feebly asked: "What is all this fuss about?"

The mass of the dead man's superfluous fortune will go, it is said, to his only son. Young Goelet is still a lad, about seventeen years of age. He has inherited his father's looks, complexion and hair. He is not a stalwart youth.

It surprised many people to learn that the family will not accompany Mr. Goelet's body to this country. But it is not now considered good form for friends or relatives of one who has passed away to travel with the body. So, embalmed by the same process used in the case of royalty, the dead man comes back to his native country alone.

The yacht Mayflower, which was the scene of many of Mr. Goelet's social triumphs, where he had often entertained the Prince of Wales at feasts that outshone those of Lucullus, and where he sank after untold suffering into his last sleep, will bring him back. A strange voyage this. Unaccompanied save by his sailors, who were devoted to the genial, kindly master, the dead millionaire comes home.

Millions of dollars have for him crumbled to just this—a narrow house on a lonely craft, adrift in the desolate wind-swept waters of the Atlantic.

One hundred million dollars represents enormous opportunities. The power to do things with the money which young Goelet inherits can scarcely be grasped. Probably he himself fails to realize it. It is worth thinking about.

FIRING A TORPEDO.

How This Terrible Engine of War Is Sent Against an Enemy.

As our readers are doubtless aware, the Whitehead torpedo is nothing more nor less than an air-propelled cigar-shaped little ship, carrying its own air chambers amidships, its propelling engines in the stern and the deadly charge of gun-cotton in the bow. When a warship goes into action she carries several of these torpedoes ready charged with gun-cotton and compressed air. When she is within striking distance of the enemy, one of them is placed in the launching tube, a long cylinder of metal of approximately the same internal diameter as the external diameter of the torpedo, and when the object is within range a small charge of powder or compressed air serves to eject the torpedo in just the same way as a shell is fired from a gun. The discharge of the torpedo starts the propeller engines, which continue to drive the torpedo after it has entered the water.

Before it is fired provision is made for causing the torpedo to travel at a certain depth below the surface of the water. This is done by means of a beautiful piece of automatic and delicate machinery, acting upon small vanes or rudders. This is so set that the torpedo will rise and, after a few oscillations, settle down upon the fixed horizontal course for which it is set. The full speed is about 30 knots an hour, though it is desired, the engines may be set to carry the torpedo a greater distance at a slower speed. Great as this speed it is not sufficient to insure their keeping ahead of the modern torpedo destroyers, and for this reason the bow launching tubes are no longer built into the fastest boats.

HOW TO EXAMINE A WATCH.

Take it to Pieces and Examine Its Beautiful Mechanism.

To one who has never studied the mechanism of a watch its mainspring or the balance-wheel is a mere piece of metal. He may have looked at the face of the watch, and while he admires the motions of its hands and the time it keeps he may have wondered in idle amazement as to the character of the machinery which is concealed within. Take it to pieces and show him each part separately—he will recognize neither design nor adaptation nor relation between them; but put them together, set them to work, point out the offices of each spring, wheel and cog; explain their movements and then show him the result. Now he perceives that it is all one design—that, notwithstanding the number of parts, their diverse forms and various offices and the agents concerned, the whole piece is of one thought, the expression of one idea. He now rightly concludes that when the mainspring was fashioned and tempered its relation to all the other parts must have been considered; that the cogs on this wheel and the ratchets on that etc., and his final conclusion will be that such a piece of mechanism could not have been produced by chance; for the adaptation of the parts is such as to show it to be according to design and obedient to the will of one intelligence.

HIS CONDITION IMPROVED.

The Marquis of Salisbury was for many years in very straitened circumstances and his children have all been brought up in habits of the strictest economy. Lord Hugh Cecil, M. P., reputation during his undergraduate days at Oxford, the only possessing one suit of clothes. When Lord Hugh was elected a fellow of Hertford the dons were scandalized by his dining at the table with the same well-worn suit of dittoes. Possibly some hint on the subject was dropped, since his lordship disappeared from Oxford for fortnight, and when he next appeared at high-table was attired in the ordinary garb of society.

K&K-DRS. K&K-DRS. K&K-DRS. K&K-DRS.

SINFUL HABITS IN YOUTH

LATER EXCESSES IN MANHOOD

MAKE NERVOUS, DISEASED MEN

THE RESULT of ignorance and folly in youth, overexertion of mind and body, indulged in by lust and exposure are constantly wrecking the lives and future happiness of thousands of promising young men. Some fade and wither at an early age, at the blossom of manhood, while others are forced to drag out a weary, fruitless and moribund existence. Others reach matrimony but find no solace or comfort there. The victims are found in all stations of life.—The farm, the office, the workshop, the pulpit, the trades and the professions.

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BEFORE TREATMENT AFTER TREATMENT

Divorced but united again

NO NAMES OR TESTIMONIALS USED WITHOUT WRITTEN CONSENT. 50

SYPHILIS EMISSIONS STRICTURE CURED

Wm. A. Walker of 16th Street says:—"I have suffered untold agonies for my 'gay life.' I was indiscreet, young and ignorant. As 'One of the Boys' I contracted gonorrhea and other Private Diseases. I had ulcers in the mouth and throat, bone pains, hair loose, pimples on face, finger nails came off, emissions, became thin and dependent. Seven doctors treated me with Mercury, Potosh, etc. They helped me but could not cure me. Finally a friend induced me to try Dr. Kennedy & Kergan's New Method Treatment. It cured me in a few weeks. I have never heard of their failing to cure in a single case."

CURES GUARANTEED OR MONEY REFUNDED

Capt. Chas. Ferry says:—"I owe my life to Drs. K. & K. At 14 I learned a bad habit. At 21 I had all the symptoms of Seminal Weakness and Spermatorrhoea, Emissions, and weakness of my vitality. I married at 24 under advice of my family doctor, but it was a sad experience. In eighteen months we were divorced. I then consulted Drs. K. & K., who restored me to manhood by their New Method Treatment. It felt a new life thrill through my nerves. We were united again and are happy. This was six years ago. Drs. K. & K. are scientific specialists and I heartily recommend them."

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PURSUANT to contained in a time, offered for sale by me on day, 12th of Oct at the Middleburgh, in the Co. of Durham, in the Co. of Durham, and property, being a division of Lot No. 2 of the said Township fifty acres more or less. About 25 acres of and under cultivation. There is a property and an old frame barn. The well. The land is about 1 and 21 miles from the town of Middleburgh. Terms of Sale, 1/3 of sale and the balance November next. I served bid.

Other terms and conditions made known at the time the same be sold. Designed Vendor's

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