

# Sweet is True Love.

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

"It would have been lonely enough without Craven," Sir Mark told her, "although I can scarcely cry him up as the jolliest companion in all the world, considering that he never opened his lips the entire way. And—would you believe it, Katherine?—it was quite as much as I could do to induce him to graze us the pleasure of his society even for a few days? I told him I would complain of his conduct to you, and throw him on the tender mercies of a woman's tongue. But," he broke off somewhat anxiously, "are you feeling quite strong to-night, my dearest? Your cheeks have lost all the bright color they gave in Italy. Did you go for your drive this afternoon?"

"Yes, I went to see Harry," Katherine answered, ignoring the beginning of his speech, "but the day was black, and I felt cold—so cold—tightening her hands nervously. "I think I will bid you good-night now, and go to my room, as it is rather late—"

"Being as she concluded, and holding out her hand to Craven. "Good-night, Blackwood," she said, quite calmly, but without raising her eyes to meet his, and, having pressed her lips to Sir Mark's forehead, she went quietly away.

During his stay at the Hall, Craven saw but little of Lady Warrenne, he and Sir Mark going shooting, or being otherwise engaged out of doors the entire day until dinner time, after which Katherine avoided, with headfulness that almost amounted to nervous horror, anything resembling a tête-à-tête. Nor, to tell the truth, was Blackwood by any means desirous to "rain one."

From the first moment when Katherine's beautiful idolized face had come before him again in the boudoir, he had never ceased regretting the step that had brought him once more under her influence, and longed earnestly for the hour that should see him back in London again, or with his regiment, or anywhere, so that he might get beyond the gaze of her large, un-bappy eyes. At last the mental torture he was enduring became so unbearable that he determined to end it one way or another, and, after passing a sleepless night, came to the conclusion that the next day—his fifth—should be the last of his residence at Warrenne Hall.

Having made up his mind to this, he determined to say nothing of his intention until the morning of his departure, when he would find some excuse in his letters to leave by the early train, which started about an hour after the usual breakfast time.

Feeling happier in his mind now that he had arranged his private affairs so satisfactorily, he started with Sir Mark about eleven to go through his last day's shooting at the Hall.

It was a magnificent day for the sport they had in view, though decidedly cold and bitter for all those not imbued with a passion for outdoor amusements. Having ascertained from the keeper accompanying him the nearest way to the desired rendezvous, they walked on smartly for about a quarter of a mile, when Sir Mark suddenly discovered that he was without fuses or anything else where-with to light his pipe. "This was indeed a serious consideration, especially as Craven confessed himself in the same plight, and the keeper had evidently been depending upon the other two both for light and tobacco.

"I will run back," said Craven, "Tell me where to find some, and I will overtake you in less than no time; or else I will go by the lower field and pick you up further on."

"Just step into the library by the French window," directed Sir Mark, "and you will find some on the table, which I left there last night, in a little silver affair."

Thus instructed, Blackwood betook himself back once more to the Hall, where, entering the library by the French window, he suddenly came upon Lady Warrenne, seated reading in a large armchair. It was the first time they had been alone since that last eventful day when he had bidden her what had been intended to be a final farewell, so that now, finding himself in her presence in this totally unexpected manner, his courage and coolness deserted him to some extent.

"I beg your pardon, Lady Warrenne," he began, pausing a moment before entering—she had never called her "Tita" since his arrival, nor even Katherine, confining herself to her title—"but Warrenne told me—I came back for some revivians of his lying on the table."

Lady Warrenne rose gracefully. "Are these what you are looking for?" she asked, lifting the little silver matchbox and holding it out to him.

"Yes, thank you," he answered, coldly, coming across the room to receive them from her hand.

As he did so, their eyes met, and a wild unconquerable desire possessed Katherine to be friends with him at all hazards.

"Blackwood, forgive me!" she whispered, gently, laying her hand upon his arm. "If he does," she thought, her heart beating rapidly—"if he puts me now at peace with my conscience—I will tell Mark everything this evening, and perhaps some day I shall be happy."

Meanwhile Craven had taken the little fingers that lay like a snowflake on the coarse cloth of his shooting jacket and spread them out silently on his own brown palm, but not a shadow of forgiveness crossed his face.

"Look here," he said, "so long as I can remember that this hand belongs to another man, let him be who he may, dead or alive, so long I will not forgive you."

"Meaning 'Never?' she asked, quietly, growing deadly pale.

"Meaning 'Never,'" Blackwood Craven answered, just as quietly, loosening her hand unreluctantly.

"You are very hard on me," she said, presently, seeing that he either could not or would not speak.

"Hard on you!" he repeated, with the concentrated bitterness of months in his voice. "How like a woman that is—first employing every artifice to gain a man's honest affection—waiting until she discovers that his very soul is scarce his own—and then flinging him over for the first good match she can find, and, having succeeded in imbittering his whole existence, thinking it 'hard' that he does not turn round and humbly kiss her hand. No!"—with a bitter laugh—"you have misjudged my character. I am a good hater, most of my tender feelings having taken flight since last September, and I hardly find myself sufficiently moral to appreciate the benefits to be received by kissing the proverbial 'rod.'"

"Oh, Blackwood," she murmured, "I think you would be a little more merciful if you only knew how I have longed for your forgiveness, and how miserable I am without it."

"I hope in reality you are," he answered, savagely. "What! Did not your riches, after all, then, bring you the return you anticipated? A just retribution, and one hardly to be expected in this world, where the undeserving mostly come by their own! This is the last conversation in all probability, I shall ever hold with you on earth, as I go away to-morrow morning early, and embark for India in another month or six weeks; so I will waste no more hard words, having let you know, once for all, the esteem in which I hold you."

As he finished speaking, he walked toward the window by which he had entered.

As she saw him moving away from her forever, as it appeared—this man, so cruelly unkind, so deeply loved, so irreparably wronged—Lady Warrenne's heart sank within her; she burst into a storm of sobs, passionate, despairing and made one last effort to obtain the pardon she, in her loneliness, so eagerly craved.

"Blackwood," she cried, "oh, wait for one moment more, only one! If you would but hear me—if you only knew all—you would not think me so base as you think me now. Have I not suffered also? Have you had all the pain? Ah, surely, surely you will not go away forever without saying one kind word to me, whom once you loved?"

She held out her small hands to him beseechingly, sobbing with painful vehemence. Her beautiful face was wet with sad, repentant tears, and Blackwood, looking on, saw, as in some well-remembered dream, the same form, the same hands held out to him as in the old oak parlor at the Manor so many months since.

The sight of her bitter grief roused within him all the better feelings of his manhood; his stubborn will grew weaker, his heart relented. Striding across the room to her side, he accepted the proffered hands.

"You have conquered," he said, hoarsely. "I leave you my full and free forgiveness; take it and be happy in your new life. But, for all that, it is indeed farewell between us two. I shall never again enter your presence, or listen to your voice, or look on your beloved face; so bid me good-by now, and—and may Heaven bless and keep you, my one love!"

His accents were broken with emotion.

Katherine, her prayer granted, the dear wish of her heart fulfilled, nevertheless could not speak the last sad word that should part them forever in this world. She could only stoop, and between her sobs press a timid humble little caress upon his clasping hand; after which she turned away despairingly, and he passed out into the raw cold air to meet the fate that awaited him.

When he was gone, Lady Warrenne went up to her own room, and dressed herself hurriedly to go out into the leafless woods—anywhere from the stifling atmosphere of the house—endeavor to shake off the terrible depression that weighed her down as though determined to crush her to the ground. Perhaps it was the knowledge of Blackwood's departure, perhaps it was the sense of coming evil; who shall say?

But there it lay, the laden weight, cold and heavy on her heart, pursuing her through the sighing woods and into the clearing beyond, like a dark, ill-omened thing, that never left her until, having gained a small copse on her right hand, she saw Blackwood Craven walking before her, gun in hand. She had seen him for barely an instant—nay, afterward it almost seemed as though there was not a second interval—when the report of a sharp, agonized cry that told her too surely of death's victory, and Blackwood, with a dull, crashing, lifeless sound, fell to the sudden earth.

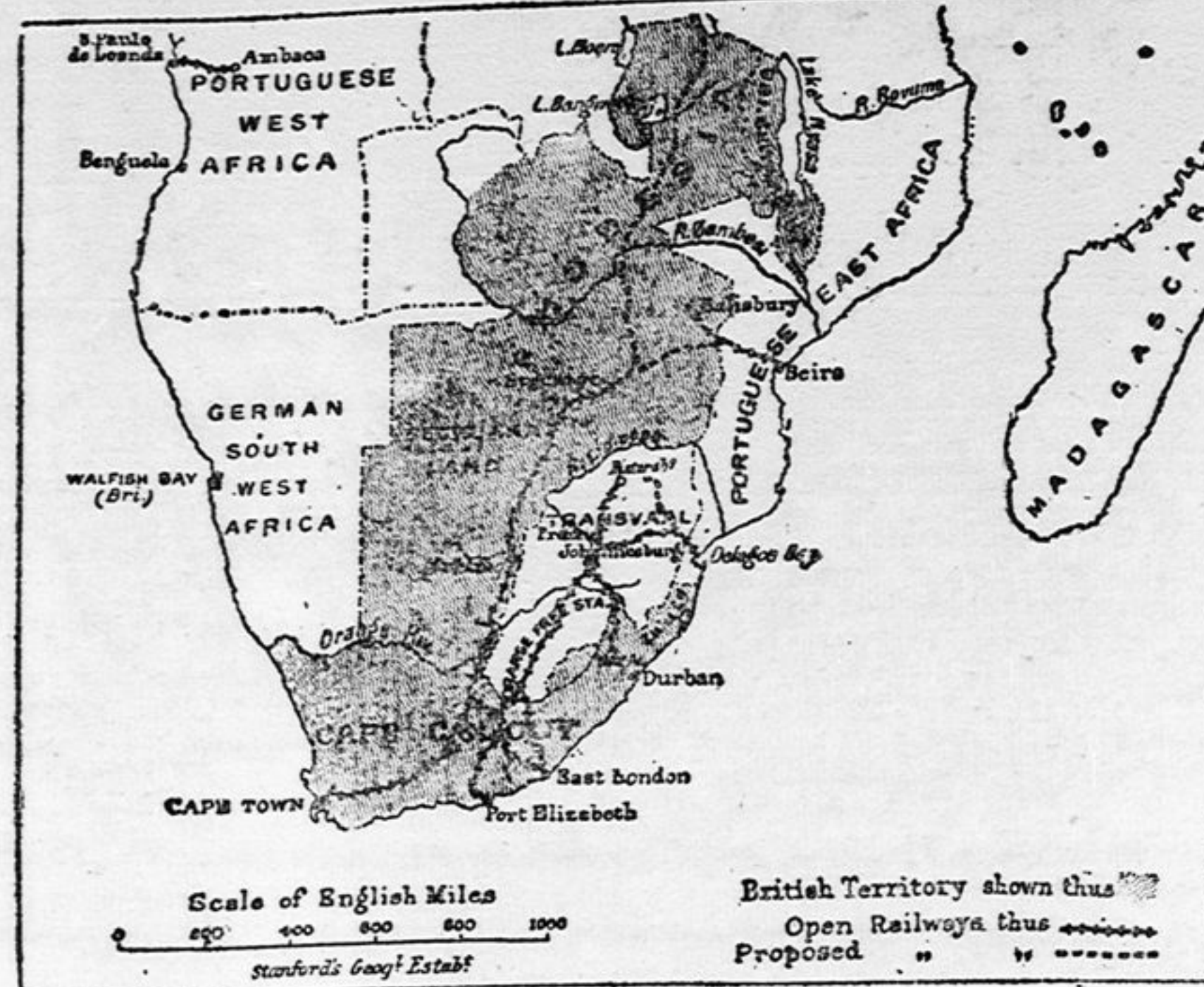
Lady Warrenne sprang forward and knelt down by his side, just as Sir Mark, from an opposite direction, came hurrying up, having also heard both the gun's report and its attendant cry.

Katherine had Blackwood's head on her knees, and was pushing back the hair from his forehead, in a half-conscious, dazed manner, when he reached her.

"Katherine!" he exclaimed, "what has happened?" stooping down and fearing open the young man's coat, only to lay his head upon a heart that but too surely had ceased to beat.

Sir Mark felt his face growing cold, his limbs trembling. It was too awful, too horrible to contemplate; he could not believe it. Only half an hour since, Craven had been in such life and spirits—it appeared to Sir Mark

## WHERE THE WAR CLOUD LIES.



now that he had never seen him in such good spirits as that morning—and now—now—Katherine, too; how did she come there? It was no place for her, poor, delicate darling. She must be got home in some way or other. He stepped forward, and tried to raise the lifeless head from her supporting arms. She pushed him from her.

"Do you not see that he is dead?" she said in an awful whisper—"dead! Go away and do not disturb him. He is mine now, you know, my own; you cannot grudge him to me any longer!"—placing, as she spoke, her small fingers over the dead eyes lovingly.

"Katherine!" Sir Mark exclaimed, half fearing that the horror of the scene had stolen away her senses, and half fearing something wildly to his heart. "Do not speak like that, my darling. Give him to me and tell me how it happened if you can."

"His gun went off and shot him. I saw it all quite distinctly," Katherine explained, methodically. "He gave a cry—oh, such a cry!—and then he fell. Do not change his position, Mark; it is useless; and he is lying just where he would have chosen to lie, could he but know it." Then her tone of horrible calmness suddenly changing to one of the wildest despair, she exclaimed passionately, wringing her hands, "Oh, Blackwood, speak to me, speak to me! I will not believe that you are dead, Mark, save him! do something for him! Do you wish him to die, that you stand there so coldly, without an attempt of any kind to save him? Oh, my love, why cannot I lie there instead of you, so peacefully at rest?"

Her eyes were dry and tearless, but hopeless misery was written on every lineament of her expressive face and she seemed to take no notice whatever of Sir Mark, who stood beside her in silence too stricken for consolation or speech of any kind, but waking slowly to the consciousness that his wife—whom for all these past months he had been cherishing in the fond hope that one day she would love him as he loved her—had long years ago given all the priceless treasure of her heart to another man.

And Blackwood—now for the first time he understood his evident reluctance to visit Warrenne Hall, a reluctance that at the moment had seemed to Sir Mark so singular. Poor Craven!—though it appeared to Warrenne just then, standing there full of life and health above the dead man, that if Blackwood had been carrying so sore a heart in his bosom, that he himself was carrying now, his lot was by far the happier of the two. At this point in his meditations the keeper appeared at some little distance among the trees, and Sir Mark went hurriedly to meet him.

"Mr. Craven has shot himself," he explained briefly. "Run to the house or one of the nearest cottages, and bring something to carry him home upon."

After what seemed to the silent watchers an interminable, delay the man returned, bringing with him some farming men, and a rude impromptu litter, on which, with gentle, kind hands, they laid poor Craven and bore him, in solemn, awe-struck speechlessness, to the Hall.

Here they were met by Archibald Blount, shocked out of all his indolent selfishness as he gazed with uneasy conscience at his nephew's corpse, and the first time, with deep remorse, for the first time, how fatal all that past scene in the Manor library had been to the happiness of the poor boy now lying dead before his eyes.

They carried Blackwood up stairs, and laid him upon his bed, after which doctors were sent for, as a matter of duty, though in this case there was not the faintest ray of hope to sustain the mourners with fond, delusive dreams until the final fiat should be uttered.

When all was done that tenderness and love could do, Lady Warrenne went down stairs, pallid and heart-broken, to where Sir Mark was sitting in his private room, his face buried in his hands.

"I have come to tell you all about it," she said, going over to him and laying her hand lightly on his shoulder.

He rose, placed a chair for her, with a weariness in his manner that at any other time must surely have touched her, and then motioned her to proceed. She told him her whole story, from beginning to end. Glossing over nothing, making nothing worse, and waited when her sad history was finished, to hear what he would say, to receive all the hard words and harder reproaches which she felt she deserved at his hands—to reap the fruit of her father's sowing.

Warrenne got up and came over to her in the gathering twilight, pausing beside her chair.

"My poor darling," he said gently, "my poor little girl!"

And that was all.

Simple words they were in themselves, but surely heaven born in their tender pity. Those few loving terms coming from the quarter whence she had least right to expect them, did more for her certainly than all the harsh measures that could have been used. She bowed her fair sorrowing head upon her hands, and burst into bitter, albeit, soothing tears.

"Do not cry, my dear," said Sir Mark; "perhaps it is better as it is. Poor Blackwood—his was a hard life, and a harder fate, but yet, Katherine, there is another who, to know that he was loved by you as he was loved would gladly change places with Blackwood this moment. Oh, darling, I think of the two my portion is the harder to bear! But tell me now what you would wish me to do for you, and I will do it."

"I only want to go away—to be anywhere by myself to be alone," Katherine sobbed faintly, without raising her head.

"So you shall," Warrenne answered, bravely, although a sharp spasm of agony shot across and disfigured his handsome Saxon face for an instant. "You shall go away by yourself, but not anywhere. I have another estate in Warwickshire, a pretty, secluded place enough, that shall be your own exclusively, if you will have it."

"And you?" his wife asked, looking up at him anxiously for the first time.

"Oh, as for me," Sir Mark replied, endeavouring to speak cheerfully, by turning away his face that she might not see what have the last few hours had wrought upon it, "I shall go abroad and return once more to my old wandering habits! Do not trouble yourself about my welfare; I shall do very well, I dare say. But in your new home, Katherine, you must learn to be happier than you have ever been in this, my poor love; yet I meant to make your life a pleasant one, no matter how dimly I failed. You will learn to forget all these late griefs and sorrows in time, when you have no one near to remind you of them, not even me, as I promise faithfully you shall not see me again until you wish for me. A nonsensical speech," he added, with a little wistful smile, "that only proves to myself how long my banishment will be!"

To be Continued.

## AS A DAY OF REST,

Each day of the week has served as a day of rest somewhere—Sunday among Christians, Monday with the Greeks, Tuesday with the Persians, Wednesday with the Assyrians, Thursday with the Egyptians, Friday with the Turks, and Saturday with the Hebrews.

## MOTH AND THE FLAME.

Moths fly against the candle flame because their eyes can bear only a small amount of light. When, therefore, they come within the light of a candle, their sight is overpowered and their vision confused, and as they cannot distinguish objects, they pursue the light itself and fly against the flame.

## A THOUGHTFUL FRIEND.

Mother—That is a handsome piece of bronze you have selected for Miss Bangups wedding present; but why do you leave on the price-mark?

Daughter—The bronze is very heavy and I do not want the dear girl to injure herself carrying it around to the stores to find out what it cost.

## STRUCK.

Mother is coming next week for a little visit, dear.

Well, then, you'll have to let the cook go. No man can serve two masters!

## EDGING THAT WAY.

Are you and Mr. Simpson engaged, Kitty?

Not exactly, but we hold about six primary meetings every week.

## THE POET.

I have always been misunderstood while the sensitive poet.

Well, thunderation! exclaimed the gross man, ain't that the main reason why you have been able to sell your rhymes?

## Words From the Heart

### A NOVA SCOTIAN FARMER TELLS HOW HE REGAINED HEALTH.

#### He Suffered for Years From Kidney Trouble, Sick Headache and Rheumatism—Although Advanced in Life He Has Found a Cure.

From the Enterprise, Bridgewater, N.S., Solomon Meldrum, Esq., of Upper Branch, Lunenburg Co., N.S., is a gentleman of Scotch descent, and well known throughout the county. He is an agriculturist of repute and is prominent in the local affairs of the Baptist denomination. Referring to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, he says: "I consider them a most wonderful and beneficial revelation in the realm of medicine. Previous to using these pills some two years ago, I had suffered for years from kidney trouble and rheumatism. Many a time had I been so bad that I could do nothing but endure the pain and pray for physical deliverance. My advanced age, being nearly 70 years old, made a cure look almost impossible, humanly considered, in a case of such long standing. But thanks to the Lord and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I am here to-day in excellent health with scarcely an ill feeling to remind me of past sufferings. Something over two years ago I read of the wonderful cures attending the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I thought if these pills may benefit even me. I bought six boxes first, used them strictly as directed, and with the Lord's blessing they did me much good. But my ailments were chronic, deep seated, and I am an old man. The cure was not complete, and I got twelve boxes more with all faith in the result. I only had to use six boxes of the second lot when I found myself quite free from kidney troubles, rheumatism, and all other bodily ailments, except the disability incidental to persons of my advanced age, and even these were in a measure relieved. I may add that for a long time before I used the pills and when I began their use, I was the victim of the most distressing attacks of sick headache, the sensation of sickness in extreme violence, being not a whit more distressing. These attacks came on once or twice a week. After taking the pills, the attacks became less frequent and less troublesome and finally ceased almost entirely. My son who lived at a distance took the remaining six boxes and stated to me that they did him much good. This I do know, that he looked much fresher and appeared in better spirits after their use. Believing as I do that as over-ruling power suggests to mortals all the wise and beneficial thoughts and inventions which operate to improve our race, and ally and cure our suffering, I say again that I thank the Lord and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for my prolonged life and present good health.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapper bearing the full trade-mark Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. If your dealer does not keep them, you will be sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

## PRAYING MILLS.

#### Some Queer Customs of People in One Part of China

Mongolia may be set down as a country of barbarians, if not of religious fanatics. They are idol worshippers of the most pronounced type, and Urga, the capital town and the seat of the Grand Lama, religious intolerance is to be seen in its most despotism form. Urga is a town with a considerable population, a town of wattle-roofed houses, pig-tailed inhabitants and innumerable dogs. Its center is occupied by the house of the Lama, who is practically ruler over all Mongolian Chinese.

Should any reader happen upon Urga and walk through its streets the first thing that will strike him will be a peculiar clanging noise on all sides. It will not take him long to discover whence proceeds this strange clanging noise. It is the clanging of bells, for at every corner there are almost every open space, he will see a peculiar erection, like nothing so much as a giant's turnstile, the centre of which is box-shaped, and from whose sides protrude several bars of wood, the turnstile arrangement is covered by a conical canopy to protect it from the elements, and forms the celebrated praying mill of Mongolia. The drum or wooden box in the centre is filled, sometimes to overflowing, with prayers written on all sorts of material—passer-by, wishing for something good, writes a prayer, if he has the ability, and then puts it in the box, and which he seizes one of the handles of the machine and walks solemnly round, the idea being that this system of grinding is necessary before the prayer can reach its proper destination.

In front of the palace itself there are some scores of these praying mills, while, not dependent entirely upon these, every Mongol will carry a miniature of himself will carry a miniature of himself in his hand, and as he walks or sits, or as he eats or drinks, he will turn time to time, turning the prayer to his particular deity.

### THE BUSY PROPELLER.

The screw of an Atlantic liner, propelling something like 620,000 times between Liverpool and New York.

## NO EXPRESSION IN THE EYE.

### It is the Eyelid That Does the Business, Says an English Oculist.

There are no expressive eyes. The expression of the eye is really in the lid. The eye itself, independent of its surroundings, has no more expression than a glass marble. A prominent English oculist makes this daring statement, and he defends his position with emphasis "The eyes have no expression whatever," he says. "How do you explain the fact that the eyes of one person are more expressive than those of another?" I am asked. They are not. The difference consists in certain nervous contractions of the lids peculiar to the individual.

"Observe for yourself, and you will see that I am right. We will see that I am greatly interested in something, and my attention is suddenly called from it by an unexpected interruption. My upper eyelid raises itself just a little but the eye proper does not change an iota in appearance. If the interruption is but momentary, the elevation of the lid will be but momentary. If the surprise caused by an interruption is continued the lid may be raised even a little more, and in fact, the whole of the forehead, including the eyebrows, is raised and wrinkled. But the eye remains the same.

"When a person is excited, much the same emotions are gone through," continued the doctor. "His eyes are open wide, in cases of intense excitement, to their greatest extent, but the forehead is not wrinkled, and the ball of the eye is as expressive as a bit of glass. No more.

"Observe the face of one who laughs, you will see that the lower eyelid has no muscle of its own, and it is only by the contraction of the adjacent muscles in smiling or laughing that it is made to move. That is why there are many wrinkles about the eyes of merry persons.

"The expression of deep thoughtfulness is produced by the drooping of the upper lid. The lids of some persons fall so low that the pupil of the eye itself is the same. If the meditation is over a subject that worries the thinker, the expression is again quite different. The eyelids contract and the eyebrows are lowered and drawn together. This is true of a reflective mood.

"As to emotional moods, there is the expression of anger, for instance. The eyes, instead of closing, are open wider than they are normally, but the brows are closely knit.

"In expressing sadness the entire upper eyelid comes about half way down and the folds of the skin collect there, giving the lid a thick, heavy appearance."

## THE TEN TRIBES.

#### They Were Not Lost, But Merely Absorbed by Other Nations.

After the death of Solomon the Jewish Kingdom was split into two, that of Israel consisting of 10 tribes, and that of Judah consisting of two tribes. In 722 B. C. the 10 tribes were attacked by Shalmaneser and carried away captive to Assyria, their places being occupied by Assyrian colonists. The Kingdom of Judah continued till 588 B. C., when it was overthrown and the main part of the population carried away captive to Babylon. In 538 B. C. Cyrus conquered Babylon and restored liberty to the Jews, of whom a large number returned to Palestine. Some writers maintain that those who remained all belonged to the two tribes that the 10 tribes who were taken captive never returned. These 10 tribes they call the Lost Tribes. They have been identified with various races—Africans, Gypsies, etc. Some even maintain that the inhabitants of Great Britain and Ireland are descended from the Lost Tribes. There is little reason for any of these identifications, and the last, according to Prof. Huxley, is "absolutely nonsense." There are 10 tribes were never lost. When the 10 tribes as well as the two, were under his authority, and it is most probable that all the Jews of all the tribes who wished to return home did so. Those who preferred to remain where they were, either gave up their religion and became merged with the Assyrians, or remained in scattered communities, the descendants of which still exist in many parts of the world.

#### Pharaoh

Three things...  
Three things...  
Three things...  
Three things...  
Three things...

#### O'KEEF

LLOYD WOOD  
NO EXPRESSION IN THE EYE.  
Mother—I do your husband trouble. You churches, do Mother—The fighting like

is a always