

STOPPED BY A SENTRY

English Admiral Found Way Barred by One of His Subordinates.

Admiral Sir Michael Colville Seymour the naval commander in chief at Portsmouth, England, who retired from active service at the end of last month, is the subject of many good stories. Perhaps one of the best is of an amusing adventure which befell him soon after he took over the Portsmouth command. Sir Michael is a splendid athlete. Tall and spare, he could even now give many far younger men than he a fair start and a beating in a hundred yard sprint. Some three years back he was swinging along in front of the Royal Marine artillery barracks at Eastney, when a sentry stopped him. "You can't go any further, the road is closed to-day," said the man. "Do you know who I am?" queried the astonished admiral, who was not accustomed to having marine sentries exercise authority over him. The man replied that he didn't know and didn't care. "But I am your commander-in-chief," expostulated the admiral. For a minute the man stared at him, then turned away, jerking his thumb over his shoulder, and exclaiming in sarcastic tones, "Check it Chuck it!" And Sir Michael might have been told to turn back in a second had not an officer who saw the occurrence come to his aid. The sentry's too right performance of his duty resulted in his being married by the guard-room—rather hard upon a man who could not be expected to associate the two-edged gentleman before him with the awful majesty of the port admiral.

Heiress and Wife.

CHAPTER I.

A warm day in the southern part of West Virginia was fast drawing to a close; the heat during the day had been almost intolerable under the rays of the piercing sun, and the night was coming on in sullen sultriness. No breath of cooling air stirred the leafy branches of the trees; the stillness was broken only by the chirping of the crickets, and the fire-flies twinkled for a moment, and were then lost to sight in the long grasses. On one of the most prosperous plantations in that section of the country there was a great stir of excitement; the master, Basil Hurlhurst, was momentarily expected home with his bride. The negroes in their best attire were scattered in anxious groups here and there, watching eagerly for the first approach of their master's carriage on the white pebbled road.

The curtains of Whitestone Hall were looped back, and a cheerful flood of light shone out on the waving cotton fields that stretched out as far as the eye could reach, like a field of snow. The last touches had been given to the pillars of roses that filled every available nook and corner, making the summer air redolent with their odoriferous perfumes. Mrs. Corliss, who had maintained the position of housekeeper for a score of years, stood at the window twisting the telegram she held in her hand with ill-concealed impatience. The announcement of this home-coming had been as unexpected as the news of his marriage had been quite a year before.

"Let there be no guests assembled—my reasons will be made apparent to you later on," so read the telegram, which puzzled the housekeeper more than she cared to admit to the inquisitive maid, who stood near her, curiously watching her thoughtful face. "Pears to me it will rain afore they get here, Hagar," she said, nervously, and, as if in confirmation of her words, a few rain-drops splashed against the window-pane. Both she and the girl gazed intently out into the darkness. The storm had now commenced in earnest. The great trees bent to and fro like reeds before the wind; the lightning flashed, and the terrific crash of roaring thunder mingled with the torrent of rain that beat furiously against the casement. It seemed as if the very flood-gates of heaven were flung open wide on this memorable night of the master's return.

"It is a fearful night. Ah! happy is the bride upon whose home-coming the sunlight falls," muttered Mrs. Corliss under her breath. Hagar had caught the low-spoken words, and in a voice that sounded strange and weird like a warning, she answered: "Yes, and unhappy is the bride upon whose home-coming rain-drops fall." How little they knew, as they stood there of the terrible tragedy—the cruellest ever enacted—those grim, silent walls of Whitestone Hall were soon to witness, in fulfillment of the strange prophecy. Hagar, the maid, had scarcely ceased speaking ere the door was flung violently open, and a child of some five summers rushed into the room, her face livid with passion, and her dark, gleaming eyes shining like baneful stars, before which the two women involuntarily quailed.

"What is this I hear?" she cried, with wild energy, glancing fiercely from the one to the other. "Is it true what they tell me—my father is bringing home his bride?" "Pluma, my child," remonstrated Mrs. Corliss, feebly, "I—"

"Don't Pluma me!" retorted the child, clutching the deep crimson passion roses from a vase at her side, and tramping them ruthlessly beneath her feet. "Answer me at once, I say—has he dared do it?" "P-l-u-m-a!" Mrs. Corliss advanced toward her, but the child turns her darkly beautiful, willful face toward her with an imperious gesture. "Do not come a step nearer," cried the child, bitterly, "or I shall fling myself from the window down on to the rock below. I shall never welcome my father's wife here; and mark me, both of you, I hate her!" she cried, vehemently. "She shall rue the day that she was born!"

Mrs. Corliss knew but too well the child would keep her word. No power, save God, could stay the turbulent current of the ungovernable self-will which would drag her on to her doom. No human being could hold in subjection the fierce, untamed will of the beautiful, youthful tyrant. There had been strange rumors of the unhappiness of Basil Hurlhurst's former marriage. No one remembered having seen her but once, quite five years before. A beautiful woman with a babe had suddenly appeared at Whitestone Hall, announcing herself as Basil Hurlhurst's wife. There had been a fierce, stormy interview, and on that very night Basil Hurlhurst took his wife and child abroad; those who had once seen the dark, glorious, scornful beauty of the woman's face never forgot it. Two years later the master had returned alone with the little child, heavily draped in widower's weeds.

The master of Whitestone Hall was young; those who knew his story were not surprised that he should marry—he could not go through life alone; still they felt a nameless pity for the young wife who was to be brought to the home in which dwelt the child of his former wife. There would be bitter war to the end between them. No one could tell on which side the scales of mercy and justice would be balanced. At that instant, through the ringing of the fierce elements, the sound of carriage wheels smote upon their ears as the vehicle dashed rapidly up the long avenue of the porch; while, in another instant, the young master, half carrying the slight, delicate figure that clung timidly to his arm, hurriedly entered the spacious parlor. There was a short consultation with the housekeeper, and Basil Hurlhurst, tenderly lifting the slight

burden in his strong, powerful arms, quickly bore his wife to the beautiful apartments that had been prepared for her. In the excitement of the moment Pluma was quite forgotten; for an instant only she glanced bitterly at the sweet, fair face resting against her father's shoulder, framed in a mass of golden hair. The child clung her small hands until she almost cried aloud with the intense pain, never once deigning a glance at her father's face. In that one instant the evil seeds of a life-time were sown strong as life and more bitter than death.

Turning hastily aside she sprang hurriedly down the long corridor, and out into the darkness and the storm, never stopping to gain breath until she had quite reached the huge ponderous gate that shut in the garden from the dense thicket that skirted the southern portion of the plantation. She laughed a hard, mocking laugh that sounded unnatural from childish lips, and she saw a white hand hurriedly loop back the silken curtains of her father's window, and she saw him bend tenderly over the golden-haired figure in the arm-chair. Suddenly the sound of her own name fell upon her ear. "Pluma," whispered a low, cautious voice, and in the quick flashes of lightning she saw a white, haggard woman's face pressed close against the grating, and two white hands were steadily forcing the rusty lock. There was no fear in the fiery, rebellious heart of the dauntless child.

"Go away, you miserable beggar-woman," she cried, "or I shall set the hounds on you at once. Do you hear me, I say!" "Who are you?" questioned the woman, in the same low-guarded voice. The child threw her head back proudly, her voice rising shrilly above the wild warring of the elements, as she answered: "Know, then, I am Pluma, the heiress of Whitestone Hall!" The child formed a strange picture—her dark, wild face, so strangely like the mysterious woman's own, standing vividly out against the crimson lightning flashes, her dark curls blown about her gypsy-like face, the red lips curling scornfully, her dark eyes gleaming.

"Pluma," called the woman, softly, "come here." "How dare you, a beggar-woman, call me!" cried the child, furiously. "Pluma—come—here—hastily!" There was a subtle something in the stranger's voice that throbbled through the child's pulse like leaping fire—a strange, mysterious influence that bound her, heart and soul, like the mesmeric influence a serpent exerts over a fascinated dove. Slowly, hesitatingly, this child, whose fiery will had never bowed before human power, came timidly forward, step by step, close to the iron gate against which the woman's face was pressed. She stretched out her hand and it rested for a moment in the child's dark curls. "Pluma, the gate is locked," she said. "Do you know where the keys are?" "No," answered the child. "They used to hang behind the pantry door—a great bunch of them. Don't they hang there now?" "Ye-es."

"I thought so," muttered the woman, triumphantly. "Now, listen, Pluma; I want you to do exactly as I bid you. I want you to go quickly and quietly, and bring me the longest and thinnest one. You are not to breathe one word of this to any living soul. Do you understand, Pluma—I command you to do it." "Yes," answered the child, dubiously. "Stay!" she called, as the child was about to turn from her. "Why is the house lighted up to-night?" "Again the reckless spirit of the child flashed forth. "My father has brought home his bride," she said. "Don't you see him bending over her, toward the third window yonder?" The woman's eyes quickly followed in the direction indicated. Was it a curse the woman uttered as she watched the fair, golden-haired young girl-wife's head resting against Basil Hurlhurst's breast, his arms clasped lovingly about her? "Go, Pluma!" she commanded, bitterly.

Quickly and cautiously the child sped on her fatal errand through the storm and the darkness. A moment later she had returned with the key which was to unlock a world of misery to so many lives. "Promise me, Pluma, heiress of Whitestone Hall, never to tell what I have done or seen or heard to-night. You must never dare breathe it while you live. Say you will never tell, Pluma." "No," cried the child, "I shall never tell."

FOR BURNS AND BRUISES. The most important point in the treatment of burns is to at once exclude the air. Cotton wool saturated with sweet oil is a safe and effective application. Do not remove the dressing until the irritation has subsided. In the country mothers often cover their children's burns with flour. In serious cases a mixture of sweet oil and molasses is favoured. Vaseline is sometimes sufficient. If the air is kept away nature will generally restore the tissue without other assistance. Table oil or fresh butter rubbed immediately on a slight bruise will prevent swelling or discoloration. But if the bruise is severe of course a little raw beefsteak is better. A slight bruise may often be best treated by a compress wet with witch hazel. The first thing to do with a sprain is to apply water as hot as can be borne, and repeat until the pain is gone. The hot water may be showered on the sprain or wet cloths may be used if frequently renewed. The foot or ankle can be conveniently immersed in a tub of water. The next thing is to keep the injured part thoroughly warm. This is done by winding it with wadding or flannel. The less a sprained limb is used, the quieter it is kept, the more likely it is to get well quickly.

HER HUSBAND WAS A DRUNKARD. A Lady Who Cures Her Husband of His Drinking Habits Writes of Her Struggle to Save Her Home. A PATHETIC LETTER. "I had for a long time been thinking of trying the Bala Samaria Prescription treatment on my husband for his drinking habits, but I was afraid he would discover that I was giving him medicine and the thought unbecomingly occurred to me. I had been drinking for nearly a week, but one day when he came home very much intoxicated and full of all sorts of hazards, I sent for your tasteless Samaria Prescription, and put it in his coffee as directed next morning, and he was sober and ready for the result. At noon I gave him more and also at supper. He never suspected a thing, and then boldly kept right on giving it regularly, as I had discovered something that set every nerve in my body tingling with hope and happiness, and I could see a bright future spread out before me—peaceful, happy home, a share in the good things of life, an attentive, loving husband, comforts, and everything else due to a woman's heart; for my husband had told me that when he was in the street he was taking a dislike to it. It was on the 10th of the month that I gave him the first dose, and he was so much better, that I felt I had done for him. He never has had a drink since, and I am writing you to tell you how glad I am to be able to honestly believe it will cure the others."

THE BUSINESS GIRL AND THE HOME-BIRD. The stay-at-home girl whose parents are numbered among the well-to-do, has far more opportunities, of meeting possible suitors and marrying well than the girl whose time is almost entirely taken up in the struggle for self-maintenance. The former has little else to do but attend to her dress, help in the domestic arrangements, and make herself attractive and agreeable; the latter spends all her time in traveling, working hard all day, returning home tired in the evening. Her complexion is not so fresh as her butterfly sister's, her dresses are plainer and quieter; yet, when it comes to the question of marriage, one has only to look round to see which of the two would make the best wife. "The stay-at-home girl is the girl for me," says the unthinking youth. "She is prettier, more girlish, and more domesticated." This may be. She would be a pretty little housekeeper, no doubt; keep the place neat and spotless, and cook the finest dishes in the world. But would the average man in constant contact with the world, who has to do with a wife who has to be a cook or a kind of superior housekeeper? Let us have a better opinion of him than that. He marries because he wants a wife and a companion, and as long as things are fairly comfortable, he is not particular as to the condition of his home—in fact, he objects to fussiness, and grumbles at having to change his boots or clear up his papers. A pretty wife does not satisfy a man nowadays. He wants to be entertained and amused. To be happy, he must have a smart wife, a lively wife, and a wife with plenty of fun as well as commonsense. For that he has to seek further than the girls who have lived a butterfly existence at home. "When I marry," said a young man the other day, "it will be a girl who has never been further than the village in which she lives—a sweet, country girl, unhardened by contact with the world!" "Then you would make the biggest mistake you ever made in your life!" said a practical friend. "You would get tired of her in a month. Take my advice, and when you do marry, choose a wife, whose charm lies in her self-helpfulness and her developed mind. Select a wife for everything but her ignorance, and you will not go far wrong."

And there is a great deal of truth in this. A man takes a fancy to a girl he has seen but three or four times—perhaps on the tennis-court, or at a friend's house. She is pretty and girlish, and well-dressed, and by and by the two become engaged. If he is fortunate, he finds out his mistake before it is too late. Even then he sometimes sacrifices his future happiness by honourably carrying out his contract. The girl he has married is vain, simple, and narrow-minded, and she has but few ideas in her head, and those he knows by heart. He cannot imagine how he could possibly be attracted by such a very uninteresting woman. Yet she is as pretty and as well-dressed as when he first saw her. Thus the girl who spends the best part of her life in a city office has far better prospects of married happiness. The strain of daily travelling and close work may have stolen the bloom from her cheek; she may make hideous failures in her first attempts at cookery; but she has every advantage of keeping a man's affection. She can hold her own with him, for she has had almost as much worldly experience as he. She knows just how far money will go. Pettinances and spite-woman's greatest pitfalls—no longer sway her. Her life has improved her mind, if not her appearance. "There is no reasoning with my wife!" said a much worried man to his father-in-law, as he overlooked his housekeeping bills. "She knows exactly what my income is, and yet she is for ever pestering me to buy things I can't afford!" "You took her from a luxurious

home to a poor one!" said the father calmly. "You must remember that and bear with her and teach her the value of money. If you had been a wise young man, you would have chosen a wife who needed no instruction. Romance is nothing but a blind, and scarcely lasts the wedding-clothes out!" There is no happiness in a home, rich or poor, which is governed by an extravagant wife; and there are few women in the world who can be taught to know the worth of money, except by suffering from the lack of it. "I used to keep myself entirely on twenty-five shillings a week," said a happy bride, who had given up a Government appointment to become the wife of a struggling young artist. "Now I shall think myself rich indeed to keep house on the same money, and without earning it!" Had the daughter of a wealthy man left her father's luxurious home for the artist's modest little studio, she would have wept bitter tears over that paltry twenty-five shillings a week. Why, it would be nothing for her to spend that and more on the purchase of a single hat! How, then, could she keep house for a whole week on the price of a hat?

Again, the business-girl has had the corners knocked off her. She doesn't expect to be made much of and fussed after. In fact, she would think this rather boring than otherwise. She would rather be treated with ordinary deference and as a rational being than be called all the most endearing names in the world. Thus, unlike the spoilt home-bird, instead of fretting for the lover's carelessness in the husband she is perfectly content with a steady affection.

SIBERIAN ROAD BLOCKED. No Freight Except War Material Handed on the Line. Recent letters from Moscow, printed in the European papers, are full of details concerning the inability of the Siberian Railroad to meet the strain imposed upon it by the Chinese campaign. Beyond the Ural it is almost entirely occupied by the transportation of troops and military stores. No goods are accepted from private consignors and only occasional trains are run for the convenience of passengers, and it is often difficult to find a place even upon one of these. There is much difficulty in working the road, and men have been drafted from all the lines in European Russia, at double wages and a daily bonus, to work on the Siberian division. One of the great troubles is the lack of proper engines. Break-downs are frequent, and even troop trains are subject to constant and prolonged delays. All along the road the prices of provisions have risen to famine prices, and hay and oats are worth almost their weight in gold. The inhabitants of the different towns on the line are compelled to provide food, chiefly rusk made out of the ordinary black bread of the country, for the soldiers, who are on their way to the Chinese frontier. In some places the value of this commodity has risen to ten or twelve times the ordinary rate; and this scarcity of provisions is said to be causing an exodus from central Siberia toward European Russia. Information as to the actual condition of affairs is guarded jealously by the authorities, and it is thought that matters are much more serious in Eastern Siberia than any one would gather from the official bulletins.

HAY FEVER SERIOUS THIS YEAR. Hay Fever this season appears to be of a very serious type, developing inflammation of the lungs. Evidently in many instances into pneumonia and typhoid fever should not be trifled with. A most fortunate discovery to this class of sufferers is the marvellous microbe killer, which during the past two years has been found to absolutely certain in all cases of Hay Fever. Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, etc. is very strange how people will persist in using snuff, ointments and washes which are not only of no use, but actually do harm. Catarrh is very pleasant—it is carried by dry air through the most remote air cells to the lungs. It quickly destroys the germs and cures it to excite disease. It is to be had from druggists, or the originators, N. C. Bolton & Co., Mfg. Chemists, Kingston, Ont., will send it to any address in Canada or United States, post and duty paid, for \$1.00.

HOW A JAPANESE HERO DIED. A lieutenant of engineers at Tien Tsin, with three sappers, crept up in the dark on a dip-slope a charge of gun-cotton at the huge gate. There was the dark and placed a charge of gun-cotton, but it failed somehow, and, as daylight was dawning already, the four Japanese felt that their manœuvre was in danger of failing, so one of them fired the charge with a match, blowing himself to death and glory, and giving entry to the allied army. His comrades rushed in and climbed the internal gate and burst the inner gate open. The Chinese, always cowardly at close quarters, made no resistance, but fled into the town, where promptly ensued brisk street fighting for awhile, but by the time the sun was fairly up the city was taken.

Green Ceylon and India Tea which is now being introduced into Canada, in the well known packages of the "Salada" Tea Company, has got one great advantage over Japan Tea; and that is, while it is of the same flavor and the same light coloring liquor, it is very much stronger and absolutely free from adulteration, which practically no Japan tea is. Ceylon Green Tea is sold in the sealed Lead Packets of the "Salada" Tea Company and is always fresh and fragrant as well as healthful.

NOT A HARD CREDITOR. De world owes me a livin', said Measlering Mike. But what you're always sayin' answered Pleading Pete, but I don't see you gettin' much of it. Aw, well, I always was one o' dese easy-going, good-natured people. I'd rather let do world keep its old livin' dan be forever dunnin' it.

What the fool does in the end, the wise man does at the beginning. Try a package of Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea today.

LUDE. A Matter of Pride. RAYSAY'S PAINTS. LONDON ANARCHISTS. OFF WITH THE CASH. FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS. THE ARTIST AND THE POET. \$100 Reward, \$100. WILLIS. M'Jigger—Jigly turned over a new leaf. He says hereafter he's going to work with a conscience. Thinkunob—Yes; he has; for he was left out of his rich uncle's. MONTREAL HOTEL DIRECTORY. The "Balmoral," Free Bus. AVE. HOUSE. ALL THAT STOPPED HIM. W P C 1045. CALVERT'S. METAL ROOFERS. FRENCH CLEANING. ARE YOU WEAK? THREE MONTHS' TRIAL. CATHOLIC PRAYER. LAW. POULTRY, BUTTER, EGGS, APPLES. Music Teachers Wanted. CALIFORNIA. WOOD & PHOTO ENGRAVING.

Pronounced Incurable.

THE STORY OF MRS. AGNES FORAN OF HALIFAX.

Following inflammation of the lungs a severe cough set in and her doctor said her case was hopeless. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have restored her health.

Mrs. Agnes Foran, who resides at 21 Agricola street, Halifax, N. S., tells a wonderful story of her complete restoration to health, after a protracted and distressing period of extreme illness, and she attributes her present happy condition, under Providence, to the marvellous qualities of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Mrs. Foran, who resides at 21 Agricola street, Halifax, N. S., tells a wonderful story of her complete restoration to health, after a protracted and distressing period of extreme illness, and she attributes her present happy condition, under Providence, to the marvellous qualities of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Mrs. Foran, who resides at 21 Agricola street, Halifax, N. S., tells a wonderful story of her complete restoration to health, after a protracted and distressing period of extreme illness, and she attributes her present happy condition, under Providence, to the marvellous qualities of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Mrs. Foran, who resides at 21 Agricola street, Halifax, N. S., tells a wonderful story of her complete restoration to health, after a protracted and distressing period of extreme illness, and she attributes her present happy condition, under Providence, to the marvellous qualities of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

CHINA'S FRONTIERS. The coast line of the Chinese empire exceeds 2,000 miles and the land frontier is 4,400 miles.