

"She is indifferent to Stannore I am certain," he told himself; "and the other man that she was engaged to is married—and I can't help it—I can't keep away."

He literally could not keep away from Rodger's Court. He was always riding over there on some excuse or other, and then he and Belle met occasionally in society, as their country neighbours naturally entertained the new Lady Stannore, and were entertained in return.

To do Belle justice she gave him very little or no encouragement. She liked him, and was amused by his boyish infatuation and admiration; but she never really troubled her head about him, and as for her heart it was cold as stone to him.

Yet about three weeks after she had met the Trelawneys at Hunt, a scene occurred between Belle and Sir Dick which she at least had never forgotten. They had dined together at one of the country houses round, the night before and during this evening Sir Dick's feelings had reached a climax. He was in truth so madly in love with her that everything else grew dim. Honor, his mother's love, all were swallowed up in the overwhelming emotion that filled his heart, and against which he made no stand.

He knew that the Dowager Lady Stannore was expected to arrive shortly to arrive at the Court, and he knew, too, that he would then have less chance of seeing Belle alone. Stannore was always civil to him, though somewhat cool, and Stannore had grown colder in his manner to Belle since the day he had called her "an ice woman." He was disappointed in fact; somehow he had expected his young wife would have learned to love him, but Belle never pretended that she did.

There was some family matters to arrange, and it had been settled that Stannore was to meet his sister-in-law in town, and that she was to return with him to Rodger's Court for a long visit. He left on the morning after the dinner party at the country neighbour's, where they had met Sir Dick, and for the first time since her marriage Belle was alone. Sir Dick knew that she would be, and he was strangely excited.

His mother watched him all the morning with uneasy glances. His restlessness was painful; he was indeed counting the hours until he could go to Rodger's Court, and the intuition of love told Lady Probyn this, and filled her heart with disquietude.

After lunch he was leaving the room, when his mother asked him if he would drive with her, to pay an afternoon visit to Lady Lee.

"No, not to-day, mother," he answered quickly, and his face flushed.

Lady Probyn saw the flush, and it did not make her mind more at ease.

"Are you going anywhere, Dick?" she said gravely.

"Yes; to the Court," he answered.

"But Lord Stannore will not be at home; he told us last night he was going this morning up to town for a day or two?"

"That is no reason why I should not go and see Lady Stannore."

He spoke in a tone that his mother had never heard from his lips before; in an annoyed, almost angry tone, and Lady Probyn felt that any further interference on her part would be useless.

She watched him ride away with a sinking heart. A sort of presentiment of coming evil overwhelmed her. But she was powerless; she could only wait, and pray silently for her boy.

Meanwhile Sir Dick was riding at his horse's utmost speed, gluing every moment that kept him away from Belle's presence. He had half-whispered something to her the night before, that he would call in the afternoon, yet when he arrived at the Court the servants told him she was out. A chill, black disappointment at once fell on Sir Dick's heart.

"Do you know where she is gone?" he inquired.

"She told her maid she was going out for a walk, as she had a headache," Sir Richard replied the butler, to whom, of course, Sir Dick was very well known.

"Do you know in what direction?" he asked.

"I saw her go down the avenue, but that was half-an-hour ago," answered the man. "Well, I'll leave my horse, and go and try to find her," slightly stammered Sir Dick.

The horse was taken to the stables and then the young man started on his search. It was a fine autumnal day, and the country round looked beautiful, with its yellow fields of waving uncut corn, its wide, grasslands, and the white-flecked sky. But Sir Dick looked not at earth or heaven. One image filled his brain; one idea absorbed his soul.

"I will tell her what I feel to her," he had told himself through the long hours of a restless night, and through a weary morning of waiting. "She must know, but I will tell her to-day."

He had gone to the Court with this determination, and to find her absent was hard to bear. Still he might meet her, in this hope he strode on, and he had not walked very far when he actually did meet Belle.

She was opening the gate of a corn field in which she had been walking when he first saw her. Sir Dick sprang forward to her assistance, and Belle looked and felt surprised to see him.

"You taking a country walk, Sir Richard?" she said, holding out her hand.

"I—I came to seek you," he stammered in his agitation.

"I have been watching the corn waving in the wind," went on Belle, looking at the swaying yellow grain. "It's so pretty to see it, I think."

"Yes, but Sir Dick was not looking at the standing corn."

"Stannore left this morning, and I had rather a headache after last night's dissipation, so I came out for a solitary walk, and I think my headache is gone."

"Will you turn back? I have something to say to you," said Sir Dick, yet more agitated.

"I think we had better not turn back; you can tell me what you have got to say as we walk towards the Court."

(To be Continued.)

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### TRANSPLANTED.

It was the biggest ball of the season, and the assembly room of the fashionable watering place was looking its gayest and brightest, thanks to lavish decoration and the kaleidoscope effect produced by the throngs of brilliantly dressed dancers as they whirled round in the infinite variety and picturesque incongruity of fancy costume.

And yet, despite all the life and color, there was something fictitious and unreal in the brilliant gaiety of the picturesque scene; just as there was an undertone of passionate pain in the sweet music of the waltz which rang through the room, an undertone which seemed strangely out of harmony with the superficial enjoyment of the crowd.

Or was it only the look in a girl's face that was out of keeping, and seemed at once to give the lie to all the hollow pretense of pleasure around her? To one unobserved spectator this idea suddenly occurred with the force of a conviction.

It was a beautiful face, beautiful alike in regularity of feature and exquisite delicacy of coloring. But the smile on the sweet mouth was forced and full of unnatural gaiety, while the great gray eyes had a haunting look of weariness which gave them an indescribable pathos. The girl was tall and slight, and the white dress she wore, graceful though it was, seemed almost too rich and elaborate for her slender figure. She was young—scarcely one-and-twenty—and looked even younger than her years; and the man who was watching her grew her further back into the shadow of the heavily curtained doorway as a flood of memories rushed over him—memories held in check till now by an iron will, but released in a moment by the sight of the beautiful, sad face that was all the world to him, though for four long years it had been out of his life. How he had missed her! Surely he had never realized it till now.

A chance remark arrested his attention. Two men near were talking together, commenting audibly enough on the scene before them.

"How charming Maud Carruthers is looking tonight! That girl grows prettier every time I see her!"

"Is it true that she's engaged to young Melbourne?"

"Wants confirmation, I should say. He's hard hit, and her people approve of him naturally; he's well connected and fabulously wealthy; but as to the fair Maud herself—if she is engaged to him she might look a little more cheerful over it."

"Yes, I shouldn't feel flattered in his place," the younger man assented. "She's not a bit like the other girls one meets about; don't know why, but she seems out of it somehow."

"Well, her story is rather an odd one, you know."

"But I don't know more. Where does the oddness come in? Her people are conventional enough."

"Yes; but she never saw them till she was 16 or 17; for her mother married beneath her, and was cut in consequence. The marriage turned out badly, I believe, and Mrs. Carruthers died in Australia, where the child was brought up by the people with whom she was staying at the time; rather a rough and ready bringing up, I fancy."

"Then how does she come to be here, and forgiven?"

"Oh, it all came about somehow; Carruthers died, and then inquiries were made as to the child's whereabouts, and she was transplanted over here; rather a change from her experiences in the bush."

"An agreeable one, I should think."

"It's that depends on how you look at it! Now, from her point of view we may be a little tame and commonplace. I don't know anything about it, mind you, but it's just possible she may prefer primitive nature to our enervating and overdone nineteenth century civilization. To my mind the girl looks bored."

"Then it she marries Melbourne—"

"It will be merely to escape from the present position. Since her grandfather's death a year ago, she has found it more wearisome than ever, or I'm much mistaken. She was really fond of poor old Draycott, but for the rest of them—'Pon my soul, I'm sorry for the girl!'"

The music ceased, and the speakers moved away and the long procession of dancers began to pace out into the cooler air of the long, flower-decked corridor.

But the man near them still kept his place in the deep shadow of the curtains and watched, with eager eyes, to see that tall, white-robed figure pass through the doorway.

But he watched in vain. He had lost

sight of her just before the dance ended, and she had no doubt left the ball room by some other door. From the station he had chosen he could command the whole room, and he saw that Maud Carruthers was no longer there.

And tonight he held every moment wasted in which she was out of sight. For the last time—it was for the last time—and already the precious moments were slipping rapidly away!

He must find her again, even though in order to do so he must risk discovery and recognition.

Little risk that she would recognize him after four years, and in such widely different surroundings! His dress, too, with its heavy cloak and broad sombrero hat, would surely be a sufficient disguise if she should still chance to retain a slight recollection of her old friend and would-be brother; the man under whose roof all her happy childhood had been passed.

And even if she did know him, what then?

He was surely capable of keeping his secret still, as he had kept it in the old days. She was little likely to guess it now in all the pride of her triumphant youth and beauty; now when so many younger richer men were at her feet. Oh, he knew his place! and he smiled grimly to himself. Had not her self-complacent relations been careful to point it out to him—most considerably no doubt—four years ago? Certainly, there was little likelihood of his forgetting now. No, there would be no real risk in the meeting should they chance to meet. No possible risk for her, and for himself—he would gladly give the ten best years of his life just to hear her voice again; just to meet her grey eyes once more with the old frank smile in them that he knew so well. No possible risk—no; he had been a fool and coward ever to think of it; and his resolution to keep out of her way—the resolution that he had thought so wise and so good—was entirely foolish and unnecessary. She need never know the reason of his brief visit "home." Why should not he have business in England as well as another man; and how should she suspect the mad desire to see her face to face once more that had brought him from the other side of the world?

Thus thinking—it indeed, the rapid stream of recollections, suggestions and reassuring convictions that rushed through his mind could rightly be dignified with the name of thought—he strode boldly out into the corridor; a noticeable figure enough from his commanding stature and grand breadth of shoulder. Many eyes followed him as he passed between the banks of flowers with which the wide corridor was lined on either side, and many were the speculations as to who he was, and why he was at the ball; since he spoke to no one, and nobody seemed to know him. But he passed on, unconscious alike of admiring eyes and fruitless speculation.

Meantime Maud had suffered her partner to lead her to a wide window seat at the farther end of the corridor from that where her old friend was seeking her. The girl's face looked strangely pale now that the flush dancing brought to it had died away; and there was an expression of something very like despair in her wide grey eyes as she listened to her companion's eager words.

"You know you promised me my answer to-night, Maud, and we mayn't have such a chance again. No one has found out this corner yet; but it won't escape the observation of the crowd long. I've waited patiently, and haven't bothered you a bit, and now—at last—time's up. You won't ask me to wait any longer?"

A look of sudden dismay clouded the boyish brightness of his face as he spoke, but only for a moment.

"No, I won't ask you to wait any longer; the girl's words came slowly, and with evident effort; but—why do you want me to say yes, when you know that I don't care for you? No, hear me out, as I would have interrupted her. 'I like you, but I don't care for you in that way, and I never shall.'

"But you will, Maud; you must when you see how awfully fond I—"

"No, I never shall, I know. If you insist on marrying me, you shall at least do it with your eyes open, Mr. Melbourne."

"Oh, don't speak to me like that!"

"But I feel to you like that, and I must speak as I feel. Feel! with swift self-scorn. 'What have I to do with feeling at all? If I marry you it will be to escape from my present life; to get away from myself—from the everlasting, purposeless rounds of dances and dinners. I have told you this before.'

"Yes, and I have told you that I love you."

"And yet you don't hesitate?"

"For myself, no." He was silent a moment, a look of most unusual indecision on his face. "But you put things differently tonight," he said, at length.

"You say you know you shall never care for me. I don't see how you can know that unless—"

"Unless—?" she faced him bravely, though a sudden flush showed the already grasped his meaning.

"On care for some one else," he said, very deliberately. "Do you, Maud?"

For a moment he thought, she was going to break into indignant denials, then all at once her face softened and changed, and the light of a wonderful joy flashed into it as she sprang to her feet, exclaiming:—"Denzil! At last!"

Young Melbourne turned in astonishment. Who was this stately-looking man that Maud should go to meet him with outstretched hands of welcome and brilliant, rapturous smile?

No matter who he was, the boy felt that his question was answered. He took his dismissal quietly, and left them without a word; nor did anyone see him again that night.

And Denzil?

At the sight of Maud's eager eyes, and sweet, well-remembered smile, he forgot all his stern resolutions and carefully cultivated convictions. He had never even dreamed of the possibility of such a meeting as this, and the glad recognition that rang in her voice fairly swept him off his feet, strong, self-contained man though he was.

For she loved him; he saw it in her eyes, heard it in her voice, knew it at last—astonishing, well-nigh impossible fact though it was; and this being so, nothing could come between them; no proud, disdainful relations could part them any more, and when Denzil Claxton returned to Australia after his brief visit was over, his wife accompanied him, and great was the wrath and indignation among the Draycotts, who had tried to hard to make her in all respects one with themselves, only to fail so signally at the last!

But Maud was happy, and once back again among Denzil's people, and all the congenial associations of the past, she soon regained the bright serenity and sunny sweetness of nature which she had well-nigh lost in that alien land, to which unkind fate, and Denzil's stern sense of duty, had for a time transplanted her.—Household Words.

"No, Willie, dear," said mama, "no more cakes to-night. Don't you know you are to sleep on a full stomach?"

"Well," replied Willie, "I can sleep on my back."

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BORN.

Woodstock, to the wife of Frank Good, a son.

Halifax, May 17, to the wife of Clara Gladwin, a son.

Halifax, May 25, to the wife of G. Robinson, a son.

Halifax, May 25, to the wife of K. A. Beals, a daughter.

Torbrook, May 21, to the wife of Robert Condon, a son.

Halifax, May 25, to the wife of Robert Stanford, a son.

Halifax, May 14, to the wife of Thomas Hagan, a son.

Walton, May 9, to the wife of Albert McCulloch, a son.

Ayer, Mass., April 27, to the wife of Wm. McLean of N. S., a son.

Turro, May 21, to the wife of Angus McEachern, a son.

Springfield, May 15, to the wife of C. R. Marshall, a son.

Summersville, May 15, to the wife of Henry Masters, a son.

Bea River, May 23, to the wife of B. W. Clarke, a son.

Yarmouth, May 18, to the wife of H. K. Lewis, a daughter.

Wolfville, May 27, to the wife of E. S. Crowley, a daughter.

Bridgetown, May 25, to the wife of T. G. Mack, a daughter.

North Sydney, May 27, to the wife of J. M. Broadfoot, a son.

St. John, May 30, to the wife of Charles R. Murray, a daughter.

Torbrook, May 17, to the wife of W. C. Barteaux, a daughter.

Deep Brook, May 21, to the wife of John Dittmars, a daughter.

Springfield, N. S., May 10, to the wife of J. J. Morrissey, a son.

Barrington, May 22, to the wife of Ashton Hopkins, a daughter.

Dalhousie East, May 7, to the wife of William Franey, a son.

East Margareville, May 24, to the wife of H. M. Harris, a son.

Kentville, May 20, to the wife of Rev. C. K. Hartington, a daughter.

Salmon River, N. S., May 18, to the wife of Charles Augustus Deveau, a daughter.

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Lequille, May 23, by Rev. H. Howe, Lizzie Jackson to Ray Francis.

Advocate, 18, by Rev. D. T. Porter, Duncan Johnson to Bessie Grant.

Boston, May 20, by Rev. Mr. Cole, Rebecca Ellis to George F. Poole.

Parrsboro, May 20, by Rev. J. Sharp, Clifford H. Spruce to Clara Allen.

Windsor, May 19, by Rev. Henry Dickie, Morton Lowther to Lida Levy.

Halifax, May 21, by Rev. Father Walsh, Michael O'Brien to Mary Power.

Advocate, May 12, by Rev. D. T. Porter, Charles T. Fletcher to Maud Lums.

Halifax, May 25, by Rev. D. Foley, William P. Knox to Matilda J. Caren.

Turro, May 20, by Rev. T. Cumming, William L. Henderson to Ellen Halliday.

Granville, May 27, by Rev. L. Daniels, Vernon Amblerman to Amy W. Vough.

Sydney, C. B., May 7, by Rev. A. Ross, Daniel McDonald to Miss McDo ald.

Bridgewater, May 26, by Rev. H. A. Porter, Ed. Ward Waterman to Sadie Silver.

Milton, May 13, by Rev. J. H. Saunders, John L. Hight to Mary L. McCormick.

Yarmouth, May 25, by Rev. Father McCarthy, James Reeves to Rose Boudreau.

Woodstock, May 17, by Rev. J. H. McDonald, Frederick Hayden to Celia Moxon.

Danvers, N. S., May 1, by Rev. O. H. Wallace, Ernest S. Webb to Laura C. Dunham.

Loch Lomond, C. B., May 14, by Rev. M. McLeod, Donald H. McLeod to Maggie Morrison.

Bea River, N. S., May 15, by Rev. W. Miller, Frederick H. Nickerson to Annie Sholes.

Roxbury, May 1, by Rev. A. S. Gumbart, Gullis S. Geyer to Harriet A. Huntley of Nova Scotia.

St. Andrews, N. S., May 26, by Rev. J. Frazer, William D. McDonald to Christina McDonald.

Roxbury, Mass., May 1, by Rev. G. L. Robinson, Joseph McCulloch to Laura Cameron of N. S.

Halifax, May 20, Patrick Phelan.

Pictou, May 22, James Brown, 74.

Halifax, May 23, W. H. Tukey, 84.

Halifax, May 23, William Hood, 69.

Pictou, May 27, Isabel Chisholm, 30.

Moncton, May 27, Isaac H. Nasse, 59.

Halifax, May 27, John Lightizer, 59.

Halifax, June 1, Margaret Dwyer, 2.

Halifax, May 25, Thomas O'Brien, 63.

Kingston, May 17, Gardner Latta, 84.

Yarmouth, May 27, Henry Surtree, 33.

Bancroft, May 20, A. G. Gilpatrick.

Bea River, May 19, Cynthia Dunn, 43.

Sandy Cove, May 26, Holmes Saunders, 63.

Argyle, May 25, Capt. Frank Spiney, 35.

Lunenburg, May 20, Amos McKinnay, 20.

Toney River, May 22, Alex. McDonald, 87.