

Continued from Tenth Page.
is, they so often contrive to transfer that feeling to you!"

"Not a bit of it. Now see here, Vere. Will you let me have a chance with that brute?"

"Of course I will, if you really wish it." Sir Gerald, as he spoke, beckoned a couple of grooms to approach.

"Mr. Rochefort will ride Sultan," he said. "Bring him out, if you can."

It was, indeed, a work of difficulty to get the animal out, for it kicked, and reared, and showed its teeth in the most vicious manner imaginable.

A bite or a kick seems almost inevitable. When Rochefort approached, it struck out with its hind hoofs, paced and reared, and all it succeeded in extricating itself from, the hands of the two grooms who stood one at each side of its head.

With one swift movement, Rochefort vaulted into the saddle; but the moment the animal felt him there, its rage became tremendous.

It went down on its haunches, it tried to throw him over its head, it kicked and reared, and plunged with increasing violence, while its eyes rolled wildly, and its wicked-looking teeth were bare.

"You'll never do it, sir," said one of the grooms, respectfully. "I've never seen such a demon as this beast is. I'm sure and certain he'll do you a mischief, sir, if you try to stick on him."

"Let go his head!" said Rochefort, colly. "Don't mind me. I'm all right!"

The grooms hesitated, glancing at their master for instructions.

To them it seemed sheer madness for this slim, white-handed gentleman to attempt to corpe with that fierce and maddened brute.

"Give him his head, if you please!" repeated Rochefort, with just a touch of peremptory tone in his voice.

And, as no prohibition came from Sir Gerald the grooms obeyed.

Rochefort stuck his spurs—he was booting for riding—into Sultan's sides, at the time administering a stinging cut with his whip.

The animal ceased its kicking and plunging, and, instead, tore out of the stable-yard with the speed of lightning.

Down the carriage-drive it dashed, sparks flying from its hoofs, its head held high in air, its ears laid back, its eyes widely rolling.

"I wish I hadn't let him go," muttered Sir Gerald, regretfully, as he walked towards the house.

"He'll come back feet foremost, that gent will. You just mark my words," said the senior groom to his subordinate, when Sultan, with its rider, had thundered out of sight.

"Do you mind how it sided up against that wall with Jem, and nearly crushed his leg into a jelly? Well, that's what it'll do with this Mr. Rochefort if he sticks on. It not—"

And the old groom shook his head grimly, by way of finishing the sentence.

Sir Gerald, a little anxious and uneasy in mind about his guest, walked slowly into the house, and found Kate Lisle and Morewood, with Lillian, in the library.

They had just driven over from The Towers, and Lillian was urging them to stay to take tea with her.

"Where is Louis?" she asked, as her husband made his appearance alone.

"Why, he would ride that brute, Sultan. He's off with him. I on'y wish he may come back safe."

"Sultan!" exclaimed Lady Vere, in horror. "Why, Gerald, I thought you said it was sheer suicide for anyone to attempt to ride him!"

"So I did, and so I think," replied Sir Gerald, with a troubled brow. "But, when a guest specially asks to be allowed to ride a certain horse, how can a man refuse him? I told Rochefort of the risk he ran, but he didn't seem to care the toss of a button. He declares he can tame the brute. He's an awful plucky fellow, you know. There's no mistake about it!"

"Shall we go out and watch for him?" said Lady Vere. "Kate, what do you say?"

"With pleasure!" Lady Vere rang for wraps.

Her maid brought her a seal skin cap and cape.

Kate was still wearing her hat and cloak. And so the whole four went out on to the terrace, and paced up and down there, awaiting the re-appearance of Sultan and his rider.

It was beginning to grow dark, when the sound of hoofs was heard.

Lady Vere shivered a little, as though with cold, and wrapped her cape more closely round her as she leaned on the balustrade and peered into the gloom.

"I see him!" she said, breathlessly. "He is riding rather slowly; but I feel sure he is safe!"

Another moment or two, and Rochefort could be plainly seen.

He had emerged from the shadow thrown by an avenue of leafless trees, and was suffering the bridle of the horse to hang loosely, as he brought him, at a leisurely pace, along the carriage drive.

Catching sight of the little party on the terrace, he took off his hat, bowing low, with the inimitable grace of a Frenchman.

"Let us go down to him!" said Sir Gerald.

Descending the steps of the terrace, they were just in time to greet Rochefort as he dismounted.

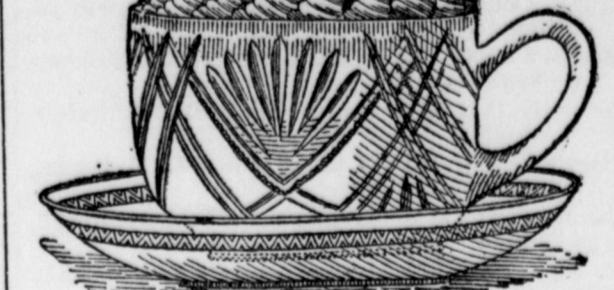
The grooms, who had been waiting about, in eager expectancy, came forward to receive the horse from him.

Tasy uttered exclamations of amazement at the change which had been wrought in the animal.

One Little Tablet

One quart of milk, a little fruit juice or flavoring, a total outlay of about 6 cents and an expenditure of about five minutes time, and one of the most delicious, as well as nutritious desserts imaginable (enough for a whole family) is supplied.

As a tempting delicacy for invalids, Junket made with



Hansen's Junket Tablets

IS INCOMPARABLE.

Weak stomachs which refuse to retain other food almost invariably retain Junket. Sold by grocers and druggists in packets of ten tablets at 15 cents.

Booklet containing 33 recipes accompanies.

AGENTS FOR CANADA.
EVANS & SONS, Limited
Montreal and Toronto.

No need to ask which had been victor in the contest!

Sultan's satin coat was seamed with many a weal, the foam around his mouth was laced with blood.

Quite evidently he had been severely punished; quite evidently, too, his punishment had tamed him.

He stood meekly, with downcast head, trembling very much, but perfectly docile.

When the groom took hold of the bridle and led him away, he made no resistance, but followed as obediently as a dog.

"By Jove!" Rochefort said something wonderful! exclaimed Sir Gerald. I never saw such a thing in all my life."

"Are you hurt?" asked Lillian, anxiously. "Not a bit!" declared Rochefort, lightly.

"He wasn't half so bad as you think. It's only the knack that's wanted. I assure you I'd very little trouble with him. But, bear in mind, he should have killed me before I'd given it. I meant to make him know who was master—and I did."

The lovely colour in Kate's cheeks deepened a little, her eyes were bright with eagerness—ay, and with admiration, too!

She was a girl who greatly admired deeds of daring, and Rochefort's courage made the blood flow swifter through her veins.

It was against her will she admired him, but she did admire him all the same.

"Come into the house!" said Sir Gerald. "You must be awfully knocked up!"

"Indeed I'm not!" said Rochefort, laughing.

Certainly, he did not look in the least degree either excited or exhausted.

He strolled into the house, laughing and chattering gaily; and then straightway challenged Morewood to a game at billiards.

CHAPTER XLVIII.
PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

As time went by, Kate became very friendly—intimate even—with Louis Rochefort.

How this had come about she herself could hardly have told, for, assuredly, at the commencement of the acquaintance, she had felt an absolute repulsion towards him.

But the truth was, there was a nameless something in his manner which fascinated most women.

His courtly deference was in itself a charm, and when one added to this his gifts as a raconteur, there was small wonder for surprise that he was almost a universal favorite.

Perhaps the only person who did not greatly like him was John Morewood, and even he had to own to himself that there seemed no reason for his dislike.

As Christmas approached, the Muggleton girls were wild to have amateur theatricals.

Kate Lisle was almost as enthusiastic as they were, and, as for Louis Rochefort, he was simply willing to do whatsoever was required of him.

Never had his good-nature appeared to greater advantage than it did now.

One morning the four girls drove over to Vivian Court, to consult Lady Vere upon the all important subject.

They found her in the library, with her husband and Rochefort, and the discussion immediately became very animated.

"Sir Gerald, you will help us—won't you?" said Vi, eagerly. "We thought of playing Romeo and Juliet. It's very ambitious of us, we know; but, then, nothing else is quite so delightful!"

"If you can squeeze me into a minor part, I sh'ldn't mind," said Sir Gerald. "But, remember, I draw the line at Romeo. Don't think of casting me for that!"

"Oh, but you'd look the character so splendidly! I think you would just make a perfect Romeo!"

"No, no!" he said, laughing. "I utterly decline to be dragged to the front in that way! I'll be Tybalt or Peter, or the friar, if you like, but not Romeo. But there's Rochefort here, who'll do the thing in style for you. His looks fit for the part quite as much as, if not more than, I, and his histrionic powers are just the thing. Now, don't you contradict that, old fellow. Do you think I've forgotten how you spouted Hamlet the other day?"

Vi who was the head and front of the management, ran up to Rochefort, with both her pretty hands outstretched appealingly.

"Mr. Rochefort, will you play Romeo?"

"I will attempt it Miss Vi, on one condition."

"And that?"

"Is that you play Juliet?"

"Oh, no! that isn't in my style a bit. It wants someone tall and stately and impassioned to be Juliet; and I'm none of those. Comedy parts are my forte, I think. I'm going to play the nurse. But you'll be our Romeo, won't you, Mr. Rochefort? We've been counting on either you or Sir Gerald, and you see how disoblighing he is!"

"Do with me as you please!" said Rochefort, with a smile and a courtly bow. "I'll certainly play Romeo, if you've sufficient confidence in me not to fear I shall spoil the whole performance. But who is to be the fair Capulet—the star of my idyl?"

Vi crossed the room to where Lillian sat. "Dear Lady Vere, we want you to play Juliet!"

Lillian made a startled, almost an alarmed gesture.

"Oh, no, dear! Please—please don't ask me!"

Her voice was almost imploring; the glance of her beautiful dark eye was imploring, too.

"But why not?" insisted Vi, in a disappointed tone. "We made sure you would help us. You would look the part so beautifully, and you are so clever. We all say you would make an ideal Juliet. Sir Gerald, come and help me to persuade Lady Vere!"

"I'm afraid it's no use," replied Sir Gerald. "Lillian has such a deeply-rooted antipathy to anything of the kind, that even my persuasions would be of no avail. Eh, Lillian?"

And as he spoke he cast a loving glance at his beautiful young wife.

"It isn't that I object to other people playing," she said hurriedly. "On the contrary, I shall enjoy seeing you all. But for myself, I must decline. I could not—oh, I could not appear upon a stage!"

Her voice and look were very earnest. A faint flush had mantled her cheek, a suspicion of tears seemed to be gathering in her eyes.

"Don't think me rude or unkind, or disoblighing," she said, after a pause. "A very painful episode in my life was connected with theatricals. It is that that makes me say I could not bear to stand upon a stage."

After this they, of course, forebore to press her, and she herself, looking tenderly at Kate, who sat beside her, said—

"You need not go far to find a Juliet. Surely you could not desire a more lovely or graceful one than Kate?"

"No, no!" Kate protested, laughingly. But Lady Vere's suggestion met with so much favour, that she was, at length, compelled to yield.

A very few minutes of discussion definitely settled the matter.

Kate was to play Juliet to the Romeo of Louis Rochefort.

That afternoon Morewood, as was his custom, rode over to The Towers, to see his betrothed.

It so happened that, as he entered the house, he met her coming out, looking very charming in her sealskin cap and coat.

"I was just going for a run in the grounds," she explained.

"May I go with you my pretty maid?" he asked, with a tenderly admiring glance. Indeed he must have been singularly cold-hearted lover, who could have helped admiring that graceful, sweet-faced girl.

She responded in a tone as gay as his own.

"An't it please you, fair sir!" she said, and made him a little mock curtsy as she spoke.

"Come, then, little woman!"

And he tucked her hand affectionately within his arm, thinking, as he did so, what a pearl among women was this sweet, fair maiden to whom he had plighted his troth.

It was a pleasant afternoon. The sky was as blue as ever it could be in early spring; the robin-redbreast hopped among the leafless boughs; the snow lay untrodden, on the roads and fields.

Its pure whiteness enhanced the delicious blueness of the sky.

It was a fresh, bright, inspiring day—a day to clear the mental cobwebs from the brain, or moody thoughts and feelings from the heart.

To be Continued.

"If it wasn't for me," said the big boy who was trying to make the small boy understand his lesson, "you'd be the biggest donkey on Galveston Island."

Sores Healed.

Nothing like B.B.B. for healing sores and ulcers, no matter how large or how chronic they may be.

B.B.B. applied externally and taken internally according to directions will soon effect a cure. It sends rich, pure blood to the part, so that healthy flesh soon takes the place of the decaying tissue.

"I had been troubled with sore fingers and sore toes around the nails. The salve I was using did not help me and I was getting worse. I was advised to try Burdock Blood Bitters, and after using nearly two bottles my sores were all healed up. I consider B.B.B. a wonderful blood purifier." ENOCH G. HORST, Bloomingdale, Ont.

Burdock Blood Bitters.

General Kitchener's Rapid Rise.

It has taken but ten years for Gen. Sir Horatio Herbert Kitchener to rise from a place as a major of engineers to the position of major general in command of a division of 25,000 men, and free the Sudan from the tyranny of the Khalfs. Like Lord Wolseley and Lord Roberts, he is of Irish birth. As he is but forty years of age, his career has hardly begun, in the opinion of the military authorities of Europe.

Hardly What She Seem.

"All shoppers are not what they seem," said a large retail tradesman to the writer; "and there are some women of irreproachable dress and manners, and who do their shopping in the smartest of broughams, who are nothing more nor less than private detectives employed by rival firms. Competition in business is so keen nowadays, that the utmost ingenuity is needed to keep pace with competing firms; and a common expedient is to engage one of these professional shoppers to visit shops doing the same kind of business as that of her employer, to find out prices, fashions, tempting novelties, and generally to pick up what information she can as to the rival's business methods. Her instructions are to

The Very Proteus of all Diseases.

IT IS COMMONLY KNOWN AS GRIPP.

Paine's Celery Compound the only Medicine that Can Cope With the Dread Visitor.

The old enemy gripe is now prevalent in many sections of the land, and, as in the past, it is the same old insidious foe—cruel and deadly.

The late eminent English physician, Sir Morell MacKenzie, held that gripe was the result of "poisoned nerves." Sir Morell compares it to an extraordinary disturbance in the telegraphic system produced by a thunder-storm, which is nothing compared with the freaks played by the living conductors in the human body when the governing centres are out of gear.

It is certain that the majority of medical men now agree about the theory of "poisoned nerves," which explains the almost infinite variety of the attacks that mark the disease. The profound impression made on the nervous system by the poison explains all the after effects of the malady, and more especially that curious loss of vital energy experienced by victims of gripe.

In past seasons, when gripe was epidemic, the ablest and most thoughtful doctors prescribed Paine's Celery Compound, a medicine that acts directly on the nerves of the body, cleansing them from all deadly poisons, toning and bracing up the entire system. In this way fresh vitality is quickly bestowed and sound health restored.

South American Pickpockets.

Practice makes perfect even in wrongdoing, and in the use of what seems to be very awkward means. A writer in the Boston Transcript says: The Gauchos, or dwellers on the extensive plains of Buenos Ayres, are marvellously dexterous with both hands and feet. Many of them have acquired, through long practice, such skill in using their toes instead of fingers they can fling the lasso and even pick pockets with them.

Some time ago a Frenchman, who was fishing in one of the rivers of Buenos Ayres, was warned to be on his guard against the light-fingered natives. He forthwith kept a vigilant watch upon his companions, but, nevertheless, one day when his attention was close riveted on his float a wily Gaucho drew near, and delicately inserting his foot, extracted the Frenchman's hooks and other valuables from his pocket.

NOVEMBER DYEING.

Success, Profit and Pleasure When Diamond Dyes Are Used.

Thousands of city and country women and girls will dye during the month of November. Old dresses, costumes, capes, jackets, wraps, shawls, and clothing for men and boys will be brought from attics, closets and boxes, and prepared for the dye bath.

It is safe to assert that every wife, mother and daughter who has heard of the wonder-working Diamond Dyes will use them in preference to any other make of dyes.

It is unnecessary to dilate upon the many grand results that users of Diamond Dyes obtain. A few years will tell the story. The Diamond Dyes will make the old things look as fresh and as good as new, and will give colors that sun or washing cannot fade. The unfortunate women who are induced by some dealers to buy imitation and adulterated dyes will certainly suffer loss of money, time and materials.

There is profit in home dyeing only when the Diamond Dyes are used. See that you get the "Diamond" from your dealer; refuse all imitations.

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The mysterious visitor gripe may pass many of us this autumn and winter; we have, however, no guarantee that we shall be spared, so that it behoves all to be prepared for the arch enemy.

To those who are run down, weary, tired, sleepless, nervous, who have periodical headaches and debility, we say, "Use Paine's Celery Compound to fortify the system for all emergencies." Physically strong men and women are not readily attacked by disease; the hal-well and weakly mortals are the first victims. At this time precaution and prevention are all-important; the banishment of nervousness, sleeplessness, languidness, debility and headache should be first thoughts with old and young.

To safely guard against gripe and all other common diseases, Paine's Celery Compound is the one effective medicine—the only sure preventive of danger.

Do not be misled by dealers who attempt, for the sake of large profits, to substitute something they call just as good; where health is concerned there is no other medicine that can take the place of Paine's Celery Compound and give satisfaction to those who are anxiously desiring a new life.

And enjoy it and feel comfortable after it, is the all day, everyday wail of the indigestion patient. Advice—Fat wholesome things, don't worry, and take Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets to aid Nature in doing the stomach work. They're a mild tonic, act gently on the bowels, they prevent and relieve distress. Pleasant and positive. 35 cents.

What to Eat

Expecting too Much.

A drill sergeant was unpopular among his men. They found him too particular. One day he had on hand a party of recruits whom he was putting through the funeral exercise.

Opening the ranks so as to admit the passage of the supposed funeral cortege among them, the instructor, by way of practical explanation, walked slowly down the lane formed by the two ranks, saying, as he did so:

"Now, I'm the corpse. Pay attention!"

Having reached the end of the line he turned, regarded the men with a scrutinizing eye for a minute, and then remarked:

"Your lands is right, and your leads is right, but you 'ave'n't got that look of regret you ought to 'ave."

Japan's Commerce Augmenting.

Since the China-Japan war the commerce of Japan has shown a remarkable increase as compared with other periods in the history of the empire. Her imports last year were valued at \$44,940,000, an increase of about \$5,000,000 over those of 1896; the exports reached \$46,059,100, which is an increase of \$12,500,000. The share of the United States in the aggregate is set down at \$25,050,000, while Great Britain has a little over \$30,000,000. Japan's trade with Australia is also improving rapidly, last years total representing an increase of 33 per cent, on the figures of 1896. There is also noted a tendency of imports to increase and of exports to decrease.

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