

(CONTINUED FROM TENTH PAGE.)

"What has that to do with it?" demanded the lordship, though the flush that rose to his cheek showed that he felt the full force of her accusation. "Of course I knew who you were as soon as you told me where you lived, and equally of course I knew you would find out who I was very soon. There was no deception."

But the girl still walked on with studiously-averted face.

She felt instinctively that this great gentleman—this lord of the manor—had not acted fairly in withholding his name while he sought to please her with his soft words and admiring looks.

It flashed across her mind, too, that he must have known the way to Shirley Hall when he asked her to direct him to it barely a week ago.

It was scarcely likely that he, its master, should not know the way to it when it was so close at hand.

Thinking thus, her face looked still colder and prouder as she said—

"Nevertheless, my lord, it would have been only fair if you had let me know your name as soon as you knew mine. And now, good-afternoon."

There was a look in her eye which warned him not to seek to detain her.

Bowing haughtily, she left him standing in the lane while she, with firm, quick steps, pursued her way to the farm.

CHAPTER IV.

MASTER AND MAN.

The sun was setting redly as Maude stood in the porch of the Hall Farm one February afternoon, looking wistfully across the fields where she had been wont to take her daily walk at about that hour. Those walks had been almost quite discontinued since she had rebuked John Orton for his presumption.

Indeed, she had never once seen him since the morning, several days ago now, when he had added to his presumption by telling her plainly that he loved her.

As she stood in the porch, her face was shaded by a thoughtful, if not absolutely sad expression, and her heart was restless with an undefined longing.

If she were not so obstinately bent on self-deception, on misinterpreting the language of her own heart, she would own it was for a sight of John Orton she was longing.

She had set herself the task of avoiding him, but she was angry, unreasonable angry, with him for avoiding her.

Had he really learned to forget her? she wondered, as she watched the glowing sunset; and she was surprised at the sharpness of the pain that contracted her heart at the possibility.

She was a very woman after all, and she thought the more longingly of the gamekeeper in proportion as he held himself aloof from her.

"It would be such folly for me to care for him," she reflected, "and yet I believe I do care; yes, I do, I cannot help it. But how could I ever reconcile myself to the lot of a gamekeeper's wife, living in a cottage, or, at most, in a farm? Oh, I could not—I could not! and yet he himself is so noble; far nobler than Lord Oscar his master."

She had left the porch, and was walking by the side of a plantation that adjoined the farm.

She was lonely in the house her grandfather having again gone up to London. She wondered what it was that called him thither.

It was no ordinary business, for, ever since his first journey, a week or so ago, he had seemed absorbed in thought, and he often looked at her with a look whose steady intensity assured her it was of her he was thinking when he fell into his long fits of abstraction.

She was puzzling her mind with conjectures as to what this important business might be—for her grandfather had evaded all her questions concerning it—when she caught sight of a familiar figure approaching, the figure of Lord Oscar Shirley.

Obedient to a very natural instinct, she turned, and began to walk toward the house.

She did not choose to meet Lord Oscar. She resented that reticence of his, and resolved on showing him there was no desire on her part for so much as a formal greeting between them.

But it was not easy for her to outstep Lord Oscar, and he, recognizing her in a moment, quickened his pace, and overtook her while she was yet several yards away from the garden gate.

"Was it because you saw me you hurried on so quickly?" he asked, as he held

out his hand with the most perfect self-possession. "Surely not! Come, Miss Forrester, do tell me you are not angry with me still."

His tone was earnest and penitent, but there was a gleam of merriment in his eyes, nevertheless.

Maude saw it.

It annoyed her and aroused all her pride.

A woman, if she is offended, be it never so slightly or unreasonably, like a man to be wholly serious when he appeals to her for pardon.

"I could not presume to be angry with you and I have nothing to forgive," she answered coldly.

"Oh, yes, you have! I know quite well it was rather mean of me to keep my name a secret from you, under the circumstances; and indeed I don't know what on earth possessed me to do it."

"It is not of the slightest consequence; please say no more about it," returned Maude, as coldly and proudly as ever.

She looked very beautiful as she walked on by his side, her head held haughtily erect, her cheeks slightly flushed, and her eyes shining like stars.

Lord Oscar felt his heart thrill with a passion that was stronger than mere admiration, and, led away by that passion, he caught her hands, and exclaimed, impetuously—

"It is of consequence, and I will—I must—speak about it! I cannot bear you to be so cold and unforgiving. You don't know how I have longed for a sight of you. If you did know, you would be a little kinder to me, I think."

"Lord Oscar, let me go!" she cried, startled and even a little alarmed by his vehemence.

"I won't let you go unless you say you forgive me—unless you will promise to think of me more kindly!" he cried, with growing ardour, quite heedless now of the significance or possible consequences of his words.

"Hush! hush! You must not speak to me like this. I must not listen! Oh, let me go! Someone is coming!"

And, by a sudden movement, she released her hands from his, ran up the garden pathway and into the house, leaving him to meditate upon his folly.

To do him justice, that passionate outburst of his had been wholly unpremeditated.

He greatly admired Maude, and her beauty had appealed to him sufficiently to cause her to be often in his thoughts.

"If I were to give way, I should soon be irretrievably in love with her," he had told himself more than once.

But he had been fully resolved not to give way, and now, as he stood alone in the gathering darkness, he felt ashamed of his own weakness in not having kept a better guard upon his feelings, in not having repressed those passionate words which had come so near an actual declaration of love.

Maude's exclamation: "Someone is coming," was no false alarm; for, as she stood gazing blankly at the door through which she had disappeared, there was a rustling of leaves and twigs in the plantation behind him, and, turning sharply round, he came face to face with John Orton.

Black as night was the frown on Lord Oscar's brow, and his blue eyes emitted an angry gleam.

Maude's hasty flight and his own reflections had been enough to disturb his temper, and now this proof of a spectator and an auditor was too much to be borne.

"What business have you here, fellow?" he demanded, haughtily. "Don't you know these are private grounds?"

"I am on the grounds of a man who knows me as his friend," returned the gamekeeper, with stern significance.

"And you show your friendship by playing the spy and eavesdropper upon his grand-daughter," retorted Lord Oscar with a sneer.

"If I played the spy or eavesdropper at all, it would be on you, my lord, not on Miss Forrester."

Orton uttered these words with contemptuous bitterness; there was a look of concentrated passion in his clear grey eyes; his lips were compressed as though in stern resolve.

Lord Oscar looked keenly through the gathering darkness at the man who thus fearlessly confronted him.

"Why, what the deuce!" he exclaimed. "Is it—yes, it is Orton. Confound your insolence, you dog! How dare you speak life that to me—your master?"

John Orton laughed bitterly.

"Rather confound your own wickedness. Master, indeed! Great Heavens! what care I for such distinctions in an hour like this? Shame on you, Lord Oscar, to remember them! We stand here now, not as master and servant, but as man and man; and, as man and man, I tell you to your face, you are playing the part of a scoundrel."

For a moment Lord Oscar was literally too astounded to reply, and Orton continued, his face quivering with passion—

"What is it you are seeking to do? To break the heart and ruin the peace of mind of an innocent girl—one who should have some little claim on your protection, seeing she is the granddaughter of your own tenant, and he is an old man? Shame on you, I say. The very sight of that house should have stopped your tongue when you dared to speak to her of love, while you had never a thought of marriage."

"You impudent rascal!" exclaimed Lord Oscar, finding his voice at last. "What on earth has this to do with you?"

"Just this. Maude Forrester's honor and happiness are dearer to me than my life; and I swear to you, by all I hold most sacred, that, if you dare to trifle with her by so much as a mock flirtation, I will forget you are a lord, and I your servant, and I will whip you as I would whip a cowardly hound!"

"Ah! you dare!" cried Lord Oscar, almost beside himself with fury.

He raised his fist as he spoke, and aimed

a blow full at the face of his gamekeeper. But, in a moment, his arm was seized in grip of iron—a grip so strong that he felt like a child within it.

And moreover, the look of passion in John Orton's eyes was something to shrink from in dismay.

The delicately-nurtured lord was no match for that athletic form and those hardened muscles.

At that moment he was made to feel his inferiority as he had never felt in all his life before.

"You may thank your fate that you did not touch me," said the gamekeeper in a low deep voice of concentrated passion, "for, as I feel now, I could hardly have answered for myself. Now go before I am tempted to crush the venom out of you! I am in your service no longer. I'll own no such man as master. Master! bah! I should feel disgraced to own you as my bound!"

And, with this bitterly contemptuous speech, he turned on his heel and strode away.

CHAPTER V.

ST. VALENTINE'S EVE.

He went straight home to his lodgings in the village, sat down, all on hot impulse, and wrote a letter, which contained a passionate declaration of love, to Maude Forrester, and, finding it was too late to post it in the village, walked with it to the nearest market town.

He was returning along the lonely country road when a sudden, sharp cry for help rang out upon the still night air.

"Help! help! Murder! murder!" was the cry, and he ran forward to learn from whom and where it proceeded.

A dozen strides he took, then stopped short with an indignant exclamation.

By the roadside lay a man, evidently stunned and wounded; above him stood two villainous-looking fellows, one of them with a knife in his hand.

"Why, you cowardly villains!" exclaimed John Orton striding towards them whereupon the man with the knife brandished his weapon menacingly, while he growled out that if the gamekeeper interfered it would be the worse for him.

In the twinkling of an eye Orton pulled a revolver from his pocket, and covered the cowardly wretch with a steady aim.

"The worse for you, you mean," if you don't clear out of this, I'll shoot you both like dogs!"

Cowards, indeed, they were, for at sight of the revolver they took to their heels with a horrid imprecation of mingled rage and fear.

It was all very well for them to pounce out with brawny fists and murderous knife, upon an unarmed and unsuspecting wayfarer; but a stalwart, determined man, with a loaded pistol, and a look on his face which showed he meant to use it, was a very different personage and one whom they had no wish to encounter.

Orton watched them scamper out of sight, then he turned to the motionless figure on the ground.

"Come, old fellow," he said cheerily. "Are you much hurt? Can you give me your hand?"

He stooped and took hold of the limp hand as he spoke.

Warm drops trickled from it on to his own—drops of blood.

"Ah! it's more serious than I thought," he muttered in dismay. "What's to be done now, I wonder?"

Just at that moment the moon, which had been obscured by clouds, gave forth its welcome light. It shone full upon the features of the injured man.

Orton gave a start of surprise as well he might, for he recognized the features of Lord Oscar Shirley.

He looked pale and deathlike in the moonlight, and was quite unconscious; but Orton soon discovered that his injuries were not really serious.

A deep gash in the fleshy part of the arm and a few bruises were all that could be seen, but the loss of blood had caused temporary unconsciousness.

There was a running stream a few yards away.

Orton fetched some water in his cap, and dashed it into Lord Oscar's face.

It revived him at once.

He opened his eyes, and cast a bewildered look around.

He saw Orton on his knees beside him, binding up his wounded arm with his own handkerchief.

The gamekeeper's face was very grave and stern, but his touch was as gentle as a woman's.

"Is it—Orton, is it you?" asked Lord

Oscar, feebly.

The other nodded, without speaking. His face relaxed none of its sternness, but he continued dressing the wound with deft, careful fingers.

This done, he took off his own thick overcoat, and wrapped it round his late master, who was shivering visibly.

"No, no!" Lord Oscar said, trying to push it from him, while a hot flush rose to his brow.

"You are weak from loss of blood, and the air is cold. I shall do well enough without it," replied Orton, quietly, as he persisted in wrapping the coat round him.

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A PUBLIC PIT-FALL.

Shubenacadie Man has a Dangerous Experience.

Foiled By an Imitation of Dodd's Kidney Pills—Took two Boxes of the Spurious Remedy—Found out His Mistake in Time.

SHUBENACADIE, Nov. 27.—Alfred Miller, of this town, narrates an account of a dangerous experience of his own, which is liable to occur to anyone who doesn't keep the sharpest kind of a look out. The pit full into which he fell lies gaping open to be stumbled into by the public at large.

It is a well known fact that Dodd's Kidney Pills are the first medicine that ever cured those formerly incurable maladies, Bright's Disease and Diabetes. Dodd's Kidney Pills are likewise famous for curing Rheumatism. They have a marvellous reputation for curing Heart Disease, Dropsy, Bladder and Urinary Disorders, Female Complaints and Blood Diseases. That anyone could be deceived into taking another preparation for Dodd's Kidney Pills is on first sight incomprehensible, in view of the reputation they enjoy.

This reputation, however, is just the point. Unscrupulous imitators trade on that reputation to push their own nostrums on the public. Read what Mr. Alfred Miller, of Shubenacadie, Nova Scotia, writes about his experience with imitations of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"Having been troubled with a weak back and suffering this long while with severe pains occasioned by some kidney trouble, I purchased two boxes of a pill similar in name to Dodd's. I had determined to get some Dodd's Kidney Pills, but when I asked for Dodd's I was persuaded to take this other remedy. I used them with absolutely no effect. I was about to give up in disgust when it struck me I'd better try the genuine article. I then got a box of Dodd's Kidney Pills, refusing to take any others, and that first box cured me completely. So far the pain has not returned."

MRS. JIM DAWSON'S UNDERTAKER.

A Woman's Wit Brings Fortune to Her Husband After a Struggle.

"There have been many stories come out of the Klondike country of the people who have made fortunes there. Some have been of moving, some of packing, some of gambling, some of salooning, some of feeding the hungry and so on; but none of undertaking, so far as I have heard, and I know of a man and his wife who got rich by burying people." Thus spoke a Seattle man who have been at Dawson since the beginning.

"It was really the wife who did it" he continued, "and her story is interesting. Her husband, whom she greatly admires and affectionately calls 'Jim' was a worker in an undertaking establishment, and when the rush began towards the gold diggings she hustled him out and came along to take care of him. At Skaguay, some friend gave her a can and lank little Eskimo dog, broken to harness, and a parently broken in health. At least, he could scarcely drag himself around, but his new owner cuddled him up carefully and by the time she was ready to go on the road the dog was able to pull a fair sled load.

"So she and her husband and the dog, which she had named 'Jim' as a compliment to her liege, started on their long, hard journey. They got along quite as well as or better than, many others on the trail, and when the first toolgate was reached the woman's wit manifested itself still more. She was in advance with the dog and the sled, her husband watching the remainder of their goods some distance back. The tollgate keeper looked her over a minute, took a squint at her measly little dog, and frankly told her that he

would be darned if a lone woman like that would have to pay to go through his gate and he sent her along free of cost. Smiling and thankful she passed on and unloaded a mile or so further and came back to her husband after another load. Telling him to stay right there till she had brought everything through free, she finished the job, and Jim came sauntering through the gate unscathed of toll.

On another occasion she was ahead again with the dog, and was beginning to put up the tent when several gallant fellows dropped their packs and took a hand. They got the tent up and everything in shape on short notice, and she thanked them with a smile and they passed on. Then she went back after Jim, and that worthy came up, grinning and satisfied. And so it was all the way to Dawson. That woman was a wonder, and Jim was gladder every minute that she was his wife.

Arrived on the spot, they did not know just what to do at first, never thinking of the undertaking business which they had run away from; but one day a man died on the creek where they were, and there wasn't anybody in particular to bury him. This was the little woman's chance, and she hustled Jim out after the job. He got it, of course and in a short time he had his carpenter's tools out and was at work building a coffin. He turned out a very good one, got everything ready in true professional style, and the funeral was a great success. Jim got \$250 for his efforts, and Jim's wife knew what their mission was in the Klondike.

Other funerals followed, and Jim got them, and took in \$200 or \$300 for each one. Now and then a man would die whose friends wished his body sent outside, and for this kind Jim got \$800. In the winter it was impossible to take bodies out, and Mrs. Jim arranged a cold corner in their cabin where she had the waiting boxes piled up, with a portiere drawn over them to make them more ornamental and there they remained until spring.

"Grave digging was hard work in the winter and it required two or three days of thawing and digging to get a grave sufficiently deep for its purpose. A little incident will show what kind of a business woman Mrs. Jim was when it was necessary. One winter night word came to Jim's cabin to come six or seven miles over the mountain to look after a man who had died. Jim was not at home, but Mrs. Jim was, and without a word she hitched her little dog to his sled, took her lantern and started over the snow and the mountain entirely alone in the darkness of an arctic winter. She arrived at the place without mishap and the live man waiting with the dead one for Jim thought it was a ghost when he saw Jim's wife at his cabin door. He offered to do anything he could for her, but she said there was nothing he could do except to help her put the load on her sled and back she came to her home, leading the way with her lantern for the dog and the dead man to follow.

"When the spring time came again Mrs. Jim went down to Seattle, where she laid in a full supply of funeral fixings, except coffins which are all home made, and she and Jim have a first class place and have made a comfortable fortune, besides owning several claims on which they have not yet realized."

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CURES COUGHS AND COLDS.

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Work while you sleep without a grip or gripe, curing Sick Headache, Dyspepsia and Constipation, and make you feel better in the morning.