

(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."

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 undefinable longing.

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.

Advertisement for Packard's Special Leather Dressings. Text includes: 'NEVER PUT A DRESSING ON THE MARKET UNTIL WE HAVE TESTED IT AND FOUND IT TO BE BETTER THAN ANY OTHER.' and 'THIS MAKES IT SAFE FOR YOU TO BUY PACKARD'S SPECIAL Leather Dressings'.

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.

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.

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 villain!' exclaimed John Orton striding towards them whereupon the man with the knife brandished his weapon menacingly, while he growled out that if the gamekeeper interferred 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.

Seal Brand Coffee advertisement. Text includes: 'Every bean effuses fragrant Coffee of absolute purity.' and 'CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL AND BOSTON.'

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.

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.

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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

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 carpenters 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.'

DON'T RUN CHANCES by taking whiskey or brandy to settle the stomach or stop a chill. Pain-Killer in hot water sweetened will do you more good. Avoid substitutes, there's but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis' 25c. and 50c.

'Mrs. Canter doesn't seem to be rising rapidly in society.' 'No; she hasn't learned yet how important it is to snub the right people.'

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS, caused by a persistent rasping cough. Pny-Pectoral quickly cures the most severe coughs. It soothes, heals, never fails to cure. Manufactured by the proprietors of Perry Davis' Pain-Killer.

DR WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP. CURES COUGHS AND COLDS. Includes an illustration of a pine tree.

LAXA-LIVER PILLS. Includes an illustration of a pill box.

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