

(CONTINUED FROM TENTH PAGE.)  
the eyes that looked out from beneath the long lashes were of a dark grey.

Ralph stood for a moment, silent, an angry frown on his face.

"I have waited for you some weeks," said the lady, deliberately opening the door and stepping into the carriage.

"You did not expect to see me here, Captain Rutherford, did you? Neither did I expect to see you arrive with a lady. Madame, or mademoiselle, allow me to introduce myself to you. Maud Swinton, and as a victim of Captain Rutherford's charms I am afraid I must claim a prior right to him."

Ruth had shrunk back when the strange lady began her speech, but at the last words she lifted her head and looked this unknown rival in the face.

"You are evidently mistaken, madame," she said, "or else are purposely maligning an honorable man."

"Are you his wife?" the other sneered.

The flush came to Ruth's cheek, but she answered, stoutly—

"In what way does it concern you, madame? Ralph, can't we get rid of her?"

The lady laughed scornfully, and, at that moment the train started on its southward journey.

"I have a great mind to throw you out of the window!" cried the enraged captain.

"What foul fiend has brought you here? But do not try to contaminate that lady by your presence; remember what you are, and what she is."

"You hear him?" cried the unfortunate woman, her stoicism giving way. "It was he who ruined me under the most sacred promises of marriage. I do not know your name," she went on, looking at Ruth with eyes that seemed to burn, "but I can tell you your position. You have trusted the silver tongue of this false man—"

"Woman, enough!" exclaimed Ralph Rutherford; "another word, and I will carry my threat into execution!"

She turned on him with head thrown back and flashing eyes.

"You dare not," she cried. "Even this poor deceived girl would turn from you with disgust, and you would meet a murderer's doom within a few short weeks. I know you, Ralph; I know the blackness of your heart, but I will in some way atone for my own sin. If I have lost my own purity I will save that of a sister—of a woman who is on the point of ruin, here and hereafter. She shall know you as I know you, and I leave you not till I rescue her from you, or—but no, you cannot do her justice, for you are already married."

These words were spoken with such fire and in so convincing a tone, that Ruth uttered a faint shriek, and turned to her lover with outstretched, appealing hands.

"Ralph," she cried, "I do believe in you. I know I can trust you; but take me from this black hearted woman. Tell me that she was never anything to you—that she is insane or lies!"

"She is insane, dear—mad!" exclaimed Ralph, darting a look of fury at the woman he had ruined. "At the next station I will have her turned her out—given in charge."

Again Maud laughed mockingly.

"Do so," she said. "Do so, by all means, Captain Rutherford. You and this lady will have to wait whilst the charge is being investigated; and remember, too, that we are in Spain, and that if you cannot give securities for your appearance at the trial, you and that poor girl will be confined in prison till the case is tried. I fancy that would hardly suit your plans. Your victims relations would reclaim her long before you were free to continue your journey. Here is the station; now do your worst!"

She seated herself, and, with hands folded on her lap, awaited the issue.

Ralph, white with passion, paced the carriage, and Ruth, shocked and trembling, entreated him, between her sobs, to refute the charge and to get rid of the woman.

But Ralph Rutherford had not altogether lost his self-control.

"She is right," he said to himself. "If I give her in charge I must delay my journey for days, and, possibly, for weeks. All would then be out, and the French government would claim me to stand my trial for shooting that fellow Gilbert."

"I should be acquitted, perhaps, or only sent to a military prison for a month or two, but I should lose the girl, and I swear that no one shall take her out of my hand."

"We must go on; but in the night both will sleep, and then an open door and a push, and this bitter plight of my life will be silenced once and for all."

"It will be easy to make Ruth believe

that she was mad and disappeared, as she came mysteriously. I will prepare her mind, and there need be no suspicion attended to me."

Acting on this side, he, with a shrug of his shoulders, turned to Ruth.

"My dear," he whispered, this poor creature is mad. If I stay here and give her in charge of the police, we shall have to wait till her identity is established, by which time we shall have been identified ourselves, and your guardian, summoned by telegraph, will be here to carry you home with him. The law will back him up. The best thing to do is to put up with the troublesome situation for the time being. Most likely the fit of insanity will subside during the night, and she will descend at some lonely station, and we shall never be troubled with her again. If she goes through with us to Madrid, then I shall be forced to have her locked up. I have friends there, and we shall not be inconvenienced."

Ruth looked up, half convinced, yet still wondering why the man, whom she looked upon as a hero, should be frightened by a girl, whether mad or sane.

"Do as you think best, dear," she answered, "but, oh, keep her from telling me any more of the foolish workings of her poor brain, if you love me, Ralph."

The train stopped, and then went on again.

Maud Swinton's lip curled with scorn.

"You see, young lady, that your fine lover can receive a charge without resenting it. Oh, he is the soul of honor! Now, listen to me, and I will tell you, by showing you my own, what your fate will be."

"He swore to marry me, if I would only consent to go abroad with him. The reason he gave was that, being poor, my father would refuse him my hand. I believed him; we eloped, and six weeks later he was as cold to me as stone. In two months, he left me, without notice and without pity, in Berlin, to starve or make my living how I might. This is true, I swear it!"

"Since then I have learnt he was married; has been married for years to a Peruvian lady. He squandered her wealth, and then deserted her, as he did me and will do you. Do you believe what I say?"

"No!" exclaimed Ruth, indignantly. "I do not believe one word of it."

The elder girl sighed, and drew a letter from her pocket.

"You know his handwriting?" she asked.

"Yes," answered Ruth; "but I do not know you, and I shall expect a forgery from your hand."

"Read, and judge," Maud replied.

But, as she handed the letter over to Ruth, Ralph snatched it from her, and threw it a crumpled ball out of the window.

Ruth gave a little cry, and looked, for the first time at her lover with suspicion in her eyes.

"Fool!" cried Maud Swinton. "Do you think I would trust anything on which your interests ran within my grasp? Come here, madame. I have more letters of his with me."

Ruth, with a look of entreaty at the man she so madly loved drew closer to the stranger, and took from her hand a second letter.

Ralph, meanwhile, threw himself back in the corner of the carriage, and lighted a cigar.

At first Ruth could hardly read the written characters on the paper; her eyes seemed dazed.

At last the word "darling" arrested her attention.

"Darling Maud—how dear that name is to me—the time has come when we must act," she read. "Meet me to-morrow at the three trees—the place where first I learnt you loved me—and there we will arrange our flight. A few hours' trust in me will see us at Antwerp or Amsterdam, and there we will be united at the consulate. Never on earth has man loved woman as I love you, nothing can I wish more than to live or die—"

A crash, a sickening swaying of the carriage, and then a rending, awful sound, in the middle of which the two young women, who had instinctively thrown their arms around one another, felt the floor give way beneath them, and falling a bright red spout of flame was the last thing their eyes rested on.

But both, rescued from the debris of the wrecked train, were able to sit up, and to find themselves, though bruised and sore, without broken bones.

"Thirty injured and five killed!" the attendants informed them, in answer to their questions.

An hour later, for a piece of silver, an inspector conducted them to a little shed, close by the station.

There the five dead bodies lay, four contorted and disfigured beyond recognition. Only one lay as it merely in sleep.

But the face bore the waxiness of the dead, the more startling from the contrast with his raven black hair.

Ralph Rutherford slept the last sleep.

The world might praise his brilliant qualities, or cry out upon his reckless sinfulness, but the two women who knelt beside him had forgiven him their wrongs.

They both prayed beside his lifeless body, and each in turn kissed his cold forehead.

"May God have mercy on you!" was in the hearts of both, as they left the chamber of the dead.

Very slowly Frank Gilbert recovered from his wound.

He suffered relapse after relapse, and it was long before they could get at the ball.

When, at length a little strength and life returned, he noticed Ruth's pale face hovering around his bed, and recognised her touch from all the rest.

When he recovered she was gone.

Sir Stopford and Lady Vernale refused to give him any information as to where she was, and it was eight years before chance played into his hands.

On returning to London from Africa, where he had been shooting, he fell ill of a fever.

The first thing, as in his former illness, that he recognized when the fever fit was

over was Ruth's fair face by his bedside.

Again he sank into delirium, and again awoke, to see a sister of mercy, looking out on the setting sun as it sank behind the roofs.

At the third awakening he found that Ruth and the sister of mercy were one.

Gradually he grew in health and strength returned, and with his strength returned his love for Ruth.

For long he pleaded in vain, and it was not till the girl had told him all her mad love for Ralph Rutherford, and how providentially she had been saved at the last, that she consented to be his wife.

"But, Frank," she said, "where I go so must Sister Maud. To me she has been a sister; let her be a sister to us both."

"Twenty Mauds are welcome, so that I have you," he whispered, and kissed her.

### A Lady Misled By a Dealer Who Loved Long Profits.

A lady residing in a flourishing Ontario town recently wrote as follows:

"Having some faded cotton goods to dye, I went to one of our stores and asked for two packages of Diamond Dye Cardinal for Cotton. The storekeeper informed me that he was out of that brand of dyes, and recommended strongly another make of package dyes. I unfortunately bought the recommended dyes and carried them home. I used them as directed on the package, but the work was not fit to look at, the color being of a brick red instead of cardinal. I was obliged to wash the goods so as to get rid of the awful color, and afterward re-dye with the Diamond Dyes which I procured at another store. I have used Diamond Dyes without a single failure for many years, and will never again accept a substitute from any merchant. The Diamond Dyes are true to promise every time."

### OLD-TIME GUM SHOES.

Not so Pretty as the "Rubbers" of To-Day, but There was India Rubber in Them.

India rubber shoes were first manufactured in Roxbury, Mass., in 1833, and verily they were "fearfully and wonderfully made." They really have no resemblance whatever to a shoe. They had the appearance of having been run into molds, or blown, the same as glass bottles are made. They were made of pure rubber gum. No attempt was made to imitate the shape of the shoe or foot they were intended to cover. In shape they were hollow tubes, tapering toward the toe. At the place where the opening to pull them over the shoe should be was an irregular hole, without shape, just as they came from the mold. The hole was enlarged with a sharp pair of shears to fit the instep, or cut high or low to suit the taste or caprice of the customer. The work was done by the salesman after the buyer had selected, according to his requirements, heavy or light, thick or thin. Men's sizes were very heavy, the soles being frequently from one-fourth to a half inch in thickness. They were tied in pairs and stuffed with straw or hay to keep them in shape for shipment. A lady's foot, incased in this huge, ill-shaped mass of india rubber gum, weighing at least a pound, presented a clumsy appearance, indeed, particularly when compared with the light and truly artistic appearance of the present styles.

The first attempt at making overshoes of india rubber did not prove a success, a large amount of capital being sunk in the experiment, as well as all the unsold stock. They answered the purpose in cold weather but would not stand the heat, melting into a disgusting mass.

Experiments to remedy this difficulty resulted in reaching the opposite extreme the cold weather freezing them so hard as to make them brittle so they could not be drawn over the shoe until they were thoroughly warmed, and this obstacle to success was not overcome until Charles Good-year discovered his process of vulcanizing rubber, which has rendered his name immortal.

Rapidly following this area of improvement the india rubber shoe began to as-

# Seal Brand Coffee

(1 lb. and 2 lb. cans.)

Every bean effuses fragrant Coffee of absolute purity.

It is largely imitated. Examine your purchase closely.

CHASE & SANBORN,

MONTREAL AND BOSTON.

sume beauty of proportion and practically utility. The shoes were lasted, and the merchant threw aside his shears. One particular popular style that had a great run for a couple of years was trimmed with fur around the tops and came well up on the ankles. Dickens has immortalized this particular style by placing them on the feet of the pretty Arabella that Mr. White fell in love with while visiting with Mr. Penwick at Old Waddle's.

All rubber shoes were made from the solid gum at that time, and we are safe in saying that a single pair would weigh six pairs of those now in the market. Besides being heavy and ugly, they are painful from being so tightly drawn over the feet. They made the wearer look club footed and any attempt at embellishment was a failure and made them appear clumsier still. But this condition of things was not to last. In 1844, Goodyear perfected his vulcanizing process, and his method of spreading the pure gum upon elastic textile fabrics, and the manufacture of rubber shoes has since improved from year to year, until they have become a thing of beauty.

## TORONTO CASE.

A Common Incident in the Routine of the Queen City of the West:

John Blow, of 67 Princess St., Cured of Lumbago and Diabetes—Every Other Remedy was Given a Fair Trial—But it was Dodd's Kidney Pills that Cured him.

TORONTO, Oct., 23.—There are so many cures performed by Dodd's Kidney Pills reported in this city from day to day that a story of recovery from Bright's Disease or Diabetes, or some other form of Kidney Disease, has to be almost sensational in its details before it receives any attention in the press. People have to a great extent, ceased to wonder at their neighbors being cured of Bright's Disease or Diabetes, notwithstanding that both these maladies were, until comparatively recently, utterly incurable. As for Backache, Rheumatism, Heart Trouble, Bladder and Urinary Complaints, Dropsy, Women's Weakness, Blood Disorders, etc., it is looked upon as a matter of course that Dodd's Kidney Pills cure them.

Here is the case of Mr. John Blow, 67 Princess St., which the Toronto papers published this week:

"I have been a great sufferer with Diabetes and Lumbago for years. Every remedy I could hear of was given a fair trial in hopes it would help me. But until I began to use Dodd's Kidney Pills my hopes were all in vain, and my torture night and day unbearable. No one could imagine the suffering I endured; night and day my pains kept me in misery. It seemed as if there was neither relief nor cure."

"When I began using Dodd's Kidney Pills I experienced relief. Every succeeding dose hastened my complete recovery."

"I have used, in all, five boxes, and am thoroughly cured—a strong, healthy, hearty, vigorous man, whereas before I started to use Dodd's Kidney Pills I was a constant and miserable sufferer. I cannot find words to express my entire confidence in Dodd's Kidney Pills."

An Alleged Supersition of Actors.

"Here, boy!" called the clerk at one of the city hotels the other afternoon, "show this gentleman up 'steem hundred and six."

The guest who had just registered was sedate and middle-aged, but his smooth-shaven jaw and an indescribable something about his dress and bearing immediately proclaimed him as an actor.

"It you'll wait here for about ten minutes," remarked the clerk to a friend at the counter, "you'll see that man come down and ask for another room."

"Is the one you gave him as bad as all that?" asked the other smiling.

"Oh, no! It's one of the very best in the house—but just wait and see." The clock had ticked off barely eight minutes when, true to the prediction, the actor re-appeared.

"Ah—excuse me," he began in an apologetic tone, "but—er—would it be possible for you to move me to some other apartment? I don't quite fancy the one I'm in doncherknow."

"Certainly, sir," replied the clerk, politely. "Boy! Move the gentleman to 'steem 'leven!"

"Now, what the dickens does all this

mean?" asked the onlooker when the player had disappeared to his new quarters.

"Why, simply this," replied the clerk. "Theatrical people, as a class, like to shift rooms as soon as possible after they arrive at a house. They have a superstition that they leave their bad luck in the first apartment. I had no intention of giving that gentleman the room he went to first. To begin with, it's too expensive for the rate he is paying, and moreover, it is already engaged by a regular patron, who will be in to night from Memphis. It's good policy to send an actor who is going to shift to a fine room first, and then if he kicks about his quarters later on I can ask him why he didn't stay where I put him at first. Of course, the big stars and tip-toppers consider themselves above superstition, and generally stay where they are placed, but it's a pretty safe rule to follow with the rank and file."

### TURNED IN A BLANKET.

Pain Too Severe From Rheumatism to Have Even the Nurse's Trained Hand Touch Him—South American Rheumatic Cure Got Him out of bed in 24 Hours.

"Some time ago I was attacked with very severe rheumatic pains. My joints swelled and stiffened. I had to be turned in bed on a blanket. I had best doctors and best nurses but could not get relief. Death would have been welcome. A friend called and recommended South American Rheumatic Cure. I procured it and in twenty-four hours after taking it there was a wonderful change. I was able to get out of my bed into a chair without assistance. I have continued using it, and although 88 of age, I do not feel within 20 years of it. I am my natural self again, free from pain. I trust you will use the testimony as you think best for suffering humanity's sake."

Samuel Haight, Sparta, Ont. Sold by E. C. Brown.

### Obedience of Orders.

The following dialogue, current at the time, between one of Stonewall Jackson's soldiers and the provost guard, illustrates Jackson's tact at eluding his enemy, and also the obedience rendered and the confidence reposed in him by his troops:

The orders read on dress parade the evening before Jackson left the valley to take part in the seven days fight around Richmond were, that in case the army moved before further orders, the answer from every soldier to any and all questions from those not connected with the army shall be "I don't know." On the march the provost guard found a soldier in a cherry tree helping himself, when the following took place:

"Who are you?" demanded the guard.

"I don't know," replied the soldier.

"Where are you going?"

"I don't know," which was no doubt correct.

"Where have you been?"

"I don't know."

"Where is your command?"

"I don't know."

"To what command do you belong?"

"I don't know."

"What are you doing in that cherry tree?"

"I don't know."

"Are those good cherries you are eating?"

"I don't know."

"Is there anything you do know?"

"Yes."

"What is it?"

"Well, the last order I had from old Stonewall was that I was not to know anything until further orders, and gentlemen, I would see you all d—d before I will know anything until Old Stonewall takes that order off."

### CATARRAHAL HEADACHE.

May be Your Experience as it was Mr. Spooner's—Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder Will Positively Cure You.

"I have used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder for severe catarrhal headache frequently, and with every application the relief has been almost instantaneous. I believe it to be the very best remedy for catarrh that is on the market to-day, and take pleasure in saying these words in commending it to all catarrhal sufferers." C. Spooner, Editor King's County News, Hampton, N. B. Sold by E. C. Brown.

Good Little Boy—It isn't right for you to fight that war.

Bad Little Boy—Well, come on and try your way, if you think it is any better.

FROM ALL OVER CANADA come letters telling us of the great benefits derived from the use of The D. & L. Menthol Plasters in cases of neuralgia, rheumatism, lame back, etc. Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd., manufacturers.

WE NEVER PUT A DRESSING ON THE MARKET UNTIL WE HAVE TESTED IT AND FOUND IT TO BE BETTER THAN ANY OTHER.

THIS MAKES IT SAFE FOR YOU TO BUY

PACKARD'S

SPECIAL

Leather Dressings

MANUFACTURED BY L. H. PACKARD & CO. MONTREAL.

25 CENTS AT SHOE STORES.



## Didn't Dare Eat Meat.

What dyspeptics need is not artificial digestants but something that will put their stomach right so it will manufacture its own digestive ferments.

For twenty years now Burdock Blood Bitters has been permanently curing severe cases of dyspepsia and indigestion that other remedies were powerless to reach.

Mr. James G. Keirstead, Collina, Kings Co., N.B., says:

"I suffered with dyspepsia for years and tried everything I heard of, but got no relief until I took Burdock Blood Bitters."

"I only used three bottles and now I am well, and can eat meat, which I dared not touch before without being in great distress. I always recommend B. B. B. as being the best remedy for all stomach disorders and as a family medicine."

