

(CONTINUED FROM TENTH PAGE.)

observed Lord Barenlans frankly, when his daughter entered the room.

'No! I thought I looked rather nice.' She studied her reflection critically in a long glass panel between two windows.

'This may improve me,' she added, taking a dark red rose from a bowl and pinning it amongst the folds of the cream lace which finished her navy blue silk gown at the throat.

'I dislike high-necked dresses for evening wear, unless a woman is scraggy; your shoulders are worth showing.'

'This is all right; high necked dresses are quite the thing for a quiet dinner. I cannot afford to back out my two solitary evening gowns down here.'

The earl was silenced, as Rosamund had known he would be at the slightest hint of her limited pocket-money.

To every creature on earth, except himself, my Lord of Barenlans behaved as a veritable miser.

A moment later he was holding out a hand of cordial welcome to Sir Empson Richmond, Bart. and to his son and heir, Mr. Wilford Richmond.

### CHAPTER III

Sir Empson was more than willing to regard his young hostess with eyes of affection.

Whether that affection should be marital or paternal depended entirely on his son.

The self made baronet knew himself to have come of humble parentage.

His boasted Tudor ancestry was his own invention.

An alliance with a really good old family therefore was more than merely desirable.

It might be that Wilford was in some ways more suited than himself to become Lady Rosamund's suitor.

But should he show no inclination to appear in that character, Sir Empson would himself come forward, confident in the belief that even an earl's daughter, when verging on the thirties, would think twice before refusing so wealthy a bridegroom; for in spite of his secret connection with retail trade—or perhaps on account of it—Sir Empson's annual income was over fifty thousand.

Rosamund was equally gracious and cool to both father and son.

She disliked parvenus, and though she fathomed the baronet's intentions towards herself, not for one moment was she tempted by his wealth, while Wilford was absolutely not worth considering.

Minus brains, good looks, and everything else—except money—likely to win him favor in a woman's eyes, it was as well for him that he did not aspire to become a connection by marriage of the Earl of Barenlans.

On crossing the hall this evening, after leaving the dining-room, she noticed a letter on the floor just beneath the peg on which Wilford Richmond had hung his dust-coat.

The address was uppermost, written in a round, boyish hand, such as she could quite believe the baronet's son would own.

Without any thought of obtaining knowledge not meant for her, Rosamund read the address, noting at the same time that the letter was evidently intended for the post.

'Miss M. Brent, 6, Clairville Place, Crossways.'

Immediately she remembered what Lord Dnrham had said in his capacity as shop-walker—viz., that Maggie Brent aspired to marriage with one of the firm.

Was it possible that Wilford contemplated marrying her, ignorant of the fact that she was one of his father's employees?

'Well, it is certainly no affair of mine,' thought Lady Rosamund.

She was about to pass into the sitting-room without picking up the letter, which appeared to have fallen from the pocket of the dust coat, when she suddenly changed her mind, and concluded that it might, after all, be slightly her own affair.

If that letter reached Maggie Brent it might possibly turn her thoughts to the writer, and cause her temporarily to cease her attentions to the handsome 'Mr. Charles'; whereas should Sir Empson see the perhaps tell-tale missive, he might take prompt steps to prevent any further communication between his son and Miss Brent.

Only half comprehending her own motives for interfering, Rosamund returned the letter to the pocket from which she correctly supposed it to have fallen, and was entering the parlor when Wilford came hurriedly out of the dining room.

'I—er—I'm awfully sorry to have to rush away, Lady Rosamund, but I have suddenly remembered an important appointment. It's awfully annoying, for—er—I'd been looking forward to some music or something, while our respected governors have a hand at cards.'

'I am afraid you would have been disappointed, Mr. Richmond. I am not musical, you know. Probably your appointment will prove much more interesting than a tete-a-tete with me would have done. All the same, I am sorry you have to leave so early.'

She half-smiled as she saw his hand seek the letter destined for Miss Brent's personal.

And she parted from him with a sigh of relief, released from the ordeal she had anticipated—of having him on her hands while her father tried to win money from him.

'That little man is an ideal shopwalker,' she mused, as she looked round for something worth reading. He would be in his element walking up and down between two counters, and ascertaining the needs of customers. Would Maggie Brent approve of the exchange, I wonder if he were to replace 'Mr. Charles' in his father's shop? Pahaw! Why do I trouble my head about what that girl may or may not like? What connection can there possibly be between Maggie Brent and myself?

Yet, next morning, when she went to Richmond and Price's to match some lace, it irritated her curiously to see Miss Brent's coquettish glances at 'Mr. Charles.'

He responded but once, and then only by a slight smile, when answering to her somewhat imperative call of—

'Sign, please!'

Another girl attended to Lady Rosamund's requirements—a drab-haired, anemic-looking young thing—but Rosamund was pleased to notice that 'Mr. Charles' spoke kindly to her concerning some trifle; and that his smile as he spoke, was much more cordial than it had been for Maggie Brent.

'Thank you, madam.' His eyes met Rosamund's unwaveringly. 'Is there nothing else we can do for you today? Let me call your attention to this cheap line in ties. A really good article this. Here is a sweet shade in blue—will you not let me tempt you?'

Rosamund bit her lip in a tremendous effort to keep grave, nodded assent in the matter of the blue tie, and shook her head in reply to further tempting.

Speak she could not.

'Mr. Charles' preceded her to the door and bowed her out.

She was smiling broadly by this time.

'Permit me, madam; your little parcel looks insecurely fastened.'

He took it from her, placed it on the counter, and pretended to tie it afresh.

Lady Rosamund blushed vividly as he gave it again to her.

She felt sure she would find a note inside, but she was not quite sure that she approved of 'Mr. Charles' for putting it there, or of herself for giving him the chance of doing so.

All the same, she hurried home in order to satisfy herself that she was not mistaken; and a little sigh of satisfaction escaped her as her fingers closed over the note, which ran as follows—

'Everything seems changed for me since our chat yesterday. Can you guess at all what it meant for me to meet you—you refreshing bit of the old life which I have forsown? If so, you will understand the sacrifice I am making in telling you that you are to take no notice of my mad request for another meeting. This life shall not make me wholly selfish, nor shall it deprive me of all common-sense. I must content myself in the future with Maggie Brent, and try to forget that I was ever smiled upon by Lady Rosamund.'

Her lip curled.

She was angry with him for the space of five minutes, imagining that she read between the lines a preference for Maggie Brent to herself.

Then she relented and grew nearer the truth.

He was, perhaps, taken by herself, and anxious to avoid the disappointment attendant on a misplaced affection.

'In that case,' said Lady Rosamund mentally, 'I shall, of course, avoid him whenever it is possible to do so. I should be very sorry if suffering came to him through me, though I really don't see that an occasional chat can do him much harm.'

A knock at the door interrupted her soliloquy.

'If you please m'lady, his lordship 'opes you'll go down to him at once.'

Which, being interpreted, meant that the earl had bidden the servant 'Tell Lady Rosamund I want her directly.'

Rosamund knew her father's little ways, and went downstairs without delay, wondering uneasily as to what might have occurred during her brief absence to upset him.

It was a relief that he greeted her amiably.

'Where the dickens have you been, Rosamund? I have news for you. Sir Empson called just now to propose for your hand. I do hope you will be a sensible girl and not refuse him. Of course he has adopted a rather old-fashioned way of doing things. I daresay you would prefer that he had gone straight to you. Still it shows good feeling when you come to look into it.'

'He is a bit old for you; fifty-eight, he tells me; but thirty years—on the right side—is not considered a great disparity now-a-days. He is disposed to be very generous, Rosamund. He says he will settle ten thousand a year on you for 'pin-money' as he calls it. Just think of it! Don't you consider yourself lucky to have won the regard of such a man?'

'What particular reason have you for wishing to force me into a marriage with a parvenu, father? A man with little culture and less refinement. I simply could not live with him.'

The earl dropped his mask.

'Confound it, Rosamund! but you'll have to, whether you like it or not. He is going to lend me money to settle certain debts of honour contracted since I have been in this wretched place, where there is nothing to do but play cards from morning till night. I cannot possibly repay him, and so you must marry him. Do you hear? He can't very well press for payment when he is my son in law. Rather a joke having a son in law of one's own age, but useful—very useful. He is coming this evening for your answer.'

'How much has he bought me for?' inquired Lady Rosamund.

'Faith! You don't put it very delicately. If you mean, what is the extent of the loan with which Sir Empson has kindly undertaken to accommodate? why, I should put it roughly at forty thousand.'

'Forty thousand! Do you mean pounds? How can you possibly owe so much as that?'

'I told you, or thought I did—debts of honour.'

'Debts of dishonour, you mean. No man of honour would allow himself to owe so very much more than he could ever hope to pay.'

'Well, upon my word!' began the earl. 'Then, his wrath getting the better of him, he forgot he was a gentleman, and raged at his daughter.'

Lady Rosamund listened with the coolness born of custom, even smiling slightly

as though amused.

'You have shilly-shallied long enough,' tamed her father, by way of concluding his tirade. 'If you don't take care you will find yourself laid on the shelf, while younger and more sensible women appropriate your admirers. Oh! it's all very well for you to sneer in that superior fashion. You think doubtless that your charms will never fade. But I tell you you are looking passee already, and you will be a bigger fool even than I take you for if you let this chance slip, to say nothing of landing me in the bankruptcy court, though I can't expect you to consider my feelings in the matter.'

'Any more than you considered mine when you got yourself into such a hole,' she retorted. 'You have scarcely taught me to be unselfish, have you? But I will see Sir Empson this evening; perhaps he may be persuaded to come to terms. I shall suggest that he adopts the hire system with regard to your loan. You must be able to pay off a portion, you know, if you cannot manage the whole, by, say, the end of the year.'

'You will see him? And you will not insult him, or be actually unpleasant?'

'I will endeavour to be my most amiable self,' she replied, feeling the utmost confidence in the trump card she held, viz., her belief—amounting to a certainty—that her titled wooer was in business as a draper, and ashamed to have the fact made public.

'You mean you will consent to marry him?' asked the earl hopefully.

'No; I don't think I shall marry him. How long will it take you to pay him, supposing that I succeed in prevailing on him to have patience with you?'

'Perhaps in a month's time; perhaps not at all. Now that my luck has turned—deuce take it for doing so!—I may sink deeper into debt every night.'

(CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.)

## The Wonderful Medicine

IS A MARVELLOUS  
HEALTH BUILDER.

## Paine's Celery Compound.

The Tried and Trusted Remedy in Thousand of Canadian Homes.

ITS CURES ARE SPEEDY AND PERMANENT.

Users of Paine's Celery Compound soon recognize the important fact that the great medicine quickly regulates the bowels, clears the complexion and brightens the eyes that before had a dull and jaundiced look. Another proof of the stimulating and invigorating power of Paine's Celery Compound, is its immediate effect on the pulse, which become firm, regular and full instead of uncertain and feeble.

Paine's Celery Compound liberally feeds the nerves, the tissues and brain with the proper elements of nutrition, and thus saves countless men and women from chronic neuralgia, rheumatism, dyspepsia, insomnia and failing mental power. No remedy in the world is so rich in flesh forming and energy producing virtues as Paine's Celery Compound. Mr. C. B. Holman, 262 King Street, Hamilton, Ont., says:

'Being troubled with a cough, debility, and general depression of spirits, I used a number of medicines but received no benefit from them. I was then advised to use Paine's Celery Compound. I procured the preparation and began to use it with wonderful benefit. I am now convinced, after using several bottles of this unequalled medicine, that no other can compare with it in any respect. I am now a changed man; my health is renewed, depression of spirits gone, my appetite is good, and I can sleep well.'

### THE MURDERED EXPLORERS.

The French Recover the Bodies of Bailli and Pauly—Murdered in 1897.

Over three years ago the French explorers Bailli and Pauly started from the interior of the French Sudan for the Ivory Coast on the Gulf of Guinea. They had been exploring the completely unknown region northwest of Liberia and had decided to make a long inland journey southward and to catch a steamer for home on the Ivory Coast. They never reached their destination and many months elapsed before their fate was ascertained. They were murdered by members of the Toma tribe who chose to regard the explorers as enemies.

A while ago this fact was ascertained from a chief who had served under the Sultan Samory. He had lived in the Toma country and knew of the massacre. When Samory fell into the hands of the French Kuni-Keleba, the chief who had served him, entered the employ of the French and they sent him to the Toma country to recover, if possible, the bodies of the murdered men.

On May 8, last, he returned to the Frontier with the skeletons of the ill-fated

# Seal Brand Coffee

(1 lb. and 2 lb. cans.)

is selected from the very highest grades grown. It is HIGH GRADE PURITY—its fragrance proclaims its excellence.

ALL GOOD  
GROCERS.

CHASE & SANBORN,  
MONTREAL AND BOSTON.

explorers. The bodies were carried in a heavy iron box and among the carriers were a considerable number of the Toma tribe. Capt. Basset went with an escort of twenty artillery-men to escort the bodies to the village of Peyla. There a guard was placed over the bodies for the night and in the morning they were identified as those of the murdered men.

The ceremony when the bodies were buried was made as impressive as possible. The Tomas promised over the grave that they would never again kill white men. Now Kuni-Keleba has been made the ruler of the Toma country which has been taken under the authority of the French Government.

### MEN WHO GOT FURTHEST NORTH.

Details of the Expedition Led by Capt. Cagni of the Abruzzi Expedition.

The Duke of Abruzzi and Captain Cagni have furnished the data for an official report on their polar expedition which appears in the Italia Militare Marina. The earlier stages of their experiences have already been told. What is new and interesting dates from February after their winter on Rudolf Land, 200 yards from the shore, where the ice in the bay had crushed, in one of the sides of the Stella Polare and let in water. The story has already been told of an excursion about Christmas time, when the duke and Cagni fell into a crevasse. The duke lost two fingers by frostbite and the doctor forbade him to undertake the command of the expedition over the ice toward the pole. Capt. Cagni started, however, on Feb. 20, but the intense cold and consequent difficulty with the provisions compelled him to return almost immediately. On March 11 the expedition started again. It consisted of ten officers and men, with numerous dogs and some sledges and kayaks.

After nine days' march, during which forty-three and a half miles were made, Cagni, finding the provisions running short sent back Lieut. Querni with two men. These three have not been heard of since. On March 31, when the sledge expedition had passed the eighty third parallel, Dr. Cavilli-Molinelli was sent back with two men. They, with two sledges and sixteen dogs, arrived safely at the main camp on April 24, having taken four days longer to return than to go. Cagni, in the meantime continued his journey with three of the Italian Alpine guides, Canepa, Petigax and Fenouillet. Cagni worked on an equality with his companions and at night they all shared the one sleeping sack of reindeer skin. They had the advantage now of having the sun always with them. The ice softened and their way became easier. They ate their provisions as long as they lasted and then commenced to kill the dogs for food in order to live, or rather in order to attain their object. They were able to increase their speed to nine and a half miles per day and at last they reached Nansen's furthest north, 86 degrees 14 minutes. After a long and careful observation to make sure of this they passed beyond, and on April 26 1900, they touched 86 degrees, 33 minutes N. at about 56 degrees E., when they decided to turn back. No land was in sight, nothing but ice in a state of thaw. Petermann's Land, which Payer believed he saw did not exist where he stated, otherwise Cagni would have seen it early in his journey. The same is said of King Oscar Land, which would otherwise have been seen on the return march.

Towards the end of May the four adventurers found themselves at the 82d parallel but the condition of the ice had compelled them to keep too far to the west. On June 8, they made Harley and Ommamey islands, without observing. They now made the best of their way east, then northeast, and finally reached the main camp in good health on June 23, with two sledges and seven remaining dogs.

The Stella Polare still remained above the ice, and Capt. Cagni succeeded in repairing her sufficiently for the return voyage, which commenced on Aug. 15. It was highly improbable that the vessel

would have withstood another winter in the ice. Two years' provisions were left at the camp in the forlorn hope that the three missing men might still return. On Aug. 17, the Stella Polare was blocked by the ice in the British channel and remained there thirteen days, but on Aug. 30, the thirteenth day, she reached Jackson's station at Cape Flora. Six days later she was at Hammerfest, having run great danger of destruction by icebergs when thirty miles from the European mainland. On Sept. 11, the duke and Cagni arrived at Christiania, and on Sept. 14, they were in Turin.

Worthy to be Written in Letters of Gold.

Tete a Gouche, N. B.—You do not praise Catarrhzone highly enough; it is worthy to be written in letters of gold. One small bottle has done more for me than all the doctors' medicines I have taken in the last three years. I have been troubled with Bronchitis Asthma but by using Catarrhzone I have been entirely cured. Do you wonder that I am the enthusiastic friend of Catarrhzone? A. J. Kemp.

Catarrhzone is an absolute cure for Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Hay Fever. All druggists sell it or we will send you complete treatment by mail for \$1.00 or trial outfit for 10 cents in stamps. N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ontario, Hartford, Conn.

### His Title Undisputed.

At an election meeting recently held in England this story was told. An Irishman obtained permission from his employer to attend a wedding. He returned the next day with his arm in a sling and a black eye.

'Hello, what is the matter?' said his employer.

'Well, you see,' said the wedding guest, 'we were very merry yesterday, and I saw a fellow strutting about with a swallow-tailed coat and a white waistcoat. And who might it be?' said I. 'I'm the best man,' sez he, and begorra he was, too.'

### A Neglected Cold

Is very dangerous, and the farther it goes the faster it goes. A very small quantity of Adamson's Botanic Balsam will cure a "young" cough. An older one requires more Balsam to stop it—but no cough is too old for it to cure. 25c. at all Druggists.

### Not the one to Object.

The Minister—'I hope this rumor that I hear going about, that you are contemplating getting married for the fourth time is not true, William?'

William—'Well, I don't see that you've any cause to object—yo aye get the job o' marrian' an' berrian' o' them—an' it's no every man in parish pits as muckle in yer way.'

# ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

## Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

*Wm. Carter*

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.**

FOR HEADACHE.  
FOR DIZZINESS.  
FOR BILIOUSNESS.  
FOR CONSTIPATION.  
FOR TORPID LIVER.  
FOR SALLOW SKIN.  
FOR THE COMPLEXION.

Price 10 Cents. Purely Vegetable. *Wm. Carter*

CURE SICK HEADACHE.