

(CONTINUED FROM TENTH PAGE.)

the three weeks whilst Frank lay between life and death he never knew her.

He divided his time between gaiety in town and quiet at the hall.

He could afford to wait, he told himself; the fruit he longed for was only ripening on the branch.

It was bound to fall into his hand if he had patience.

He beguiled a good deal of the time which he passed at home in fishing and shooting, for September was now in, and already some of the trees in the park were changing their tints from summer green to autumn yellow.

A river wound round the town, and there was a path through the park which made it pleasant walk from the hall to the Mill-Weir, both above and below which good fish were to be caught.

The mill offered another attraction, too, for Alice Clay, the miller's wife, had been an old sweetheart of his before he broke loose from parental control and quarrelled with his father.

The twenty-fifth of September was very sultry, and unlikely a day for trout to rise as could be imagined; but Raymond was feeling tired and jaded after a week of London dissipation, and felt fit for little else than to lounge by the river-side, so taking his rod and fly-book, he strolled across the park after lunch and amused himself by lazily whipping the stream below the mill for an hour or two, when growing tired of unproductive sport, he repaired to the mill to taste the miller's beer and chat with Alice.

The latter was still a handsome woman of not much over thirty, and had no objection to a little flirtation with her old sweetheart and so the time slipped away.

He posed comfortably on the miller's chair, she filling his glass when empty, till the darkening of the room and a low growl of thunder warned Raymond that it was time to be off, if he wished to get back before the storm burst.

As he rose to depart, the miller came in and advised him to stay till after the storm.

"It's banking up heavy, Mr. Raymond," he said. "And you'll scarce get back before it bursts."

Raymond laughed.

"You don't know what a thunderstorm is in England, Clay," he said. "Put all you have the year through together and it does not come up to one in the tropics. At the worst a wet jacket will do me no harm. So good-bye, and take care of your wife, for she is the prettiest woman in these parts, as I've been telling her."

The thunder rolled again as he passed out of the door, and mingled with the miller's boisterous laugh.

Glancing upwards he saw that heavy copper colored clouds had spread themselves over the sky, whilst the blue which showed between them looked pale and sickly.

"Old Clay was right," he thought, as he strode across the first meadow. "And I shall be lucky if I get to the Hall before it comes down. The fish will rise like steam afterwards. I almost wish I had waited." He halted turned to go back, but thought better of it, and went on at an increased pace to meet his fate.

As he crossed the stile which led into the park, heavy drops began to fall.

A belt of trees sheltered him for some minutes, as he left them behind, a blinding flash rent the clouds, and a small herd of frightened deer dashed past him.

The big drops began to splash down quicker and quicker, and he had half a mind to take shelter, when his eye fell on the figure of a girl who had taken shelter under an oak some hundred yards away.

He recognized her at once and hurried forward.

"Why, Edith," he exclaimed, "has the storm frightened you? You are looking as white as a ghost."

"I have been ill," she answered. "Oh, Mr. Witherley—Raymond—I went to the hall to see you, and they told me you had gone down to the Mill Weir, so I started to follow you. I wanted to see you so much."

Her voice trembled, and the eyes that looked up into his were moist with tears.

"What has happened?" he asked, vanquishing, with a strong effort, the longing he felt to take her in his arms and kiss the tears from her eyes. "Where I am concerned, you know, you have but to ask."

"I know you are good and generous," she answered, her cheek flushing a little, for do what he would he could not quite subdue the passion of his glance.

"It is about Frank—Mr. Amyard," she went on quickly. "The fever has left him, but he is dreadfully weak. And, oh, Mr. Witherley, he will never get better if we cannot set his mind at rest. It is useless for me and Nelly to tell him that we believe him innocent of the crime. He raves about being disgraced, and—and that I am lost to him forever. As if I could not trust him!"

"But, Edith, how can I help you? I would gladly prove his innocence if I could; but how can I when it must be either he or my father who opened the safe?"

"You think he took the money?"

"I cannot think my father did. What I wish to believe is that Amyard left the key carelessly about, and that someone had an opportunity of using it."

"He says he never did; but Mr. Witherley might have done so."

"My father's key never leaves his pocket it is attached to his watch-chain."

"So is Frank's."

"But Edith, you can't think my father would steal his own money and then accuse another of doing so."

"No, no; but Frank is innocent—I know he is!"

"Edith, dear"—and he took both her hands in his—"listen to me quietly. We will grant Frank is innocent, but no one will believe so, except you and I. If he stays, it is impossible to keep the secret, for he cannot return to the bank. Let him go away, and it will be supposed his health is broken down. I will give him myself what money he may want, for

your sake, Edith—a thousand, if he wishes it—and then he can start life again in the colonies or America."

"But he will be dis—"

A roar of thunder drowned her voice, and the lightning seemed to strike the ground at their feet.

She clung to Raymond in terror, and he holding her in his arms, felt the last vestige of pity leave his breast.

"My darling!" he whispered, his voice quivering with passion, "drag the image of this wretched man from your heart. He is not worthy of your love. For your sake he has been spared so far; let him be thankful and go. Do not wreck your whole life out of pity for him. Think what a despicable crime he has been guilty of."

She pressed her hands against his breast and fought wildly to free herself from his grasp.

"Let me go—let me go!" she cried. "I love him, and I hate you. He is innocent, and I know it."

He held her firmly but gently.

"You know in your heart he cannot be innocent," he answered. "Perhaps he has not told you that he lost money backing horses. Anyway, he did. I make all allowance for his temptation; but it rests with you whether he lives and prospers, or languishes in a prison!"

She ceased to struggle, and looked at him with wondering eyes.

"With me?" she panted.

"With you," he answered. "I am only a man, Edith, a man who loves you madly. I cannot—will not—see you make a fool of yourself for one so utterly unworthy of you—as Amyard. Promise to be my wife within three months, and he goes free; refuse, and the law must take its course."

Her bosom heaved, her eyes were full of terror.

"You cannot mean it," she cried. "You would not take a woman who sold herself to save the man she loved and always must love. Be generous, Raymond. Save Frank, and I will be—"

"My sister," he sneered. "No, thank you. I love as a man loves, not as a saint. But you must make your choice now. A whisper of the robbery has already got abroad, and, even if we could, my father and I cannot hush it up much longer. Let Frank go and redeem the past in some foreign land. You will have the satisfaction of knowing you saved him, and he will be grateful to you, believe me. Remember, there can be no doubt of his guilt, whatever you may think. Again, I say, it rests with you to save him."

The thunder still rolled, but the storm was passing away.

In the silence which followed, both could hear the patter of the rain on the leaves above them.

Raymond had released his hold, and the girl stood with drooping head before him.

"For Frank's sake," she said at length in a whisper. "God forgive me, but it is for his sake."

"You swear to be my wife within three months?" Raymond said, his eyes ablaze with triumph and passion, as he tried to take her hand.

"Yes," she answered faintly. "I will go now if I may."

"But it rains. At all events, let me see you to the Hall."

She shook her head.

"I would rather go alone," she answered; then added bitterly: "I have three months of liberty before me."

He let her go, watching her till a neighboring clump of trees hid her from his view, then followed, anxious for yet another glimpse of the girl he had won.

As he gained the clump, a cry for help reached his ears.

He dashed through the trees, and as he came out on the glade beyond, saw a sight which sent the blood leaping through his veins.

On a heap of stones the ruins of an old summer-house, Edith had taken refuge from a great stag, who, rearing was striking at her with his antlers.

Poised on the uppermost stone, she only kept her balance by what seemed a miracle, and the horns of the infuriated beast struck almost at her feet.

With a shout to give her courage Raymond drew a long-bladed Spanish knife which he always carried and rushed to her rescue.

The stag grunting and bellowing and trying to scale the heap of stones to get at Edith, paid no attention to his new foe till Raymond grasping one antler in his left hand, plunged the knife-blade into his throat; then he turned, and with a jerk of his head freed himself.

Edith shrieked as she saw him strike a Raymond with his boots and then sweep him to the ground with a blow of his antlers; but, even as he lay, Raymond seized one of the times, and drew the sharp, dagger-like blade across the beast's throat.

Again the stag swept his head at him, but missed his aim, and Raymond seizing both antlers in an iron grip, held on.

For a minute it was a struggle of strength, a struggle for life but the stag was bleeding fast to death.

His legs gave way; he fell to his knees, and then over on his side.

For a moment Raymond stood over him, then reeled and fell across his carcass.

Edith was beside him in an instant—all forgiven, all forgotten except that by his dauntless courage he had saved her life.

"Oh, thank God!" she cried, as he opened his eyes. "You will live! Where are you hurt? Tell me what to do, Raymond."

He pointed to his side, where the blood was welling through his coat.

"It was a good fight to the last," he muttered; "but a gore from—a stag's horn—is—mortal."

His head fell back, and his eyes again closed.

When he regained consciousness, he was in bed, his father and a doctor bending over him.

"There doctor he has opened his eyes; he is better. Thank God, Raymond, my boy, you will live!"

A faint smile flickered over the dying man's lips, and he gripped his father's

hand.

"Where is Edith?" he said faintly. "I want to see her."

"Not now, sir," said the doctor authoritatively. "You must keep quite quiet, and not speak."

"Fetch Edith, dad, at once," was the answer, and the father, after a glance at the doctor, obeyed.

"Give me wine—brandy!" whispered Raymond. "I have something to do—to do—say before I die."

It's my duty to tell you, Mr. Witherley, that in your state it is poison."

"Give it me, I say, or I will get it myself!" was the fierce reply.

The doctor shrugged his shoulders and gave in.

"It is at your own peril," he said.

"My dear doctor," replied Raymond, "neither you nor anyone else can save me. A wound from a stag's horn always is fatal. I have known several cases myself. Give me some more; you only flavored the water last time."

He lay quiet, and a faint color returned to his cheek.

"Is she not coming?" he said impatiently. As he spoke, Edith entered, accompanied by his father.

"Leave me with her, dad," he whispered, "and take the doctor with you. When she goes, come back."

"Edith," he said, when they were alone, "the promise you made me death will break; but I want you to make me two fresh ones: First that you will write down what I am going to say without interrupting me, and then that you won't give the paper to my father till I'm buried. Don't cry, child; it takes up time, and I've none to spare. Get pencil and paper, and give me a little more brandy."

His voice was so weak that she had to stoop over him to catch the last words.

He drank the brandy, and lay with his eyes closed till she was ready.

"Write," he said in a firm voice. "I, Raymond Witherley, declare that it was I who entered the bank and stole the notes of which Francis Amyard is accused of taking from the safe. I found an old key on the sideboard, which I used, having found out that it was never bolted. I took an impression in wax of my father's key of the safe, and had a key made from it in London. I did this in order to prevent Francis Amyard marrying Edith Forsyth, whom I loved, and wished to marry myself. I leave and bequeath the whole of the money I die possessed of to the said Edith Forsyth. Now hurry and call the doctor to witness my signature—and—one of the servants—not my father."

With streaming eyes Edith hurried from the room, and in a few minutes the paper was signed and witnessed.

It took the last remnant of the dying man's strength.

Brandy revived him enough to let him press his father's hand and just at the last he rallied.

"Dad," he murmured, "when Frank Amyard has married Edith, make him your junior partner, and let him take—my place."

And so it came about that Frank received riches at the hand of a man who had planned the dishonour of his name—all for a woman's sake.

## THE PRIZE WINNERS.

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## DIAMOND DYES.

The Fall fairs and exhibitions held this year in Canada were a source of pleasure and satisfaction to hundreds of energetic and artistic ladies. Magnificent displays of Mats, Rugs and Carpets made from rags dyed with the Diamond Dyes, drew the special attention of thousands of visitors.

In ninety nine cases out of every hundred, the exhibitors who used the Diamond Dyes to color the materials of which their Mats, Rugs and Carpets were made, took the best prizes.

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### NAMES NEVER SPOKEN.

No More May the Names of the Chinese Imperial Family be Written.

All the imperial personal names are under strict taboo, and it is quite impossible to ascertain the native Manchu appellations of any of emperors. Even the word Nurhachi is rarely written or spoken, and in any case he was a mere savage, whose name "got out" before he became anybody.

Not one person in 100,000 in China ever heard of the existence of Abukhaye, who is always known at Tai Tsung, as though we should say Secundus Divus. The four imperial brothers above enumerated, that is, the Emperor Hienfeng (a mere date of reign type like the papal Pius, Felix or Leo) Prince Tun, Prince Kung and Prince Chun, are personally called in Chinese Yichu, Yitung, Yibin and Yihwan, respectively; but the word chu must always be mutilated in writing or in print, as though out of respect for her Majesty we should write V-toria or Vic-is. Nor durst any one except the emperor or close relatives in equal or higher degree even utter the personal names of the princes, let alone write them. All this is in imitation of "Byzantine" Chinese ways, which

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however, in this respect, seems to prevail all over North Asia, and may be of older origin than China herself. The Chinese personal names of the Manchu emperors, beginning with Abukhaye's son, are Fulin, Huanye, Yinchen, Hungli, Yungyen, Mienning, Yichu, Tsai-chun and Tsaitien; but I should not advise anyone to go crying these sounds about the streets of Peking unless armed with a nobbed stick.

The sensible Emperor Kien Lung (Kungli) endeavored to make the indispensable taboo as easy as possible for the 'silly people' by changing the sounds of certain syllables so as not to interfere with the free use of current language and his successors have gone further by giving rare and practically meaningless syllables as imperial names. Thus, no one in the whole course of his life need ever write the characters chu, bin, tsung or hwan, for no one had the faintest idea what they originally mean, and, it curious, must hunt up in a dictionary to find out. The taboo does not now extend to the first or cate-gorical syllable. All of the generation of Taokwang must have names beginning with Mien, and all of the generation of the last two Emperors must in the same way be Tsai. It is exactly as though all our royal families were Athelstanes, athelhelms or Athelberts in the generation of George III Egberts, Egwins, or Agworths in that of the Duke of Kent, and Edmunds, Edreds or Edwards in the generation of Queen Victoria, and as though we wrote Athelst n Egbt and Edm-d, &c., out of respect for the brother who was King.

### GETTING A DUKE'S FULL NAME.

Great Britain's Former Postmaster-General a stern disciplinarian.

The present Duke of Norfolk is so public-spirited that, in spite of his enormous wealth and his dignities, he held the harassing and laborious place of Postmaster general in Lord Salisbury's cabinet until the South African war. The duke, though he is the premier duke and Earl of England, and Hereditary grand marshal, with a string of titles a yard long, is plain and unassuming in appearance and manner. He looks like a prosperous farmer, has a beard that gets trimmed when he happens to think of it, and his clothes have the appearance of having been bought at a second-hand shop.

He made one of the best postmasters-general England has ever had. He was always on the alert to see that his subordinates did their duty.

One day a year or two ago he went into a small post-office and telegraph station, which was in charge of a smartly dressed young postmistress who was busily talking with a young man, who lounged languidly on the desk.

With some difficulty the duke found a telegraph blank and pen and ink, without any assistance from the young woman, and he wrote a dispatch which he signed, 'Norfolk.'

He then said quietly: 'Will you kindly send this at once?'

No notice was taken of him and the postmistress continued to talk glibly to her admirer. A second and a third time the duke tried to secure her attention and finally succeeded. She read the dispatch negligently, and then, flipping it back, said airily.

'Sign your first name. We don't take dispatches signed with the last name only.'

The duke amended his signature to 'The Duke of Norfolk,' and quietly handed it in. The young woman grew pale as she read it, and paler still when the duke, writing another dispatch, passed it to her, politely saying: 'This goes free, as official matter.' It was addressed to the young woman's chief, and ran thus: 'Have Miss Blank, of Blank Station, removed at once for inattention to duty.' Tears and supplications followed, and the duke finally consented to withhold the second dispatch, but with a warning.

But the condescending remark, 'Sign your first name,' was too good to keep, and the duke told the story, whereupon his

friends declared the joke to be on himself and not on the post mistress.

### The New Minister From Japan.

Minister Kogoro Takahira, the new Japanese representative at Washington, has already proved himself a worthy successor of the able diplomats who have represented the Mikado in the United States for the last decade. From his appearance he might be mistaken for a professor of some foreign university. He dresses, however, in the latest American style, and combines the business habits of our own land with the suavity of Japan.

He has travelled extensively, and studied law and diplomacy under the best masters in Europe as well as in his native land. He belongs to the progressive school of Oriental thought and is a firm believer in the great future of his own Empire.

At a diplomatic reception, speaking of Japan, he said: 'We have adopted American methods, or at least such of them as are adapted to our civilization. Our railways, telegraphs, telephones and electric lights will stand comparison with those in any American city. We have developed our commerce, both coastwise and foreign, and now run our own steamers from Yokohama and Nagasaki to America, India, Australia and even to England.'

'A few years ago we had a panic in respect to coal, and some pessimists believed that we on the point of exhausting our coal beds. This led to a careful examination by both the government experts and patriotic scientists, and the result was the discovery of new coal fields in Japan proper and the exploitation of the wonderful coal beds in Formosa.'

'We haven't any coal trusts as yet, or any coal strikes, but those are achievements of your civilization which we may yet experience.'

Mr. Takahira leaves the post of vice-minister of foreign affairs to accept this embassy. has had a diplomatic and state career of twenty five years, beginning as an attache at Washington. Since then he has held, among other positions, those of minister to Holland, to Austria and to Italy.

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Parson Johnson (after the ceremony)—May yo' bote be very happy! Yo, Jim, have got a good wife, and yo', ma'am, have got a fine, upright, exemplary Christian husband—mah fee am two dollars. Sim Jackson—Please trust me till next week Friday, pahson.

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