

(CONTINUED FROM TENTH PAGE.)

managed things pretty well, although he was conscious of a stiffness and coldness of manner about himself that he had never possessed before.

He made his escape as soon as he possibly could so, but was obliged to promise to return to dinner.

The days glided on in like manner for some time; he made no pretence of playing the lover, and every day found him more depressed and despondent than he had been on the preceding one.

Not that he disliked his fiancée; indeed, quite the contrary, and he acknowledged to himself, as he came to know her better, that things might have been much worse for him than they were.

Mary was in every way a charming woman.

She was hardly thirty, very amiable, rich and handsome, and certainly did not bother him at all.

What then, had he to complain of?

She appeared to be quite contented with his manner towards her, and always addressed him as Captain Despard.

Her aunt, however, did not like him, nor was she at any pains to conceal her dislike from Mary.

"No, my dear," she said to her niece, "I don't like him at all, and I don't think he'll make a good husband. As far as appearance and position go he's all right, but no farther. He's as cold as marble, and cares no more for you than he does for me. It's my belief he's after your money."

"You must be mistaken, then, dear aunt, returned Miss Brown. 'He is said to be extremely wealthy, and certainly is very generous. He has given me some splendid jewellery, and if I only admire anything when I am with him, he invariably gets it for me. I know that his manner towards me is rather cold; but I think that his nature is reserved and shy. His letters were quite different.'

"Well, I hope everything may turn out well, Mary; but your sixty thousand pounds would tempt many men, especially if they were in debt. I think he must be in monetary difficulties, because he always looks so worried. He is a thorough aristocrat, cold, distant, haughty and supercilious; very different from the man I once thought you would marry. What has become of Harry Langham, Mary? Have you heard from him lately?" asked her aunt, turning suddenly round and fixing her eyes on her niece's face.

"It was rather a disconcerting question. 'I—I don't know what has become of him,' Mary replied, stammering and looking very distressed. 'I have not heard anything about him for years.'

Her aunt frowned.

She was silent for a moment or two.

Then he said abruptly—

"How was it that he went away so suddenly?"

"We quarrelled about some trifling thing and he rushed off to America," cried Mary, with a sob; "but don't talk of him any more, aunt; he has forgotten me long ago."

"Do you know this hand writing, Mary?" said her aunt, drawing a letter from her pocket and holding it up. "I received it this morning."

"Harry's writing! Oh, my dear, my dear, if I had only known! What shall I do? Aunt, help me. Is he coming home at last? Does he ask after me? Oh! tell me quickly."

"He is on his way home now, and this letter is to ask for your address. He says he has long repented his foolish quarrel, and wants your forgiveness."

"If it had only come a month ago!" she cried, between her tears; "but now he is worse than dead to me."

"Nonsense, Mary! I am sure Captain Despard would release you if he understood the case. Let me explain it to him, and everything will end well yet."

"No, aunt, no," replied Mary firmly. "I have made my bed, and must lie on it. Captain Despard deserves better treatment at my hands than to be thrown over in a week. I was very foolish just now, but thinking of Harry unnerved me. I was very fond of him once, but really I like Captain Despard very much, and in time, no doubt, shall love him. You must help me to keep out of Harry's way, please, dear, otherwise I may find my position very miserable."

"I shall do nothing of the sort, Mary," answered her aunt angrily. "In my opinion you would be treating both men very unfairly by acting in such a manner, and if I can prevent it I will."

A ring at the bell interrupted the conversation, and a few minutes later Captain Despard entered the room.

He had changed very much in appearance since his engagement, and certainly justified Mrs. Brown's opinion of him.

To-night he looked very pale and grave almost like a statue, and very unlike a favoured lover.

He had expressly come this evening to arrange preliminaries for the wedding.

The thing being inevitable, he thought it better to get it over—besides, there was no reason for any delay.

Both parties were wealthy, their relatives agreeable, and his leave nearly expired.

Miss Brown was also anxious for the ceremony to take place soon.

She was horribly afraid of meeting her old lover, for she felt that in his presence all other claims would be disregarded, so it was arranged that the marriage should take place very quietly in a month's time at Somerville.

Two days later they started on their homeward journey.

A letter from Harry Langham, full of reproaches and threats, did not tend to reconcile Miss Brown to her position.

He refused to acknowledge her engagement with any other than himself, and vowed that he would come to Somerville and forbid the banns, if nothing else would stop the wedding, and also threatened to forward all her old letters to her present lover.

"It is nothing less than a crime," he wrote, "to marry a man you care nothing about; and, darling, you do care for me,

so I shan't give you up to anyone."

This was too true for her to deny, and as she walked with Captain Despard in the evening, after receiving this letter, she determined to throw herself on his generosity and confess all.

Screwing her courage up to the requisite point, she commenced to say—

"Captain Despard, I have something of importance," when she was interrupted by the appearance of a wagonette and pair of horses rushing madly towards them.

A glance sufficed to show that the occupants were Maud Browne and a tall, grey-haired, military-looking man, who was evidently her father.

Maud, with a face as white as death, was pulling frantically at the reins.

Their danger was imminent, as all present knew.

A very little further on, lying directly across their path, was the river.

The bridge that should have spanned it had been swept away by an extraordinary flood two days before, and, unless something stopped them soon, they would be precipitated into the raging torrent.

A hoarse cry broke from Captain Despard's lips, and, without an instant's hesitation, he sprang into the middle of the road and grasped the reins.

The sudden jerk, added to the plunging of the horses, almost overturned the vehicle but the steady hand at the head never relaxed its hold until all danger was past, when he motioned to a rustic who was standing near to come and take his place.

On turning his head towards the carriage, he was horrified to see both Major Browne and his daughter had fainter away.

Utterly forgetful of the presence of his betrothed, he rushed towards them, and clasping the unconscious form of the girl in his arms, cried aloud in his fear—

"My own darling, speak to me! Tell me you are unhurt. Oh, Heaven! what shall I do? I cannot live without you."

"Here is some water, let me sprinkle her face with it," said a cheerful voice at her elbow. "The major is recovering and seems none the worse for his adventure."

"Miss Brown," stammered Reginald, feeling utterly conscious-stricken and guilty. "I—I was—"

"Yes, yes, I see but it is all right—I don't mind at all. Just help me to bring back her senses, and then we'll talk," interrupted Miss Brown, "and be sure," she added impressively, "that no one learns from you what idiots we have been. I have been asleep until now, and I thank heaven for the timely awakening."

By the time Mary had finished speaking, Maud had revived from her faint and both she and her father overwhelmed Captain Despard with thanks.

"We owe to you, sir," said the major, grasping his hand like a vice, "if not our lives, at least our perfect immunity from injury; and it ever I have an opportunity of proving my gratitude, you may depend upon my seizing it. Will you come and dine with me this evening and allow me to introduce you to my family?"

"I accept your invitation to dinner with great pleasure, sir," replied Reginald; "the more readily as I am not an entire stranger to Mrs. Browne and your daughters, although until to day I have not had the pleasure of seeing as much of them as I should have desired."

"Well, good bye for the present," returned the major. We dine at six, remember, and shall expect you by that time."

Saying these words, the major started to walk towards home, while Reginald stood like one in a trance, and watched them disappear in the distance.

A hand laid gently upon his arm recalled him to himself.

"Have you entirely forgotten my existence, Captain Despard?" laughed a soft voice in his ear.

Overwhelmed with confusion at the remembrance of his engagement, commenced to stammer an apology, but some inexplicable change in his companion's appearance made him pause after he had uttered a few words.

Miss Mary Brown seem to have suddenly grown into a girl again.

A joyous light was in her eyes, a pretty color in her cheeks, a smile hovered about her mouth, and so far from being offended with him, her manner had never been so charming.

"Stop, Reginald," she cried, calling him for the first time by his Christian name, "I have something to say to you. Before that carriage came in sight I was screwing up my courage to tell you something of my past life. I am now very glad of an interruption, for it has made my task a much easier one."

"Six years ago I was engaged to marry a gentleman named Harry Langham, to whom I was much attached; indeed he is the only man I ever loved. One day we quarrelled over some trivial affair, and he left the country in a fit of passion."

"All these years I been hoping against hope for his return, and have remained single for his sake. The morning that I received your proposal I determined to give him up and try to put you in his place. In time I might have succeeded, had not returned to England when I least expected it, and insisted upon renewing our old engagement."

"For the past few days I have been so utterly wretched that life has been a burden to me; but now, thank God! every thing appears to coming right, and, in the time to come, no doubt, we shall have many a hearty laugh over our blunders."

"My dear Mary," cried Reginald, radiant with happiness, seizing her hands and kissing them, "can you ever forgive me for my stupidity? All our troubles have arisen from my atrocious carelessness, and I might have easily spoiled at least three lives by it."

"I think you may say four, she returned significantly; "and, as far as forgiveness goes, I fancy I need it even more than you do, I must have been absolutely blinded by conceit to have imagined for an instant that you were in love with me. But, you foolish fellow,

when you found out your mistake that day at Tunbridge, why did you not explain everything at once, and say that the similarity of names had confused you?"

"Oh because I was an idiot, I suppose," he answered gaily, "and I was afraid of placing you in an awkward position with those friends to whom you had mentioned the business."

"Well, good-bye for the present," she said, holding out her hand, "and, believe me, Captain Despard, that, although you meant well, every true woman would have preferred to bear a little ridicule from her friends than to marry a husband who was in love with another girl."

"Good-bye!" he replied, again kissing her hand, and silently wondering why he liked her so very much better since he had discovered her love for another man than before.

Six o'clock found him on Major Browne's threshold, and from that instant everything prospered with him.

He was a man after the major's own heart, and, ere long, Maud was brought to confess that she, too, had fallen in love at first sight one morning in church, months and months ago, though she had been apparently too absorbed in her Prayer-book to even see him at all.

Three months later, on their wedding-day, they received an exquisite diamond bracelet, far exceeding in value any other present, from "Harry and Mary Langham."

Much puzzled by the splendour of it, Maud turned to Reginald for an explanation of his great friendship with the Langhams, and he replied by telling her all that has been narrated here.

## PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND

Is Now Being Used by the Wise and Prudent.

It Saves Sleepless, Nervous and Despondant People From Insanity.

BUILDS UP THE DEBILITATED AND BROKEN DOWN.

Those who are wise are now using the most reliable of all health-building medicines, and are getting back their proper weight, nerve, vigor, good appetite and healthy color. No long, anxious waitings and disappointments when Paine's Celery Compound is used.

At this season there are thousands of restless, fretful, nervous, despondent and gloomy men and women. They find it impossible to obtain restful and natural sleep, and, as a consequence, they are almost physical wrecks; some are desperately near the abyss of insanity. It is not safe for sufferers to trifle with their difficulties. The weakened, irritated and nervous system must be toned, strengthened and built up at once.

There is but one reliable and honest remedy before the public that guarantees renewed health and a long lease of life; it is Paine's Celery Compound, the prescription of a noble physician, and strongly endorsed by his professional confreres.

Paine's Celery Compound is now within the reach of all classes of our people, and it is a very simple matter to test its efficiency; the expense is trifling. As there are miserable imitations sold by some dealers, see that you get "PAINE'S" the kind that has wrought such marvellous cures.

### A Hungry Bear.

In "Adventures on the Columbia River" Mr Ross Cox cites a singular case of bold kidnapping on the part of a half-famished bear. A trading party of ten persons were camped on the bank of the Flathead River, eating a supper of venison around a glowing pile of embers.

Suddenly a huge bear came from the blackness behind them, seized one of the men in his fore paws, and ran several yards on his hind feet before stopping.

The man's companions were so dazed at the sudden appearance of the bear and the seizure of poor Louisson that for a few moments they ran here and there in confusion, each shouting some excited command.

Then one, named Le Blanc, got his gun and was in the act of shooting when he was warned of the danger of hitting Louisson.

Bruin meantime dropped the man, whom he stood over, and began to gnaw the bone which Louisson had held in his hand at the moment of his capture. Once or twice the poor fellow tried to get away, and the second time the bear seized him in a grasp which made him yell with pain and cry out:

"Shoot, shoot, mon ami!"

Thereupon LeBlanc ran forward, aimed at the bear's head, hit him in the temple, and brought him to the ground.

At the moment the brute fell he dropped Louisson, but gave him an ugly cut across the cheek with his claws, which for long afterward marred his good looks. Le Blanc ran forward and with his knife finished the bear, who was found to be very lean.

# 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.

Doubtless the savory smell of the cooking venison attracted him, and in a fit of hungry desperation he made his bold attack and carried off a man. Louisson was, fortunately uninjured but for the scratch on his cheek.

### THE TERRIBLE SIRDAR.

Lord Kitchener, Big and Grim as He Appeared to a Canadian Volunteer.

Writing from Bellast, South Africa, Lieut. Morrison of Ottawa, who is serving with the Second Contingent, gives an interesting pen picture of Roberts and Kitchener. After describing the fight at Bellast, he says:

"When we came to the station here, amid the hurry of detrainning, my attention was attracted by a pathetic figure of an old man seated on a bench. He had a long beard and was so much better dressed than the average burgher as to attract attention in these times when every one in khaki or out of it, is travel-worn and dirty. The old man appeared bowed down with grief. With his hands clenched in his beard and his elbows resting on his knees, he sat leaning forward gazing at nothing, and quite oblivious to the cannonade and bursting shells. He was Gen. Snyman of Mafeking fame. Under an assumed name he had tried to get a certificate as a non-combatant from the British, but was betrayed by a Kafir and made a prisoner and was then awaiting transport to Pretoria."

"I began this letter on the 5th, but it is now the 10th of September. This morning divine service was held and General Roberts and Lord Kitchener were both there, so I had a good look at them for nearly an hour, as they stood out in the middle of the hollow square. 'Bobs' is certainly a wonderful little man for his years. It was very close and hot, but he stood up during the whole service, though any number of the men dropped in the ranks."

"Kitchener, gives one the impression of not feeling very much at home as a member of the staff. It may be a mistaken impression, however, and due only to his manner in public, for 'the terrible Sirdar' looks the part in a most satisfactory way. Big, grim and unapproachable-looking, he takes his place, always with scrupulous exactitude, on the right rear of the Field Marshal, but well out to the front of the staff. I have never seen him chatting with anyone, even when the staff is standing easy."

"He has nothing of the heavy tragedy air, but you instinctively think of something powerful and calmly ferocious under restraint. To his strong handsome face, the overshoot forehead gives a lowering appearance and, underneath his deep brows the eyes look dull and apathetic until they undeceive you with a momentary leonine flash. Though so tall, he is rather heavily built and moves with a deliberateness that would be sluggish were it not for the impression of a tremendous physical strength, capable of being aroused into irresistible activity."

"He is the sort of man who would lyddite 16,000 of the enemy, light a fresh cigar and lyddite 16,000 more without a thought of anything but military exigency and the welfare of the state. He is, in a word, the very antithesis of his small, alert, cheerfully benevolent-looking chief. The preacher's text this morning included the words: Are there not enough graves in Egypt that ye have brought us into this land? And somehow as I listened I could not keep my eyes off of the inscrutable face of Kitchener."

### On His Dignity.

I get queer answers sometimes, said an old advertiser, when I ask my customers, as I frequently do, what publication they saw my advertisement in.

As a rule they reply courteously, but once in a while a man takes the question as an affront. One pompous old fellow told me it was none of my business. Another advised me to 'hire a checking clerk.' A languid young man referred me

to his valet. But I was worst taken aback by a roughly dressed customer once to whom I put the usual question:

"What magazine, may I ask, did you see my 'ad' in?"

"In all of them, sir," he replied, indignantly. "Did you think, sir, from my appearance, that I read only one?"

### Harvard's Great Electric Plant.

Prof. John Trowbridge has recently had installed at Harvard University the most powerful apparatus in the world for the production of electromotive force. The plant comprises 20,000 storage cells giving 40,000 electrical units of pressure, and this can be increased to 3 000,000 volts. But in order to obtain the full effect of so enormous a pressure, Professor Trowbridge says it would be necessary to remove the apparatus into the center of an open field and elevate it at least 30 feet from the ground in order to avoid loss from the inductive action of floors and walls. With this great battery the highest degree of instantaneous temperature yet attained can be produced. Professor Trowbridge hopes with its aid to obtain some clue to the temperature at which hydrogen exists in the stars. This plant furnishes, he adds, an ideal method of producing the X-rays.

### The Fire Bells

Ring out an alarm and it is heeded. This is to notify you that base substitution is practised when the great sure-pop corn cure is asked for. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor never fails to take corns off. It makes no sore spots and gives no pain. Be sure and get "Putnam's."

### Sea Currents and Migrations.

The French scientific journal, La Nature, calls attention to a recent report of the French consul at Hawaii which, it thinks, throws light on some problems of ethnography. Not long ago a little schooner, dismantled and with its rudder gone as the result of a tempest, was drifted by winds and ocean currents from Tahiti to Hawaii, after 81 days of helpless wandering. Hawaiian traditions declare that in ancient days people came from Tahiti, drifting with the currents, and settled Hawaii. The adventure of the dismantled schooner seems to prove the possibility of such a migration, and it is suggested that the currents of the Pacific, which have not yet been sufficiently studied, may throw much light on the distribution of the native races among the island groups.

Little Ruben Wayback (reading almanac—"Playing cards were invented by the Spaniards.")

Deacon Wayback—There! Now ye kin understand why Spain downfall!

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