

(CONTINUED FROM TENTH PAGE.)

heard 'Mr. Charles' voice in the hall, asking if he could speak to Lady Rosamund Loftus for a moment.

Rosamund gave permission for him to be admitted to her presence.

He found her leisurely decapitating an egg.

She glanced at the clock. 'Good-morning, Mr. Charles. Are you not going to business to-day?'

'I think not.'

'He waited for her to shake hands; but she was too busy with her egg, apparently to think of it.'

'You have heard from Sir Empson.'

She glanced up inquiringly.

'He said he would write you, to prepare you for my visit this morning.'

'Oh! yes, to be sure. Sir Empson did say that one of his people would call for orders. But I don't really want anything today, Mr. Charles, except that, perhaps, it might be as well if the dressmaker were to make a slight alteration in this dress. The sleeves do not please me, and there is something wrong with the bang of the skirt. Will you see that it is attended to?'

'I have left Messrs. Richmond and Price Lady Rosamund.' I think you had better write your orders.'

'You have left? Dear me! Then why did Sir Empson—'

'Sir Empson alluded to orders of another sort, I think. He has behaved most generously—most kindly. He has turned me into an investment. I am to go to the cape or somewhere, with five thousand pounds of his money and do what I can with it.'

'Indeed? I congratulate you. When do you start?'

'As soon as you can be ready, Rosamund.'

'I? What have I to do with it?'

'The coolness of the astonished stare she turned on him struck a chill to his heart.'

He had risen, and he stood now, staring back at her in an agony of doubt and fear.

'Rosamund, darling don't look like that. You know very well I could not take your money. Sir Empson is different.'

'I thought we had finished with all that. Don't let me detain you any longer. I wish you good morning, Lord Durham.'

Her hand was on the bell—she, too, had risen—but he sprang forward and seized her fingers, though she had not the slightest intention of ringing.

'You shall not dismiss me in this way!' he exclaimed furiously, clasping both her wrists and forcing her back into her chair, while he stood over her, glaring down at her wrathfully. 'I refuse to be treated like a cur just because I managed to resist the temptation to behave like one. You promised to be my wife less than a week ago. You shall not break that promise. I claim you, and I'll have you!'

'Will you, really? Well, don't eat me, Durr; you look savage enough, you dear old tiger!'

'Rosamund, you little fiend! How dare you torture me so?'

'I dare do all that doth become a woman,' she quoted, laughing softly, as she nestled close to him; and it becomes every woman to tease the man she means to marry—and every other man, too, for that matter.'

His anger gone, love took possession of him, turning him into Rosamund's slave, over whom, if she would, she might tyrannize with safety.

But her mood had changed, too, and so he had a glimpse of Paradise for the next ten minutes or so, after which she insisted on talking business, and business only.

CHAPTER VI.

Lady Rosamund spent the rest of the morning going through a lot of papers the earl had kept in a tin box, which he never travelled without.

Mr. Manley, his lawyer, had expressed ignorance of the contents of the box, and he had asked Rosamund if she would mind the trouble of examining them.

So Rosamund bent her energies to the mastering of the contents of that innocent little box, never thinking for a moment what she would find at the bottom of it.

It certainly struck her as strange that most of the letters she came across had been written by the earl.

Why should he preserve his own letters? She glanced through some of them.

They were addressed to another man, whom he called by the peculiar name of 'Double.'

'Each letter commenced "Dear old Double," though the envelopes all bore the inscription, "Philip Masterton, Esq." Evidently the two men were very intimate, and were sufficiently alike in appearance to pass for brothers.

Thus much Rosamund gleaned from her cursory perusal of the one-sided correspondence.

Her father had altered his handwriting somewhat since those old days.

It had become more careless and less firm, as was, perhaps, to be expected from a man of his character.

By and-by the girl's fingers touched an unopened letter under the others.

The one word—"Rosamund"—on the envelope attracted her attention to it at once. Could it have been intended for herself, or had it been destined for the hands of that former Rosamund—her mother—of whom she had no remembrance at all?

Well, if so, surely she, of all people, had the best right to open the long buried pocket.

The contents were in her father's writing and she soon found they were addressed to herself.

'My dear Rosamund,'—the epistle bore no date and no address.—'When you read this I shall no longer be reckoned amongst the living. I need hardly say that I heartily hope that date may be far distant. You will probably curse me as you read, but I can't help that now; the thing is done and it can't be undone, and there is no need for the knowledge of it to travel beyond yourself only, I shall feel more comfortable when I have confessed it to somebody.

'Here is my little secret. I am no more Earl of Barenlans than I am King of England.'

'Poor Dick Loftus and I were the image of each other; even our voices grew alike with practice on my part; the same with our chirography. I had an end in view, you see, so I studied diligently for the first time in my life. We were at Oxford together; he was not even his uncle's heir at that time. So when he got set down for something rather big, his people gave him the cold shoulder. But he had plenty of money, so I stuck by him.'

'We went abroad together, and when the accident occurred which gave him a fair chance of being the next earl, his uncle wrote and made overtures of peace, to which Dick refused to respond. I backed him up, of course.'

'After we had been away about five years he fell ill and died.'

'Well, I don't suppose I need continue. The situation was ready-made for me, and I stepped into it. Poor old Dick was buried as Philip Masterton, and I continued to travel as Dick Loftus.'

'Luck favored me. The Countess of Barenlans died before her husband, and just as he shuffled off this mortal coil his man of business died likewise, leaving his son, a comparative youngster, as the only real danger point I had to pass.'

'Of course there were relatives, but Dick had been an orphan from childhood, and his cousins had all rather fought shy of him, thinking he was bound to run through his money and go to the bad.'

'They changed front with regard to the new Earl of Barenlans, but he turned the tables on them then, and would have none of them. It was safer, you will understand.'

'I married well, and my wife never learned the truth. Two daughters blessed our union. I thought it rather kind, than otherwise, of Fate to deny me a son, though that did not prevent my hating Fred Loftus, the real earl, like poison. He will have come into his own by the time you read this. I hope his hair will be grey with age before it happens.'

'One word more. I am not the utterly unloving father you give me credit for being. Out of your mother's money I have invested enough to keep you comfortably. Manley has seen to it. Sophie doesn't want providing for; she is safe, unless Lisle comes a cropper, in which case you must look after her.'

'I don't ask you to forgive me, and I don't in the least repent what I have done. My advice to you is that you burn this, saying nothing about it to anybody, and go on calling yourself Lady Rosamund Loftus to the end of the chapter.'

'Your Affectionate Father, Philip Masterton—alias Barenlans.'

Rosamund read to the end with no feeling but a pang of hideous shame for her father's dishonour.

She felt no disappointment at the loss of the title to which she had become accustomed; but she felt a bitter sorrow at having to change the honoured name of Loftus for the dishonoured one of Masterton.

The temptation suggested by her father's advice to hold her tongue and write herself 'Loftus to the end of the chapter,' was bound to assail her.

She stood a long time in doubt as to what she would do. But the memory of her mother's family helped her.

With a toss of her proud little head she curled her lips in self-scorn, muttering, half aloud—

'Because Philip Masterton was a villain shall his daughter be a coward? If I am Masterton, I am also Cameron.'

Without giving herself a chance of hesitating a second time, she enclosed her father's confession in a fresh envelope, and posted it to Lord Durham, with a tiny note written, as it were, with her heart's blood, telling him that she would quite understand, and fully approve his act, if he returned the MS. to her without a word, and straightway took himself out of her life.

And had he done so she would have tried to be content to take her share of the punishment promised unto the third and fourth generations of them that wilfully sin.

But, all the time, she had a secret consciousness that the man who loved her would not be the first to fulfil that prophecy on her behalf.

And she felt no surprise when, at breakfast next morning, Durr came hastily in, and caught her to him in a close embrace before he uttered a word, or gave her time to utter one either.

'Darling, darling!' he murmured, then, emphasizing the endearing word with still more endearing kisses, 'did you mean it, Rosamund?—what you told me to do?'

'Yes, Durr.'

'And what if I had done it?'

She shivered, and clung closer to him. He tightened his clasp of her reassuringly.

'Silly little woman! It is time we gave over doubting the strength of our love for each other. We have had a stormy sort of wooing up to now; but henceforth I mean to sail our barque into smoother waters. I begin to believe that you won't be happy if you throw me overboard, and I am quite certain that I should sink to the lowest of low depths if I lost you.'

'Therefore we must regard our future lives with logical and sensible eyes. Logic and sense urge marriage as the highest good for both of us. We will be married without delay, Rosamund, and we will leave England together. My people have temporarily cut me. You have no one but your sister to care a jot about. So there is nobody to interfere with us.'

'And now, just a word concerning this letter of your father's. I am going to destroy it. See here!'

He tore it across and across and, lighting a match, set fire to the pieces, and threw them into the grate.

'Watch it burn, dear,—and then forget it, as I mean to do. I shall refrain from giving utterance to my opinion of a man who can secure a sentimental sort of ease

for his very sickly consciences by leaving him a confession, likely as far as he could judge—to ruin your life and break your heart.'

'We will keep his secret, Rosamund—you and I. You will change the name of Loftus for that of Carlos so very soon that it would be simple waste of trouble to inform the world that you might really call yourself Masterton. While, as for continuing to be Lady Rosamund—would you not just as soon be Lady Durham?'

'Quite,' she confessed, laughing and blushing. 'Oh! Durr, what a dear old chap you are! I really do love you a little bit. But, do you know, there is one thing we ought not to forget in our happiness—or rather, one person, and that is Sir Empson. His great kindness deserves some return. It would be an awful blow to him if his son were to marry Maggie Brent.'

Lord Durham drew her head down on his shoulder, rested his cheek on hers, and thus delivered himself—

'Unto some of us are given bad fathers, unto others bad sons. It is written some where that it takes a wise father to know his own son. Apparently, Sir Empson Richmond is a wise father; he seems to know his son very thoroughly. It is an additional proof of our fitness for each other, my Rosamund, that we so frequently think alike.'

'I also had that sense of gratitude unrequited towards Sir Empson. I ventured on a hint as to the state of affairs between his son and Miss Brent; his reply was very prompt—'Thanks, many thanks, for warning me; but I regret to say it is Miss Brent who needs your warning, not I. My son is not a gentleman in any sense of the word. I will see Miss Brent without delay.'

'What horrid things men are!' observed Rosamund by way of comment. 'Men like Wilford Richmond, I mean.'

'Quite so,' agreed her lover. 'When do you leave here, sweetheart?'

'Oh, today, some time. There is nothing to stay for.'

'Nothing at all. We will travel to town together, and I will see you safely in your sister's charge. I want to impress on her the necessity of our being married with as little delay as possible. Every day I remain in England is a day lost now.'

The marriage took place six weeks later, from the house of Threadwin Lisle, Esq.

The little man was rather scandalized at first at the idea of his sister-in-law showing such scant regard to her father's memory as to think of being married within so short a time after his death.

But, his wife, who had, of course gone over to the enemy, as represented by Lord Durham Carlos, succeeded in making her lord and master take a common-place view of the matter, with the result that he proved the most charming of brothers-in-law when the time came for him to act in loco parentis, and give Rosamund into the keeping of her 'shop-walker.'

'It's like a dream,' she murmured, as she drove away with her husband. 'It's just like a dream—all these weeks since the morning I first saw you at Richmond and Price's.'

'Don't call it a dream, dearest. Dreams are horrid, unsubstantial things, from which one has to wake up. You don't want to wake up and find I am not here, do you, and that you don't belong to me?'

'I should hate it, Durr! I simply couldn't live without you now.'

'Darling,' murmured Lord Durham, as their cab pulled up in the station. 'I should hate for you to have to try to live without me!'

How Catarrh is Cured in Maine.

People in Maine are not so slow for it Canada has a good thing why they simply come to Canada for it. This is why Mrs. James A. Tweedie, of Jay Bridge, Maine, has sent for sixteen outfits of Catarrhzone for friends in her locality. This lady gives very full particulars why she does this. Her daughter fourteen years old, had doctored for Catarrh obtaining no benefit, tried lots of other remedies but all failed—recommended by a neighbor to try Catarrhzone.

Instead of despairing as she had good reasons for doing, obtained Catarrhzone and before it was done, as she states, she was completely cured. No wonder she recommends it. Child had dropping in the throat, hawking, spitting, father thought she was going into consumption, could not sleep at night and adds: 'I only wish any one suffering from Catarrh to give it a fair trial; any druggist will enable you to do this for they all sell it—your money back if Catarrhzone does not benefit you. N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont., Hartford, Conn.'

One of These Prompt Girls.

Jack—My goodness! Ring for a messenger boy.

George—What's up?

Jack—That stupid tailor has sent me the baby blue necktie I ordered for Ethel, and I presume he has sent her my new suit of clothes. I must explain to her at once, or she'll think it's the latest fashion and be out on the street with them.

One Minute Cure for Toothache.

Not only for Toothache, but any nerve pain cured almost instantly by Nerviline. One drop equals in pain-subduing power five drops of any other remedy. Thousands say so. Powerful, penetrating, pain-subduing Nerviline. Marvelous in action for internal and external use. The world challenged for its equal. Druggists sell it. Your money back if it is not so.

As to Philosophy.

'Right always has reason,' observed the platitudinous gentleman.

'True enough, but there are always several reasons offered for wrong,' commented the wise man.

Thus we see that philosophy can think at a mark for a considerable time and have no noticeable effect on the mark.

Seal Brand Coffee

(1 lb. and 2 lb. cans.)

IS PICKED PURITY

Strong in Purity. Fragrant in Strength.

IMITATORS ARE MANIFOLD.

CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL AND BOSTON.

THE RETIRED BURGLAR.

He Tells of a Trifling Incident That once led to His Arrest.

'Of all the fool things that a man in my business can do,' said the retired burglar, 'the very fooliest of all is carrying about with him something that he's picked up in the course of his work. I used to think that writing letters and leaving them behind, something by which a man might some day be identified, was the most fool thing of all; but I am satisfied now that carrying something around is still worse. I realized this when something I was carrying got me into trouble.'

'I always carried a leadpencil in my pocket, and I lost this pencil, somehow, one day and the same night picked up another from a desk in a man's library and just tucked it in my pocket. I wanted a pencil and I just took this one, and thought no more about it. I carried that pencil I guess three or four months, sharpening it occasionally, and so gradually wearing it down. The last time I ever used it was in a railroad station where I'd just seen a big wagon drive up with a couple of boxes that caught my eye, as maybe containing things that I'd like to have; both going to the same town, not very far out, and I thought maybe I'd run out there some night, and look through these houses. I don't believe in luck, but I sort of had a notion that I'd find something very good in these two houses, and I liked the idea of getting the clue to them in that way. So I goes into the waiting room of the station again and just puts down those addresses before I forgets 'em; writing 'em down at one end of a desk that was there, by the window of the telegraph office.'

'I'd put the piece of paper that I'd made the memorandum on in my pocket, and was just putting away the pencil, when a man that had stepped up to write a telegraph, and found no pencil on the desk there, turns to me—he'd seen me writing—and says: "Will you kindly lend me your pencil for a minute? And of course I handed it over to him without the slightest hesitation, and then I stands there and looks the other way so as not to seem to be looking while he was doing his writing. And I thought he was writing a pretty long telegraph and I was just about to turn around and look, when I feels a hand on my shoulder which I couldn't very well mistake, and looking around I found as I expected that it was a policeman that was clawin' me and my friend there, that I'd lent the pencil to, was standing alongside of him pointing at me, and saying: "I charge this man with burglary."

'Quite a change in the situation? Well I should say so. And all through that pencil. That pencil was just a plain, common, simple pencil of good quality, with nothing remarkable about it at all except that across the flat end of the head of the pencil, the end not used, there were eight little straight lines, four in each direction, crossing at right angles, and making a sort of a plaid effect, pretty well faded now, but still perfectly visible. And this pencil belonged to the man that had borrowed it of me there in the station. Makes you laugh to think of my luggin' around something that was marked? It does me now. Well, it was easy enough to prove that the house had been robbed, and that the pencil I had come from it. And it interested me, a little bit, too, to see how easy they were able to prove the markings on the pencil. This man's little daughter made it, and she swore to it, without any sort of doubt or quibble. She'd sat down one day at her father's desk, and marked those lines on the end of the pencil with a pen, just for fun.'

'Of course there was no sort of actual proof that I stole it, but there was proof that I had it in my possession. I said I found it; but I ain't much more of a liar than George Washington was: and when I do try lying I make the bunglin'est work of it you ever heard of. That's the kind of a job I made of it this time, and of course they knew, you know. But they give me only a year. Still that was enough to learn me that lesson, anyhow. I never,

after that, carried about with me anything that I'd gathered in, any longer than it was necessary to dispose of it. I may have other tricks, now, just as foolish, but that one I dropped right then."

Bad for a Cough.

Adams's Botanic Cough Balm is very bad for a cough. In fact it kills a cough almost instantly and restores good normal health thoroughly and in a very agreeable manner. No cough can withstand it. 25c. at all Druggists.

TIPSY MAINE FISH.

Salmon That Skylark After Drinking Contraband Beer to Excess.

An usual characteristic of the salmon, as well as the insignificant sucker, taken from Maine rivers, is the aldermanic abdomen. This is caused by the beer drinking habit of the fish. It is customary to spill the beer seized in Maine cities into sewers which empty into the river. Some times one hundred barrels are spilled in a day.

Since the days of the first beer seizures in Auburn and Lewiston, fish have collected in schools around the Auburn claybank on certain days to drink beer. For twenty four hours after spilling white bellies are seen turning up on the river bottom. The people on Waterpatch go out and catch dozens in a day with their hands. Occasionally a keg of beer doctored with knockout drops is spilled. After the first effects of the drug have been slept off the salmon become wild. They skylark in the water, leap into the air and turn double somersaults and pin wheels before striking water.

A few years ago it was customary to spill whiskey and hard stuff into the sewers and rivers. Fish became used to it, toxication then. They enjoyed it. Being always in cool water, and possessing little or no brain no headaches followed their libations. When the law was passed obliging the sheriffs to send the hard liquors away to be redistilled the fish hung about the customary spilling places for weeks, frantic at the enforced abstinence. They refused to be satisfied with beer at first, but gradually they have adopted the beer standard. It is the fisherman with 'hard bait' in a bottle that gets the biggest fish, always for he dips his fly into his hard bait before he casts it. The fish smell the rare luxury and with the usual drunkard's recklessness, swallow and are lost.

'Did he bring anything back from abroad?'

'Well, I should say he did.'

'What?'

'One of the largest assortments of wear-isome stories and descriptions of places that I ever heard.'

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

W. Wood

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 TORPID LIVER. FOR CONSTIPATION. FOR SALLOW SKIN. FOR THE COMPLEXION.

PREPARED BY W. WOOD, 100 N. BROAD ST., N. Y. CITY.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.