

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE TEN.)

strange, panting way, while the terror in her eyes grew less. "I may do with them whatever I like."

"Of course they are yours," he answered passionately, "but when you are great lady you will not forget that I first brought your riches to you, at one may say."

"I shall never be rich," she answered, a great sob in her voice. "I will not take the money away from him."

She lifted her hand as she spoke, and flung the little packet from her—flung it far out over the shining stream, to see it fall with an eerie splash just where the gleam of the moonlight touched the water.

A strangled cry, hoarse and terrible broke from the man's lips, and in an instant more he had sprung towards her, and had caught her wrist in an iron grip.

The terror came back into the girl's eyes. She realized that she had placed herself in awful peril.

Maddened through drink by what she had done—knowing that she had destroyed all his hopes of enriching himself and of wreaking vengeance on the man he so bitterly hated—James Rutherford had murder in his heart, and she would be the victim of his fury.

She struggled desperately to escape. But it was useless.

His grip on her wrist tightened.

His other arm was thrown about her, and she was helpless in that deadly clasp. "You have ruined me!" he cried, his voice rising high and shrill, like that of an hysterical woman; "you have thrown away the fortune in which I should have shared, and you shall die for it!"

"Let me go!" she panted tremblingly, but her heart grew fainter still with fear as she looked into his face and saw the light of murderous madness there.

"You shall not escape me, fool!" he answered, a wild stream of passionate words, amid which these alone were articulate, falling from his lips. "You shall die!—die in the river where your fortune has been flung!"

A scream of terror—one which seemed to frame Hugh's name in its agony—rent the air from the girl's white lips.

She tried again to struggle, but all power had left her.

She was lifted in the man's brawny arms and flung far from the bank, out into the silver waters that closed around her in cruel embrace.

And then, in the moment when death was so near, she ceased to struggle, and over her a great calm came.

It was sweet to leave the life that was so dreary, sweet to pass away with Hugh's dear name upon her lips; to know that, perhaps, when she lay cold and dead, he would pity her and weep for her, as Lancelot in the long ago wept for the Lily Maid of Astolat.

"Esme!—my own!—my love!" Surely it must be but a dream, she thought, as she heard Hugh's voice whispering the words in her ear, and knew that his lips, warm with life, were pressing kisses upon hers, which were so cold and stiff.

And then other voices reached her in a confused babel, Flo's very prominent among them, and presently she knew she was being carried into a room where a great quiet prevailed, and in which an elderly gentleman seemed to be giving directions to one or two assistants in reference to herself.

Then she opened her eyes, and knew that she was lying in a great stately bed chamber, which she guessed—partly by its cluster of tinted electric lamps—to be one of those at the Towers, and she saw that the village doctor was by her side, with an elderly woman who wore the dress of an upper servant.

"Where am I?" she asked, sitting up by an effort. "Have I been ill? What has happened?"

"Nothing very serious, since it has proved a case of all's well that ends well," the doctor answered. "You fell by accident into the river, and as you cannot swim it might have been a tragedy; only, fortunately, Sir Hugh happened to be walking on the towpath, and plunged in in time to save you."

"Sir Hugh there," Esme murmured faintly, and tried to imagine what possible cause could have brought him away from his lady love and his father's guests, to such a little frequented spot. "Why, what—"

"What was he doing there? you want to ask," a ringing voice broke in merrily, as the little group of servants parted and Flo appeared by the bedside in her trailing velvet gown, with the red roses at her breast and the jewels gleaming in her hair. "Well, let me confess that I wanted to pay a surprise visit to the Vicarage, and Hugh had volunteered to escort me there."

The explanation seemed hardly more satisfactory, for, naturally, Esme could imagine no reason why Miss Fanshaw should visit the Vicarage so late; but she was too ill and miserable to say more, and only lay very still, with her heavy eyes closed.

"And now you must make haste to get well," Flo continued, "for Mr. Mayfield is here and wants to take good news of you home to his mother, while Hugh insists upon seeing you at once. Your patient is well enough for that interview—is she not, doctor?"

"Oh, no, no!" Esme cried faintly; "I must not see Mr. Strathmore—I cannot! My dress is soiled, and—"

"As for that, I will lend you clothes," Flo broke in; "but keep Hugh waiting you must not. Remember, he has saved your life, just as by a queer coincidence, Mr. Mayfield saved mine, and you must not be less grateful than I have been."

She laughed again as she spoke, for Flo was altogether in her most boisterous humor and, as she always did, she carried everything before her.

She made Esme, against her will, drink some of the hot soup they brought her, and then insisted in dressing the girl in some of her own clothes, which were, of course, very much too large for her.

But Flo's good taste overcame all difficulties, and she chose a loosely-draped

tea-gown, whose "fit" was not of any consequence, afterwards leading Esme to the long mirror, and asking if she did not admire herself.

Esme glanced with little interest at the reflection, feeling too miserable to care how she looked.

Yet even she was forced to confess that no fairer picture could have been imagined than she made then in a quaintly fashioned gown of turquoise blue, opened to show an under-dress of creamy white, with soft cream laces falling like an old-world kerchief over her shoulders.

Her hair was still damp from her immersion in the stream so Flo would not allow it to be fastened up. Instead, it streamed loosely about her shoulders, its golden waves catching the brilliance of the electric lamps, and glowing as with a light that was all its own.

"You're the prettiest girl in the world," Flo said merrily. "Come with me, and ask Hugh if he does not think so."

The words were a fresh blow to Esme, but she silently obeyed.

Flo led her down the corridor; she opened a door at the further end to almost push her across the threshold, and then, instead of entering herself, she closed the door in unceremonious fashion.

"Esme, my own dear love!"

This time it certainly was not a dream, for Hugh was in the room, and came to greet her with his arms outstretched.

He would have caught her in his embrace, but she shrank away from him, glad now of the loosened masses of her hair that fell before her face and hid it like a veil.

"Why do you speak like that?" she asked. "It is an insult to her and to me. Surely I have suffered enough without this!"

"But, my dear one, you are going to suffer no more," Hugh cried eagerly, "for Flo has set me free. We were on our way to the vicarage to tell you the news, when we heard your scream for help. You can fancy how important that visit to the vicarage was in both our eyes, when we escaped from our guests here to make it. Impatient as I was, I don't think I should of myself have had courage enough for such an escapade; the idea was Flo's, and that is the other reason why we should both be grateful to her."

"Miss Fanshaw has set you free?" Esme murmured, and doubted still.

She was thinking of that scene upon the balcony so short a time before.

"Yes; it is all so strange that I can hardly realize it myself yet," Hugh said merrily. "But Flo has promised that if ever she fell in love she would tell me of it—a queer compact for a girl to make with the man she was engaged to, but one that was like Flo. Well, to-night she made that confession, for she told me she was desperately in love with—whom do you think? No less a personage than Stephen Mayfield himself!"

"But I was in the grounds to-night. I saw you on the balcony," Esme said. "You—you kissed her and said she had made you so happy. I did not mean to listen, but I could not help hearing that, and then I went away, for I thought my heart was broken."

It was a naive little confession, and Hugh laughed as he heard it, though, the next moment, he had taken her in his arms by sheer force, and was kissing all her tears away.

"Why, my darling, that must have been just the time when Flo had told me all, and begged me to set her free. I believe I did kiss her; I was so delighted I hardly knew what I was doing; and then, you know, she has always been a sort of sister to me. And as for saying she had made me happy, she had, indeed, done that, for then I knew that I was free to woo and win you—the one dear girl in all the world that I can love."

What Esme answered need not be repeated here, but it was highly satisfactory to Hugh; and when presently the Reverend Stephen Mayfield went back to the Vicarage, it was with the news that Esme, for the present, was to be a guest at the Towers.

The little vicar was radiant, too, and delighted his mother by telling her he had changed his mind, and did not mean to go to Africa after all.

How he managed to find courage enough to propose to Flo, or, indeed, how he knew that she was free to listen to his suit, were questions which troubled his curious parishioners not a little.

But no one, of course, knew that except the two most concerned, and though Hugh laughed at Flo in a brotherly fashion, and told her she had taken advantage of it being a leap year, she did not deny the imbecility.

So after all, perhaps it was she who took the first step in this very interesting matter. Sir Gavin at first was very angry at the idea of his only son marrying a dowryless bride, but Esme had told her lover all the story of her meeting with Rutherford, and he repeated it to Sir Gavin, who there and then withdrew all opposition, and declared that he was glad that justice would be done to the girl by her becoming the wife of his son.

Esme's claim to be the other Hugh Strathmore's daughter was never proved, for the letters still lie beneath the river, and as she said she only wanted to be the mistress of the Towers because she was this Hugh Strathmore's wife.

Of Rutherford nothing more was heard for many years, but at last he once more appeared to Esme for help, and she was generous enough to give it.

In return he told Hugh his story with fuller details, and though all legal proof was wanting now, there was no doubt that Esme was the true heiress of the Strathmores.

But long ere that happened the girl was quite at home in her new position, and had won all hearts—including Sir Gavin's—by her grace and charm.

It was the prettiest double wedding ever seen in the old church, everyone declared, and no one knew whether to be the more surprised at the ease with which Esme assumed her duties in her new sphere, or at

the aptitude which brilliant, out-spoken Flo suddenly developed for the life of a country clergyman's wife.

It was Love, the magician, that showed them both the way, and it is Love that throws a charm over Esme's life in the great mansion, and over Flo's in the ivy-wreathed Vicarage, making them both declare that life flows onward like a golden dream; and the years as they glide away, bring them but added joy.

A Dangerous Walk

A high trestle bridge, a quarter of a mile long, supports the single track of the Nickel Plate Railway across the valley of Grand River, Ohio. Recently a young man crossed this bridge under thrilling circumstances. A Cleveland exchange tells the story.

He was half-way across when a fast train rounded the curve behind him. There was not a moment to lose, and he quickened his pace, not an easy task on the ties.

As he neared the end the train was close behind him, and he had just time to swing himself over the side of the bridge as the locomotive thundered by.

The ends of the ties were slippery with grease, and his foot slipped as he left the track. His right hand, stretched out blindly, touched an iron brace, and he clutched it. Then for a moment he swung in space, and in another his left hand found a place beside his right, and his feet touched a welcome beam below.

With bleeding fingers clutching the slender iron bar that bent and vibrated, moments seemed hours; but at length the train passed, and the young man was able to climb slowly to the track above, and crawl over the ties to firm ground.

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Salt Water Food.

Transfusion of blood is a procedure that must have been employed by physicians in very early times. Ovid tells of Medea bringing back youth to the aged by the injection into their veins of the blood of young men, and doubtless the same means was employed by physicians for less fantastic objects. The injection of the blood of one person into the veins of another was until recently done to save life after severe hemorrhage and in various forms of blood poisoning. Sometimes a direct communication was made between the veins of the donor and of the recipient by means of a tube; at other times the healthy subject was bled into a bowl, and the blood was beaten to remove the fibrin before it was passed into the blood vessels of the patient.

The procedure is a dangerous one, however, although many lives have been saved by it, and it has now been almost entirely abandoned, a much safer plan being used.

It is found that the blood when defibrinated is no longer a living fluid, and the corpuscles it contains serve no useful purpose when injected, but rather act as foreign matter which must be got rid of. Accordingly physicians now use distilled

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water, in which a definite proportion of common salt and other chlorides has been dissolved. The solution is warmed, and is injected slowly into a vein at the bend of the elbow, about a quart being used.

Often it is not even necessary to pour the fluid into a vein, but simply to inject it through one or more hollow needles into the tissues beneath the skin of the abdomen or the thigh.

This is done not only to supply an equivalent for fluid lost in hemorrhage or cholera, but also in certain diseases in which blood-poisoning exists. In this latter case a large amount of fluid is injected slowly, and being taken up by the blood, is almost immediately excreted through the kidneys, carrying with it much of the poison which the blood was unable to rid itself of unaided.

This operation has been felicitously called "blood washing," for this is what it really is, and to the process humanity owes the saving of many lives.

SOME FACTS ABOUT ANTHRACITE.

Effects of a Famine on Manufactures and on Transportation.

The area in northeastern Pennsylvania from which practically all the anthracite comes embraces only 480 square miles, while our total coal deposits thus far discovered underlie an area of over a half million square miles; and yet the value of the anthracite mined in these few counties of Pennsylvania in 1898 was \$75,000,000, considerably more than half the value of the bituminous coal mined in the entire country. We cannot, at present, see the time when our supplies of bituminous coal will be exhausted, but it is estimated from the best data obtainable that, at the present rate of mining, our supply of anthracite will be exhausted within a few centuries.

When all our anthracite is consumed there will be no further supplies of this kind of coal unless other sources are discovered. No anthracite is mined in any other part of the world except in Wales, which produces annually less than one twenty-fifth as much as we produce. Some varieties of Scotch, Belgian and Westphalian coals are sold under the name of anthracite but they are physically and chemically of the bituminous class.

Among the reasons that make anthracite more expensive than bituminous coal two are prominent. One is because anthracite is more difficult to mine, as it occurs in beds that have been greatly disturbed by the folding of the strata, and shafts have to be sunk to very deep levels; while bituminous coal is usually found in beds that are nearly horizontal. In the eastern fields where the larger part of it is now produced the tributaries of the Ohio and Tennessee have cut deep canons through these coal beds exposing the seams in their walls so that mining is very easy and inexpensive, and barges on many of these streams are loaded with the coal directly from the mines rendering transportation quite inexpensive. The other reason is because a great deal of machinery is now used in mining bituminous coal, doubling the production per miner and diminishing the cost.

Our anthracite lies mainly along the banks and in the valleys of three rivers: Along and near the Susquehanna, with the largest centres of the industry at Scranton and Wilkes-Barre; along and near the Lehigh, with the region around Mauch Chunk as the most prominent field; and along the Schuylkill, with Pottsville as the chief shipping point. It was a Pottsville furnace in 1839 that won the prize of \$5,000 offered by Philadelphians for the first successful smelting of iron ore with the use of anthracite. The fact that the Lehigh and Schuylkill lead to the Delaware and Philadelphia gave that city a mighty impetus in manufacturing in the days before railroads supplanted water transportation for anthracite.

A dearth of anthracite would have no appreciable effect upon iron production because though a little of this coal is still used for ore smelting it has been almost wholly

supplanted by bituminous coal. It would reduce westbound freight on the Great Lakes to an important extent, because the largest westward moving commodity on the Lakes is Eastern coal and a very large part of it is anthracite. Chicago, for example, receives by the Lakes large quantities of anthracite, but no bituminous coal, which it buys from the nearest sources of supply. The East would suffer more severely from the anthracite famine than the West, because firewood is cheaper in the West and is far more largely used there. The shipping trade to Europe would not be affected, because while it is now profitable to export bituminous coal to a few European countries, it is not profitable to export anthracite. As anthracite is far more largely used for steam purposes in the East than in the West, the Eastern manufacturers would feel the deprivation more severely than their Western competitors. New York city, for example, uses comparatively little soft coal in its factories, and is by far the largest anthracite market in the world as well as the largest market for all kinds of coal except London.

Nerve Pain Cure.

Polson's Nerviline cures flatulence, chills, and spasms. Nerviline cures vomiting, diarrhoea, cholera and dysentery. Nerviline cures headache, sea sickness and summer complaint. Nerviline cures neuralgia, toothache, lumbago and sciatica. Nerviline cures sprains, bruises, cuts &c. Polson's Nerviline is the best remedy in the world, and only costs 10 and 25 cents to try it. Sample and large bottles at any drug store. Try Polson's Nerviline.

Fast Bowling.

Below is a story, found in a recent book, "Talks with the Old English Cricketers," which prompts the reflection that "there were giants in those days" of the "old" cricketers.

A man who did a private business in athletic requisites at his home in Blackpool was one day approached by a man who asked him if he kept a full supply of cricket requisites.

"Certainly," was the response. "Then," said the man, gravely, "wrap me up a bottle of arnica, a paper of court-plaster and an arm-sling. I am going to play in a cricket-match this afternoon against Jack Crossland."

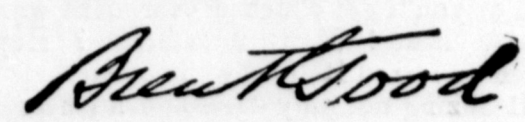
"Did your balloon show open up all right?"
"Yep."
"How long did you run it?"
"One day only."
"How was that?"
"The show opened up all right, but the parachute didn't."

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