

(CONTINUED FROM TENTH PAGE.)

'He told me to go, so of course I did not.'
'Thank you for your frank warning, Lady Beadesert. When I want you to walk with me I shall suggest that a quiet afternoon at home might be beneficial to your general health.'

'I don't think I ever spent an afternoon in any house in my life—not even in this detestable England, so you need not always expect me to do what you don't want. Do you know, I don't dislike you half as much as I expected to. I was prepared for a horrid, middle-aged woman; but, directly Emilio told me you were young, and had been cheeky to him, I knew I should like you: anyone capable of getting a rise out of Emilio is distinctly worthy of respect.'

'Uncle Serge makes the mistake of ignoring him until he feels too wrathful to be silent any longer, and then he turns him out of the room and threatens him with a thrashing. You can no more ignore Emilio than you can ignore a hailstorm if you happen to be out in it, and as for thrashing him, why, it would end in his murdering you. I keep on telling Uncle Serge this, but he will not believe me.'

When Lady Zebra was silenced by having a generous allowance of cold chicken placed before her, her uncle availed himself of the opportunity to say a few words, to which Mrs. Tony Hanlan listened the more patiently for the fact that she was herself diligently endeavoring to satisfy a very healthful appetite.

'Emilio only arrived here three days ago. Mrs Hanlan; his sister has been nearly a month with us. The boy is so inufferable that we cannot possibly keep him here. I am already arranging for him to go to Eton, where all that is most objectionable about him will receive prompt treatment. In time we may be able to judge whether there is the making of a gentleman—'

Zebra bolted a mouthful of chick in order to interrupt her uncle, neither of them noticing that Emilio himself stood framed in the doorway.

'I hate you when you speak of Emilio in that horrid way!' exclaimed the girl passionately.

'Oh, let him be, Zebra, let him be!' Emilio exclaimed, coming leisurely into the room. 'It must be hard lines to be done out of a title—to say nothing of the cash—that he had made so sure of it; it really is deucedly hard when you come to think of it.'

What Beadesert might have replied to this highly-refined speech was prevented by Mona rising from the table and saying:

'You will excuse me, Lady Zebra? I have not been accustomed to hear an uncle spoken of in such a strain by his nephew.'

Serge Beadesert watched her from under his long lashes, admiration darkening his fine eyes.

He knew she meant to win the respect as well as the liking of both his troublesome charges; so he remained silent to see how they would act in this unlooked for emergency.

Zebra flushed crimson, and gave a half-nervous laugh as she glanced at her brother, who stared at Mona as though she were some sort of natural curiosity.

Overtaking her before she could reach the door, he put his back against it, saying hastily—

'I had no idea you were so particular. Zebra never minds—do you, Zebra? But I'll try and not do it again when you are about Mrs. Hanlan, if you only go and sit down and finish your supper.'

'Please say no more about it, Lord Darkhaven. I was, perhaps, at fault in expecting you to know the ways of society before you are old enough to enter it.'

And so, before she had been more than an hour in the old castle, Mona appeared to have established a slight ascendancy over the young Lord Darkhaven; and had succeeded in laying the foundation of a friendship with his sister.

CHAPTER III.

A variety of things combined to prevent Mona from sleeping until the bright summer dawn flooded her room.

To begin with, she was excited for once. The excitement of her presentation at Buckingham Palace and of her first ball had been as nothing compared with what she felt at this her voluntary plunge into the working world.

She had gone through her marriage farce with greater coolness than she had experienced during her momentary venture at supper.

She looked on Serge Beadesert as the real master of the fine old castle—as he undoubtedly was, according to the terms of his brother's will, until his nephew came of age. Would he have understood her motive in acting as she had done?

She thought so, little as he had seen of her.

She fancied—was it only her fancy?—that there existed already a sort of sympathy between them, a kind of undercurrent of comprehension between his mind and hers, which would enable him to understand her even on so very short an acquaintance.

Her husband-of-an-hour was totally forgotten as she lay thinking of a man who had used in some as yet unknown manner been robbed of his heritage.

Then a mysterious sound added to her disinclination to sleep.

She heard steps on the gravelled terrace under her window—and voices.

The night was so warm that she had left her window wide open.

Disliking a dark room she always drew up her blind before getting into bed; so she easily heard what was being said by the two persons who had met on the terrace beneath.

A woman's voice asked softly—
'How do you like her?'
The accent reminded Mona of the young earl's, but the voice was certainly not his, it was he who replied—
'I don't like—I adore her! She began by bullying me; she went on bullying me, and yet I would gladly lick the dust from her shoes. I have never met a woman like her.'

take my advice. You will now find it easy to try and win her favour. Make a friend of her, Emilio, and she will be the less likely to be on her guard. Hark! Did you hear that sound? Let us speak our native tongue.'

The sound heard by the woman's keen ears had been caused by the accident of Mona's hand touching the latch of her window, as she leant out cautiously, in her desire to see the two who stood below.

She drew back quickly, and felt satisfied that she had not been noticed, though the speakers walked slowly along the terrace until she must have lost the remainder of their conversation, even had she understood Spanish.

But she had heard enough to set her thinking.

Why should it be necessary for the young Lord Darkhaven to win her confidence?

And why should he be conversing at midnight with a woman apparently an inferior in station?

Somehow this woman had brought to Mona's mind the one she had seen standing in the cottage doorway above the little churchyard.

Should she tell Beadesert what had occurred? Or should she watch for further developments?

She felt so keenly interested in what promised to be a mystery, that she unconsciously continued to stand just within the open window; and she had reason to be glad that she had done so, for presently she caught sight of the earl and his companion crossing a patch of lawn which led to the orchard doorway shutting off the outer court-yard.

The two figures vanished under the arch. But she was determined to wait—an hour if necessary—for the boy's return, when he had locked the gates behind the woman.

Her patience was, however, not to be so severely tried.

In less than ten minutes her quick eyes caught sight of an agile form rapidly recrossing the lawn.

Keeping well out of sight, she watched until she felt sure that it was none other than the young earl himself; and then, when, as she concluded, he had entered the castle, she returned to her bed, and set her wits to work to ascertain where the necessity came in for a woman, presumably of Spanish birth, to obtain a midnight interview with Lord Darkhaven, in order, as it undoubtedly seemed, to find out how he had been impressed by the person engaged by Serge Beadesert to chaperon his sister.

'I give it up,' she yawned, when at length drowsiness crept over her busy brain.

The morning's post brought her a letter from Tony, forwarded by Lady Foxescue.

The very sight of his handwriting made her feel guilty, for he had scarcely been in her thoughts since she had become an inmate of Darkhaven Castle.

The flush which crept into her cheeks as she broke the seal was noticed by Serge Beadesert.

'That letter is from her husband,' he thought. 'Evidently she is much attached to him. How could he bring himself to part with so charming a possession? I hope she will soon give us her promised story; she is the kind of girl it is easy to get interested in.'

Beadesert compelled himself to withdraw his eyes from the tempting study and give his attention to his own letters.

Zebra, who had quickly skimmed an epistle written on foreign paper, which had been the only missive addressed to her, began to talk to her grandmother.

'Shall you drive this morning, grandma?'
'I think not, dear, it is too warm. I did not sleep very well, and I feel tired, in consequence.'

'Why did you not breakfast in bed, as Emilio seems to be doing? I often wonder at the marvellous energy which brings you down stairs so early every morning.'

'I always make a point of getting up to breakfast, my dear, unless I feel really ill. To you I doubtless appear a very old woman; but you will find when you are nearing seventy, that you do not feel so very old, after all. Had I good hearing and eyesight, I should seem younger; but the fact of both being very defective compels me to live pretty well in a world of my own.'

'It must seem very hard.'

Zebra spoke feelingly.

When she liked she could be very nice indeed.

As a matter of fact, it was more often her actions than her heart that were at fault.

Beadesert was the next to be at liberty to join in conversation.

His letters had been three in number, and one of them was important.

Mona was still poring over her husband's handwriting with a curious expression on her face.

To the man who could not help watching her furtively she looked, half startled and half relieved.

'No bad news, I trust, Mrs. Hanlan?' inquired the countess, whose sight was sufficiently good to let her see how fully Mona's correspondent absorbed her attention.

The young wife started slightly.

'No; oh, no, thank you, Lady Darkhaven. I have heard from my husband, who is in America on business of the greatest importance; he writes that it is just possible, affairs may be settled much sooner than he anticipated.'

'I hope, for your sake, it may be so,' replied the countess. 'Have you been married long?'
'N—no, only last month!'
'Last month! And your husband is now in America! Why, you must have been separated almost at once! Poor child! how you must miss him!'

'Perhaps not so much as if we had been married a longer time. He thought it better that I should not accompany him. He writes in this letter that he is glad I did not

go. He hints at some risk he must run. I do not understand his meaning.'

Zebra had to repeat the greater part of this speech for her grandmother's benefit.

Mona had spoken with some agitation, and her voice had dropped unconsciously. She was glad when breakfast was over and she could escape to her own room to think over Tony's news.

He had got on the track of the rascally overseer who had robbed him so completely.

He wrote to say that he should follow it until he ran the fellow to earth.

Of course, this would mean danger to himself, but he was prepared to risk that for so high a stake as he was playing for.

He bade Mona keep up her courage and write to him frequently at the address given in this letter.

He would arrange for her dear letters to follow him wherever he might have to go, and he would reply to each as it came, when possible, in addition to sending her brief hopes of the progress he was making between whiles.

There was not a word of the direction in which he was going.

Where he might be at that particular moment Mona had not the slightest idea.

She stood at her window just as she had stood while watching the boy earl and his midnight visitor; and she tried toathom the mixture of feelings which had assailed her on reading Tony's news.

Had her relief been on account of the prospect of his early return with the wealth for which she had sold herself? And was her anxiety caused by the hint of danger for her husband?

'No,' she said, half aloud, 'I was startled to think he may return, no matter how rich. The relief I felt was at the possibility of failure in his quest. What an ungrateful wretch I am! I liked him well enough to marry him; what has worked this sudden change in me?'

Though apparently absorbed in her enforced self-analysis, all her faculties were not given to the task; for, in a very few moments her attention wandered to her midnight experience.

This was occasioned by a discovery her keen eyes had made—no less a one than the fact that some of the upper graves in the little churchyard, and also the cottage above, were visible, from where she stood, through a gap in the trees.

'Had I noticed this last evening, I would have waited to see if that woman really belonged there,' she thought. 'Shall I get another chance, I wonder?'

She little foresaw what was to happen in the near future.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SUN SPOTS AND RAINFALL.

Sir Norman Lockyer Hopes to be Able to Give Warning of Famine Times in India.

A remarkable scientific paper was read to the Royal Society in London this week by Sir Norman Lockyer upon the connection between spots on the sun and rainfall on the earth. It is based on a vast number of observations taken in India and the Mauritius, and the practical service aimed at was to enable the Indian government to forecast, and therefore to prepare for famines, depending upon irregularities of rainfall. Sir Norman Lockyer's line of reasoning can in great part be followed even by people who are not trained astronomers.

Spectroscopy shows changes in the lines yielded by the image of a sun spot, from which we may deduce very remarkable changes of temperature. At periods when sun spots are numerous, Sir Norman Lockyer finds that lines belonging to unknown substances also become numerous, whereas at periods when there are few sun spots these lines give place to lines indicating substances with which we are familiar. But these unknown lines may be lines belonging to known substances raised to a temperature far higher than that of the electric arc. In that case it would follow that when sun spots are numerous they are also abnormally hot, and that when they are few in number they are comparatively cool; thus showing changes in the radiant energy of the sun such as may reasonably be supposed to produce considerable effects on this planet. It is an obvious objection that the area of sun spots is so small in comparison with the whole area of the sun that their superheating can make none but an infinitesimal addition to his radiant energy. But Sir Norman Lockyer meets this objection by maintaining that the sun spots indicate the existence of zones of eruptive protuberances from the sun's surface, which may cover one-sixth of the whole area, and therefore supply by their rise of temperature that substantial addition to solar heating power which is required to account for great meteorological changes on the earth.

The Times, which devotes a leading article to the paper, observes that 'the rainfall required by theory appears to follow the solar cause at an interval which may be one year or two. It is not apparent why even the shorter interval should exist, but that the interval is not constant is a more serious practical objection. Indeed, some experience of statistics disposes us to doubt whether the period reviewed is nearly long enough to establish a rule of any kind in a case where the sequence of events is by no means determinate.' 'But,' as it says, 'an approximation is often extremely useful to succeeding observers, if only by showing them upon what points thought and ob-

Seal Brand Coffee
(1 lb. and 2 lb. cans.)
Its Purity is its Strength
Flavor and Fragrance its natural attributes.

Imitations are numerous. Avoid them.

CHASE & SANBORN,
MONTREAL AND BOSTON.

ervation must be concentrated.'

These observations have been in progress since 1876. Several years ago Mr. Eliot surmised that the rainfall in India largely depended on the Indian Ocean—the great 'pumping station' for the thirsty lands of Hindostan—especially on the region of the Southeast trades. Abnormal conditions of atmospheric pressure, and effect its circulation by strengthening or weakening the air currents—especially the southwest monsoon—with the result of turning on or cutting off the water in the parts of India where the one means plenty the other famine. The rule holds good with other regions. Mauritius has been already mentioned Batavia, the Cape, Cordoba in the Argentine Republic mark a similar relation between rainfall pulses and sun spots. High and low Nile floods at any rate since 1870, have shown the same.

The Standard remarks on Sir Norman Lockyer's paper that the 'details in the theory now expounded may be modified by more extended investigation, for hints of another disturbing cause are afforded by an abnormality in the last phase of the sun spot period which is commented with the latest famine; but the evidence already obtained appears to be enough to confirm the main conclusions. In the future, then, apart from abnormality in the phases of solar temperature, we may entertain an expectation of being able to predict Indian famines as the 'lean years' in Egypt of old were prophesied and provided against.'

Restored Castles.

In the death of the Marquis of Bute science has sustained a considerable loss. The late Marquis was an ardent antiquarian, upon which subject he expended a great deal of money. One of his specialties was the restoration of old castles and other historic buildings, although not always agreeing with others in regard to the lines to be followed. A subject upon which he lavished much time and money was the study and restoration of Cardiff Castle, in the south of Wales. From the current Gardener's Chronicle we learn that Lord Bute ascertained by the investigation of the old records that the works in ancient days used to cultivate the grape, and make famous wine of them in the Cardiff district. As this practice had long died out in this section Lord Bute sent a well-known horticulturist to France to study the French vineyards. The result of this investigation has led to a finely developed vine industry in and around the Marquis' castle of Cardiff.

The early death of the Marquis, at 53, has left much of his work of restoration in Wales unfinished, but it is hoped that his son will continue it.

The King of Corn Cures.

Is Putman's Painless Corn Extractor, crowned by years of success, regal because unapproached and unapproachable, holding sway in this continent owing to its superiority. Putman's Painless Corn and Wart Extractor. Sold by all druggists or sent by mail by N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont., on receipt of 25 cents.

Britain's Black Fighters

A striking tribute is paid to the troops who relieved Coomassie a few months ago by Dr. Douglas Gray, who accompanied the force as medical officer. They were all black soldiers of the Queen except the officers, who were British. A few years ago many of them were naked, slave-trading savages, living near Lake Nyassa. Today they are as well disciplined as any troops in the world.

Many of them had never seen the sea before they travelled from Central Africa to West Africa to fight for the Queen. But they are great fighters. They worked their 7-pounders and Maxims like handy men, and were dead shots with the Martini. They eat rice and marched like the C. I. V. They plunged into the jungle and frightened the Ashantees out of their stockades by getting round at the back, where they were not expected.

They ran sometimes—straight at the enemy. When the fire was hottest, or

when they were soaked in rivers. It never occurred to them to flinch. They just laughed joyously and followed their officers. One of the black heroes got a bullet in his skull, and thought it waste of time to have it extracted before he had finished fighting.

Dr. Gray says that the black soldiers—the Yaos, Atongas, Angonis, Yorubas and Hausas—have proved in the Ashantee campaign that they can do anything led by British officers. The Central African rifles, to which the first three tribes contribute, number about 2000 men. The black force effected the relief of Coomassie in less time than white troops could have done it—at a tenth cost.—London Daily Mail.

'Some Devil.'
Is inside of me tickling my throat with a feather,' said a good deacon with a sad cough. 'Well, this is the holy water that will cast the devil out,' said his wife, as she produced a bottle of Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam. 25c. all druggists.

Bravo James.
A few days ago, we saw in a daily paper that while a tenement house in Jersey City was burning, a boy, James Curtis, 'appeared on the scene. He was in great distress and cried that a kitten he had left in the shop would be burned to death. He was told the kitten had escaped. Curtis said it could not get out because he had wrapped it in a coat and put it in a desk. Despite the warnings of the firemen he plunged into the building, which then was filled with smoke, though not burning. Five minutes later he reappeared with the kitten in his arms. The crowd cheered him heartily as he ran home with his kitten, careless as to whether the buildings burned or not.'
That boy is all right.
Later on he will do a similar thing for his mother or his best girl, if necessary.

Success for Sixty Years.
This is the record of Perry Davis' Pain-Killer—A sure cure for diarrhoea, dysentery and all bowel complaints. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis', 25c. and 50c.

Very Probable.
'I wonder how Elder and Miss Sage came to marry. Neither one of them is under seventy.' Fogg—'Perhaps it was because they did not believe in long engagements.'

A Rod in Pickle.
Jaggles—His wife suspects that he leads a double life.
Waggles—'So she is naturally anxious to find out how the other half lives!'

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.
Genuine
Carter's Little Liver Pills.
Must Bear Signature of
Pure Food
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

Purely Vegetable
GURE SICK HEADACHE.