

CONTINUED FROM TENTH PAGE.

She guessed at once the purport of his disguise—the motive of his presence near the vicinity of that splendidly appointed house.

He was there with a design as sinister as that with which he had taken her to Colonel Woodford's mansion to effect the theft of the jewels.

'An accident brought me here,' she answered, painfully, with bleached, stiffened lips. 'The carriage was upset, and I left Madame Delvont to continue the journey without me.'

'Yes; and now,' demanded Valtie's husky band, 'what caprice brings you through the rain with uncovered head, as though in demented wandering?'

'The resolve to escape from you, Marc, she passionately replied, roused by his harsh manner. 'I lost my hat I scarcely know how, and had to do without it. The rain does not matter—nothing matters but the horror of having to live with people who are desperately wicked and false!'

'I have heard all this already, and the same theme tends to weary me,' he said, calmly, though a spasm crossed his handsome features. 'If I love you, desire your happiness, am I to be altogether scorned as worthless because you hate my double mode of life? Do you suppose that I suffer nothing when you show me how you dread me?'

Valtie's white lips quivered.

'I simply cannot return your love, Marc,' she said, in a low tone of anguish. 'All is cruelly changed since that fatal hour when I saw you unmasked, walking in your sleep. When I left Brookvale with you on St. Valentine's Eve I adored you, trusted you with my whole heart. That beautiful faith you have killed, and it will never come to life again.'

'We shall see!' he said, in sibilant anger, and his eyes emitted a flash. 'It is odd that my wife is unable to tolerate me since Basil Greame became our visitor!'

As though he had struck her with thongs Valtie shrank at the taunt.

A wave of scarlet surged over her pale face.

'Isn't that cowardly, Marc, to bring in Basil's name to vindicate yourself?' she articulated. 'I cannot tolerate crime!'

'And you mean to desert me? Am I so detestable, Valtie? Couldn't you lift me out of the gulf of destruction, and set me in the light through the might of your loyal devotion?'

'Madame Delvont's power is greater than mine,' she answered. 'I did try, Marc, and I failed to influence you.'

'You would have been spared this misery of disillusion had you married Greame,' he said, watching her jealously. 'You must naturally regret your elopement with me.'

'Why discuss that?' she queried, her blue eyes full of indignation. 'Oh! let me go, for pity's sake! Madame has your ring, Marc. I am not bound to you now. The fetters of disgrace and mystery I decline to share with you.'

He lifted her left hand, and saw that it no longer wore the wedding symbol.

A passionate rage flushed his face as he said—

'You cannot so lightly dispute my claim to you, Valtie. The strongest of all ties bind us for weal or woe, and you must come whither I choose to take you.'

'No!' she exclaimed, her spirit taking sudden fire. 'You married me under false pretences, and I have only to breathe the truth in order to gain my release! Perhaps you think, with Madame Delvont, that my heart is really bad—that I have only to be persuaded to become an accomplice to your guilt.'

'You speak too freely on a forbidden topic!' he hissed. 'Would you betray me in return for the worship I have lavished upon you? You guess my mission here? Well, you shall help me!'

Valtie looked at him, cold with horror. Could it be possible that he meant to drag her into some hideous scheme of robbery?

Did he think that he would gain the mastery by compelling her to become a confederate in a dark deed?

She felt a paralyzing chill creep into her veins, and her brain swam at the dreadful prospect menacing her.

The words of Pauline flamed across her memory in mocking reiteration.

Was she in peril of becoming a second Natalie Dennie?

Count Lodi had never wished to let any degrading shadow touch the soul of his young wife until this moment.

But her lips must be sealed—she must be made to realize that to reveal the secret of his double life would place herself in a dilemma.

He looked indomitably into her startled eyes, and with a little wail, she cried—

'Oh, Marc! this is worse than all. I never thought you could threaten me. Do you, like Madame, offer me my freedom in return for my aid? Do you also think that it will be easy to overcome my objection to evil, because in the inmost depths of my nature there is a wild demon, only waiting to appear at some climax of my life? You can kill me—bind me to that tree of death in the wood but you cannot make me a criminal!'

Her voice quavered in its appealing vehemence, and the count had not been able to listen to it unmoved.

He bent his head low over hers, saying—

'If you sink to my level, you cannot scorn me. You are far above me as the stars in Heaven, and I will not enter that house to night if you will promise to try to care for me still.'

Valtie's wan face grew deathly.

This was a tortuous ordeal, placing upon her a heavier burden than she could carry.

She looked at him in dumb protest. It was terrible to think that with her rested so critical an alternative.

She stood, with the rain beating down on her beautiful hair as though turned to stone, and something—a hard bitter agony of rebellion—told her that, try as she might, she could never feel any tenderness for Marco Lodi again.

He saw this in her face, and the passing

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CURE SICK HEADACHE.

softness vanished from his.

'Come!' he said, harshly. 'I am wasting valuable time. I might have known the folly of hoping that you would save me! In that house you shall be witness to my skill; it shall be your first lesson. You will profit by it, Valtie, for we shall come away with a wonderful find. I know the ways of the household—exactly at what hour the golden nabob retires to his den and arranges his accounts. You shall come into that room with me, and, if you dare to betray my presence, or your own, I will shoot the merchant!'

'Marc, Marc!' gasped Valtie, as she was hurried through the massive gates and down a rustling avenue, 'you shall not rob these people! You will be discovered if you insist upon this awful plan, for you will never get me into the house. Do you imagine that I would not raise an alarm and set them on your track, rather than condone your wicked deed?'

Something—a noxious vapour—seemed to pass across her face, and hushed her passionate voice.

She seemed to walk in a dream, with fixed features and dim sight.

She had inhaled some chloroform Count Lodi had held close to her nostrils—just enough to produce a slight stupor, which bewildered Valtie, and kept her silent.

He led her to a wing of the mansion—to the window of the room he meant to ransack.

The fever of plunder made his eyes flame, and he crept softly on the grass, guiding Valtie's steps in the darkness.

A gale was blowing from the downs, and the rain rattled on the trees in a steady torrent, making a dismal sound.

Valtie, tormented and drenched, could no longer plead with her desperate husband. She was to be henceforth allied with felons—to belong to, as Madame Delvont had cynically foretold, the band she loathed.

It was an easy task to open the window he meant to enter, in the noise of the tempestuous night, and the count managed this successfully.

But, as he parted the curtains, and was about to spring into the room, a voice whispered—

'Don't run the risk my chief. There is, I have ascertained, a detective in that house.'

Count Lodi dextrously re-closed the window, turning with untroubled demeanour.

'Since when have you discovered this?'

'A series of robberies in the neighborhood has created a panic,' came the whispered response. 'We had better quit this vicinity without delay. I only wanted to warn you.'

Count Lodi again took Valtie by the hand, leading her back to the avenue.

Slowly the dull feeling passed from her, and icy shudders shook her frame; the wind and lashing rain began to penetrate to her limbs, and worn out with her futile struggle for freedom, she said, listlessly—

'I am faint and tired, Marc. I must rest.'

'When we reach the inn,' he replied. 'Take my arm; this gale is enough to tire you.'

She shrank from him, and then, as the light from the lamps at the gates of the merchant's dwelling fell on a girlish face she recognised, Valtie's heart sank more lowly.

It seemed ominously strange that Natalie Dennie should have appeared so mysteriously.

Valtie had a deep rooted dread of her, remembering those immortal tales of evil prophecy, and her presence filled her with a new flood of apprehension.

But Natalie had no thought of harming the unhappy wife of their leader.

It was against the chief himself that her smouldering resentment raged with ever increasing malevolence.

She was secretly conspiring to bring him to ruin.

Her pretended interest in his welfare was a blind with which she meant to entrap him in the end.

She returned Valtie's repelled gaze unembarrassed, remarked, casually—

'We are not far from the Willow Inn, and then you will not have need to walk we shall be able to get a conveyance to take us on to the Grange.'

'The Grange' thought Valtie, and lead-

en weights seemed to clog her steps. Madame will triumph in my defeat, and Ciro will mock me with servile suavity. It is almost more than I can endure.'

The lights of the Willow Inn gleamed through the darkness presently and Valtie expected she would be permitted to rest there a little while.

But in this she was mistaken.

Count Lodi was anxious to reach the Grange—to put as much distance as possible between himself and the village in which lurking detectives were waiting to pounce on invaders of his adventurous stamp.

Once again the unhappy captive was driven through the country solitude, followed now by the depressing roar of the gale—the shriek of the tearing wind and a deluge of spattering rain.

In one corner of the carriage Natalie sat brooding, a singular gleam in her velvet eyes.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Tolstoi's Sense of Honor.

The family of Count Tolstoi has a large circle of acquaintances, and hardly an evening passes but there are guests. At one music party a lady's singing displeased Count Tolstoi's boys, and they adjourned to another room and made a noise. Their father lost patience and went after them, and a characteristic admonition ensued.

'Are you making a noise on purpose?' he asked.

After some hesitation came an answer in the affirmative, 'Y-y-yes.'

'Does not her singing please you?'

'Well, no. Why does she howl?' declared one of the boys, with vexation.

'So you wish to protest against her singing?' asked Lyeff Nikolaevitch, in a serious tone.

'Then go out and say so, or stand in the middle of the room and tell everyone present. That would be rude, but upright and honest. But you have got together and are squealing like grasshoppers in a corner. I will not endure such protests.'

The Sympathetic Doll.

'My dolly isn't a plaything,' said a certain little girl, indignantly; 'she's real folks!' And the New York Times tells of two children who planned to possess dolls that were just as much alive.

Often, as in this case, the children saved their own pennies to buy things they desired, and when the articles were bought appreciated them correspondingly. They wanted these dolls very much, and although they were only little ten cent bisque dolls, the directions given for the purchase were particular.

'Now, papa' said one, 'don't just buy any doll you see. Take it up and look it right in the eyes, and if it looks as if it loved you, then you can buy it.'

## LIFE ON A FARM.

AS TOLD BY ONE WHO HAS UNDERGONE ITS HARDSHIPS.

Hard Work and Exposure to all Kinds of Weather Plays Havoc With the Strongest Constitutions—How Health May be Obtained.

While life as a farmer is one of considerable independence, it is very far from being one of ease. The very nature of the calling is one that exposes its followers to all sorts of weather, and it is perhaps not surprising that so many farmers suffer from chronic ailments. Mr. Thos. McAdam, of Donagh, P. E. I., is a fair example of this class. Mr. McAdam himself says:—'I was always looked upon as one having a rugged constitution; but the hard work, coupled with the exposure incident of life on a farm, ultimately proved too much for me. About eighteen months ago I was attacked with pains in the small of the back and thighs. At first they were of an intermittent nature, and while they were extremely painful, would pass away after a day or two, and might not bother me again for weeks. As the attacks, after each interval, grew more and more severe, I became alarmed and consulted a doctor who said the trouble was lumbago. His treatment would give temporary relief but nothing more, and ultimately I was almost a cripple. To walk or even to move about in a chair, or turn in bed caused intense agony, and in going about I had to depend upon a cane. If I attempted to stoop or pick anything up the pain would be almost unbearable. This condition of affairs had its effect upon my whole system and for a man in the prime of life, my condition was deplorable. I think I had tried at least half a dozen remedies before I found relief and a cure, and this came to me through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which a friend urged me to try. I let some relief before the first box was all gone and by the time I had taken five boxes, I was as well and smart as ever, and although months have now passed I have not had any return of the trouble. My cure is entirely due to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and the only regret I have is that I did not try them at the outset. Had I done so I would not only have saved much suffering, but considerable money as well.'

ALING HIS KNOWLEDGE.

Why is it that the slang phrases of our language fix themselves so readily in the mind of the foreigner in his early struggles with the English?

A secretary of legation, accredited from a European court, who had spent nearly a year in Washington, and was rather proud of the advancement he had made in his linguistic studies attended a reception one day to which most of the high dignitaries in the national capital, native and foreign, had been invited.

The crush was tremendous. The hostess, happening to spy our friend, the secretary of legation, in the midst of a group of lively young ladies, gave him a gracious smile, and said:

'By the way, I have not seen the Count de—yet, and it is high time for him to be here.'

'Yes, madame,' he replied, 'it is a high old time, he should be here.'

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Old Materials Profitably Used.

DIAMOND DYES  
Are The Favorites of All  
Mat and Rug Makers.

Mrs. P. L. Stanhope, of Victoria, B. C., writes thus:

'I recently discovered that I had sufficient old materials such as flannel, cloth, yarns and discarded underwear stored away from which I could make a couple of fair sized rugs for the floor. I sent to Wills & Richardson Co., Montreal, for two of their handsome rug designs. After they were received, I washed my old materials and colored them with Diamond Dyes to match the shades on the rug patterns. I hooked the two rugs, and they are so handsome that all my friends admire them. The Diamond Dyes are, I think, the best and most reliable for home dyeing. I certainly recommend them to all who make mats and rugs.'

The Balloon Burst.

The most dreadful aeronautic position, which it is possible to conceive is that described in 'Memoirs of Sir Claude de Crespigny' Burnaby, a noted aeronaut, was making an ascent from Cremorne with two Frenchmen, one of whom was the inventor of the balloon in use.

When they were about a mile and a half high, the appalling discovery was made that the neck of the aerostat, which should be left open to allow the gas to escape, was still tied up with a silk handkerchief. The balloon was now quite full and the atmospheric pressure was rapidly decreasing as the aeronauts ascended, while the gas, having no exit, continued to expand. It was impossible to get at the neck and loosen the fatal handkerchief, and to make disaster doubly sure, the valve-line was out of reach.

The only thing the men could do was to sit still and await the bursting of the balloon and the fatal dash to earth. Within a few minutes the balloon burst and instantly began to rush earthward with increasing velocity. But by a piece of wonderful good fortune, the balloon in its downward course met the resistance of the air in such a way as to form a huge parachute, and the happy aeronauts landed unharmed in a field just outside the city.

Government Printing.

Thousands of people go every year to the Bureau of Engraving and Printing in Washington to see Uncle Sam make money. Several young women are assigned by the Bureau to act as guides for these visitors, who are taken about in groups of six. They are first shown the silk-threaded paper, as it comes from Dalton, Mass., where it is made expressly for the government and under close supervision. Much of the protection against counterfeiting lies in the paper. It comes in sheets just large enough for four bills.

The back of the note is printed first, then the face, while the third time the notes are run through the presses the serial numbers are stamped upon them, and the fourth time the government seal. This last process is carried on at the Treasury Department proper, a half mile away, in order to make a check on the Bureau of Engraving and printing. Besides paper money, postage-stamps, bonds and various

government securities are turned out of the bureau.

Although the employees number nearly two thousand, not one of them is allowed to leave the building at night until every sheet of paper that has been given out, is turned in and accounted for. The nominal value of the contents of the huge safe in which this work is stored overnight is often four hundred million dollars, although little of it has received the last impress, or seal, which gives it actual worth.

Besides this bureau, the government maintains a printing-office said to be the largest in the world, at which the ordinary government publications are turned out. The proportions of its work are seldom realized. The Agricultural department alone printed last year nearly two and a million farmers' bulletins. Of one book which was brought out in 1892, treating of the diseases of the horse, three hundred and seventy five thousand copies have been distributed.

Were Both in the Same Boat.

A prominent lawyer of this city says that many years ago he went West, but as he got no clients, and stood a good chance of starving to death, he decided to come East again. Without any money he boarded a train for Nashville, Tenn., intending to seek employment as reporter on one of the daily newspapers. When the conductor called for his ticket, he said:

'I am on the staff of the—of Nashville I suppose you will pass me.'

The conductor looked at him sharply.

'The editor of that paper is in the smoker; come with me; if he identifies you, all right.'

He followed the conductor into the smoker; the situation was explained, Mr. Editor said:

'Oh, yes, I recognize him as one of the staff; it is all right.'

Before leaving the train the lawyer again sought the editor.

'Why did you say you recognized me? I'm not on your paper.'

'I'm not the editor, either. I'm traveling on his pass, and was scared to death lest you should give me away.'

'What does she say?' asked the crafty politician who had referred the committee to his wife for information as to his intentions.

'She refuses to talk,' replied the spokesman of the committee.

'Then it wasn't my wife you met gentlemen,' he rejoined.

## A CARD

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S. H. Hawker, Druggist, Mill St., St. John, N. B.  
N. B. Smith, Druggist, 24 Dock St., St. John, N. B.  
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'Have you been to theatres much this season?'

'No. Now that Harry is away at school Jack and I can sit in the parlor and hold hands just as well as anywhere else.'