

CONTINUED FROM TENTH PAGE.

and you must give it!

The old usurer and miser looked up from his papers.

'Not a day over the time, Sir John,' he exclaimed, in rasping tones. 'Stubbs and Stubbs will serve you with notice to-morrow.'

He watched the effect of this last announcement, and then added—

'Unless you agree to the redeeming clause, Sir John. Give me Miss Lucy to wife, and the Grange at your death, and I tear up this deed. You agreed to it at the time, in case of failure of payment on your part.'

'Heaven, man! exclaimed the ex mayor, sinking back in his chair. 'You would never make me sacrifice my flesh and blood?'

'I have admired Miss Lucy for some years,' the other replied. 'Why should not I win her? Fifty thousand pounds is a good price to pay for an old man's fancy; and then, she saves her father from ruin. Surely she will listen when you tell her how matters stand?'

'But supposing she will not?' answered Sir John, bitterly.

'Then tell her that it is to save you from the shame of bankruptcy. Make her see all the disgrace that lies before you. Is mine your only liability? Are your hands clean enough to go into court, Sir John? Ha! ha! tell her all! tell her all! and then see if she will not sacrifice herself to the old man who loves her! Once she is my wife, I'll see you straight, Sir John; straight with the world and free from trouble.'

The knight brought down his fist with a crash on the table.

'You are a cold blooded scoundrel, Grimes!' he cried. 'Mind, I will have no hand in making my daughter miserable. You may do your worst; but I'll fight to the last, so I give you warning!' and, so saying, he dashed his hat on his head and strode from the room.

Before the gardener's groom could attend he had thrown open the front door and clambered on to the front seat of the phaeton.

Old Grimes looked after him through the window of his office.

'He will think better of it, and send me an apology in a week,' he muttered. 'I have him fast, and Miss Lucy too. Ha! ha! she will never be able to stand out against his prayers. A dutiful daughter will make a dutiful wife, I'll be bound,' and, with a final chuckle, the old schemer went back to his desk and busied himself looking up the papers which threatened, not only Sir John, but the peace and happiness of an innocent girl.

CHAPTER III.

"THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME."

It was past ten when Lucy and Olivia rode out of the stable-yard, and, once out of sight of the Grange, put their horses into a fast trot.

'Our luck is famous!' the latter exclaimed. 'Only Vilomte de Friel saw us start, and I am sure he won't say anything.'

'But why are you sure?' asked Lucy, nervously. 'It Lady Minstead or anyone asks where we are, he is certain to say he saw us ride out.'

Olivia laughed.

'I placed my finger on my lips,' she said, 'and he smiled, so I know it all right.'

'But you ought not to have—'

'Have what? Vicomte de Friel is a gentleman, and is the last to presume on the hint I gave him. And to think of you reading a lesson on propriety my dear! Why, I should never find the courage to set out on such a romantic expedition as yours, this morning.'

'Don't say anything more to make me feel ashamed,' Lucy answered quietly. 'I know that it is wrong, but Dick wishes it, and—suppose he was killed out yonder, poor fellow, and I was never to see him again. I can't let him go without showing him that my love is as strong as his own.'

'Well, rub your cheeks, dear, for you look as pale as a ghost—not a bit like a blushing bride—and, as here is the common way, we may as well see what a gallop will do towards restoring your roses.'

Half an hour's quick ride brought them to a broken stone cross deep sunk in the wayside turf; but, long before they reached it, both girls had made out a little group of men and horses clustering round it.

Two rode out from the others to meet them, and Dick Sutton was by Lucy's side a minute later.

He pressed her hand, and then said—'Lucy, allow me to introduce my greatest friend, Captain Sholto Dundas, of the Royal Horse Artillery. Miss Talbot—Captain Sholto Dundas.'

'And now,' he went on, drawing his hand close alongside of Lucy's, whilst Olivia and Sholto Dundas fell slightly behind, 'tell me dearest, it all has gone right. I began to fear that something unforeseen had happened, or that Lady Minstead had put a veto on your riding out.'

'I should have come in any case, Dick,' the girl answered. 'Once I had given you my word, nothing except death would have stopped me. But are you quite sure it is for your own good?—even now there is time to draw back. And I shall never change towards you, married or single, of that you may be sure!'

'Go back!' he answered, with a smile. 'Go back, when, within an hour, God will have united us so that no man can part us! Why, what are you thinking about, my darling? It is the dream of my life; and, after all, the time will pass somehow, and my mind will be at rest so far that I shall be sure no tricks or plots of your estimable step mother can part us.'

They had reached the stone cross by this, and two grooms took their places behind Olivia and her companion.

'When I wrote to Sholto, asking him to act as my best man and be a witness to our marriage,' said Dick to Lucy, 'I suggested that he might bring his own groom to hold our horses whilst we went into church, and, as you see, he has brought two. The clergyman who will marry us

TOBACCO HEART.

Have you been smoking a good deal lately and feel an occasional twinge of pain round your heart. Are you short of breath, nerves untinged, sensation of pins and needles going through your arms and fingers? Better take a box or two of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills and get cured before things become too serious. Here's what Mr. John James, of Caledonia, Ont., has to say about them: "I have had serious heart trouble for four years, caused by excessive use of tobacco. At times my heart would beat very rapidly and then seemed to stop beating only to commence again with unnatural rapidity. "This unhealthy action of my heart caused shortness of breath, weakness and debility. I tried many medicines and spent a great deal of money but could not get any help. Last November, however, I read of a man, afflicted like myself, being cured by Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. I went to Roper's drug store and bought a box. When I had finished taking it I was so much better I bought another box and this completed the cure. My heart has not bothered me since, and I strongly recommend all sufferers from heart and nerve trouble, caused by excessive use of tobacco, to give Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills a fair and faithful trial."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c. a box or 3 for \$1.25, at all druggists. T. Milburn & Co., Toronto.

chances, too, to be one of Sholto's numerous Scotch cousins, and, for clanship's sake, will not talk publicly of the wedding, though, of course, if questioned, he cannot deny having solemnized it. It really does seem as if Fortune smiled upon us, does it not?'

'Yes; and I am happy, Dick, in spite of a dread—which I cannot get rid of—that our good fortune won't last long, and that I, at all events, shall have a lot to go through this winter. But that is nothing compared with the awful fear that soon the papers will contain news of your death, or I shall see your name amongst the sick and wounded.'

She looked wistfully up in his face as she spoke, and for once he glanced aside without meeting the look in her eyes. 'Shall I tell her now?' he thought. 'No; hang it! time enough when we say good bye.'

A minute later he was himself again, trying to do all he knew to raise her spirits, and make her forget, if only for an hour, the uncertainty of the future.

The way led along shady lanes and across heathy commons, up hill and down-dale, till at last they arrived at a little village, where they dismounted, and, leaving their horses in charge of the grooms, walked across a meadow to an old church, which, with buttressed walls and ivy-clad tower, stood on a knoll, looking down upon the humble homes below.

The church door stood open, and they paused for a moment under the porch, till an old woman came out of the darkness within, and beckoned them to enter.

'You be the gentleman who be going to be married this morning?' she whispered, as Captain Sutton, taking off his hat, led Lucy forward.

He nodded and slipped a sovereign into her hand. At sight of the gold, the good soul brightened up.

'Parson's awaiting,' she said, leading the way. 'If ye will follow me, I will place ye all right, just as if my man was here himself.'

From which Olivia gathered that she was the wife of the clerk, who was, doubtless, laid up with rheumatism.

Lucy was very pale, but she did not tremble, and there was a firm, steady look in her eyes, and almost a smile on her sweet lips.

Never had she looked prettier, Dick thought, as he knelt beside her.

And then, in the solemn silence and dim light, the service began—a service read over so many young hearts, joining them together, for weal and for woe, till death do them part.

In the vestry, after the ceremony was over, the bride was introduced by Captain Dundas to the clergyman who had married her, as was Olivia.

And then, after the register was signed, and a copy given to Lucy, Good bye! was said, and the little party remounted and rode away.

As they neared the sunken cross, Dick's breath began to fail him.

He glanced nervously round to his comrade, who at once bent over his saddle, and whispered something in Olivia's ear.

Dick hardened his heart to the task he had before him.

'Lucy,' he said, gently, 'in a few minutes we must part, but, remember, it is only for a time.' Still, it is very hard to part on our wedding day, and yet I have one more thing to say which I know will grieve you. How am I to say it?'

She looked up as it waking from a dream.

'Yes, Dick,' she answered, 'I heard you. What is it?'

He drew a long breath.

'We leave England to-morrow,' he said, hoarsely. 'For God's sake don't break down, dear!'

For one single instant a veil of darkness seemed to fall before the girl's eyes, and she averted her face.

Before, however, either her husband or

Sholto Dundas could aid her, she had recovered, and sat as straight in the saddle as before.

'To-morrow! Well, Dick, I almost knew. Don't look so frightened, dear, I shall not faint. I am all right now. To-morrow, or the next day, or a week hence, it cannot make much difference. Let us ride on a little, quietly, and then say good-bye, till happier times comes round.'

Without another word husband and wife walked their horses on in the front, whilst the others checked theirs.

'By Jove, what nerve, what pluck she has!' muttered Sholto Dundas. 'Do you think you could take it like that. Miss Talbot?' he asked, turning to his companion.

'If I loved a man as Lucy does Dick.'

He pulled at his moustache and looked at her inquiringly.

'Don't you see?' the girl answered, a little contemptuously, 'that it was to spare him that she pulled herself together. I really do not believe that any man knows, or can appreciate the depth of some women's love.'

'Are you one of those women?' Sholto asked, looking admiringly into his companion's fair face.

'No!' she answered shortly.

It was early. Eight o'clock had not long chimed out from the cathedral clock.

But the streets of Castletown leading from the barracks inside the walls to the railway station, were thickly dotted by groups of townsfolk, whilst windows were thrown up, and expectant faces looked out.

Madame Bellefleur, the fashionable milliner, had got all three of the windows of her show-room open, and though her young ladies had not arrived, two girls, one dark, the other fair, had stationed themselves at one, standing a little back.

Presently there was a move in the crowd below, and the groups withdrew from the road to the pavement on each side, all faces turned one way.

'They are coming,' whispered the fair girl, as the distant blare of a brass band struck on the listeners' ears.

It was scarcely possible for her companion to turn paler than she already was, but she began to tremble, and so violently that she had to grasp the curtain of the window to support herself.

Nearer and nearer drew the blare of the trumpets, the clash of cymbals, and the roll of the kettle drums.

It was the band of the Lancers playing their comrades out, on the first stage of their long journey.

The girls were at the window now, and looking out.

Behind the band came the colonel of Dick Sutton's battalion, on his bay horse, and then followed in column of companies, the long line of red coats, as the Light Infantry filed down the street.

The crowd cheered and shouted itself hoarse.

Women waved handkerchiefs, and wives and sweethearts marched alongside the troops.

There were pretty faces which blushed as young subalterns laughed up at them, or kissed the hilts of their swords and waved them in a last farewell.

Only a few poor women were crying silently.

Out of sight, and behind a few of those red coats, a heart beat sadly.

Dick Sutton, at the head of his company, looked up at the windows of Madame Bellefleur's establishment long before he reached them.

He knew his wife would be there! His wife!

How strangely it sounded.

And she looked down on him, and kissed her hand, and felt that her heart and soul were with Dick and the colors, and would only come back to her when he returned. If he returned!

Women As Judges.

As Color Critics They Say Diamond Dyes Are the Best in the World.

As a rule women are by far the best judges of colors. Their vast experience in the innumerable shades and tints brought out by European professional dyers in dress fabrics, ribbons, silks, trimmings and gloves, give them a knowledge and advantage in colors that few men possess.

As color critics and judges, the women of all civilized lands have long ago made Diamond Dyes the popular home favorites for the coloring of all faded and dingy looking garments and fabrics of wool, silk or cotton.

Everywhere, intelligent and economical women, after thorough tests and trials, have found Diamond Dyes to give the richest and most lasting colors—colors that for brilliancy and durability surpass the best efforts of professional dyers.

To secure ease, comfort and perfect success in home dyeing, the Diamond Dyes should be used at all times.

Working on the great reputation of Diamond Dyes, some unscrupulous people are putting up imitation dyes in packets. Such dyes are a source of danger to the dyer and the materials to be colored. See that each packet of dye purchased has the name "Diamond."

Lynch Law in 1899.

One of the darkest pages in the annual summary of the American events is that which records the cases of lynching. It is even more depressing than the record of crime in general; for crime discloses the depravity of individuals, while lynch law reveals whole communities awayed by passion and given over to lawlessness.

The Chicago Tribune's recapitulation shows one hundred and seven lynchings in

Seal Brand Coffee

(1 lb. and 2 lb. cans.)

Every bean effuses fragrant Coffee of absolute purity.

It is largely imitated. Examine your purchase closely.

CHASE & SANBORN,

MONTREAL AND BOSTON.

1899, all but four of which were in the Southern States. Of the four Northern lynchings, three took place in Kansas and one in Pennsylvania. Eighty-four of the victims of mobs were negroes, and twenty-three whites.

Apologists for lynch law are in the habit of defending it on the ground that there are some crimes of a horrible nature, to punish which the ordinary processes of law are too slow and uncertain; and that it is difficult in such cases to procure public testimony against the offenders. But whatever weight may be given to this argument, it extenuates a small proportion only of the lynchings of 1899. But eighteen cases out of the whole number were professed to avenge crimes of that character.

There is one glimmer of light in the year's record. Long as the list of lynchings is, the total is the smallest for fifteen years. In several instances, the lynchings were attended with ferocious cruelty; and it may be that the publicity given to these horrors is strengthening public conscience against the repetition of them.

THE DEATH BADGE.

Is Spared to Many a Home, Because Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart Never Fails to Cure Heart Disease—Relief in 30 Minutes.

The pall of death has hovered over many a diseased heart looking for the last flicker of the candle, and Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart has stepped between the patient and the grim hand, and nursed the sufferer back to perfect and permanent health. Thos. Petrie, of Aylmer, Que., had heart disease for five years, was unable to work. The doctors gave him up to die many a time. Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart gave him relief in thirty minutes, and four bottles cured him. Sold by E. C. Brown.

Poor Girls!

Yankee ingenuity is proverbial, and is a trait of which New Englanders may fairly be proud. Nevertheless, there is one field of invention in which they do not shine—the invention of proper names.

This was often practised in New England in old times. It has now become a distressingly popular habit in the West. Of course, it is easy to understand how a proud parent may think no name in all history, tradition or romance quite good enough for her own particular baby; but that baby, when she grows up,—it is almost invariably a she,—will seldom thank her parents for their effort to distinguish her with something novel and original.

Yet greatly daring parents, quite recently the records show, have afflicted innocent infants with the names of Venustine and Oriette; Rovilla, Syrenola and Zule; Luciline and Hyanthie; Doricianna and Avelaura!

The poor babies! And they will not even have the satisfaction of commemorating great events, which may some day partially reconcile to their fate these young ladies the Misses Deweyette-Olympia Jones, Philippina Victoria-Dewey Brown and Deweyette Manila Robinson! Indeed, the first two of this trio being of the colored race, whose taste in names is usually a little florid, may perhaps wear their honors as proudly as they were bestowed; but it would not be a rash prophet who should venture to predict that little Deweyette Manila, by the time she has been plagued through the primary school and called after in the grammar school, and laughed at through the high school, will, once she is fairly entered upon her teens, fall back on her initials, and face a cold hard world as plain Miss D. M. Robinson.

Hiding His Own.

Even the latest inventions cannot do away with all the time-honored methods. A farmer of the school made this very plain the other day.

His wife wanted some tacks, and he went into the village hardware store to buy a package. The storekeeper thought he saw an opportunity.

'I'll tell you what you want,' said he. 'You want a bicycle to ride round your farm on. I'll save you time and money. They're cheap now, dirt cheap at thirty five dollars.'

The farmer straightened his chin. 'I'd

rather put the money into a cow,' he said. 'But think,' replied the shopkeeper, jocosely, 'think how foolish you'd look riding round town on a cow.'

'Well said the farmer, 'I don't know. Perhaps I shouldn't look so much more foolish than I should milkin' a bicycle!'

WON HIS CASE.

Doctors Said He Must Die. But He Rallied Under South American Kidney Cure, and Diabetes Was Absolutely Cured.

A prominent legal light in a Canadian Western town treated and dieted for years for what the doctors diagnosed an incurable case of diabetes. He became so bad that he had to quit his practice, other complications setting in, and his sufferings were most intense. Almost as a last resort he tried South American Kidney Cure and to his own surprise, immediately began to improve. This is over a year ago. He continued taking this greatest of kidney specifics, and today he is a well man. Sold by E. C. Brown.

Mr. Armour's Acorns.

Late in life successful men often go back to their 'first love,' their earliest occupation and Mr. Philip D. Armour has returned to his. A correspondent of the Cincinnati Enquirer says that he is living on a farm near Oconomowoc, for the benefit of his health.

Any day during the autumn he could be seen directing the work of the 'hired hands,' superintending the building of corn cribs and barns, and generally showing the influence of his early training. The people of the neighborhood say he is a shrewd horse-trader, and is feeding the fattest hogs that have been seen in that section for twenty years.

Long ago, before Mr. Armour embarked on his career as a financier, he entertained the theory that the best feed for pigs was acorns. Accordingly, as soon as he took up farming again he sent out word that he would pay twenty five cents a bushel for acorns delivered in the farmyard.

He got enough in a week to feed all the pigs around Oconomowoc, but he also got a note from the district school-teacher which read as follows:

'DEAR SIR: When you offered to pay twenty five cents a bushel for acorns there were sixty scholars in my school. Now the regular attendance is about ten. In the interest of education I wish you would suspend your operations for a more favorable season.'

Farmer Armour saw the point, and acted accordingly.

A CARD.

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a twenty five cent bottle of Dr. Willis' English Pills, if, after using three-fourths of contents of bottle, they do not relieve Constipations and Headaches. We also warrant that four bottles will permanently cure the most obstinate case of Constipation. Satisfaction or no pay when Willis' English Pills are used.

A. Chipman Smith & Co., Druggist, Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.

W. Hawker & Son, Druggist, 104 Prince William St., St. John, N. B.

Chas. McGregor, Druggist, 137 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.

W. C. R. Allan, Druggist, Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.

E. J. Mahony, Druggist, Main St., St. John, N. B.

G. W. Hoben, Chemist, 357 Main St., St. John, N. B.

R. B. Travis, Chemist, St. John, N. B.

S. Watters, Druggist, St. John, West, N. B.

Wm. C. Wilson Druggist, Cor Union & Rodney Sts., St. John, N. B.

C. P. Clarke, Druggist, 100 King St., St. John, N. B.

S. H. Hawker, Druggist, Main St., St. John, N. B.

N. B. Smith, Druggist, 24 Dock St., St. John, N. B.

G. A. Moore, Chemist, 109 Brussels, St., St. John, N. B.

C. Fairweather, Druggist, 109 Union St., St. John, N. B.

Hastings & Pines, Druggists, 63 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.

Ella—I had a delightful half-hour's chat with young S. Hopkins last night.

ST. Hattie—Indeed! Why, everybody says he is stupid and never says anything.

Ella—Yes; but he's an excellent listener.

She—Did you have any luncheon today?

He—No; it was nothing but lunch; it only cost 15 cts.