

CONTINUED FROM TENTH PAGE.  
Rachel I said her companion, with languid fervour.

By some chance, Mara did not encounter Miss Claverton until the ball was nearly over.

Blanch went in search of her then. Sir Spencer having decreed that it was time to go.

Her first words had reference to the 'Washington Post.'

'I had half a mind to denounce you both as impostors!'

'We were not impostors,' declared St. Clair. 'Your friend accepted me as her husband for the evening. Is it not so, Mara? We are man and wife, you and I?'

To be sure,' agreed Mara laughing. 'Don't look so horrified, Blanch; it has been a capital joke. Only I nearly spoiled it by laughing outright when Captain St. Clair informed Lady Glencarty that I was his wife, and that therefore we were entitled to—'

'But you did not do it?' Blanch turned fiercely to St. Clair, and back again to Mara. 'You did not let him do it Mara? You said he was not your husband?'

'What—and lose my chance of dancing the 'Washington Post?'

'The 'Washington Post be hanged!' put in Jack Eversley. 'Did you forget you are in Scotland? The marriage laws here are peculiar, to say the least of it. An announcement such as that, made in the presence of two witnesses, it contradicted by you, Miss Sullivan, makes you St. Clair's wife in very truth. Were there two witnesses, or was the countess alone at the moment.'

'N—no!' faltered Mara. 'She was not alone. I—I never thought of it. Did you?' She turned helplessly to St. Clair something in his face made her add, quickly: 'You did think of it! You did it on purpose!'

'I did!' he confessed, coolly. 'The temptation was too great to be resisted. I have been worried to death by my people to marry a certain heiress, whom I loathe the sight of. Now I can tell them that I am married to you.'

'You coward! You despicable, unmanly coward! I don't believe you are married to me! Such an absurd thing cannot be legal! But, whether it is or not, I will never speak to you again! I respect the meanest worm that ever crawled more than I do you! Coward! coward! coward! She stamped her foot vehemently in her wrath.

Dreading a further scene before a larger audience than herself and Eversley, Blanch took her friend's arm, and marched off, after a glance of untold contempt at Desmond St. Clair.

'It was a beastly mean advantage to take advantage of any girl!' muttered Jack, hotly, full of shame at having introduced St. Clair to Mara.

'It pleases you all to condemn me, before hearing more than half of my reason for what I did,' said St. Clair, calmly; 'so you will not wonder if, on second thoughts I decide to keep the reason a secret still. Perhaps you will have my portmanteau sent on, Eversley? I shall take the next train to town.'

Jack did not attempt to detain him, and St. Clair, claiming his hat and overcoat, set off in his thin shoes for the three mile walk to the nearest station, an ugly look on his handsome face, and some ugly thoughts in his heart.

### CHAPTER III.

Seven years later the schoolgirl, Mara Sullivan, was scarcely recognisable in the woman, Eileen O'Halloran.

Eileen belonged to her by right of Baptism, being her first Christian name; she had been called Mara out of deference to Aunt Rachel, who remembering that the waters of Marah were exceedingly bitter, hoped that a chastening of her niece's soul might ensue on the constant remembrance that bitter punishment ever awaits evil-doers.

But when Mara was eighteen she was reminded of the existence of her paternal grandaunt, Mistress Eileen O'Halloran, of whom her parents had hoped great things for their child; but who had found it difficult to forgive her favorite nephew for marrying an Englishwoman, so had kept silent all these years.

On the approach of death, however, she relented so far as to bequeath the sum of five thousand pounds to her grand-niece, Eileen Mara Sullivan, on condition that she was known henceforward as Eileen O'Halloran.

This bequest was a nice little addition

Two severe cases that were completely cured by the Great Blood Purifier and Healer,

**Burdock BLOOD BITTERS**

**Suffered** For over eleven years I 11 Years. suffered with Dyspepsia and tried everything I could think of, but was unable to get relief until I took Burdock Blood Bitters. I had only taken one bottle when I commenced to feel better, and after taking five or six bottles was entirely well, and have remained so ever since, and feel as though B.B.B. had saved my life.—Mrs. T. G. Joyce, Stanhope, P.Q.

**Covered** My little boy, aged 11 With Sores. years, was a complete mass of sores, caused, the doctor said, by bad blood. His head and body were entirely covered with sores, and we could find no cure. Finally I got a bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters, and before one-half the bottle was gone he began to improve and by the time it was finished there was not a sore on him.

I used the B.B.B. as a wash as well as internally, and it seemed to give great relief as soon as it was put on.—Mrs. Philip Mitchell, St. Mary's, Ont.

to the girl's small annual income of two hundred pounds.

Mara Sullivan, therefore, dropped out of existence, and Eileen O'Halloran took her place.

For the rest, her life was much what it had been before, except that she had more money to spend on her dresses, or to give away.

She had already been 'presented' by Mrs Peyton, under whose auspices she continued to enjoy several London seasons without meeting so much as one man whose preference for her society made her chafe under the secret bondage laid on her young life years before by Desmond St. Clair.

She had read of his leaving the Service on the death of his uncle, Baron Serge, whose heir he was; that was the only indication she had ever received of his continued existence.

Blanch Claverton had long ago married her Jack, and gone abroad with him when he exchanged military for civil service, and was appointed to a post at Cyprus.

So they also had dropped out of Mara's life.

The girl wondered sometimes if there had been really anything binding in the so called marriage in which she had at the time been ignorant of taking part.

Was she legally Baroness Serge, just because she had allowed St. Clair to say that she was his wife.

It was rather difficult to believe, though since that memorable night she had made careful study of the Scotch marriage laws and had met with curious instances where decidedly informal, not to say irregular, ceremonies had been declared to be legally binding.

It did not trouble her sufficiently for her to take her own case to a lawyer and ask for his opinion.

Up to now she was fancy free, and in no hurry to give up her present liberty.

On her twenty-first birthday she had become her own mistress, and had been sorely tempted to accept Mrs. Peyton's offer to reside entirely with her in future.

But Mrs. Force was growing old; childless and lonely, with no pleasure in life except to do all in her power to make herself miserable, she appealed to the girl's warm heart—though she did not put her desire into words—that things should go on as before.

That would have been a piece of self-indulgence which Aunt Rachel would have considered sinful.

The poor soul took herself to task for the joy she felt when Eileen announced that she meant to spend the latter half of the year with her as usual, it agreeable to Aunt Rachel.

She knew it would be only too agreeable, and in the giving of so great a pleasure lay her only reward for burying her self in a tiny market-town for the long stretch of days between July 1st and January 1st.

She had come out alive from one such period of voluntary entombment, and was now cheerfully entering on a second, armed with all that could make life bearable in the shape of music, and with a constant supply tap laid on from Mudie's Library.

Music was her passion, the violin her favorite instrument, though she could do great things with the piano, and was equal to accompanying some of her sweetly-sung songs on the guitar.

After music came reading, and between the two she managed to get through all the hours of the day, which were not spent with Mrs. Force, or in scouring the country on her snow white horse, attended, or rather distantly followed, by Mrs. Force's one man servant, to whom these rides were a scouring of the flesh, which it is to be hoped he found profitable, and rejoiced over in spirit.

The month was August, the weather all that August weather should be.

The occasion, a festive one indeed for Littleton.

The Lady of the Manor, Mrs. or as she preferred to be called, Dame Mainwaring, had exerted herself to give a concert for the benefit of several poor folk who had been injured in a recent local railway accident.

Some talented artistes, well known in the great world beyond Littleton, had proffered their services in aid of the good cause.

The rector lent the large room used for penny readings, &c. in the Church House, the occasion; and Dame Mainwaring, ably seconded by her wealthy neighbors, filled her hospitable mansion with guests, for whom she had taken a plentiful supply of tickets, the surplus to be distributed amongst such of the Manor servants as chose to avail themselves of the opportunity of hearing better music than had ever been heard before in the town of Littleton.

Eileen O'Halloran took tickets as a matter of course, and succeeded in persuading Aunt Rachel that it was her duty to sacrifice herself for once, so far as to enter a place of public entertainment.

In her primmest of prim black silks, innocent of all suspicion of ornament, with her plentiful white hair hidden as much as possible under the ugliest thing in the shape of caps which was ever invented, the old lady reluctantly walked up the room to the fourth row from the front, to the seat her ticket indicated, followed by her niece, clad in a most becoming gown of black and silver, which made her look years older than her age, but had been chosen on account of its sobriety out of compliment to Aunt Rachel's tastes.

Probably no other dress in her wardrobe would have suited Eileen better.

She was a superbly handsome girl now—a-days, with more colour than of yore, the same magnificent eyes, and a wealth of black hair, which she dressed to perfection.

The Manor party had come early, and one man of their number inquired if anyone could tell him the name of the tall woman in black and silver who had sailed up the room like a graceful cruiser in the wake of a homely little tug.

'Not know Miss O'Halloran?—but, I forgot, you have only just returned from a lengthy exile. She is one of the best known women in town, and the most unapproachable. No man living can boast that he has ever called a blush of consciousness to that exquisite face.'

'She is very handsome,' was the reply. 'Pity she should be so cold.'

'I'm not sure that she is cold. I rather fancy that some lucky man will one day discover a volcano of living passion smouldering beneath that calm exterior.'

At that moment a favorite singer took the platform, and rejoiced the hearts of her audience by her rendering of the waltz from Romeo and Juliet.

She was succeeded by a man who sang 'The Border Bride.'

Then came a brief pause, during which the Master of the Ceremonies—who was also the Master of Foxhounds in an adjacent county—held converse with the Lady of the Manor and certain of her guests.

On his return to the platform he was followed by the man who had asked for information concerning Eileen O'Halloran.

A tall man—over six feet—languid, exceedingly, in his movements, and apparently only half awake, at sight of whom some hidden chord of memory stirred to activity in Eileen's brain, setting her heart beating more rapidly than it had done for years, while the color came and went in her cheeks in a tell-tale manner before she could get herself well in hand.

The Master of the Ceremonies cleared his throat and made a short speech.

'Ladies and gentlemen, I regret to say that the telegram has just been handed me,' he held it up to view, 'announcing the sudden illness of Herr Ludvig, whom we had all hoped to hear this evening. As his substitute, may I present to you Baron Serge who has kindly consented, in accordance with Dame Mainwaring's urgent request, to take his place? Herr Ludvig's violin has arrived in charge of his man, and it is on that instrument Lord Serge will play the solo mentioned on the programme—a Hungarian air, arranged for the violin by Herr Ludvig.'

Of course, everybody applauded, though scarcely a person present expected anything except musical murder from that used-up looking giant, who with an air of utmost fatigue, proceeded to tune the violin before attempting the solo.

Then came a rapid change of opinion; so rapid that the audience, for the most part held their breath in sheer astonishment, which deepened into delight as the rich notes fell on their ears.

The man himself was transformed before them as the music flowed from his soul to his finger tips, shone in his eyes, and quivered in his bow.

It was something more than a masterly performance; it was the perfect accord of violin and musician holding heaven-sweet counsel with the theme for subject.

A rapture of applause shook the air when Lord Serge removed the violin from its collar bore and stood a moment, with the life dying out of face and eyes—a mere figure-head of a man once more.

Only one person present forbore to applaud; that was Eileen O'Halloran, who sat silent and apparently unmoved, her lip curling slightly as though in scorn.

'It is devil's music,' she said to herself. 'The man is a demon of cruelty, and has no right to play like that. His genius is from below, though his music speaks of Heaven. It is wonderful and would be beautiful were it not Satanic.'

In the second half of the programme Baron Serge played again.

He chose a composition none present had heard before—a fantastic thing with mocking laughter running through it; a suggestion of frivolity aided and abetted by evil spirits.

It was as though Lord Serge had read Eileen's heart and responded in this way. She almost trembled as she listened, so uncanny was the coincidence.

When he left the platform to return to

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his seat, their eyes met, and Eileen asked herself if it were possible he could remember her; for there had been a something almost amounting to a challenge in his glance.

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KANS, N. B., Mar. 5.—It is safe to say that never before have the people of this district been so thoroughly and intensely interested in a question of health and disease as they are today. This state of affairs was brought about by the publication of the wonderful recovery of Commissioner G. J. Worden, of the Wickham Civil Courts, through the use of that grand medicine, Dodd's Kidney Pills.

There is no exaggeration in saying that Mr. Worden's case is the most remarkable that has ever been heard of here. He was well up in years—aged seventy—and his system was torn and tormented by Kidney Disease. Several doctors attended him, and performed a number of surgical operations on him, hoping thus to relieve him. They failed.

Mr. Worden was very ill. Kidney Disease had tortured him for a quarter of a century. All efforts to cure, or relieve were useless. He lost hope. Was there any wonder?

But there was hope. Dodd's Kidney Pills were brought into the case. They lost no time—they went to work at once. The exhausted and decayed kidneys were rebuilt; the process of purifying the blood, throwing off poisonous matter, was recommenced, after it had been interrupted for so long. Health returned, pain, and misery and disease took flight.

Today Mr. Worden is hale and well, better in health than he has been for years. Rescued when death held him in his grip! This is a sample of the work Dodd's Kidney Pills are doing here. They have never failed to cure Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Dropsy, Female Weakness, or any other kidney complaint.

### APPOPLEXY

The Cause of it and Some of the Prompt Remedies.

Apoplexy, or its English equivalent, a stroke, is a good name for a disease under which the sufferer falls to the ground, unconscious and paralyzed, as if he had been struck down by a blow. The usual cause of apoplexy is the rupture of a blood-vessel in the brain and a consequent escape of blood, but the condition may also be produced by the sudden plugging of a blood-vessel with a clot. The result in both cases is much the same—a destruction of a portion of the brain substance.

It is a common idea that only the aged are liable to a stroke, but this is incorrect. The disease is not at all uncommon in infancy, and it may occur at any age, although the period during which it occurs with greatest frequency is the decade from forty-five to fifty-five years.

The underlying cause of apoplexy is disease of the blood-vessels, which renders them liable to rupture when any unusual strain is put upon them. Thus we find that a stroke is often brought on by mental excitement, or by some unusual physical exertion, such as running for a car or lifting a heavy weight. Apoplexy may come on in the night; then it is very probably induced by a vivid dream, in which the heart is made to beat forcibly.

Temperance advocates find in apoplexy one of their strongest arguments against alcohol, for overindulgence in drink is perhaps the most fruitful cause of disease of the arteries, and the excitement of a debauch very commonly terminates in an apoplectic seizure in one whose arteries are softened or brittle. However, intemperance is by no means the only cause of apoplexy, and it would be most unjust to suspect every one who suffers a stroke of drinking to excess.

At the moment of an attack a person may be feeling unusually well or there may have been a little pain or fullness in the head. Then without warning, he falls and

loses consciousness. The face is usually flushed, the pulse and the arteries in the neck are beating powerfully but rather slowly, the breathing is somewhat slow, and there is usually snoring and a puffing out of the cheeks and lips.

Death may occur in this first attack, but the majority of patients recover more or less completely. They are, however, in danger of a second stroke, which is more liable to result fatally.

A sufferer from apoplexy should be placed on the bed with the head and shoulders raised. Hot cloths, which may be wrung out of mustard water, should be wrapped round the arms and legs, and cold clothes or an ice bag applied to the head.

### MR. TOOLEY TELLS A STORY.

How O'Hagan Worked a New Scheme For Dollars.

There wuz a mon an' his name wuz Kelly an' there wuz an invintor an' his name wuz O'Hagan kim round t'see Kelly he sid he hod invinted a can-opener that woz something new in its loine an' aisy wurked, an Kelly siz, 'Phwere is ut? an' O'Hagan siz, 'Ut's only in me hid so far, but it Oi hod a few darlers Oi kud put ut on th' market.' So Kelly give th' invintor a darler fer t' git th' can-opener out av his hid an onto the market, an' th' next day he give him darler fer t' perfot ut a little, th' next day he give him another darler t' perfot ut more, an' th' next day he give him another darler t' git th' roight twisht on ut, an th' next day he gave him another darler fer t' git th' moulds, an' th' next day he give him another darler fer t' git th' patterns, an' th' next day he give him another darler fer t' git the materials, an' th' next day he give him another darler t' see a patent-lawyer wid, an' th' next day he give him another darler fer t' git th' copyright an trade-mark, an' th' next day he give him another darler t' form a shtock kompany, an' th' next day O'Hagan got th' delirium-tremens an doid, an Kelly found out thot thot can-opener wuz only an invintion fer gittin' gin out of suckers. But, as O'Hagan sid, 'Ut wuz something new in its loine an' aisy wurked.'

### Disraeli the Dandy.

A contemporary of Lord Disraeli in his Memoirs records this impression of that famous dandy's personal appearance. Usually he wore a slate-colored velvet coat lined with satin, purple trousers with a gold band down the outside seam, a scarlet waistcoat, long lace ruffles falling down to the tips of his fingers, white gloves with brilliant rings outside them, and long black ringlets rippling down over his shoulders. When he rose in the House, he wore a bottle green frock coat, with a white waistcoat, collarless, and a needless display of gold chain.

### 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 Constipation and Headache. 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 & Pineo, Druggists, 63 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.

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