

CONTINUED FROM TENTH PAGE.

'What's that?' she said quickly, pausing with her hand on the carriage side. The footman had turned his head involuntarily at the cry, and answered rather breathlessly—

'They're crying 'Fall of Khartoum,' my lady. Shall I—'

He paused. Lilith glanced at him and smiled. 'You seem very interested, Hayden,' said she, getting into the carriage coolly, though her heart was throbbing so.

'My brother is out there, my lady,' replied the man. 'He's one of Captain Delmar's men.'

Lilith's hand closed with a grip on her sunshade, but she said in the same cool way—

'Oh, is he? Naturally you are anxious. Stop one of those boys; bring me a paper.' She scarcely drew her breath while Hayden darted across the street with most unsteady alacrity, and presently returned with a paper.

He had put one in his pocket for himself. With a certain eagerness Lilith took the paper and opened it.

'Home!' she said curtly; and Hayden needed no second bidding to spring on the box, and the coachman drove off.

But there was only a brief announcement, which gave no more information than the cry of the newboys.

No details, nothing but the bare telegram.

She let the paper sink on her knee. 'Captain Delmar!' she said to herself. 'So, he's got his commission. I wonder when? I wish I knew it he is there. Is he—'

'—is he? Poor Max! How crooked things are! Perhaps Colonel Chevenix knew something. Let me see, somebody said he was General Chevenix now. And what has become of Beryl?'—married, I suppose.

Arrived at her house on Carlton House Terrace, Lilith inquired kindly of her footman—

'So you have a brother in the Army, Hayden?'

'Yes, my lady,' returned the man; 'one of Captain Delmar's troopers, my lady.'

'Captain Delmar?—I seem to remember the name,' she said musingly. 'Is he well known?'

'Well, my lady, I don't know about over here,' answered the man, with a respectful smile. 'Over in India my brother says his name's in everyone's mouth. He earned his commission, you see, my lady.'

'How do you mean?'

'They call him the gentleman-ranker, my lady. My brother Joe, he was a comrade of the captain when he first joined, only he was a gentleman—a real gentleman born and bred, and very good to my brother, who wasn't just so steady as he might be then.'

'But how did he get his commission?'

'He got it for all sorts of bravery, my lady. He got to be a non-commissioned officer pretty soon. Then he saved Colonel Chevenix's life when they were surprised somewhere, and he got medals and a lieutenantancy. He got to be captain, my lady, in the Dongola Expedition.'

'Dear me!' said Lilith, with a half-laugh; 'you seem to know his whole history.'

'My brother's letters are full of him, my lady,' said Hayden. 'He says all his men 'ud give their lives for Captain Delmar.'

'Very nice of them,' answered Lilith, moving away. 'Thank you, Hayden, it's very interesting. Let me have the later papers as soon as they come in.'

Hayden said—

'Yes, my lady, and looked after his young mistress.'

'Now what,' thought that shrewd domestic, 'makes her take this sudden interest in my brother? It's the captain she wants to know about—not Private Tommy Atkins.'

It was not long before there came a full account of the glorious doings of that day, and a list of the killed and wounded.

With breathless eagerness Lilith scanned the list, and went white when she saw again the name of Captain Max Delmar among the wounded.

Breathlessly she read of the desperate charge of the 21st Lancers through the dervish hordes—with heaving breast she saw again the name of Max Delmar, doing splendid deeds in that charge.

'Oh!' she cried, and threw herself back in her chair, and covered her face with her hands, 'if I could have known!—if I could have known!'

Other eyes than Lilith's had scanned, before Lilith even knew there had been a battle, the telegram that came down to Cairo.

Other lips grew white when it was announced, later—

Capt. Delmar wounded—not dangerous—coming down by boat to hospital.'

Beryl Chevenix was with her old friend and companion, Miss Grey, in Cairo, in order to be near the seat of the war.

The beauty her quite early girlhood promised had ripened into a most perfect loveliness, and she had retained the girlishness, while adding to it the charm of womanhood.

Max Delmar had been her hero for eleven years.

When he was still the 'gentleman-ranker' at York, and had always saluted her so respectfully, and she had felt inclined to shake hands with him, but had known she must not; when he had risen to be a non-com. in India; when he had been wounded in saving her uncle's life, and she had gone to see him and his comrades in hospital; when he came before her once more on equal terms—Lieutenant Delmar—with whom she might always now shake hands; and now this last act of his, when he had cut his way back through the fierce horde to succor one of his men who was in sore straits—Beryl clasped her hands, and her heart swelled with pride.

'Oh, isn't it glorious!' she said under her breath, and Miss Grey, though expressing herself with less enthusiasm, felt entirely in sympathy with the girl.

A letter from General Chevenix informed

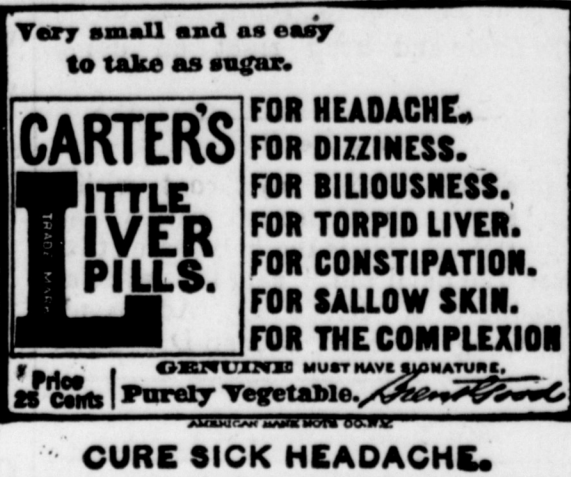
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ed his niece that Delmar's wounds was more serious than had been thought at first.

He had gone with the rest on to Khartoum, had been present at the ever memorable service at Gordon's grave, and after this he had been laid by, and probably would be sent on to England.

He was to be nursed at the general's own home in Cairo, in charge of a hospital nurse.

'Nothing I can do for Delmar,' wrote the general, 'will be too much. And I know my Beryl will think this charge no burden, either for my sake or his.'

Beryl drew in her breath when she read these words, and the color rose in her soft cheeks.

'Think it a burden! Would it not be a joy unspeakable to know that Max Delmar was under the same roof with her—a joy to do him the slightest service.'

In a way Beryl knew this, though she did not exactly fathom the source of her happiness—or, perhaps, would not.

She had not seen much of Max after his rise from the ranks, and sometimes wondered why this was.

He was tenuous, and had not forgotten yet his early love for beautiful Lilith Ray, and did not care for anything but his profession; and yet, at times, when he did meet Beryl, the girl was conscious of a certain something in his tone and look that was not for other women, though it was not always so; at other times he was almost cold.

Beryl knew that Captain Delmar had nothing but his profession, that her uncle was a general, and that she was that uncle's heiress; Max, too, was always on active service at different stations; what had he to offer any woman?

But she would not let herself think long over these things; perhaps after all, he could never forget Lilith.

Max Delmar was seriously, though not dangerously, wounded; and must be kept very quiet; not even Beryl must see him at first.

The hospitals were all pretty full, the services of the nurses in great demand, and Sister Agnes was obliged, when Delmar was better, but still to be kept very quiet, to divide her attentions between the Chevenix house and the hospital.

'Could you just take charge of my patient for an hour or two, Miss Chevenix?' the sister said one afternoon to Beryl.

'There is not the slightest fear, and you are so capable, and such a good nurse. It's only really to watch while he sleeps, and, when he wakes, give him certain things of which I will tell you. Don't let him get excited or talk much.'

'I'm not afraid,' answered Beryl, smiling. 'I've done a lot of nursing up at the stations in India—ordinary cases; surgical cases are beyond me.'

'Oh! you'll do,' said the nurse; 'we're out of the surgical stage now. The wound healed beautifully. All we want is strength now.'

Beryl smiled, and only said she was very glad to hear it, and listened attentively to the nurse's instructions.

It was about five o'clock when she entered the large, cool room in which the wounded lancer had been placed.

The light came softly shaded through the curtains which were drawn around the verandah without, and the girl stepped gently over the cool matting towards the couch where Delmar lay asleep.

He could be removed now to pass some hours here.

Beryl sat down at a little distance, and somewhat withdrawn towards the back of the couch.

She had brought a book with her, but she did not read, only leaned her head on her hand and kept watch.

No distinct thoughts passed through her mind; she was conscious of the sleeping man—that as me man who, a few weeks before, had been able to prodigies of valor, and who lay there now almost as helpless as a child.

How strange it was! She had been sitting there nearly two hours when she fancied he shivered.

It was but the movement of one hand, but she rose softly, and came round where she could see better.

He had moved slightly, and even as she paused, he opened his eyes, and saw her.

The light that leapt into those dark eyes a second before so languid, half startled Beryl; the hands outstretched, the low-breathed 'Beryl—Beryl!' for a moment held her breathless.

He was not master of himself then, else he had never let himself go like that. Now he had her hand in his, and, weak as was his clasp, it held her a faster prisoner than the iron grasp of a giant could have done.

She sank to her knees beside him. 'You!' he said in that low tone of rapture. 'you! At last!—at last!'

With a sharp effort, Beryl mastered herself.

In all the rush of emotion, the sweet bewilderment of that moment, she remembered she was nurse first, woman afterwards.

Besides, he was yet ill, weak; glad, of course, to see someone who was a friend—that was all.

'You must not hold me,' she said gently, and smiling a little tremulously. 'I am so glad you are better. I have something to give you, else I shall get into Sister Agnes's bad books.'

'Never mind that now; the something will wait,' he said, half pleading. 'Talk about martinet! he said.

'What! you a soldier of the Sirdar, and beguile me from duty?' she said half archly. 'Nay; and you must not talk either.'

She drew away her hand and went to the table to pour out the drink he was to have then returned to the couch.

He drank it obediently and half smiled. 'Talk about martinet!' he said.

'No—only a strict officer,' she returned lightly; 'just what you are to your men.'

He smiled a little again and turned his face aside.

He had managed to get himself together somewhat, realizing then that he had let himself go too much.

It had been silent so long, his punctilious honor shrank from gaining an avowal of the girl's love while he lay, a wounded guest in that house, from which Beryl's uncle was absent.

It was as hard a battle the soldier fought in those few minutes, as perhaps any in which he had been under fire, but he conquered, and told himself he hoped Beryl would only think that he was very grateful, and that emotion was liable to get the better of a man who was weak still.

He didn't hope it all the same though he tried to persuade himself he did.

It was an exquisite happiness to him to have Beryl moving softly about, ministering to him, answering gently the few questions he was equal to asking.

But it was good merely to lie there and see her.

Sister Agnes was very sweet and gentle but Beryl—well she was Beryl.

When Sister Agnes returned to resume her duties, Max said softly to Beryl, 'You will come again, won't you? Just a little while, if you have time.'

'I will come, if you like,' Beryl answered, 'when you are stronger. You will tell me about that—' she faltered—she could scarcely speak of it without tears in her voice—'that charge, and when you got wounded? Do you know they are saying you will have the Victoria Cross?'

He flushed a little and turned aside.

'Oh! he said quite simply, 'that was nothing. Any of our fellows would have done the same; it was my luck to get the opportunity. Is Joe Hayden going on well?'

'Getting round,' Sister Agnes interposed cheerfully. 'The doctor told me he was to be invalided to Netley as soon as he could be moved. The poor fellow is very anxious to see his brother.'

'Who is his brother?' asked Beryl.

'Footman to a great lady in London—Lady Harwood—I should say Lilith, Lady Harwood, as the present Lord is married, and she is too young to be a dowager.'

'She is a widow, then?' Beryl asked, moving away.

Something seemed to straiten her heart, some mist had come over its sunshine. Involuntarily she glanced at Delmar.

Had he known that Lilith was free? His face was turned away.

She could not see how he was affected by the information.

'Her husband died over a year ago,' answered Sister Agnes; she laughed, and added—'You see, I have been getting all the gossip from Joe; his brother seems to keep him well supplied. Hayden says Lady Harwood appears to enjoy her freedom; but I mustn't stand gossiping. Miss Chev-

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enix it's time for you to dress for dinner.' And Beryl went, with a heavier heart than that she had brought with her two hours ago.

CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.

### A FIGHT WITH A WOLF.

The Animal Proves a Vicious Fighter When Wounded.

A 'hand-to-hand fight' with a ferocious gray wolf only thirty miles from the city of St. Louis, and fifteen miles from the Mississippi River, in the state of Illinois, seems an unlikely occurrence; but it is seriously reported in the St. Louis Globe Democrat and other journals of the region.

It appears that in February and March last four or five full-grown mountain wolves had been ranging in the woods and swamps in the neighborhood of Waterloo and Red Bud, Illinois, and their depredations became so great that the authorities of Monroe county offered a reward of ten dollars for every wolfskin brought in.

One afternoon in early March Jacob Eckert of Red Bud was hunting in the woods near Saxtown, when he saw an animal some distance away in the underbrush which looked like a dog. He had heard of the presence of wolves in the neighborhood, however, and crept around the side of a hill, keeping the creature in view until he was certain that it was not a dog, whatever else it might be. He had never seen a wolf.

When he had approached within about fifty yards of the animal, he took aim and fired. The wolf leaped into the air and howled, but when Eckert rushed out into the open, supposing he had killed the animal, he was astonished to see it rushing directly at him. It came with such swiftness and unexpectedness that Eckert did not manage to reload his rifle before the wolf was upon him, with distended jaws and glaring eyes.

Eckert clubbed his rifle, and as the wolf came within reach, struck at it. The wolf dodged back, evaded the blow, and before the man could swing the weapon a second time, leaped straight at his throat. But Eckert was fortunate enough to get the barrel of the gun held in both hands, in such a position across his breast and beneath his chin that the wolf's jaws could not get a grip on his throat.

The animal now bit savagely at the man's body wherever it could find a chance for its teeth. Eckert wore heavy clothing, and for the most part the wolf's bites did not penetrate to the skin. His hands and face were lacerated by the animal's claws, but escaped the teeth. He finally succeeded in throwing the animal from him, and before it could spring on him again he struck it a heavy blow on the head with the butt of his gun, which stunned it.

This gave Eckert an opportunity to slip a cartridge into his gun. Then he quickly shot the wolf through the head, thus ending the fight. Eckert took the skin to Waterloo, where it was identified as undoubtedly that of a wolf, and the prize of ten dollars was paid him.

### DEFECTIVE SIGHT.

Some People Think Wearing Glasses Spoil Their Personal Appearance.

The three defects of eyesight which are most commonly encountered in otherwise healthy persons, and which can be more or less perfectly overcome by means of glasses, are near-sightedness, far-sightedness and astigmatism. These are all important, for besides the discomfort and annoyance of imperfect sight, the involuntary efforts which the sufferer makes to see better strain the eyes, and not only injure them, but also give rise, through reflex action, to headaches and various nervous disturbances.

Near-sightedness, short-sightedness, or myopia, as it is variously called, is a condition of the eyeball—usually a lengthening—in consequence of which the rays of light are brought to a focus in front of the retina, and so the object is blurred.

This condition may exist from birth, but is usually the result of too much and

too early use of the eyes, as in the case of students, engravers, women who do fine sewing, and so forth. Thus we may say that putting children to work at some of the kindergarten exercises, such as perforating and drawing, is in a double sense a short-sighted procedure.

Many near-sighted people refuse to wear glasses, preferring to deprive themselves of sight for everything beyond the nose rather than to injure their personal appearance, as they think. This is another short sighted policy, for besides losing much of the joy of existence, which comes from seeing the beautiful things about and above us, such persons are very liable to suffer from inflammation of the eyes, produced by constant strain.

A less common defect is long or far-sightedness, or hypermetropia. This is the opposite of myopia, the eyeball being flattened or shortened, and the rays of light consequently not coming to a focus by the time they reach the retina.

In this case, the eye often corrects the defect more or less successfully by making the crystalline lens more convex; but it does this at the expense of the sufferer's nervous force, and so we often find tired and congested eyes, headaches, indigestion and even serious nervous affections. The effort to correct the vision is entirely involuntary, and can be overcome only by the fitting of suitable convex glasses.

The third and most common defect is astigmatism. In this condition there is some irregularity of the surface of the eye or of the lens, by means of which the image as it reaches the retina is distorted. Untreated astigmatism is a frequent cause of headache and other nervous disturbances. The only relief is the wearing of glasses, at least reading, writing, or whenever near objects are looked at.

### Another One.

First Business Man—'Who is that fellow who has been buttonholing you for the last half hour?'

Second Business Man (wearily)—'He is an agent of the 'Society to Insure Against Being Hit by a Meteorite.'

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- G. A. Moore, Chemist, 109 [Brussels, St., St. John, N. B.]
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- Hastings & Pineo, Druggists, 63 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.

'Why is it,' said the visitor, 'that some of the men who really have the least influence in public affairs to get up now and then and make the longest speeches?'

'That's easily explained,' answered Senator Sorghum. 'Such a man can afford to talk. He doesn't know anything that he is afraid of giving away.'

Ida—Dear, do you think that girl is musical because she wears organdie silk? May—No, but the girl in the accordion-plaited skirt may be.



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