

(CONTINUED FROM TENTH PAGE.)

'Come, Alice, put on your hat; see, it has ceased snowing. What will Arthur say when he comes to night? Depend upon it, when you return from your organ practice there will be a telegram awaiting you. I suppose I may, under the circumstances, open it?' and Mrs. Collingham smiled archly.

'Oh, yes, do; and—and you might send it down to me.'

But no telegram came to Dovemore Vicarage that day, nor did Alice Collingham's lover—Arthur Vivian—appear during the evening, neither did a letter arrive explaining his silence.

The girl he had loved so truly kept her misery to herself with an inborn pride which resented sympathy.

'He is dead,' she would say with conviction, and Mrs. Collingham would answer—

'If he were, we should have heard of it. Remember, dearest, he is an officer in Her Majesty's service. Some mention would have been made of his death in the papers. No, Alice, I do not think Arthur is dead.'

'Then he has forgotten me. I am deserted.'

And this Mrs. Collingham thought more than probable—only, knowing Arthur Vivian, and believing in the passionate love he had professed for her child, she opined that some strange mystery underlay his seeming neglect and continued silence.

Alice had changed terribly. Both her father and mother were deeply anxious about her health.

The suspense and uncertainty so prayed on the girl's spirits that her parents determined on a course of action which, under ordinary circumstances, would have been most repugnant to them.

The Rev. Joseph Collingham made up his mind to go to London, and there solve the mystery to the best of his ability.

'I shall at any rate find out something about his movements at his club,' he said to his wife. 'I shall discover whether he is on leave, or whether he has been detained on duty at the Curragh. That, to my mind, is the most reasonable solution of the matter.'

'But,' replied his wife, 'there was nothing to prevent his writing and saying so. Common courtesy to us—to say nothing of what is due to Alice—demands an explanation. You must see that for yourself.'

The reverend gentleman did, and said so. He had his own ideas on the subject, but preferred to keep them to himself till after his return from town.

When Alice was told of her father's mission, she was at first greatly against it.

'If he is dead, in time I shall hear of it. If—if he is false, well, let him go.'

Which was all very well, but the quivering mouth and the tearful eye told their own tale.

'There will be no lowering of your pride, dearest,' Mrs. Collingham assured. 'Let your father make inquiries. Remember, you were to have been Arthur's wife in a month's time.'

This reminder had the desired effect. Alice broke completely down, and gave her sanction at last.

And so, on the following morning, Mr. Collingham took the train to town.

Anxious and deserted though the girl felt herself to be, she yet made a gallant effort to keep up appearances.

During her father's absence she frequently drove about the country in the little low pony chaise, which was the sole conveyance the vicarage boasted of, and in her drives she was continually meeting her friend, and would-be sweetheart, Sir Herbert Thornton.

It had been a terrible blow to the young baronet when the engagement had been formally announced, in the late autumn, of beautiful Alice Collingham to the handsome and gallant young officer, Captain Vivian, whom she had so recently met whilst on a visit to a friend in London.

How he cursed himself for his fatal procrastination!

He had made so sure of her—too sure as it turned out, to his bitter disappointment and utter discomfiture.

He had called her, 'his little wife' from the time when he was a lad at Eton, and she the sweetest little maiden in all the world, with her fair golden hair hanging like a golden glory round her shoulders.

And to think that, after all this an outsider would step in and carry off the prize!

It was too bad; yet, after all he had no one but himself to blame, and he told himself this over and over again in language far from parliamentary.

But now, in her trouble, his heart bled for the girl, and he even made excuses for his rival, which, to Bert Thornton, was the hardest thing of all—and suggestions as to Arthur's mysterious silence came from him which had not previously occurred to Alice and her mother.

In his own mind, however, the young man had little doubt how matters were; but, with rare discretion, he kept his suspicions to himself.

'The cad has tired of her,' he told himself, with disdain and contempt, mingled with honest wonder that such a thing could be possible. 'If he has thrown her over'—his lip curled at the mere idea—'I may yet have a chance. I know she liked me before she met him. I will bide my time; who knows what may happen?'

And so, in cheering the girl he loved so deeply, he cheered himself, and Alice began to find that alleviation of her sorrow was possible.

Not that she was in any danger of easily transferring her affections from her recreant lover to her old playmate.

Alice Collingham was not that sort of woman.

Her love for Arthur Vivian was strong and true.

Until this mystery of silence had sprung up between them, like an impenetrable wall, no thought of doubt or parting had come to her.

She was, indeed, placed in a pitiable position. Torn by conflicting emotions

and speculations, vague and wild, she knew not what to think.

She could scarce bring herself to believe that her honest-faced, straight-spoken lover was one of those whom all true-hearted men and women condemn and shun—a man who would deliberately gain a young girl's love, only to throw it from him when tired of it; and yet, what other conclusions could she come to?

The only alternative was that to which her strange dream had pointed—danger, if not death.

During the long, weary nights she would think, and think, until the brain was capable of no more, and she would then sink into a troubled slumber, broken by dreams of Arthur—always Arthur.

At last a telegram came from Mr. Collingham—who had been nearly a week in town—announcing the fact that he would return to Dovemore Vicarage that evening.

How anxiously his arrival was awaited by his wife and daughter can well be imagined; at last they would know whether to mourn the young soldier as dead, or cast him from their hearts as one whom it was a misfortune ever to have known.

CHAPTER IV.

FALSE!

'Well?'

It was all Mrs. Collingham was capable of saying, as she drew the vicar into her own private sanctum on the night of his return.

Alice was not in the house. Unable to bear at home the suspense of the long hours of waiting, she had driven to a neighboring village to spend the afternoon and evening with some friends.

Later on they would send her home in their carriage.

Her mother was anxious to meet her husband alone, and, if he brought bad news, to have at least time to prepare herself to break it to her idolized child.

And bad news it was—as bad as bad could be.

Nothing more nor less than the story of a man's fickleness and base, unaccountable conduct.

At least this was how the vicar regarded it; but then, he did not know the truth—second sight is given to but few.

An all merciful Providence veils much from our eyes.

Knowledge is power, and power is not always the best gift that can be bestowed upon our poor mortals.

CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.

Courage Brother and Sister!

PAIN'S CELERY COMPOUND

IS ABLE TO RESCUE AND SAVE THOUGH DISEASE AND SUFFERING MAY BE DRAGGING YOU DOWN TO THE GRAVE.

While Paine's Celery Compound with promptness and certainty cures the ordinary ill of life that people suffer from in spring time, its medicinal virtues and powers are far reaching enough to banish disease and suffering even after the sufferer has been pronounced incurable by his or her physician.

Paine's Celery Compound has, according to the honest testimony given by hundreds of well known Canadian people, dragged them from certain death at the eleventh hour, and blessed them with a new lease of life. Mrs. Louisa Warner, of Montgomery, N. W. T., writes thus:

'For some years past my nerves and system were almost wrecked by narcotics, used to alleviate pain. The doctors could not help me, and I thought I would forever have to remain a slave to deadly drugs. I often longed for death as a release from my sufferings. After enduring agonies that were terrible, I determined to try Paine's Celery Compound, without any full hope that it would cure me. When I had used a part of the second bottle, I thought it was doing me good; I could sleep well, and did not faint so often, and I decided to continue the use of the medicine. After the use of fifteen bottles, I am completely cured. I feel so strong and well now, and have such perfect health, that I sometimes think it is too good to be true. For the benefit of thousands of poor sufferers from disease and the deadly effects of narcotics, I give my statement—an assurance that Paine's Celery Compound will cure them.'

Five Hundred Dollars for a Hat.

The pride of the Mexican is his hat, or his sombrero, as he calls it. No matter how poor the rest of his attire may be, he spares no expense for his head covering, and will toil day and night until he has saved money enough to purchase an appalling sugar-loaf, wide brim, heavily corded hat. A shabbily dressed Mexican wearing a hat that cost not less than fifty dollars is not an uncommon sight.

According to a hat seller just returned from Mexico, the main reason why the Mexican devotes so much attention and money to his hat is because it has become the symbol of his standing in the community. The grandees of Spain had the privilege of standing in the presence of their sovereign with their hats on, and naturally they vied with one another in the size and gorgeousness of their hats. The populace followed this example as best it could, and so the hat became as distinctive on the

heads of the men as the mantilla over the heads of the women.

At one time the Mexican placed his hat and his horse above all other worldly possessions, spending five hundred dollars for a hat, gold trimmed and embroidered, and as much more for his silver trimmed saddle and bridle. Mexican's of the higher class have abandoned the conical shaped hat for city wear, as they have accepted our style of clothing; but every Mexican gentleman still has his native costume of spangles and glitter, with hat to match, which he wears as he may think occasion demands.

Climbing a Mountain in India.

'In April,' said Sir Martin Conway, who has spent many years in climbing unexplored mountains, 'yes, it was in April that I started in the Himalayas to climb the biggest mountain in the world. Not the biggest mountain, mind you, but the biggest group.' Then he went on to tell the New York commercial Advertiser all about it.

Each coolie bearer could carry eighty pounds of food. He ate two pounds a day. When we came to the ice I sent half of my fifty coolies back, and they left their extra food in a pile on the glacier in the way of a secondary base. It was thereafter their duty to keep the secondary base supplied from the main base.

At the end of a week I sent half the remaining coolies back, and continuing this process, I soon had a line of bases for food all the way down the mountain.

Gradually we worked our way up the glacier. We never knew what we were coming to next. No one had ever been there before. Always there rose the heights above us; there was always something higher up. This continued week after week. You felt as if you just had to get to the top and over.

Finally we came to the summit after long days of steady toil, and we could gaze away straight before us over the great reach of mountain ranges. Everything was perfectly still—motionless. It was about sunset. The day was clear. Here there was nothing that moved. So vast was the extent of the ranges that anything that could be moved was lost. And it was all unknown; had never been seen before.

The mountains bore no names; they stood for nothing that could be put into words. But they rose up in grand spectacle, silent, unknown, line after line, great jagles of mountain peaks standing in clear outline against the evening sky. It was all so still. We had toiled for weeks on weeks to get there, and we had done it. And then?

We were satisfied.

Using Dogs As Turnspits.

The turnspit dogs, writes Alice Morse Earle in 'Stage-Coach and Tavern Days,' were little patient creatures, whose lives were spent in the exquisite tantalization of helping to cook meat, the appetizing odors of which they sniffed for hours without so much as a taste to reward them at the end of their labors.

The summary and inhuman mode of teaching these turnspits their humble duties is described in a book of anecdotes published at Newcastle on Tyne in 1809.

The dog was put into the wheel. A burning coal was placed with him. If he stopped his legs were burned. That was all. He soon learned his lesson.

It was hard work, for often the great piece of beef was twice the weight of the dog, and took at least three hours' roasting. I am glad to know that these hard-working turn broaches usually grew shrewd with age, and learned to vanish at the approach of the cook or the appearance of the wheel.

At one old-time tavern in New York little brown Jessc listened daily at the kitchen door-step while the orders were detailed to the kitchen maids, and he could never be found till nightfall on roast-meat days.

The Power of Brer Scott.

Down in the south of Georgia is a remarkable negro preacher familiarly known as Brer Hamp Scott. His power over his congregation is almost irresistible, and he seems to possess a sort of hypnotic influence which does not detract from his effectiveness. A gentleman who lives in that part of the state tells the Washington Star his experience one evening in the little church in the woods.

The services, which consisted of short talks and prayers, seemed to be about the same as those of any other negro congregation, and I was preparing to make my escape when an old cotton-headed darky started a camp-meeting hymn. He sang in a wailing minor key that went straight to the nerves, and before he got through the first stanza I felt the tension in the atmosphere.

When he ceased, Scott himself jumped up and began to intone another hymn—a

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typical negro composition, with the refrain, 'An' de sinner is a burnin' in de pit!' When he came to the climax he suddenly straightened up and rolled out the refrain like a clap of thunder. The effect was electrical, and in five minutes half the congregation was on the verge of hysterics. As the hymn died down Scott took up a sort of chant. All the negroes joined in, and whether it was some monotonous and peculiar quality in the voice of the leaders or the weird surroundings, I can't say, but the chant soon had everybody under its spell. Some of the darkies fell back, staring and rigid, like cataleptics, and others writhed on the floor, foaming at the mouth and tearing their clothes. Still others wept and shouted, and all the while the chant continued, rising and falling like the wind in the chimney. It was really an appalling spectacle. I have witnessed some wild scenes at negro camp meetings, but this transcended anything in my experience. I came away while it was at its height, and it was some time before I could shake off its eery influence.

Diamond Dyes Cloth Age and Un-sightliness With Life and Beauty

Do you ever try to dye over your faded and unsightly garments? Tens of thousands in Canada do this work successfully and well. To those who have not tried this work of true economy, we would say, 'There is money in it when you do the work with Diamond Dyes.' Old dresses, suits, skirts, capes jackets, blouses, silks, ribbons, etc., can easily be renewed and made to look as well as new goods at small cost. Ten cents for a package of one of the fashionable colors of Diamond Dyes will save you several dollars. This work of renewing and transforming can only be well done when you use the Diamond Dyes. Ask your dealer for them; take no common substitute.

TOLD BY THE OLD CIRCUS MAN.

Simple Ways by Which the Giant was Provided With Bathing Facilities.

'About his baths?' said the old circus man. 'Oh, dear me; that was as simple and easy as could be.'

'In the house that I told you about, that the old man had built especially for the giant at our winter quarters, we had a bathtub built in the basement. The tub being in shape and proportions not unlike a long section of very large sluice box, but of course very much larger. This bathtub was supplied with water from a beautiful clear stream of considerable size that ran close by one corner of the house. The only trouble about the bathtub at all was to put it at the right level, and of course that was the work of a civil engineer. We sent to the town and got out an engineer and he ran the levels for the bath tub, and then we went ahead and built it.

'We connected it with the stream outside by a pipe of suitable dimensions with a cut off gate at the intake, this gate being adequately weighted to carry it down into place again after it had been raised. It was lifted by means of a rope running over shieve wheels to a point inside the house by the bathtub. When the giant wanted to take a bath he simply pulled the rope and lifted the water gate, with the result practically of diverting the stream from its natural bed to a course through the giant's bathtub. But it was quite a stream and the water supply was almost always ample.

'When the giant had finished his bath he would open a gate at the foot of the tub, which was built as any tub would be, with a slight incline, and the water ran out into a ditch that we had dug for it outside and by this back into the channel of the stream below.

'On the road it was almost as easy. If the show was near a canal, the giant would go, before the people were up in the morning, and take a bath in the lock.

We used to arrange with the lock keeper to fill the lock same as he would to let a boat through, and the giant would take his bath and then they'd just open the lower gate in the usual way and so empty the big bathtub.

'Sometimes we found suitable rivers, or streams large enough for him to bathe in and if everything else failed the giant could always get a shower bath, anyway.

'He and the baloo ascension man were great friends and the balloon man was always ready to oblige the giant in this way. He'd get feed buckets of water in the car and then his helpers would let the balloon up high enough above the ground for that, and then the giant would come under, and so fast as he was ready for them the balloon man would pour down those buckets of water on him.

'Oh, my; if we never had any more trouble about anything else than we did about his bath we'd have got along easy enough.'

Knew Him By His Ducks.

The custom of knowing a man by his fruits is exemplified in the case of an artist of considerable reputation, who has been in the habit of spending his summers in cultivating a farm in New England. As there is a large pond on the place, he has found it amusing and profitable to fill it with as many ducks as it would float.

One day a New York friend went into the country to visit the artist—whom we shall call Smith. He met a countryman, and a conversation along these lines followed:

'I want to go to the farm of Mr Smith, the artist.'

'Don't know him.'

'Why you must know him. He's a man with a national reputation. Comes from New York.'

The countryman pondered a minute. 'You say his name Smith?'

'That's what I said.'

'Not A. B. Smith?'

'The same.'

'Why in thunder didn't you say so? He ain't no artist! He raises ducks!'

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Catarrhzone cures Catarrh.

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Bacon—What's the matter with our naval people, anyway? Egbert—Why so? 'Why, Dewey gave his house away and now Sampson's given himself away.'

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