

(CONTINUED FROM TENTH PAGE.)

'Don't know, I'm sure,' Gordon is beginning with a smile, when all at once he stops short, the smile leaves his lips, and his face grows positively awful in its pallor. 'Oh! what is it?' I cry, springing to my feet. 'Gordon, for pity's sake, tell me what is the matter!'

For an instant he is still silent, then, with a swift movement, he draws me into his arms, bending over me until his cheek rests upon my hair.

'Nilla,' he says, in a hoarse, passionate voice. 'Oh! my darling, I shall have to leave you for a few hours; I must return to town almost at once.'

I feel stunned—yes, literally stunned—and bending my head back, I gaze at him with wide-open, dilated eyes.

What can he mean? He must leave me! Oh, surely my ears must have played me false!

'My darling, for Heaven's sake do not look at me like that,' he cries; you unman me. How can I tell you what—'

'Aunt Kate!' I falter. 'Is—is the telegram from—or about her?'

'No, she has nothing to do with it,' he answers quickly. 'It is—my dearest, it almost drives me mad to tell you, but you shall know the truth, the bitter truth. I shall have to leave you for a few hours.'

With a passionate movement I disengage myself from his clinging arms, and stepping back until I have placed a chair between us, I stand regarding him in silent indignation.

He is surely only saying this to tease me.

And yet, he certainly does not look as if joking; rather the contrary, for all the brightness has left his face, and a haunting expression of pain and misery had settled in his eyes.

'You do mean it, I gasp at last. 'You do not mean to inflict such a cruel humiliation upon me, as you have hinted at? You are only saying it to tease me. I am sure you are. It cannot be true.'

'I wish to heaven it was not true,' he returns passionately. 'If I could help myself, be very certain that I would not go. But I cannot. The summons is an imperative one, and it must be obeyed.'

'Who is that telegram from?' I demand. 'My lawyer.'

Quietly—nay, almost apathetically—Gordon answers me, and the very quietness of his tone only adds to the fury of the volcano which is raging within my heart.

How dare he offer me such an insult, such a humiliation?

I will never forgive him for it—never.

I will avenge myself and my outraged pride, even if I die in attempting to do so. And, having arrived at this valiant determination, I forthwith proceed to make my husband acquainted with it too.

'I suppose that nothing I can say will induce you to alter your purpose?' I ask coldly, by way of opening the attack, so to speak.

'You know I would stay if I could,' he answers in a hoarse, suppressed voice. 'Good heavens! do you think I want to leave you?'

'Your conduct would certainly give anybody that impression,' I retort.

'You shall not say it,' with sudden fire, 'for it is false, as you very well know. The next thing you will insinuate is that I planned to have that telegram sent.'

'How alarmingly clever you are!' I return mockingly; 'or have you been taking lessons in thought-reading?'

'What on earth do you mean?'

'Simply that you have put my thoughts into words. I was thinking that that telegram is uncommonly like one of those which people have sent them when they want to slip out of some disagreeable engagement, and so—'

'That will do,' he interrupts, with an imperious gesture. 'You have said quite enough, and have uttered words I shall find very hard to forgive.'

'Forgive!' I flash out scornfully. 'And do you really flatter yourself that I care whether you forgive them or not? Pray allow me to undeceive you. And now that we are on the subject, I will tell you this: If you persist in your shameful conduct, if you dare to insult me as you propose doing, I will never forgive you,' and, so saying, I swept out of the room.

What shall I do?

It seems to me that I can never get over the bitter humiliation of this hour.

Having dressed for dinner, I go back to the sitting room, where I find Gordon intently examining a Bradshaw.

He glances up from it upon my entrance; but ere he can speak, dinner is announced, and, offering me his arm, he escorts me into the adjoining room.

To me, at any rate, the meal is a most trying one, and I feel sincerely thankful when it is over, and I am free to retire to the drawing room again.

I am determined that Gordon shall not think his departure wounds me in the least; nor does it, as far as my personal feelings are concerned.

I would just as soon have his absence as his company; it is simply my pride which is suffering so keenly, not myself.

So, sitting down at the piano, I dash into a brilliant gallop by way of testifying to my utter indifference and freedom from anxiety.

Presently a clock chimes out ten bell-like strokes, and as the last one dies away, the door leading out of the dining room is pushed open, and Gordon makes his appearance.

'Nilla,' he says quietly, coming to my side, 'will you kindly cease playing for a few minutes? I want to speak to you.'

But instead of complying, I strike a few preliminary chords, and dash into a march.

He permits me to get about half way through it, and then suddenly, with a quick movement, he lifts his hands from the keys and closes the piano.

'How dare you?' I exclaim indignantly. 'Why didn't you obey me?' he demands with the utmost calmness. 'I told you that I wished to speak to you, and you chose to ignore my wish, so—'

'And what notice do you take of my

wishes?' I demand in my turn.

'I trust that your wishes will always be my first consideration. I hope I shall always gratify them, when it is possible for me to do so,' he answers quietly. 'Heaven is my witness that it is more bitter than death itself would be for me to leave you here alone; but I cannot help doing it. Go I must. If I did not—'

'Your pocket would suffer, I suppose,' I interrupted again, with a sneer. 'I hope you will always remember that, whenever your lawyer may require you, you must not let any thought of me keep you from rushing to him.'

'You are talking nonsense, and you are perfectly aware of it too,' sternly. 'You know I love you too well to leave you unnecessarily.'

'Your love takes a very queer form,' with a sarcastic laugh. 'But there, what is the use of discussing the subject any further?'

With a heavy sigh he moves away to the other end of the room.

For several minutes he remains standing there; then he again crosses to my side, and lays his fingers upon my arm.

'Nilla,' he says gently, 'I have only ten minutes to spare. Will you not speak one kind word to me before I go?'

'No, I will not,' I answer in clear distinct tones.

'How can you be so cruel?' he breaks out passionately. 'Will nothing move you? Are you utterly heartless?'

'Yes, in this case I am,' raising my eyes quite calmly to his.

'Am I to go without even a parting kiss?'

'I would not kiss you if I knew that I was never to see you again. You are pleased to say that you love me, but I repeat that I do not believe it and even if it is true, I want none of your love. I hate and despise it, as much as I hate and despise you, and I would rejoice with all my heart if, after you leave me to-night, you were to pass out of my life forever.'

At last I have managed to wound him, and I am glad.

Strive as he will, he cannot prevent me from seeing how sorely I have hurt his how deeply my words have struck home.

And then, suddenly, there comes floating up to us, from the room below ours, the sweet vibrating strains of a violin, played by no mean performer, with which there presently mingles the sound of a rich contralto voice.

Distinctly, thanks to the open window beside us, the words of the song reach our ears, as they ring out with wild passionate intensity—

And I heeded not his pleading,  
And I smiled at his bitter pain;  
But to-day I would give my heart's best hope  
To hear his voice again.  
I would barter my life and its promise  
For one word that I threw away,  
For one glance, one smile, I would give my all,  
Would he love me once more to-day.

With a soul-stirring pathetic wail the music dies away; then Gordon speaks.

'Perhaps some day, when it is too late, you will be ready to give your "all" for the love which you have this night spurned and derided,' he says quietly. 'When I first looked upon your face, with its child-like innocent expression, I compared you in my own mind to one of Raphael's Madonnas; when I first met the glance of your eyes, I told myself that though you might be proud and self-willed, yet your heart was warm and generous, and now you, my wife, have spoken words which have cut me to the very soul, and have almost made me wish that the ceremony which united us this morning had never been.'

He pauses for a moment; then, with a cold 'Good-bye, Nilla,' he walks from the room, and I am left alone, with the words of the sweet old song still ringing in my ears.

#### CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.

#### BILLIARD CUES.

How They are Made—America Furnishes the Best in Every Respect.

'Most billiard cues,' said a New York manufacturer the other day, 'are made in two pieces, the cue proper and the handle. The cue is made generally of maple, and the butt, which is wedge-shaped, is inserted into a handle of rosewood, snakewood, ebony, mahogany, walnut, or some other fancy dark wood, which is cut to dovetail with the long part.

'The maple wood used in making the handles is sawed into suitable lengths and seasoned. The logs are then split into pieces from which the handles are made. These pieces are called bolts. The bolts are sawed approximately to the shape of the handle to be finally made, and in this shape they are handle blocks. The handle block is turned to the shape of the handle in a lathe, and, when the butt has been fitted, it is finished and polished.

'The finest and best cues are fitted to the handle or butt by means of a double wedge. At the top of the cue is a ferrule of ivory, of horn, or bone, in which the leather tip is fitted. While the ivory ferrule is the most expensive, of course it is less durable than the horn or bone ferrules which are less liable to crack. The extra workmanship on cues is put in on the butts some of which are elaborately inlaid and carved in beautiful patterns.

'There are a number of billiard players who will not permit another person to use their cues, and for the use of these particular players cues are turned out from which the tips may be unscrewed, leaving the cue with unfinished points and useless.

'American billiard cues are the lightest strongest, and nearest made anywhere in the world. They are made in all weights and lengths, and rank in price from 30 cents to \$25 and more each, according to the quality of the article.

#### A REAL DUEL.

Fought on the Plains Where Honor is Not so Easily "Satisfied" as in France.

If Count Boni and the French gentlemen of his class thirsting for each other's gore really wish to know how to fight for honor's sake, let them visit Medicine Hat, N. W. T., and hear the story of how 'Bulldog' Kelly and Mahone, the stockman, fought for theirs. It is only necessary to say of Kelly that once in his life he figured in a celebrated international law controversy which the United States secretary of state, Thomas F. Bayard, ended.

Mahone was nothing more nor less than a frontier cattleman. He met Kelly first at Calgary, where, in a dispute over cards, an enmity arose between them. Subsequently they clashed in the Medicine Hat country, and Mahone wrongfully accused Kelly of stealing stock. Kelly would have killed him then and there but for the interference of the Canadian Mounted Police. Subsequently one of these policemen suggested to him that he challenge Mahone to a duel, and that they have it out alone. Kelly evidently thought well of the suggestion, for a day or two later, meeting Mahone in that isolated and abused town, Medicine Hat, he quietly told him that he would meet him the next morning as the sun rose on the Tortured Trail, and prove to him with a gun that he was not a thief.

Mahone nodded his head in acceptance of the defiance, and that was all there was to the challenge.

Kelly slept in a ranch house that night, but was up before dawn saddling his horse. He carried for arms two sixshooters and a short blitted bear knife. He rode away from the ranch in the heavy darkness before daybreak, headed for the Tortured trail. He was a six footer, sandy haired, heavy jawed, and called 'Bulldog' because he had once pitted himself against an animal of that title and whipped him in a free fight. His courage was extreme from the brute point of view. To illustrate this, years after this event, when he was on trial for his life in a murder case in one of the Western States, he was instructed by his attorney to kill one of the witnesses against him in the court room if he attempted to give certain testimony. 'You listen to him,' said the attorney, 'and if he tries to testify as to certain things let him have it.' Kelly, as a prisoner, entered the court room with a knife up his sleeve, and he sat through all the proceedings with his eyes on the man he was to watch. The latter grew restless, and when he took the stand broke down completely and did not aid the prosecution at all. He divined without knowing it that if he testified as the prosecution believed he would then and there end him. And this all took place not in a frontier court, but in a court of the United States Government.

'Well, Kelly rode down the trail as gay in spirit as a man of his nature could be. He did not whistle, for whistling men are rarely brutal. But he abused his horse, and that was the best of evidence that he felt well. He watched the dark hang closer and closer to the plain grasses, the stars grow less brilliant, until suddenly in the east it was as if a curtain was drawn up and the day came with the call of wild birds and a wind which rose from the west to meet the sun. He glanced toward Medicine Hat, and from that point out of the black and grey of the hour, rode Mahone, armed as his opponent was. They were a mile apart when they recognized each other. Kelly reined in his horse and waited. Mahone came on. No surgeons nor seconds were in attendance. Medicine Hat was asleep. Mahone drew nearer, moving a little to the left, as if to circle about Kelly. The latter suddenly dropped under his horse's neck and fired. His bullet just clipped the mane of Mahone's horse. Mahone gave a wild whoop and fired back, riding, as Kelly was, Indian fashion, and looking for an opening. Both horses were now in motion, and the shots came thick and fast. Kelly's animal went down first, screaming from a bullet through his lungs. His rider intrenched behind him. Mahone made a charge and lost his own horse, besides getting a bullet through his left arm. He, too, intrenched. In a few moments one of his shots cut a red crease across the forehead of Kelly and filled his eyes with blood. He wiped himself off and tied a handkerchief over the mark.

Each was afraid to start out from his horse, but in the course of half an hour their ammunition was exhausted, and then they threw their pistols from them and came toward each other, through the grass, with their knives out. Kelly now had two good wounds and Mahone had been shot three times. They visibly staggered as they played for the first chance to close in. At last the knives crossed and Kelly got the first thrust and missed, for which awkwardness Mahone gave him a savage out. They hacked and stabbed at each other until neither could move, and the small population of Medicine Hat, getting

wind of what was going on, rode out and brought them in for medical attendance.

Kelly, besides his bullet wounds, had fourteen knife cuts, and Mahone had fifteen. They were put to bed in the same room and the same doctor attended both. For days they lay almost touching each other, and neither spoke. Medicine Hat had been unable to decide which had had the better of the fight, and it seemed as if it would be resumed if both lived to recover. But one morning Mahone raised himself painfully from his mattress, and he put out his hand to Kelly and said:

'You ain't no thief. You're game.'

And Kelly covered the hand with his own and they shook. That settled their feud. They were under the doctor's care for three months, but when able to go out rode away from Medicine Hat together and the best of friends.

That was a real fight, the only kind of a fight that a real man goes into if he is going to fight at all. It was a pity that Kelly did not hold his courage after for better uses. He became involved in one of the most brutal murders known to the Calgary region, escaped the hangman's noose by technicalities, and finally in Nebraska or Wyoming fell off a boxcar one night and was ground to pieces by the wheels of a transcontinental freight.

Mahone never fought again.

TRAINMEN LEARNING ENGLISH.  
Many brakemen, though still unable to pronounce Station Names.

'Greech' shouted the brakemen on the New Haven express train. 'Nex-sta-strayz-Stam-d'

'There it goes,' said the commuter testily. 'I thought they'd got that sort of things stamped out. Now why on earth could not that man say "Greenwich"; the next station for this train is Stamford? It is just as easy as that Choctaw yawp he let out.

'But they have made a great improvement of late years on the railroads as regards that form of nuisance. It isn't so very long since the guards on the elevated trains made it a point to let out unintelligible whoops instead of calling out the names of the streets. But they have got the practice broken up now with the exception of the Brooklyn lines.

'There the guards have things their own way, apparently. They vary all the way from a low mumble apparently to themselves, when the train stops to piercing screeches and long banshee howls. There is no combination of letters that would represent the noises they make. You might get at it by plying a case of musical type and then reproducing it at random on a calliops. And Brooklyn is a place where a clear calling out of the streets is more necessary than Manhattan for in Manhattan there are the numbered streets to give you a clue as to where you are at.

'After two or three minutes had elapsed, during which time steam had been blowing off steadily with a heavy pressure, the rubber bag began to lift and finally tore itself away, although it took with it a large section of the cab roof. I was pretty nearly exhausted, but I managed to reverse the engine and call for brakes. With the assistance of the brakemen the train was brought speedily under control and stopped. We made an investigation, but it was so dark we could not find out what had hit the cab and clung so tightly to it.

'In reading the newspaper advertisements the next morning, I saw an advertisement which stated that the proprietor of a big wagon circus would pay a liberal reward for information concerning their balloon which had been lost, strayed or stolen from a little village in the vicinity of which I had my queer experience the night before. Their swell parachute jumper had let the balloon get away from him. It flashed through my mind right away that it must have been the descending balloon I had run into, and on my next trip out I saw the battered remains of a big balloon lying at the foot of the embankment where it had been loosened from the cab.'

## Seal Brand Coffee

(1 lb. and 2 lb. cans.)

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Imported,  
Roasted and  
Packed by

CHASE & SANBORN,  
MONTREAL AND BOSTON.

#### A Roman Bath in London.

In the midst of busy London is a bath, perfectly preserved, which is supposed by some to have been constructed during the Roman occupation of the city. One may go into the Strand without finding a trace of Strand Lane, and possibly the shopkeepers of the neighborhood may not know it by name. A writer in the sketch says that she had to inquire hither and yon before obtaining the desired information. It was an old dame, seated at a newspaper stall, who was able to give it.

'Can you direct me to Strand Lane?' asked the visitor.

'Why, this is Strand Lane,' said the old Londoner. She pointed down a narrow passage, which could be easily overlooked, for it is entered under a doorway, and causes no break in a continuous line of buildings. There, out of the turmoil of the great thoroughfare, and in a tortuous line of old houses, one finds a finger on the wall indicating the way to the Roman bath.

Strand Lane follows the line of a little brook which, in old days, carried off the water from the higher land above the Strand bridge or peer. On its left side you come upon a small, dingy house, which is the object of your search. Ring the rusty bell, and presently a man appears and escorts you through a vaulted passage into a vaulted chamber, sixteen feet long and nine feet wide. In the midst of the floor is the Roman bath.

'It's two thousand years old, this bath,' says the guide. 'The Earl of Essex discovered it when he was making a bath for himself.'

At the farther end of the bath is a ledge of white marble, undoubtedly the remains of a flight of steps, leading down to the water. The water is supplied by a spring, without the medium of pipes. It bubbles up through the ground, fills the bath, passes into the bath beyond,—that of Lord Essex,—and then flows into the Thames. One visitor says of a visit to Strand Lane: 'It would be pure affectation that, as I stood gazing around the vaulted chamber, I was haunted by a vision of Roman nobles and warriors in togas and breastplates. It was, on the contrary, London, that the land of the Caesars had any connection with modern life. Within a few yards were endless omnibuses, travelling to and from the east and west end. Near at hand were theaters, newspaper offices, law courts, the underground railway. It was hardly possible, through all this din, to catch a glimpse of ancient Rome through the mists of nineteen centuries.'

'If Oom Paul would definitely subside, the British lion could more conveniently lie down with the Chinese lamb.'

## ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

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Little Liver Pills.

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