

(CONTINUED FROM THIRD PAGE.)  
 gently. 'I knew it hurt you to have to leave me. I've started you terribly. I'm afraid—with a faint smile.  
 She put out her hand, and he took it in his own with a touch so reverent, so tender that it seemed to break her heart.  
 Of the tenderness he was not conscious, only of the reverence.  
 He thought to comprehend something of her feeling, but was far from fathoming all that was in her heart.  
 Indeed, did she quite know it herself?  
 'Tell me,' she half whispered, lifting her head, with a fleeting glance into his face, 'about yourself.'  
 'Well, I thought I was done for,' Carew answered, in as matter of fact a way as he could command, bent on setting Vimera at her ease, 'but I was tougher to kill than I knew, I lost consciousness when you had and the first thing I knew was hearing a couple of natives whispering and creeping up to me. I was too helpless to move, so I gave myself up to being finished by a spear. However, these two 'boys' had no such intention, but carried me off to their kraal, tended me to the best of their ability, and actually pulled me through.  
 'When I was well enough to move, they sent one of their people off to Salisbury, where some of our fellows were, and you may be sure it wasn't long before my comrades came down to me, and got me back to town. My native preservers were quite woe begone at parting from me, though, of course, I rewarded them for their kindness.  
 Carew paused a second, and drew in his breath.  
 It was perhaps a little difficult to enter on this part of his story.  
 'Yes? Go on. What happened then?' came Vimera's soft voice.  
 'I rejoined my regiment,' Carew continued. 'Of course I kept my own counsel about what had happened. When I came to think over it, it seemed to me that the best thing I could do was to, as it were, remain dead. I knew, by papers we got out there, that all had gone well with you. What had been done was done for your protection, and no man of honor could for a moment think that it gave him any sort of right or claim. You were a child, I was a stranger to you; if you thought me dead there could be no hampering of your life. As time went on, however, I began to think I wasn't right, after all. You would be growing up, some such complication might arise as has arisen, and I believed that ceremony would be binding, though it might be annulled on petition. I was doing you a wrong by leaving you in ignorance of my being alive as I came over to be at your command. I don't deny—' with a momentary tremble of the soft voice—'that, if I had found you free, I'd have tried to make you not wish that ceremony undone. But that's impossible! When I've settled this matter, I shall go back to Rhodesia—  
 He was not conscious of any particular pathos in those few last words, yet they opened that fountain of bitter tears Vimera had kept back during the story.  
 Everything vanished from her consciousness save the fact that Wilmot lived, talked with her, would be at her command, and then go back to his lonely life, thousands of miles away, where she would never see him again!  
 The girl bent her face down on her hands and cried bitterly.  
 Those tears moved him strangely.  
 Were they for him? Because she was sorry for him?  
 It was impossible to see her distress and not try to soothe it, and he dropped to his knee beside her, putting one hand over hers.  
 'I seem only to have brought trouble on you,' he said half sadly. 'Believe me, you shall not be parted from the man you love. You do love, him Vimera?'  
 It was half an assertion, half an anxious question.  
 The truthful answer to it appaled the girl.  
 She knew how clearly that it was not Leonard Bertram she loved; yet he loved her, and she owed it to his mother to comply with that mother's dearest wishes.  
 But she was silent.  
 She could not tell Wilmot Carew the truth.  
 Her very silence sent a strange, wild thrill of hope all through his being.  
 He passed his hand over his eyes.  
 Did Leonard seal his lips?  
 It Leonard Bertram had his rights had he, too, not rights that were paramount?  
 If Vimera loved this young man, Wilmot Carew would never stand in the way of her happiness; but what if she did not?  
 What if she had cherished the memory of the man who had sworn to protect her, even as he had cherished her memory?  
 What if she did not wish this marriage annulled?  
 'I am in your hands, Vimera,' he said at last, his voice a little hoarse with the strain of hope, of anguish. 'I cannot see your heart—I dare not read it. But for God's sake don't let us ruin three lives for want of straight speech. Your happiness is in the balance—it is more to me than my own. When I ask you if you love your betrothed you are silent. Is it duty that sways you?'  
 'Remember, I make no claim if you can be happy with this other, or if you could not give me the love I want with all my strength. You have been in my heart all these years, Vimera. I thought, indeed, that I was doing right in being dead to you; but I have remembered you—always. I kept pace in my mind with you as you grew from child to girl—from girl to woman. I speak straight from my very heart, Vimera, because you are a young girl, and cannot show me yours unless I speak. God grant I may not be transgressing honor! Will you speak straight to me?'  
 He did not urge her, but gave her time to get herself together—waiting patiently in the minutes that seemed to him like hours before she lifted her head, and though her eyes drooped and the burning color was in her cheek, spoke bravely.  
 'I will answer you straight,' she said

very low; 'it is your right. I don't think I have understood my own feelings—till now. I have never forgotten you, nor the sacrifice you made, for it must have been a sacrifice. All the circumstances of what I believed to be your death have been grave on my memory; but the bond between us was loosed, as I thought. Mrs. Bertram has been more than a mother to me; her dearest wish is to see me in reality her daughter. Leonard loves me and I am fond of him. I tried to persuade myself that I loved him, but always the cry in my heart was for you. 'If he had lived—if only he had lived! I have felt still more acutely in these last few weeks that I could never love Leonard as he would wish; yet, surely I was bound to think of Mrs. Bertram's wishes? And Leonard—poor Leonard!—it will be terrible for him to learn the truth!  
 Her voice broke, and she covered her face with her hands.  
 'Then,' said Carew, speaking very softly, 'you do not wish our marriage undone, even if it were possible? You could be happy with me?'  
 She whispered 'Yes,' and put out her hand half timidly.  
 He took it in both his own, clasping it closely pressing his lips to it with a sort of reverence.  
 'You faithful soul!' he said under his breath. 'What shall I do to come even near deserving this treasure of your heart?'  
 'But you remembered me,' the girl said half shyly.  
 The frank, open gaze which never fell beneath Leonard's could not meet the eyes of Wilmot Carew.  
 'Ah, you were to me like water in the desert to a parched and weary pilgrim; you had all that heart could wish to make your life sunshine, and yet you found room for the memory of a rough soldier!  
 'You are not rough!  
 'I will never be anything but gentle to you, my child,' Wilmot said, with such deep tenderness that it brought the tears to her eyes.  
 She glanced fleetingly upwards.  
 'You are a knight without fear and without reproach,' she said, with a half smile; then added, after a pause, pressing her hand to her head: 'I seem to be all in a dream! I can't realize anything! Is it really all true—you are here—all my life is changed!'  
 'It is the truth, Vimera,' Carew rose to his feet as he spoke, and she too, rose, her hand still in his. 'I must take you back to Rhodesia, my dear,' he said, 'and make myself known to Aunt Bertram. I will spare you all explanation, dear, that can give you pain. At present I have no foothold in England, and nothing worthy of you in Rhodesia. Besides which—' with a smile—'I don't propose to carry you off to the wilds, except by way of travel, if you like; and then, you know very little of me. I may be—probably am—quite different from what you have imagined me.'  
 She shook her head.  
 'Oh, no,' she said earnestly. 'I am sure you are not.'  
 For a second his self-repression almost gave way. He half moved, as if to draw her into his arms to cover the beautiful face with kisses.  
 But the iron hand of control came down; to claim the privilege of a lover whom, as yet, she could love only in ideal fashion, would be unknighly.  
 CHAPTER VIII.  
 Mrs. Bertram's pleasure and delight in finding that her nephew was not dead were greatly dashed by the fear that her hopes and plans must be frustrated, and Leonard's happiness ruined—at any rate, for a time.  
 But she was a sensible and a just woman, as well as a generous and kind one, and she quickly saw that her son's hopes must give way before the paramount right possessed by Wilmot Carew, and also because Vimera loved the man who would never have claimed her had she not loved him.  
 'I would not influence her in any way,' she said to Wilmot. 'If she could not have loved my boy, I should not have allowed a mere sense of duty to sway her, deeply as I desire his happiness. And now you have returned, and will carry off my girl! My poor Leonard!  
 'And I feel guilty,' Carew answered half regretfully. 'I thought to do the best for her, and—I have failed!  
 'It was a mistake, no doubt, but not your fault,' said Mrs. Bertram. 'And I can't help being glad to have my wild Will Carew back again. Not wild Will any more, though. Now tell me all you have been doing; but first I must have Vimera down, or she will think I am vexed. And when I look at you, Will, I own I can hardly be as disappointed as I ought to be though I fear Len will feel it dreadfully.'  
 It was certainly a blow to the young man when he received Vimera's letter.  
 The girl would not let anyone relieve her of this painful task.  
 She said it was right she should tell Leonard; from her it would come best, and he ought to know at once.  
 She did not wait for him to come home, therefore, but wrote, and waited in some anxiety for his answer.  
 He answered in person.  
 Wilmot Carew was then in town, making arrangements for the more regular celebration of his marriage.  
 The first ceremony was of too irregular a character to be satisfactory in England.  
 Leonard met his cousin gravely with a silent hand clasp.  
 She looked anxiously into his face; it bore traces of bitter sorrow. She had never seen that bright, young face so clouded, and it filled her with a feeling akin to remorse.  
 She stood with down cast eyes, as though she were a guilty creature.  
 But Leonard was a frank, generous-hearted fellow, and, whatever his disappointment, he was not going to be a cad.  
 'I thought I'd rather see you, Vimera,' he said. 'It didn't seem quite brave to

shelter myself behind a letter. It was good of you to write at once. I don't blame you dear. Why should I? That would be very unjust. I was half afraid you'd never, in any case, have made me happy. When a girl asks a fellow for time to know her own mind—with a rather sad smile—'it doesn't look as if she was in love with him.'  
 'How good—how generous you are, dear Leonard,' the girl said, her eyes full of tears.  
 'Oh, nonsense! If you can't love me you can't and that's all about it,' returned the young man. 'Of course if you had loved me, I suppose we could have got that ceremony set aside; but you've loved Wilmot in memory all the time. Ah! what a heart to hold! putting his hand over his eyes. 'Well—well, I shan't cry out, dear and spoil your happiness. Carew has the best right to you.'  
 He remained a little longer, telling her what he was going to do; he would go abroad with a man he knew, and travel.  
 'I couldn't stay here,' he said, 'and you wouldn't care for it, nor would Carew. If the mater wants the marriage to take place here, I suppose that will be best.'  
 'Oh, no, no, Leonard! I think it will be in London, very quiet, you know,' the girl said. 'After all, we are married already.'  
 'You think it will be a pain to me,' said Leonard half tenderly. 'That's just like you, Vimera. But you must do as you will. I'll go and see the mater now, and say good bye.'  
 He clasped her hands closely in his own bent and kissed her on the forehead, then turned, and without another word left the room.  
 She did not see him again, for he returned to town almost immediately to make preparations for his journey abroad.  
 It was quite a quiet marriage that took place in London between Wilmot Carew and Vimera.  
 Mrs. Bertram came to the town house which she seldom inhabited, and gave her 'niece' away, and Carew took his young wife to Italy for a while before going back to Rhodesia, where he had affairs to wind up ere he could settle in England.  
 'I gave up the regiment some time back,' he said to Vimera, one day, about a week after the marriage. 'That wretched Kaffir knocked the endurance out of me that I used to have, I'm concerned in mines and lands out there, but I hate business and shall realize, though keeping an interest in some things. There's a grand future for Rhodesia, and I don't want to be quite out of it now I've got somebody to live for,' he added, with his bright, tender smile. 'I used to wonder sometimes, riding over the veldt, what you were doing at the other side of the world—longing to have you with me! Ah! dearest, life was lonely after I sent you away! It was odd, the feeling I had about you—you were a child to me then, and I thought of you only as a child. And yet, somehow, you always shadowed forth the woman. Do you understand me?'  
 She lifted her eyes to his and the look answered him.  
 He put his arm about her and kissed her tenderly.  
 'You always understand everything, sweet-heart,' he said softly. 'If you could know what it is to me, who have knocked about the world alone for fifteen years, to have you to love, to take care of, to be all in all to—you understand that, too, a little, though, thank God, not by experience.  
 'Because,' Vimera answered, with shining eyes, 'you saved me from knowing the terrors of such loneliness. You gave me a happy home while you yourself went homeless. All my life were too little to give you for the years you have lost.'  
 'I forget I have lost them in gaining you, my own darling,' Carew said, half-smiling, and Vimera nestled down to him very content—cloudlessly happy.  
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 'I suppose you have read of me in papers?' he said to the Chicago patrolman whom he had bumped up against at midnight.  
 'Can't say I have,' replied the officer as he looked him over.  
 'You haven't? Have you heard of Bald Eagle Bill of the Black Hills, the man who clubbed six Injuns to death in 1884?'  
 'No sir.'  
 'You don't mean to tell me,' continued the man as he pranced around, 'that you haven't heard of the man who choked a mountain lion to death barehanded?'  
 'Never heard of him, sir.'  
 'And you didn't read in the papers of the man who walked through Rattlesnake cove barfoot and kicked the heads off 50 reptiles on the way?'  
 'Didn't see a line about it in the papers,' steadily answered the officer.  
 'Look here,' said the stranger as he came nearer, 'you must have children.'  
 'Yes, sir.'  
 'And every time they open their First Readers they see a picture of me as I appeared when saving the lives of ten school children in Montana from a pack of voracious wolves. With my bowie knife, sir, and with no other weapon but that, sir, I cut and slashed and stabbed, sir, and when I got through a score of the ferocious monsters lay dead at my feet, sir! Haven't your children spoken of the picture?'  
 'No, sir. What are you trying to get at anyway?'  
 'What am I trying to get at?' repeated the man as he began to prance again.  
 'Why, sir, I am trying to make you understand that I am a dangerous man to be at large in this town! I ought to be watched. Some one ought to be at hand to restrain me in case I turn loose.'  
 'I guess not,' dryly replied the officer as he tapped the lamp post with his club.  
 'You don't think I'm dangerous, then?'  
 'Not at all. You are simply a wind bag on wheels and you won't damage anybody except with your mouth. Better move on and keep quiet.'  
 'You are talking that talk to me, are you?' demanded the Bald Eagle from the west in menacing tones.  
 'Yes, sir, and if you keep hanging around here I'll run you in for a common vag!'  
 'Run me in for a common vag! Run Bald Eagle Bill into the coop along with a gang who don't know one end of a gun from the other! Great snakes, but I must be dreaming! You are talking to me, are you?'  
 'Git!' said the officer in reply as he swung his club with one hand and pointed into the darkness with the other.  
 The Bald Eagle got. He went like a man who had just discovered that he had left his pocketbook under his pillow at home, and in a minute he was out of sight. Then, as the officer stood peering into the gloom and smiling a bit, a voice, which was half sob, half groan came to his ears from afar off, saying:  
 'And he was talking that to me—to the man who has lived for weeks on raw centipedes and made playmates of the Gila monsters! Ah—um! I'll wipe this town off the face of the earth before daylight, and that ignoramus of a policeman will be to blame for the slaughter!'  
 The Asthmatic.  
 Although the enigma of asthma—what it is and why it is—is still unsolved, we have learned by practical experience what will in many cases mitigate the severity and frequency of the attacks, and on the other hand what will aggravate the condition of the unfortunate victim of the malady.  
 The conditions of improvement, or the reverse, are not the same in every case, but vary according to the form of the disease. Thus in some cases the attacks can almost always be traced to some error or indiscretion in diet; in others, wetting of the feet or a draft blowing on the back

of the neck appears to be the exciting cause; in others still, certain odors seem to suggest to the patient's unconscious self that an asthmatic paroxysm is due.  
 In every case there is probably some underlying weakness of the nervous system which we may not be able to reach by drugs, but which will be overcome in great part by a hygienic mode of living.  
 In the first place the asthmatic subject must be extremely careful, although not nervously so, in regard to his diet. The meals should be taken at regular intervals, the heaviest, if possible, in the middle of the day, and all articles which are generally recognized as indigestible, such as fried meats, hot bread, etc., should be eschewed; furthermore, if the patient finds by experience that anything disagrees with him, that also must be avoided.  
 The next most important thing is to keep from catching cold. The asthmatic should take a daily cold or cool bath, either tub or sponge, as may suit his age and general health. The cold plunge is not advisable—indeed, it may be dangerous—for one well past middle life, but with care the cool sponge bath may be taken even by the aged. If one suffers from cold feet, rubbing them with oil after the bath will be found beneficial.  
 The shoes and stockings should always be changed after one has been out in rain or snow without overshoes, even if the feet are not actually wet.  
 Asthma often depends upon some slight affection of the nose,—a narrowing of the passages or a little outgrowth of the mucous membrane,—and may be permanently relieved on the removal of this condition. For this reason the sufferer should always have a medical examination. Sometimes a change of residence from the city to the country, or vice versa, will put an end to the recurring attacks; but in other cases, unfortunately, the condition may be made worse by such a move.

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 Behind the scenes.  
 'What's the matter with our Ophelia tonight?'  
 'Oh, the stage manager told her she didn't do the mad scene well, and she's giving him one that's first class.'  
 'Have you ever had your horoscope cast?' the Boston girl asked.  
 'No,' said the man from St. Louis, 'but I've had my vermiform appendix cut out.'

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