

(CONTINUED FROM TENTH PAGE.)

sight of his tense rigid features so eloquent of repressed suffering and bitter disappointment bravely borne.

Fred Villars was such a brave fellow, and her secret marriage was mainly responsible for his wretchedness.

Had he known her to be his friend's wife, he would never have permitted himself to fall in love with her.

What atonement could she hope to make? What would he think of her when the truth was known?

Some day, perhaps, she went on falteringly, you will understand things I am not free to explain to you now. When that day comes, I trust you will judge me as leniently as you can. Meanwhile, I appeal to your generosity not to touch upon this subject again. It is so useless.

I shall not persecute you with unwelcome attentions, said Villars coldly. In fact I am leaving Oriel Abbey at once; and, before I go you won't even tell me why you refuse to accept me as your husband? I can't!

The words sounded like a sob.

Just one moment. Is there another fellow with a prior claim?

Yes.

Villars turned away.

No need to ask his name, he said, with quiet bitterness. I was first on the field but Julian Beaumont has supplanted me. Nellie started nervously.

You have no right to assume anything of the kind, she declared.

Oh I don't seek to interfere between you or the man of your choice. At the same time, I am not blind. Good-bye, Miss Holmes.

I'm not the first fellow who has been hard hit by a woman's no; but in my case the blow has come through a friend. Julian might have acted differently—been a bit more candid.

He raised his hat and left her.

Unhappy and self-reproachful, Nellie procured her basket of flowers from the gardener, and went indoors to arrange them.

Mrs. Beaumont came into the drawing-room, looking very much disturbed.

'My favourite bracelet has disappeared,' she said. 'I left it on the dressing table last night, and it is gone.'

'Do you mean that one with the pearl and diamond star?' inquired 'Miss Holmes.'

'Yes. It must have been stolen. It is dreadful to think we have a dishonest person in the house.'

Nellie assisted Parker, Mrs. Beaumont's maid, in a thorough search for the missing trinket; but it had vanished completely, and the police were communicated with.

CHAPTER III.

Cicely Rivers was returning home from a brisk walk with her dogs three days later, when she saw coming up the lane towards her a tall, well-built young man, in a tweed suit and soft felt hat.

'Mr. Curtis!' she exclaimed, in surprise. The rich color surged into her pretty, piquant face.

It was hard to conceal the pleasure this chance meeting afforded her.

'I am staying with Mr. Anstruther at The Towers,' he explained, after their first greetings. 'I rather welcomed the prospect of a run down to Breconshire, since my sister is living at Oriel Abbey with Mrs. Beaumont, as her companion. Nell and I had not met for nearly two years, until yesterday.'

'So Mrs. Beaumont's companion is your half sister,' said Cicely. 'I wish I had known this sooner. She's an awfully nice girl. I've tried to make friends with her but she holds aloof rather, and she doesn't look happy.'

'I notice a change in Nell which I can't account for,' replied Dick Curtis, walking along beside Cicely. 'I must ascertain what is amiss with her. It seems an age ago, his grey eyes kindling, "since those pleasant days in Greece last summer, Miss Rivers."

'I have not forgotten them.'

Her eyes drooped beneath the love light in his.

Sir Vane and Mr. Anstruther, old friends, had met in Athens the previous summer, and gone about together, too much engrossed with antiquities to heed how the handsome private secretary of the one and the niece of the other were learning the lesson of love beneath the blue, sunlit skies of Greece.

'My sister told me you had returned to the Ganges,' Dick Curtis remarked. 'I walked in this direction hoping I might be so fortunate as to meet you.'

'Do you know,' she smiled up at him, 'I have wondered now and then if we were ever fated to meet again.'

'The time has seemed long to me since our last parting,' he returned. 'Cicely—Miss Rivers, if only my position in life were less remote from yours—if I but dared to tell you all it is in my heart to say! "Courage is a splendid virtue in a man," observed Cicely, significantly.

Her words set Dick Curtis's heart throbbing madly.

'But you would deem me mad—presumptuous,' he urged. 'I never realized the full bitterness of my power and obscurity until now.'

'Perhaps they are not insuperable obstacles,' murmured the girl.

She had a true woman's heart beneath her surface of frivolity.

She had hungered for the avowal of love just made, fearful lest Dick's pride should prevent him from ever giving voice to it.

'Cicely, is it possible that you love me?' he cried.

'Yes, quite possible.' Her glorious eyes swept upwards to meet his. 'Dick, I would rather marry you than any man living but there is my uncle to be reckoned with. I am aware—' young Curtis spoke with unavoidable bitterness—' that Sir Vane is in favour of a marriage between you and Major Beaumont's son. The audacity of a mere private secretary in approaching you

as a suitor would call forth his severest disapproval.'

'I shall never marry Julian Beaumont—not even to please dear old Uncle Vane,' Cicely assured him, 'and you won't always be poor and obscure, Dick. You have it in you to achieve success. I can wait—I will wait—till you are in a position to claim me—till my knight has won his spurs.'

'Cicely!'

And then ensued a brief period of eloquent silence.

'I can scarcely fail now,' Curtis said presently. 'Your love—your faith in me are the only incentives I need. Mr. Anstruther has promised to secure a Government berth for me ere long. That may prove the stepping stone to still better things.'

'Of course it will.'

'Meanwhile,' he went on earnestly, 'You and I belong to each other. We are one in heart and soul.'

Their lips met.

His strong right arm encircled Cicely's slim waist in that quiet spot, appropriately named Love Lane.

Absorbed in each other, forgetful of all save their happiness, they were unconscious of the proximity of a horseman, cantering across the rising ground to the right, which commanded a view of the rustic lane.

Sir Vane Carlyon saw and recognised both his niece and her companion.

(To be continued.)

On the Right Way

Almost every man who has been successful has written an article for some magazine on how he did it, or been interviewed by some newspaper, but all this information has been scattered carelessly abroad, so that just when we want to know what to do, or the right step to take, we cannot lay our hands on the particular species of advice which we remember to have read. The result is that we stumble along as best we can, and probably make the very mistake of our lives, all for want of knowing what Caleb Couper did at this point.

The writer hopes herewith to supply this deficiency, as he has kept a record of the principal necessities laid down from time to time by great men who have given the results of their experience, and lays them before the reader, to follow closely and not shirk.

To begin with, you should select for a birthplace a dingy looking little farmhouse, on the out skirts of a clearing. Log cabins have gone out of date. At one time they were quite fashionable, but something a trifle better is now demanded. As time goes on, who knows? Maybe some of our great men will be born in the 'Ladies Home Journal' three thousand dollar country houses. This, however, is a remote contingency.

Be good to your mother. While the other boys of the neighborhood are playing hockey, marbles and baseball, you will be doing chores around the house. This however does not imply a goodness in any other way. You will, of course, avoid going to Sunday school, and when you are sawing wood and laying the foundation of the wonderful constitution which is afterwards to carry you through life, you will be reading a few well-chosen books, such as the dictionary, the Bible, and one or two good comic papers. You will find the jokes useful later when you are called upon to make after dinner speeches.

You can then take your choice of 'struggling' through college or leaving the farm with a dollar in your pocket. Better leave college alone, however, as it teaches you a lot of superfluous things you may regret. Many a man who might have accumulated a large fortune has spoiled it all by going through college and learning to love other things more than money. The best thing is to come to New York with a dollar in your pocket. Go at once to the leading saving bank and deposit seventy five cents. Live on the balance until you get work, save at least seventy-five per cent. of your wages, if you can; or, better still, ninety per cent. You will thus acquire habits of frugality, which will be a source of happiness to you throughout your whole life.

At the end of a few years you will have saved up a few thousands, and your success is now assured. Do not gamble. Robbing is not safer and surer, but it is legal. Protected by the laws of your country, you can feel entirely safe. Reorganize a rail; road, start a small trust, or get acquainted in Washington. When you get to be seventy you ought to be worth at least a hundred millions. You can then make a bluff at giving it all away, and be quoted as saying that it is wicked for a rich man to leave anything behind him. Tom Masson.

The shirt waist letter carrier is upon us, but he still delivers the mail in wrappers.

Lydia—Oh, Clarence, dear! If I should fall into the briny ocean would you save me?

Clarence—I don't now, darling; I never saved anything in my life.

Extraordinary Devotion.—'Why do you think she is so desperately in love with him?'

'She wears a color that isn't becoming to her, because he likes it.'

Sunday Reading.

The Hem Of His Garment.

It is an interesting fact that a large number of the miracles of Jesus were wrought through direct contact with Himself. He had the power to perform His wonderful works without regard to the limitations of time or space and he exercised this power repeatedly, but his presence seemed to be to come into personal physical contact with the people. How many were thus helped by His gracious interposition it is impossible to determine, for on many occasions the multitude, on whom he had great compassion, eagerly besought Him to bless and heal them. It is stated that when He came nigh unto the Sea of Galilee and going up into a mound, tain sat down there, immediately a great multitude of lame, blind, dumb, maimed, and many others came and cast themselves down at His feet, and that he healed them; and they glorified the God of Israel. On another occasion when He and His disciples had come unto the land of Gennesaret, the men of the place brought in from the neighboring country all that were diseased, and besought Jesus that they might be permitted to touch even the hem of his garment, and as many as touched were made perfectly whole.'

There was a marvelous potency in that touch of the Christ in the flesh; but there is as wonderful an influence in contact with the Christ in the Spirit. Men and women were transformed by His touch, and in these times they are regenerated by spiritual contact with Him. S. Paul declares a profound but mysterious spiritual fact when he says, 'If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new.' This was but the recording of his own experience, since he was a remarkable example of spiritual transformation following personal contact with the Son of God. How this change is wrought is past finding out. It is a work performed by the Spirit, and of it, Jesus Himself, in endeavoring to enlighten the mind of Nicodemus said: 'The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth so is everyone that is born of the spirit. Spiritual recreation is wrought none can doubt who has any knowledge of spiritual phenomena, or has marked the lives of men and women who profess to have experienced the wonderful change commonly called "conversion."

There seems to be a tendency in some quarters to look upon conversion as a mere theological term which has practically outlived its usefulness. In others it is questioned whether, after all, conversion is an essential to salvation, in spite of the repeated declarations of our Lord Himself and of the scriptures generally. It will not do to be too tenacious of mere terms, yet the time has not come for discarding so expressive and authorized a word as conversion; while those who spurn the word and are indifferent to the necessity for the experiences for which it stands place a wrong interpretation upon the scriptures, and invalidate the express declaration of Jesus, hinder the work of the church by belittling it as a center of spiritual influence and power, and place in jeopardy the salvation of many souls.

In these days much is heard and said about numbers, and some deliver themselves of doleful speech whenever the statistical exhibits of the church show a falling off in the membership however slight. The fact is, too much is made of mere numbers. The strength of the church does not lie in its long muster rolls. Better thousands on the church records who know from sweet and blessed experience that they have been born again, and that their sins have been forgiven and washed away in the blood of the Lamb, than hundreds of thousands who have experienced no spiritual change, who know nothing of the mysteries of the kingdom, who cannot enter into the fellowship and communion of the saints, and who are ignorant of the holy language of heaven.

The great need of the church of God to day—in all its branches—is the assertion with holy fervor from its pulpits of the profound spiritual essentials for which the church stands; and the appropriation and enjoyment on the part of the church generally of those spiritual experiences which are granted in the scriptures to all who have been born again and follow their Lord in sincerity and truth. In short there are many professing to be Christians, who on examining their spiritual state in the light of the clear declarations of our Lord on conversion, will acknowledge that they need to join that invisible multitude of the

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All correspondence is strictly confidential, mailed in plain sealed envelope. The receipt is free of charge and he wants every man to have it.'

spiritually diseased that is ever growing about the Great Physician of souls, and to touch the hem of His garment, in order that they may be made spiritually whole. It was the divine Master Himself who said 'Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.'

According to Law.

The story is told that in the early days of the railroad in the West there was a farmer who owned two well-bred and useful dogs, named Major and Tige. The dogs one morning chased a stray hog down the road and stopped to play at the railroad-crossing, with the result that Tige was struck by an engine and killed. The owner promptly began a suit for damages against the road.

Damage suits were a new thing at that time, and there were many neighbors and sympathizers present at the hearing. The engineer swore that he gave a sharp blast of the whistle as he approached the crossing. It looked as if the railroad company was to go scot free, but the attorney for the farmer knew his justice.

'Your honor,' he said, 'it is required by the statutes in such cases made and provided, that when any person or domestic animal is upon a railroad and is seen by the engineer, he must sound his whistle. In this instance, your honor, there were two domestic animals innocently playing on the track, and the whistle was sounded only once, when it is a positive legal requirement that it should have been blown twice, once for each dog.'

So convincing was this argument that the country justice would not even give the railroad attorney a hearing, and awarded the plaintiff the full amount of damages sued for.

The Survival of the Fittest.

Japanese are the leading fishermen of the islands of Hawaii. Commonly several of them join together in building a boat, and the launching of a large one is an attractive and picturesque event, accompanied by merrymaking, with displays of Japanese flags, lanterns and flowers. The very last thing the men do is to select a captain, and the New York Herald thus describes the ceremony:

When the boat is in the water and moored securely, the owners strip them selves and get into it. Then, the fun of choosing a captain begins with a great crowd on the shore to enjoy it. At a

given signal all hands engage in a friendly struggle for the mastery, each striving to throw the others out of the boat.

As soon as a man is thrown out he must say out, but he can continue to take part by throwing water. The struggle is intensely exciting, and sometimes is kept up for a long time. One by one, however, the men go overboard until there is but one left. He is the captain, and is greeted with applause and showered with congratulations.

Mrs. Isolate (of Lonelyville)—How did you induce the new cook to come out into the suburbs, Ferdinand?

Isolate (elated)—I promised I would teach her how to play golf.

Farmer Korntop—My oldest boy's working in your town. His name's H. J. W. P. Korntop. Ever hear tell on him?

Mr. Borden—No. Where did he get all those initials?

Farmer Korntop—Name his mother seen in the graveyard over yonder an' took a fancy to 'His Last William Polk'—

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