

(CONTINUED FROM THIRD PAGE.)

but all was perfectly quiet. Back in her room she took off her things putting each article in its proper place with scrupulous care; then she gently stirred the fire in the nursery, and looked to see that everything was in order. Having removed her dress and donned a warm wrapper, she, at last seated herself by the fire. But a violent fit of shivering seized her, making her teeth chatter. She spread out her shaking hands to the blaze, which the fire seemed to have no power to warm. She crouched down on the rug, her face close to the bars, the firelight revealing all the terror that lay hidden in her eyes.

CHAPTER IV.

As the first grey streaks of dawn broke through the night shadows the nurse rose and stretched himself. Her vigil had been a long and trying one, but she had the satisfaction of knowing that the patient was no worse, possibly even a shade better.

With quiet movements she proceeded to make some tea in the adjoining apartment. She was in the act of pouring out the refreshing beverage when a light footfall sounded close by.

Thinking it was the other nurse come to relieve her, she said in a subdued voice— 'You are punctual. I was just coming to you with a cup of tea. Do you take sugar?'

Receiving no answer she looked up, to see, not the nurse's white-capped form, but Helen Vyvers standing before her.

'Bless me!' she exclaimed, 'what is the matter? You look as if you had seen a ghost.'

'The baby!' gasped Helen, 'will you come and look at him, he seems so strange?'

She led the way, and the nurse, putting down the teapot, followed. The child lay in his cot.

The nurse bent over him, and a very brief examination revealed the truth to her. 'The little one is dead,' she said laconically. 'I should think he has been gone some hours.'

Helen uttered a faint cry. 'He was so cold,' she said, 'that I wrapped him in a shawl and sat by the fire, but he never moved or made any sound.'

'When was that?'

'A little while ago. I chafed his limbs and tried to force some brandy down his throat, but I could not make him swallow.'

'Have you never before seen a dead child—is this your first experience of death?'

'Yes.'

'Well, we can do nothing, though the doctor had better be sent for. The important point is to keep all knowledge of her loss from the patient. In her present state, the shock would kill her.'

Dr. Joyce confirmed this opinion, urging upon Mrs. Dimdale the necessity for silence.

So the poor little heir, whose brief life had closed so speedily, was buried in the family vault in an unostentatious manner, followed by his uncle and Mr. Wyvern also the rector.

The doctor had asked a few questions of Helen, reassuring her as he noted her distress.

'My dear young lady, I have no doubt you did your utmost. I told you at first that it was but a feeble life, and, though I was not prepared for such a sudden collapse, am not surprised at its termination. You must not give away and fret, for you will have all your work to comfort the poor mother by-and-by.'

Mr. Wyvern's behavior was exemplary. He expressed his regret in becoming terms, though neither Mr. and Mrs. Dimdale credited him with any feeling but gratification at the unexpected turn of events; it was not in human nature that it should be otherwise.

He was full of concern at Lady Laura's condition, and professed his services in any form required.

Before leaving he had a few minutes with Helen.

She took him into the library, a great room very rarely entered, except by the servants.

It was dimly lighted by the glow from a smouldering fire.

Helen walked over to where a cavernous chair stood, with a high screen around it to keep wandering draughts out.

'No one will be likely to disturb us here, Hilton,' she said, raising her face— 'always pale now—to his. Tell me, has this—this death put things right—made you happy?'

'O course,' he answered. 'I am relieved of all pressing embarrassments, and that alone is a comfort.'

'Is that all you have to say? I thought you would be delighted.'

'So I am. As I told you the other day, I should have been ruined. In fact, when these tidings came I was making preparations to go abroad. England was getting a bit too hot for me. Now I can do as I please. I shall meet with nothing but civility of all hands.'

'I am so glad.'

'What do you mean?' he cried, recoiling suddenly. 'What have you done? Is it possible—Helen, don't say that the child—that you—'

'What do you mean?' she asked in her turn.

'Was the child's death natural?'

He asked the question in a low, vibrating tone.

Helen's hands dropped to her sides and she staggered back.

'Is it possible that you think me guilty of murder?' she said at last.

'I don't know what to think. You are so queer; and you said you had done so much for me.'

'So I have, so I have, but not that.'

She swayed backwards and forwards, and the next moment fell into his arms unconscious.

Good Heavens! here's a predicament,' he muttered, looking around helplessly.

Carefully he laid the girl's form in the chair while he went to search for bandy.

Not daring to summon help, he took the flask from his overcoat pocket and poured a little of the contents between Helen's white lips.

The King's Punctiliousness.

King Edward VII., although one of the best-humored of men, is known to be a martinet in all matters of form, precedence and social usage.

Since his accession many instances of his rigid discipline have been made known.

While he was crossing from Osborne to the mainland during the week of the funeral of the queen, he observed that the flag was lowered on the mast of the vessel.

'Why is this?' he said sharply to the captain, who stammered, 'Your Majesty—the queen is dead.'

'Yes, but I am here. This boat is the only place in England today where the flag should not be lowered.'

The keeper of the Tower with other dignitaries waited upon the king after his accession, to offer him, according to custom, the keys of that fortress.

The king received them, but continued steadily to regard the official, and with a look of annoyance.

'Is there anything—What can I do, your Majesty?' hesitated the keeper.

'Go home and put a band of crape on your overcoat,' was the reply.

A year or two ago a portrait of one of the secretaries of the king, who was then Prince of Wales, was submitted to his inspection by the artist. The prince glanced at it, and turning to the secretary said:

'Your orders are not placed properly on your breast in this picture. The precedence should be exactly the reverse of that which you have given.'

'But the likeness, your Highness?' gasped the artist.

The prince then looked at the portrait itself, and gave an appreciative criticism of it.

About the same time he was present at the production of a tragedy in which one of the actors took the part of a Russian nobleman of high rank. The prince sent for him at the close of the performance.

'Very good; very good indeed!' he said, with a cordial smile, 'but those are German decorations; you are wearing. Go to the Russian embassy. Take my card and tell Count Blank to show you the proper Russian orders for the part you represent. If it is worth doing at all it is worth doing right in the least particular.'

A good motto either for king or subject.

Hot-Weather Philanthropists.

The depression brought to many minds by the newspapers' daily record of fatalities due to the heat is modified, at times, by the manifestations of sympathy for the poor and suffering which the heat calls out.

Individuals, known and unknown, city officials and organized societies are alike busy in this work of mercy.

One man was passing through a New York east side tenement district, when his attention was attracted by the crowd which swarmed about a dripping ice-cart.

He lingered to look on. The few who were able to buy a bit of ice were far outnumbered by the less fortunate who pressed about the tail-board of the cart, struggling with each other for unconsidered fragments.

The sight so touched and moved him that he brought a generous supply, and had it distributed. As he stood the centre of the noisy and grateful crowd, an old woman approached him. She had her portion, which she was barely able to carry wrapped in her apron. Pointing to the dripping mass, she said in trembling tones, 'It may reward you to know that this may save a life, sir—God bless you and yours!'

'Yes, he's treatin' us,' interposed one of his chums, 'but' (insinuatingly) 'we could stan' anuder if we had it.'

'They had 'anuder,' and yet 'anuder,' and with 'Tanks, mister,' the quartet departed, cooled and refreshed.

Hesitance in Athletics.

President Draper and the trustees of the University of Illinois have recently issued a circular which is of interest to every lover of pure and wholesome athletics.

The circular has been sent to the leading Western colleges, and urges that after this year no more paid 'coaches' shall be employed in football, baseball, rowing, or any other branch of college athletics.

The University of Chicago, which has pursued this policy from the beginning, gives the suggestion its cordial approval, and the universities of Wisconsin and Iowa and also in sympathy with the movement.

President Draper and his trustees oppose the present practice of hiring coaches for the various teams 'because it is destructive of university self-dependence; because it encourages extravagant expenditures and invites professionalism; because it makes the game a battle between rival coaches, who become indifferent to the hazards of the contests, and because it results in the overtraining of the men to an extent which is hurtful physically, and and which unfits them for regular university work.'

This is a strong indictment, yet all of the counts are plausible and most of them irrefutable. The whole tendency of college athletics, when unrestrained by faculty oversight, is to make the contests too much in earnest. The pleasure of the game and its benefits as a means to physical culture are subordinated to the desire to win.

The old-fashioned baseball teams, composed of players in whom the cities they represented took pride, have given place to nine made up of men gathered from all parts of the country, hired as bricklayers or shoemakers are hired, solely with a view to their skill in their trade and consequent earning capacity.

The players occupy the same position in athletics that the Hessians occupied during the Revolutionary War, that of mercenaries. The change has lowered the standard of the 'great American game' until, in its professional form, is no longer deserves a place in the category of clean sports.

With such a lesson in view, all efforts to safeguard college athletics are to be commended.

Mere Books.

It is a common saying that a town or city gets as good a local government as it deserves—and no better. So it is with other elements in the life of a community. One of the best signs of the times is that the American public seems to deserve more and more in the matter of books. Certainly it is getting books—in public libraries—as never before.

The princely gift of Mr. Andrew Carnegie, and many other benefactions by other givers, have caused an amazing growth of libraries, containing about thirty-three million volumes; now their number is nearly five thousand four hundred, and the books they house exceed forty-four and a half millions. In the past year alone, from June 1 1900 to June 1 1901, more than sixteen million dollars, in gifts and bequest have gone to American libraries.

More encouraging even than the great figures themselves are the facts regarding the distribution of the money and books throughout the country as a whole. East and West, North and South have found themselves enriched in the power which books can impart. Of the states and territories, only eleven are without record of gift during this wonderful year.

When the longer columns of industrial and commercial development are added up these library figures must be placed beside them. Thus we may remind ourselves that the growth of the nation is not entirely an increase of dollars. Thanks to a score of agencies—the spread of popular education, the interest in patriot and civic study, the activity of clubs of intellectual purpose, and other causes—the things of the mind are winning their own fair chance of development. Before many years the public library must become as necessary in every town as the public school system.

Memories of Boyhood.

Recalling childhood's days does not often have such an unfortunate effect as in this story printed by a Pennsylvania paper.

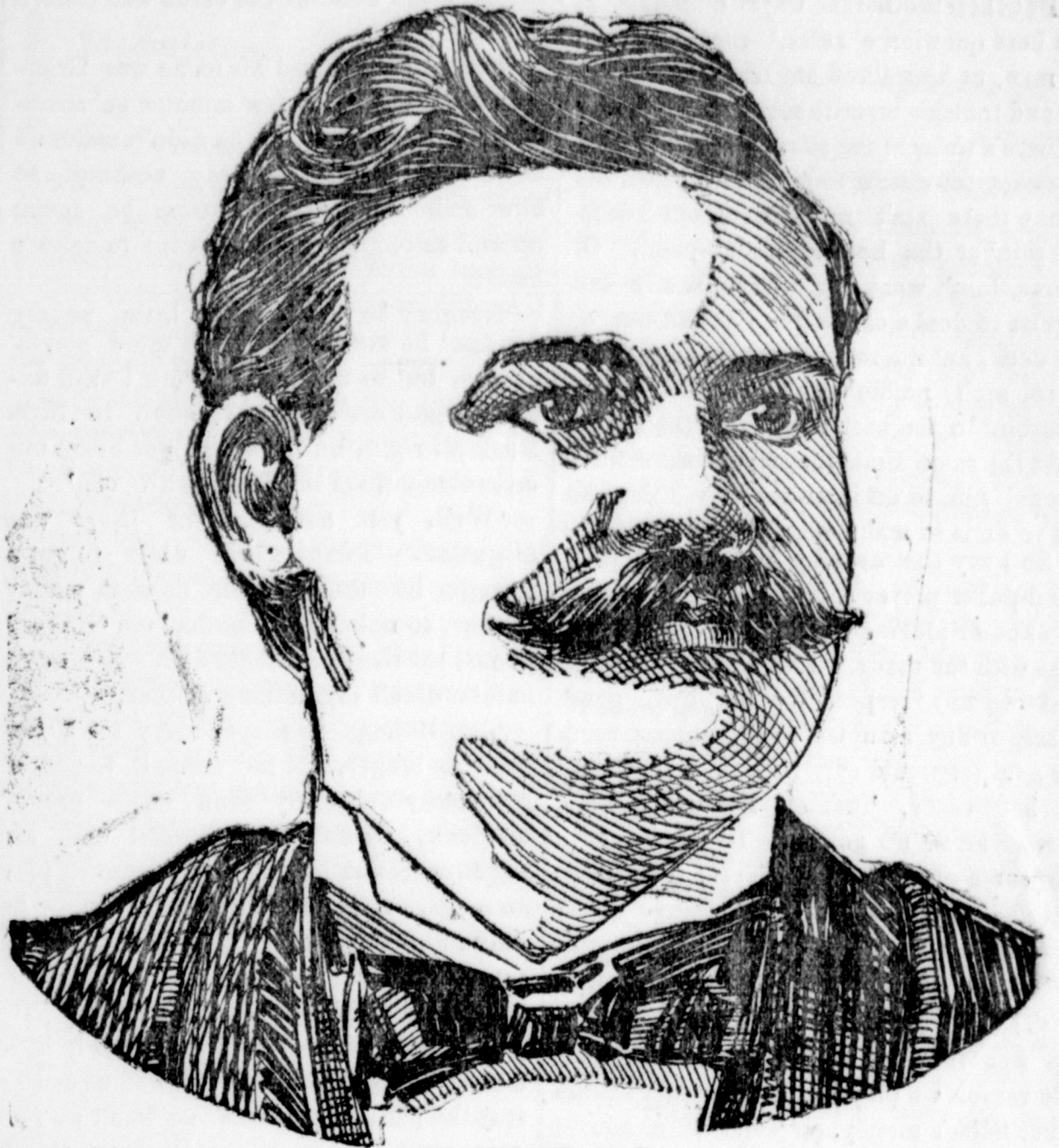
While walking along the track of the Philadelphia & Reading Railroad near Lebanon, a farmer began thinking about his boyhood days, and what fun it used to place his tongue against a piece of cold metal.

Following up the thought, he knelt by the track and placed his tongue on one of the rails. The sensation was delightful, but he had not enjoyed it long before he

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It has completely braced me up. I am just as vigorous as when a boy and you cannot realize how happy I am. Dear Sir: Your method worked beautifully. Results were exactly what I needed. Strength and vigor have completely returned and enlargement is entirely satisfactory. Dear Sir: Yours was received and I had no trouble in making use of the receipt as directed and can truthfully say it is a boon to weak men. I am greatly improved in size, strength and vigor. All correspondence is strictly confidential, mailed in plain sealed envelope. The receipt is free for the asking and he wants every man to have it.

heard a train coming, and then, to his dismay, found that his tongue was frozen to the rail.

There was nothing to do but to pull it loose, and when he did that he thought it was coming out by the roots. A visit to the doctor reassured him on that point, and he eventually got well. It will never be as good a tongue as it was, but it is believed that the men's common sense has gained as much as his tongue has lost.

Agilest False Alarms.

In all our large cities, when an alarm of fire is rung and the engines of but one district are called out, there is an expense to the department for fuel and wear and tear of the apparatus estimated at one hundred dollars.

The turning in of a false alarm, therefore, is no trifling matter. A London paper says that Miss Ellen Tyndale, a resident of that city has patented an invention which is meant to check the 'false alarmist.'

The contrivance takes the form of an automatic alarm-post, which not only rings up the fire station but also grips the wrist of the alarmist with a steel bracelet, blows a police whistle and presents the man with a shilling for his trouble. The prisoner cannot be released until the policeman arrives and the authenticity of the alarm can be verified.

The invention is not likely to become popular either in England or any other country. Few men would be willing to be chained to a post for the magnificent compensation of a shilling.

An Odd Nest.

A correspondent of Cassell's Magazine records a curious freak on the part of some wasps in Gloucester, England.

The wasps were noticed going in and out of a lock which secured work shop door. The owner of the shop had the lock removed to satisfy his curiosity about the doings of the busy workers. He found a nest inside. The cells were made of mud and were full of larvae. There were several dead wasps inside the lock.

As the lock was in almost daily use, the wasps could not have had a very peaceful home.

Try to learn what stuff heroes and heroines are made of, and how much worthier that stuff is than all the virtues of our commercial age can ever be.

The Egotism of 'Pa.'

The young daughter of the eminent statesman had just received her diploma, but she was not happy.

'Father is so egotistical!' she sighed.

'Why, what's the matter?' asked a sympathetic friend, who happened to be a reporter for the Washington Star.

'Well, after hearing my graduating essay he wants to keep on writing his own speeches.'

Hobb—What's the matter with Wind-pipe? He used to be always boring people with advice, and now he says so little and seems to be so thoughtful.

Nobb—Yes his wife conceived the happy idea of getting him into the habit of writing letters to the newspapers, and he's too busy to do anything else.

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