

(CONTINUED FROM TENTH PAGE.)

'But how can you stand it, and look so fresh.'

'I am strong, and, as I say, I rest by day if not by night. I might have gone to bed now instead of coming out; but I simply could not help myself; the birds called me, and this hilltop looked so inviting, and I didn't feel sleepy, and so here I am.'

'I am very glad. I suppose I ought to ask your permission to accompany you instead of stalking along by your side in this cool fashion. I shall get used to 'knowing my place' in time, I hope. If I had guessed I should meet you, I would have got into livery before I came out, and that would have given you a fair excuse for snubbing me. But I wanted to put off the evil hour as long as I could.'

'I think you'll look rather nice in the Cheshire livery, said Diana, smiling up at him through her lashes. 'It's all very well, you know, for you to imagine that I can be a bit of a snob; but I really don't think I can—not even to oblige you. You are my equal, whether you wear the dress of your class or the dress of your present rank.'

'You are too unconventional to be a great social success, nurse.'

'I have no desire to be a social success. My greatest ambition is to nurse my patients so skilfully as to ensure their speedy return to health. It is not at all necessary for a nurse to be conventional.'

'Perhaps not. I am quite sure it is unnecessary for you to be anything that you are not!'

'That is very sweet of you! We shall become the best of friends if you say such pretty things as that to me.'

She laughed as light heartedly as a child and then she directed his attention to the beauty of the panoramas stretching right and left, and far in front of them, for they had reached the top of the hill by this time.

They stood in silence, drinking in the scene—undulating fields, smaller hills with valleys between, a river, a distant town, small and picturesque. Perhaps it was nothing more than an ordinary pretty English landscape; but to these two, as they stood there together in that happy, comprehensive silence it seemed the most perfect view on which human eye could rest.

Diana was first to speak.

'It is lovely. But I must be getting back I am going to run down the hill.'

He stretched out his hand, smiling in her eyes and as he said—

'Come along, then. We will steady each other.'

They ran like a couple of children until Diana pulled up, laughing and breathless, but rosy as green apple.

Dick was reluctant to part with her fingers, and the look in his face as she gently drew them away served to momentarily deepen her roses.

Then, suddenly, she grew very white, and when they said good bye at the lodge-gate she went into the little house with an expression of something like fear in her eyes.

CHAPTER III.

The Cheshire livery made of the ex-guardsman a coachman envied of Sir Ughtred by all his neighbors—especially the feminine portion of the community.

Dick's transformation was complete when he donned that livery: only those who had known him intimately would be like to recognize him now.

It was therefore, little wonder if Lady Ainslie failed so to do, though she cast admiring eyes on him from time to time during the drive to The Quarries, on her arrival.

'Where did you get him?' she asked, in an undertone.

'In town,' was the reply. 'Smart looking chap, isn't he?'

'Remarkably so.'

As they neared the lodge gates, the now convalescent Collett rose feebly from a seat in the porch to open them.

'Hullo! Collett! This looks like mending.'

'I'm lots better, sir; but I can't manage to open the gates after all; I fancy the latch is a bit stiff.'

'I'll do it!'

Nurse Langton came swiftly to the rescue.

She had been reading to her patient, but had retired out of sight at the sound of the approaching carriage. Her face flushed as she threw open the gates; perhaps she, too had found the latch a bit stiff.

'Thanks,' said Sir Ughtred's coachman, in his pleasant baritone.

'Thanks, nurse,' said Sir Ughtred's hearty bass. 'You have soon brought Collett round.'

'It is a splendid constitution,' smiled Nurse Langton. 'He will not need me after this week Sir Ughtred.'

The horses gave a sudden plunge, and the lodge was left behind.

Nurse Langton watched the carriage out of sight with wistful eyes, saying sorrowfully to herself—

'How proud and horrid he must think me! But better that than let him learn to like me too well.'

'What a nice face that girl had!' observed Lady Ainslie, as they were carried swiftly up the avenue. 'If I am taken ill here, I should like her to nurse me.'

'Heaven forbid that that should happen your being ill, I mean. As for Nurse Lanton—well, if I were a doctor, I'd choose her above all other girls I ever saw for my wife. As it is—'

A second plunge from the horses made Lady Ainslie clutch her hosts arm nervously, cutting short what he might have been about to say.

His new coachman was not commending himself to her as a driver.

'What's the matter with them, Brandon?' asked Cheshire, a smile just visible under his moustache.

'Too fresh, sir. They are pulling my arms off.'

Phillips, Dick's companion on the box-seat, glanced at him out of the corners of his eyes.

He knew the maligned horses were not pulling even a little bit; and as for being too fresh, why, hadn't he exercised them himself for two good hours that morning?

Mrs Ormond and her daughter arrived by a later train.

This time the lodge gates were opened before the carriage came in sight, and it was Mrs. Collett who closed them after it had passed through.

Constance Ormond was a fair type of the stalwart, healthy maiden of the rising generation.

She was fond of all field sports, a good golfer, and always to be found amongst the foremost in the hunting field.

Lady Ainslie recognized in her an ideal wife for Cheshire, but was far too clever to tell him so.

Mrs. Ormond, who had not married until well past her thirtieth birthday, liked to consider herself an invalid, and, in consequence, lived a thoroughly unhealthy life, and looked years in advance of her actual age.

It was a day or two after the Ormonds' arrival that Dick began to wonder whether after all, he would find it possible to remain the stipulated month.

He had quite decided to carry out his original plan of emigrating at the end of it.

Collett had had a relapse in the night, and the doctor vetoed Nurse Langton's proposed departure on the following Saturday.

Sir Ughtred walked to the lodge for the purpose of interviewing Dr. Morgan. Collett was an old retainer, and greatly valued by the present head of the house.

'He ought to have this at once'—Dr. Morgan indicated the prescription he had just written. 'Will you send into Pilton to get it made up. Sir Ughtred? Nurse might fetch it; she has had a trying night, and the drive would do her good. Mrs. Collett can safely be left in charge for an hour.'

'I will send the dog-cart at once,' promised Cheshire, hurrying back to the stables.

He met Dick outside the cottage which was his present place of abode.

'Brandon, I wish you'd drive Nurse Langton into Pilton immediately. There's something so be fetched for Collett.'

Try as he would, the baronet's directions to his coachman always took the form of a request.

Dick's pulses throbbed at the thought of the four-mile drive into Pilton and back with Diana Langton.

'Need I go?' he asked, nevertheless, forgetting his role for the moment in the inward struggle which he was undergoing.

'May I send Phillips instead?'

'Of course, if you wish. But I thought you'd like it, Dick.'

'Like it! I daren't trust myself, Cheshire. Thank Heaven, she is going on Saturday!'

'But she isn't! Morgan has put a stop to that. Look here, Dick, don't be a fool! You will never meet a sweeter—'

'Don't I know it?' the other interrupted half fiercely. 'But what right have I to try and win any girl's heart? Dare I offer this one, of all others, a tarnished name?'

'At least I should give her a chance of refusing it, said Sir Ughtred.'

Dick shook his head and set his mouth obstinately.

'Shall I send the dogcart, sir?' he asked in the quietly respectful tone he had got himself into the habit of using to his 'master.'

'Yes, and be hanged to you!' said the baronet, turning away with a smile, half-amused, half vexed.

When he reached the house he had, however to send another message to the stables.

At the hint of a drive into Pilton, Lady Ainslie and Constance Ormond expressed a desire to go.

'I can't drive you,' said Sir Ughtred regretfully; 'I shall be on duty until lunch time.'

'Ainslie will drive us,' her ladyship returned. 'I'd rather trust myself to him than to that smart coachman of yours.'

'Very good,' smiled the baronet, as he turned away.

The wagonette came round instead of the dog-cart and Lord Ainslie took the reins.

Nurse Langton was picked up at the lodge.

Dick worked off some of the unaccustomed excitement under which he was laboring by taking out a young colt he was breaking in.

He had put him into the dog-cart, and took along a groom as a possibly needed assistant.

The had a lively time of it for an hour, and as they turned homewards, were not over well pleased to hear the sound of a traction engine advancing to meet them in the somewhat narrow road.

Doing Her Best.

Mr. M. B. Thrasher, a friend of Tuskegee institute and its pupils, says that he once made inquiries about a certain graduate, a shopkeeper in Alabama, who seemed to be doing a thriving business.

'What kind of a man is this Wood, the colored merchant down the street?' he asked in the store of a white man, judging that there, if anywhere, he might hear of an unfavorable opinion. The merchant supposed Mr. Thrasher to be a travelling salesman, and answered:

'You can sell him any amount of goods. He'll pay for them every time.'

Then Mr. Thrasher went on to the store where he found everything in the most prosperous condition. In the course of his talk with the merchant they stepped to the open back door, and there Wood began calling, Suke! Suke! Suke! Ho, there Suke!

Then there came a grunting underneath the floor, which was raised a little from

the ground, and presently there came crawling out an enormous hog.

'That's my hog,' said the merchant. 'I raise one every year, though there's no reason why I should, for I'm not married, and I don't keep house. I raise them as object-lessons. It doesn't take much of anything to feed them, except the waste from the store, and see how fat they grow!'

'Then I get the negro farmers who come here to trade to look at my hog, and see what can be done by keeping the animals shut up and fed, instead of letting them run wild. Then I tell them they might as well have hogs like mine as their thin razor-backs. All they need do is to shut up the pig in a pen of rails and set the children to gathering acorns for him.'

'I can't start a school here,' he concluded. 'I tried that and failed. But I can at least teach the farmers how to raise hogs.'

And The Women Answered and Said:

'THE DIAMOND DYES!'

What Dyes are always guaranteed, And in our country take the lead? The Diamond Dyes!

What Dyes are strong, and bright and fast And always dye to live and last? The Diamond Dyes!

What Dyes give grand results each time, Whenever used in any clime? The Diamond Dyes!

What Dyes bring profit, pleasure, peace, And by their work a great increase? The Diamond Dyes!

What Dyes should all Canadians try? Hark! listen to that mighty cry— The Diamond Dyes!

NAPOLEON'S JAILLEE.

Sir Hudson Lowe was Utterly Unfit for His Position.

Sir Hudson Lowe had commanded a body of Corsicans in arms against France; he had been defeated, it has been said, by Lamarche; his antecedents exposed him to Napoleon's dislike. His presence, besides, was sinister and mean; Lady Granville, a most accomplished observer, has written that his eye 'was like that of a devil'; his face showed the construction of his mind. Wellington, as usual, hit the nail on the head when he said that Lowe was 'a man wanting in education and judgment, a stupid man, who knew nothing of the world; and like all men who knew nothing he was suspicious and jealous.' Napoleon's estimate was much the same: 'C'est une bete, qui nous fait plus de tort qu'un, homme d'esprit qui serait encore plus mechant que lui.'

Lowe, like his inferiors, was too dull to understand what his captive was, and therefore to quit himself even decently of a most difficult task; but if, practically, he only obeyed orders, he carried them out with a harshness and a want of tact that was especially his own. Admiral Cockburn was not considerate in the 'Northumberland,' when he conducted the exile to St. Helena, but Napoleon declared that he was kindly and good when compared to Lowe, and this seems to have been about the real truth.

The great fault of the governor was ever-haunting suspicion; this made him multiply the restrictions imposed on the captive, and take precautions so silly but severe that they made him the laughing stock of men in the island; even the foreign commissioners thought them insulting and useless. His temper, besides, was irritable and bad; he quarrelled with nearly everybody he came across; he incensed Napoleon in their brief interviews; he was completely devoid of the fine chivalrous feeling essential to a person in the position he held.

In the last days of the Emperor's life and even during his fatal illness, Lowe seems to have exceeded his orders; he had the incredible bad taste to insist that a British officer should even force his way into Napoleon's presence and ascertain where the prisoner was; his whole conduct in a word, combined severity, prying, fussiness and want of common sense.—London 'Fortnightly Review.'

Corn Lightening

That's Putnam's Corn Extractor. Gives corns tired feeling in about twenty-four hours. They consequently get out as they cannot keep up the pain any longer—makes them weary—it's Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor that does this. Now don't forget. All druggists.

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The Bride—Now, dear, we must act like old married people.

The groom—All right. Give me back that filly.

Seal Brand Coffee

(1 lb. and 2 lb. cans.)

Its Purity is its Strength

Flavor and Fragrance its natural attributes.

Imitations are numerous. Avoid them.

CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL AND BOSTON.

A DARING JOURNEY.

Two Young Men Will Make a Five Thousand Mile Trip in a Canoe.

The most daring and dangerous canoe trip ever planned will shortly be undertaken by two young Baltimoreans, Alvah D. James and Barton Haxall.

It will be five thousand miles in length, a large part of it will be upon the waters of the Atlantic Ocean, and the canoeists will depend solely upon the old style Indian paddle to propel them over the entire distance.

'We expect to make our start,' says Mr. James, 'from Carter's Creek, Virginia some time early in March, and will paddle first to the mouth of the Rappahannock River. From there we will go to Cape Charles and Henry and out into the Atlantic. Skirting the coast, we will paddle to New York. This will be the hardest part of the journey, for, although we are both immune to seasickness, the tossing which the waves will give our little craft will be nothing short of marvellous. We do not, however, apprehend that it will be in any way dangerous. As we calculate upon an average speed of from thirty to thirty-five miles a day, we expect to be about six or eight days on this part of our journey.'

'We do not intend to spend any time in New York, but will paddle across the State to Lake Erie by way of the Erie Canal. From this point we will pass through the Welland Canal into Lake Ontario, and traverse it to the St. Lawrence River. We have timed our trip so that we expect to be in the Thousand Islands during the height of the outing season in that section.'

'It will be after we leave this section that our journey will begin in earnest. We shall go down the St. Lawrence River, passing out the mouth some time during the early Fall. We will hug the coast on all of this trip on ocean waters, passing through the Gulf of St. Lawrence and around Nova Scotia by way of Northumberland Sound. Coming down the east coast of Nova Scotia we will touch at Halifax, and then, crossing at the entrance to the Bay of Fundy, strike the Maine coast. From this point we will keep right along the coast, and expect to be in Southern waters by next winter.'

'Along the entire American coast on the Atlantic there exists a complete chain of islands, sandbars, reefs, etc., which would be dangerous for larger craft, will protect our little boat from the sweeping seas. We do not intend to go outside this line of natural breakwaters except where it becomes absolutely necessary.'

'Upon reaching Cape Sable, at the southern extremity of the Florida mainland, we will lay our course north, skirting the coast of the Gulf of Mexico down to the mouth of the Rio Grande River. Here our journey will end and we shall return home overland. All told, we do not expect the voyage to occupy more than eighteen months, and as we have thoroughly discounted all the impediments to its successful completion we have no thought than to traverse the entire distance without hurt or hindrance.'

'The greatest dangers we expect to encounter will come from the surf along the Atlantic coast. We intend to go ashore whenever we see a storm coming, and will, of course, have to run the chance of having our boat smashed by the surf in landing or launching, but we are confident we can manage that. We have no fear at all of being blown to sea, as we are strong enough to navigate the boat in any wind in which we may be caught. I do not think that the trip will be anything like as dangerous as that of Captain Slocum, who navigated the sloop Spray all around the world, or as that of Captain Andrews, who proposes to cross the Atlantic in a boat no larger than the canoe; in which we shall make our voyage.'

The boat in which this remarkable trip is to be made is a regular St. Lawrence River canoe, 17 feet in length, and with a beam of 4 feet 3 inches. Fully equipped

for the journey it weighs less than 200 pounds.

Airtight compartments are at the ends. Those compartments will take up nearly all space in the boat except a limited amount in the centre. This latter will be just large enough for the canoeists to sit tailor-fashion on the boat's false bottom.

RESTORED TO FAVOR.

King Considers Sir Chas. Dilke was Badly Treated in the Divorce Case.

King Edward's advent to the throne may be said to have brought about the rehabilitation of Sir Charles Dilke, who is destined henceforth to become a far more conspicuous and important factor in public life than he has been at any time during the last ten years.

The meeting of the Privy council immediately after the king's accession was the first Sir Charles Dilke has attended since the memorable Crawford-Dilke divorce case, and when Sir Charles bent his knee before his sovereign to kiss his hand in token of homage the king addressed some particularly gracious and friendly words to the Chelsea Baronet.

King Edward has always held that Sir Charles was very badly treated in the divorce case, and at a moment when the baronet was being subjected to the most cruel social ostracism and to the most violent obloquy, he made a point of inviting him to ride by his side up and down Rotten Row one day at the very height of the London season and at an hour when the park was crowded with rank and fashion.

The king entertains a high regard for the abilities of Sir Charles as a statesman, and shares the opinion expressed by Prince Bismarck and held all over the continent, that there is no Englishman who has such a master of international politics as Sir Charles.

Nerviline Cures

Rheumatism. The remarkable strength and marvellous soothing property of Nerviline—nerve pain cure—renders it almost infallible in Rheumatism. Five times stronger than any other its penetrating power enables it to reach the source of pain and drive out disease. Nerviline is more penetrating, stronger, and more highly pain-subduing in its action than any medicine heretofore devised for the relief of man's infirmities. Druggist sell it everywhere.

Retort Courtneys.

'I see the villain in your face,' said the gruff lawyer who was trying to intimidate a witness.

'Very likely,' was the calm reply. 'The face of a bright person, like a mirror, is apt to cast personal reflections.'

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

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See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and so easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR TORPID LIVER, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR SALLOW SKIN, FOR THE COMPLEXION.

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