

POETRY.

SPEAK KINDLY.

Speak kindly, for our days are all too few
For any angry strife;
There is deep meaning, if we only know,
In our brief life.

SELECT STORY.

A TREVOR COURT TRAGEDY.

CHAPTER III.

FACE TO FACE.

CONTINUED.

She recoiled from him, and taking off
her fur mantle, flung it to the ground.
Then with a sudden wrench, she broke
the slender gold chain from her neck
and threw it on the table.

CHAPTER IV.

GREAT HEAVEN, YOU HAVE KILLED ME!

The road to the court from Gately Regis
lay over a dip of the moor, some distance
from the hamlet proper. On the edge of
the farthest undulation stood one of the
dense pine woods so common in Level-

CHAPTER V.

WHO DID IT?

"Come back to the house at once.
An awful thing has happened. Your
master is lying dead in the cedar room,
stabbed by some unknown hand."

CHAPTER VI.

THE MURDERER.

The next day all Gately Regis rang
with the news of the tragedy which had
taken place at the court. Never within
the memory of the oldest neighbour,
had an event caused anything like the
excitement felt among the inhabitants
on hearing of the mysterious and
dreadful manner in which Sir Philip
Trevor had met his death.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SEARCH.

The police searched carefully about the
grounds and in the court itself, but not a
shred of evidence was discovered to
throw any fresh light on the mystery.
The shrubs in the Dutch garden were
broken in one or two places, but the
doctor explained this by saying that he
had taken a wrong turn in the semi-darkness
and had probably done it himself.
The snow had melted and no tracks were
to be seen.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SERVANTS.

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less, as indicating any solution of the
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him, she said, in the cedar room bell.

CHAPTER IX.

THE CLUE.

The coroner decided that it would not
be necessary to call Miss Dering. Since
her maid's evidence proved that she had
not left the house since she returned from
the church on Ash Wednesday morning,
it was obvious that she could not have
been the murderer. The book was there,
at least none that could not be sup-
plied by Jenkins the butler, who took up
the thread at that point. His master
came in to luncheon, had afterwards
written letters, sent the day papers,
filled a time to dress for dinner.

The night air—in Philip Trevor's voice.
Then a wild laugh, a crashing and
crackling of branches and rustling of leaves
as someone, breathless, panting, broke
through the bushes close to where Oliver
West stood paralyzed, and rushed past
him.

"Stop! What devil's work is this?
Kathleen!"
The figure was that of a woman. He
put his hand and tried to grasp it as it
fled, but only succeeded in touching some-
thing dark and soft—a fur mantle, so it
seemed to him in the obscurity.

"Help! I am dying, come quickly!"
Once more the cry resounded faintly from
the house.

Oliver paused irresolutely, then ceased
his pursuit of the woman who had
wrenched herself from his grasp with a
startled shriek and disappeared into the
darkness of the laurels.

His professional instinct told him there
was no time to be lost. Though Philip
Trevor was his worst enemy, he could not
turn a deaf ear to his call now that he
was in dire extremity.

He felt his way to the gap where the
figure had fled, and found that the
ground was strewn with broken branches
and leaves, and that the house was
immediately opposite him across the strip
of lawn, the light from the open window
lying in a broad bar upon the path.

Another moment and he stood within
the room. Too late. A horrible sight
met his eyes. Sir Philip Trevor lay back,
half slipping out of an armchair by the
table, his face grey with the hue, Dr.
West knew meant death. A deep red
stain dyed his white shirt front, whence
the blood was slowly trickling on to his
low cut evening vest. What awful deed
had been enacted here? The doctor
raised the body in his arms and looked
for the wound. Life he saw, was already
extinct.

"Ha! here it was. A small, deep gash at
the back of the neck—a stab which had
been intended to reach the heart by pen-
etrating a particular spot between the
shoulder blades.

But the knife, glancing aside against
the upper vertebrae, had gone through
the side of the neck instead, accomplish-
ing its fell purpose none the less surely.

And then, with the strange inconse-
quence of thought, often peculiar to the
most terrible moments of our lives, a flash
of memory carried Oliver West back to a
certain day when he and a fellow student
stood in the fruit market of a small Spanish
town, idly buying rosy-fleshed melons
and black and green figs from a black-
eyed Andalusian girl. The sun shone
with torrid, white heats on the plaza;
there was a sky of vivid cobalt, unobscured
by clouds; the picturesque crowd bar-
gained, chattered, laughed; it seemed an
Andalusian picture from the pages of roman-
ces.

Then a cry, a hoarse murmur, the flash
of knives, as two men closed in deadly
combat, and in less time than it takes
to tell, one lay dead on the ground, while
the other was hurried off in custody.
What for? "Quien sabe," was the answer,
with a careless shrug of the shoulders.
Jesousen, an ill-chosen jest, or an old
quarrel.

Such accidents were not uncommon in
the wild country about the Pyrenees.
Oliver West during his tour, witnessed
two of them, and in each case the wound
inflicted was the deadly 'back thrust,'
which he afterwards learned was the sign
manual of the Spanish desperado.

The picture faded as suddenly as it had
arisen. Again he was alone with the
murdered man, whose fast-glancing eyes
seemed to follow him with a look of men-
ace and reproach.

Something glittering lay on the ground.
Oliver picked it up with a shudder. It
was a slender gold chain with a ring at-
tached.

A piece of evidence which confirmed
his awful suspicion that Kathleen Dering,
whom he had met flying from the house,
was guilty of the terrible deed. He put
it hastily in his pocket with a groan of
anxiety. "Was he not equally guilty? He
had meant well by his warning, but it
had gadded the unhappy girl to madness,
and in the agony of her despair and de-
votion, she had killed the man whom she
had so passionately loved. At all costs
he must shield her, even at the cost of his
own life, if necessary.

This was the one coherent thought dimly
shaping itself in the turmoil of his
brain.

It was strange that the servants had
not been alarmed by the cry which had
reached him in the shrubbery; but their
concern was the way from the cedar
room and the walls of the old house were
thick.

He did not know that Jenkins the but-
ler, was having a snug game of cribbage
in the harness-room with the coachman,
having bribed one of the maids to be on
the watch for Sir Philip's bell, and to run
and warn him if she heard it.

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toddly, a delicate attention on the part
of Mr. Jenkins, by her side.

"I'll do you good, my dear, and keep
you warm while you're sitting up. A
drop of real 'L.L.' as I keeps in general
private for me and Sir Philip, though he
hain't nothink such a judge as his uncle
was," he consoled musingly.

The book was entrancing and for a
time Emma pursued with breathless in-
terest the fortunes of Miss Violet Mont-
morency, the West-end milliner's mantle
hand, whose beauty and virtue induced
the young and handsome Duke of Deh-
lington to lay straw-berry leaves and
fortune at her feet.

Then the letters danced before her eyes,
the lines ran into one another; Miss Vio-
let and the Duke and other characters
were jumbled together in inextricable
confusion. The spirit, if that was accord-
ing to Mr. Jenkins' idea, had been strong
enough to cause a result unlooked for by
him. Emma's head fell back, her lips
parted—the book dropped from her fin-
gers—she was fast asleep.

Oliver West, threading the long, dim
corridors with faltering step, looked in at
the door, but the candle had guttered out,
and the sleeping girl in the dark corner
escaped his notice. He went away, won-
dering if the house had become thoroughly
deserted.

Meanwhile the game in the harness
room went merrily. A bottle of 'Kin-
ahan' stood on the small deal table, glasses
and spoons clinked jovially, and a cloud
of blue smoke from the choice cigars Jen-
kins had surreptitiously annexed for the
occasion, hung in the air.

Cards in hand, the men sat absorbed in
the game, a dicking yellow oil-lamp
shining down on them, and casting Rem-
brandtesque lights and shadows about the
room. The butler's round, red face was
jubilant; a carry heap of silver coins be-
side him, told why. The coachman
rubbed his ear with another, his hair
stood up on end, and looked askance.

"One for his nob, that's all Mr. Mimms.
Now we shall see. It's your deal!"
Suddenly the door opened. A dark,
stern figure stood before them, at whose
pallid face they shrank back with fright,
hardly able to grasp the meaning of the
terrible words which fell on their ears.

Students, and especially those of weak
constitution, run a terrible risk in "bur-
ning the midnight oil." In how many
cases health is permanently undermined in
this very manner. Nature exhausted by
overwork, and no pains taken to restore
the lost energy. Its great value as a nerve
and brain invigorator and health restorer
has won for Hawley's nerve and stomach
tonic the name of the student's friend. It
is sold by all druggists.

A newspaper cannot be run to suit the
individual tastes of its readers. It should
be treated as a bill of fare—you take the
things you like and leave the things you
dislike.

RAILED IN SIX HOURS—Distressing Kid-
ney and Bladder Diseases relieved in six
hours by the "Great South American
Kidney Cure." This new remedy is a
great surprise and delight on account of
its exceeding promptness in relieving pain
in the bladder, kidneys, back and every
other of the urinary passages in man and
female. It relieves retention of water
and pain in passing it almost immediately.
If you want quick relief and cure this is
your remedy. For sale by W. Carten
and Alonzo Staples.

HIS REVENGE.
Church Collector—Look here, Per
Jansson, are you aware you put a false
coin into the collection for the missions
last Sunday?

Per Jansson—Well, yes. I did it on
purpose; I did it to spite those cannibals
who favoured a relation of mine—a mis-
sionary.

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS
Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been
used by millions of mothers for their chil-
dren while teething. If disturbed at
night and broken of your rest by a sick
child suffering and crying with pain of
cutting teeth, send at once and get a bottle
of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for
children teething. It will relieve the
poor little sufferer immediately. Depend
upon it mothers, there is no mistake about
it. It cures Diarrhoea, regulates the Stom-
ach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens
the Gums and reduces Inflammation, and
gives tone and energy to the whole system.

The servants' testimony was also worth-
less, as indicating any solution of the
enigma. Sir Philip had risen late, had
gone for a ride, and then walked down to
the village, where