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# Sir Hilton's Sin.

BY GEORGE MANVILLE FENN, Author of "Black Blood," "A Woman Worth Winning," Master of Ceremonies," "The New Mistress," "The Meeting of Greeks," "Drawn Swords," Etc. . . . . .

(Continued.)

(Continued.)

"Never better, Sam; never better. A little thick in the head only. You need not trouble any more about me."

"Oh, but I do, Sir Hilton."

"Nonsense, man!" said the baronet, drawing himself up. "I'm quite right. I can't understand how it was you persisted in coming, and bringing your charming daughter with you all this way, and at so late an hour. Why, it must be getting on for ten."

"For ten, Sir Hilton?" cried Simpkins, with a chuckle, and, to the baronet's surprise, he dropped into a lounge.

"Don't scold father, uncle,' said the girl, with a little emphasis on the last word, whose effect was to make the gentleman addressed lay his fidgety left hand once more upon his forehead. 'I wanted to come, you know."

"Eh? Very good of you," said Sir Hilton, politely; "and I shall make a point of telling Lady Lisle how kind and attentive you were at your house during my little indisposition. It was the sun, I feel sure."

"Aye, you've hit it now, Sir Hilton. That's what it was—the sun."

"Yes, the sun,' assented Sir Hilton, before turning again smilingly to Molly. "Yes," he repeated. "I feel sure that Lady Lisle will be most grateful, and that she will call upon you to express her gratitude for the kindness of La Sylphide."

"Oh! Sir Hilton—" began Molly; but she stopped, for he went off, wandering strangely again at the mention of that word, but only to be brought up short by the trainer.

"There, what did I say, Sir Hilton? You were not fit to go, but you would insist upon coming home."

"Ah, yes,' 'cried the baronet, recollecting himself again. "I remember now—I was ill—in bed—there was the doctor—I grew better, and wanted to come home, and the landlord insisted upon bringing his little nurse."

"That's right, Sir Hilton."

"But I didn't want him, and I don't want the little nurse; do I, Syd?"

"No, uncle, of course not. But I do, darling," whispered the boy, nudging his wife.

"Quite right, my boy. So now, Mr. Simpkins, I thank you once more. Will you have the goodness to take your daughter and go?"

"No, Sir Hilton, with all due respect to you," said the trainer, drawing himself up; "seeing how things has happened, and what it all means to me and mine now, I say as you ain't fit to be left. Is he, my dear?"

"No, dad. I think he looks very ill."

"That's right, my dear,' whispered the trainer. "Here you are, and here you're going to stop."

Sir Hilton had turned angrily away at the trainer's reply, and went out into the hall, followed by Syd.

"What impudence! Not ill a bit now, only a little thick in the head. Hang him! Let him stop, Syd; but what about that girl? I don't know what your aunt will say."

"No, uncle; no more do I."

Sir Hilton pulled out his watch and glanced at it. "Here, confound it! My watch has stopped. What time—"

Before he could finish his question the clock began to answer by chiming twice.

"Half-past what?" cried Sir Hilton, staring at the clock-face, and then passing his hand over his eyes impatiently. "I say, here, Syd, my eyes are not clear to-night. What time is it?'

"Half-past three, uncle."

"Half-past what? Here, I'm getting mixed. Why is it half-past three? What has the clock been gaining like that for? Here, Syd, why don't you answer, sir? I can't remember. What does it all mean?"

"I think it's because your head's a bit wrong, uncle,' 'said the boy, shrinking.

"I think it's because you're an impudent young rascal, sir,' cried Sir Hilton in a passion. "Ah! I remember now; I promised you a good thrashing—for—for—"

He stopped short, and looked vacantly at his nephew for some seconds. Then:

"Here, what the deuce did I promise you a good trashing for, sir?"

"A trashing, uncle? Let me see——"

"Bah!" cried Sir Hilton, turning angrily away and making for the drawing-room again, to find the trainer mopping his forehead where he sat, and Molly leaning back in the corner of the quilted couch dropping off to sleep, but ready to start up at his coming.

"Here, you," he cried, "that boy Syd's an idiot."

"That I'm sure he's not," cried the girl, indignantly, "and you oughtn't to call him so, even if you are his uncle, Syd!"

"You tell me then," said Sir Hilton. "What did I—Oh, hang it all!" he cried. "I can't remember a bit."

"That you can't, Sir Hilton," said the trainer nervously, as Sir Hilton stared at him blankly, pressing his hands to his head. "It's just what I told you, Sir Hilton. What you want is a good night's rest, and you'll feel better in the morning."

"But I feel better now—ever so much. What should I want to go to bed for? Why, I've only just got up."

"Oh dear!" groaned the trainer to himself. "I give it him too strong; I give it him too strong, and it was nothing like what one might ha' give a horse."

"Look here," cried Sir Hilton, making as if to fix his visitor with a pointing finger,which he kept in motion following imaginary movements on the part of Simpkins. "I wish to goodness you'd keep still. What the dickens do you keep bobbing about like that for? What did you say—go to bed?"

"Yes, Sir Hilton."

"But why—why? Didn't I just get up?"

"'Bout 'nour ago, Sir Hilton. You see, we've driv over here since. You would get up and come."

"Of course! Home—to my wife. That's right; I can see that quite plain, and—— Here, you two on the sofa, what are you doing? You, Syd; let that young lady alone, sir. Sit up my dear. It isn't delicate for you to be going to sleep on his shoulder like that."

"Yes it is—now," whimpered the girl, half crying. "I can't help it. I'm so dreadfully sleepy."

"Of course you are, of course. Poor little thing! Half-past three! Why, you ought to have been in bed hours ago. It was shameful of your father to bring you here. But—but—but," cried the unfortunate man, staring and gesticulating fiercely, "why doesn't someone tell me?"

"I did tell yer, Sir Hilton. The hosses was put in the dog-carts when you would come, and I've seen you safe. Can't you understand now?"

"No, no; not a bit. Here Syd!"

"Yes, uncle."

"Come here."

"Yes, uncle. There, lean your head back Molly, if you will go to sleep."

"I can't help it, Syd, dear; and I'm so cold."

"Here, pull that over you, then" whispered the boy hastily, and, as the poor girl sank back, he seized and gave the great silk-lined skin a hasty twitch which swept it right over his young wife. "Did you call me, uncle?"

"Yes, of course. I want Mark and that girl."

"What girl, uncle?" cried the lad, indignantly.

"What girl, sir? Jane, the maid. Where are they?"

"Gone to the pantry, I s'pose, uncle," said Syd, giving a glance in the direction of the couch and seeing nothing now but the hump of white, woolly skin. "Gone to bed, p'raps. I say, uncle; do go too. You'll be able to think better when you wake up."

"Wake up?" said Sir Hilton, musingly —"remember? Yes; something about a boy—no, a girl on a bicycle. I did, didn't I?—talk to a girl—or see one on a bicycle —no, it was in pale blue and scarlet. I did, didn't I, Sam?"

"Yes, sir; I think you did—to my gal there."

Sir Hilton looked in the direction in which the trainer pointed, and saw the Polar bear skin; nothing more'.

"Where?" he said, vacantly, as he turned his eyes back upon the trainer, who wiping the drops again from his steaming face. "Your girl—Mary Ann Simpkins—La Sylphide?"

"Oh, pore chap, he's quite off his head!" groaned the trainer. "It means a 'sylum, and if old Trimmer splits—"

"Hah!" cried Sir Hilton, in a tone which made the trainer spring to his feet, staring wildly at the speaker.

"Here, uncle, don't go on like that," said Syd, soothingly. "I wish old Granton was here with a straight waistcoat. Here Sam Simpkins help me! It's all your fault. Don't seize a fellow like that, uncle? Help, Sam! He's got 'em horrid, and it must be with the stuff he had in your place."

"Now, don't you go and say such a thing as that, young gen'leman," cried the trainer, fiercely, as he tried to take hold of Sir Hilton's arm. "Here, let's get him to bed, and you'd better send for your doctor."

"Be quiet, both of you," cried Sir Hilton, shaking himself free. "My head's clear now, but I must have been ill; my head has been horribly mixed up. Yes, I recollect now; but speak low. Don't make a noise, or you'll be having her ladyship down."

"I believe she has been listening all the time. Oh, uncle there will be such a scene in the morning."

"Yes, my boy," said Sir Hilton, nervously; "but we must hush it up. Yes, that's it; I promised Lady Tilborough I'd ride her mare."

"Yes, uncle; that's right."

"And somehow I couldn't get to the saddling paddock."

"Why, you're going back again now, uncle."

"No, my boy. I can see it all clearly enough now. I couldn't get there after that champagne—"

Simpkins had hard work to suppress a groan.

"Some little syren of a girl got hold of me and kept me back so that I lost the race, Lady Tilborough's money, and my four thousand pounds."

"Don't uncle! Pull yourself together. You're sliding back again."

"Yes; stop him," cried the trainer, seizing his victim and shaking him hard. "Don't go back, Sir Hilton; if you don't come round now, see what it means for me and my pore gal."

"Oh, uncle, you're going off again," said Syd, excitedly. "Do hold on to something, and don't keep sliding back. Try—try. Now give your head a good shake to make it work. Here, Sam Simpkins, don't you think we might give him a dose of spirits to wind him up?"

"No, no," cried the trainer, excitedly. "With a head like this there is no knowing what might happen to him."

"But I can't let him stop like this. There, don't waggle your head any more, uncle; try if you can remember now."

"No; nothing but the bees, my boy."

"The bees?"

"Yes, my boy, and the rushing after the poll. Oh, yes, I'm beginning to recollect now. The election, and the race against Watcombe, the brewer."

"Race?" cried Syd. "That's the right clue, uncle. Now you're beginning to go again. That shaking did it. Now hold tight to race."

"Yes, my boy; I remember all right now; heading the poll and leaving the brewer nowhere."

"No, no; the race, uncle—the race."

"Of course, my boy. It's all coming back now. That bad champagne and the buzzing bees."

"Oh dear!" groaned the trainer; "he don't forget that, and he's off again."

"To be sure," cried Sir Hilton, eagerly. "I recollect. It was ever so long ago, and the speaker was—"

"No, no uncle; you're getting mixed again. The starter."

"No, my boy, the speaker in the chair, and the bell was ringing."

"That's right, uncle, to clear the course. Now you're all right."

"Yes, now I'm all right, my boy. I was in, and there was a division. I rushed through the Lobby, and went out into the fresh air. The mare was ready. Someone gave me a leg-up, and I was all excitement for the race."

"That's your sort, uncle," cried Syd, as with his eyes fixed on one of the moonlit windows, Sir Hilton stopped, panting as if out of breath. "Bravo! Stick to the race. He's coming round fast now, Sam."

"No, no; look at him. He's as mad as a hatter."

(To be continued.)

## DAD'S FAIRY TALES.

Dear little Maudie awoke about two o'clock the other morning and asked mamma to tell her a fairy tale.

"It's too late, darling," mamma replied. "Daddy will be in shortly, and he'll tell us both one."

SWEET CAPORAL




CIGARETTES

STANDARD OF THE WORLD

## Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.



THE MUCH-FAVORED JUMPER.

There is no style of dress in the small girl's wardrobe so becoming and withal so practical as the jumper. The effect may be varied with one dress of this character made of linen or a dainty chambray by three or four different guimpes, some plain and some fancy, and in very hot weather the guimpe may be dispensed with altogether, with much comfort to the small wearer. In this way the neck is bare and the arms are covered only by a small loose cape sleeve. This jumper is a variation of the Russian blouse pleated in at the shoulder with wide box pleats. The front and back are cut down in the neck in a V, and the dress is confined at the waist line with a stitched tailored belt of the blue linen which makes the dress run through straps on the underarm sleeve and buttoning with a single large pearl button in front. The sleeves are full and loose to the elbow and slashed on the top of the arm, this slashing held together with two straps of the blue and white embroidery which borders this sleeve and the cut out neck. The little guimpe is of sheer white lawn trimmed simply at the neck with a frill of white lace, and the cuffs carry a bit of fine hand embroidery. White shoes and stockings are cool and summery with a dress of this kind, though golden brown stockings and glossee golden brown kid shoes would look very well and be considered very smart with the colored linen.

## REAPPOINTED BY THE GOVERNMENT

### Mrs. R. C. Skinner and Thos A. Linton Reappointed to Their Positions.

Fredericton, N. B., July 25—At the government meeting this evening, an order-in-council was passed bringing the town of St. George under the schools act. Edward McGrattan, J. Sutton Clarke, James O'Brien and Mrs. Grace J. Watt were appointed school trustees. Mr. McGrattan will be the chairman of the board.

St. Andrews was made a separate health district, and G. King Greenlaw was appointed chairman of the board of health.

There was some discussion in regard to the governor-general's visit to the province, and members of the executive are to meet his excellency at St. John and accompany him to Fredericton.

Mrs. R. C. Skinner was appointed school trustee for St. John, and Thomas Linton was reappointed liquor license commissioner.

Acting under authority of legislation passed last session, a survey was ordered on ten acre lots for miners at Minto, Sunbury county.

The premier submitted a report on the recent hearing at Ottawa before Deputy-Minister of Railways Butler on the application of the Atlantic Quebec & Western railway for authority to build a line across the northern part of the province, from Edmundston to Metapedia. The contention of the province was upheld.

It was ordered that a survey be made of twenty-five acre lots in Madawaska county to be used for settlement purposes. The land was recently inspected by Abram Alward, of the agricultural department, who reported it well adapted for settlement.

It was decided to procure 1,000 copies of a new hand book of the province, lately prepared by Dr. Hannay. It is a volume of 160 pages, profusely illustrated and containing much valuable information. It was also decided to purchase 4,000 copies of the new colored map of the province, lately prepared by Colonel Loggie.

## STARVATION AND NEGLECT

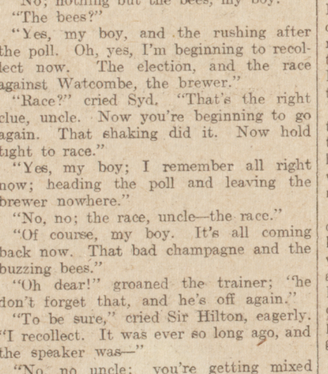
Halifax, N. S., July 25—Mrs. Briand died in a house on lower Water street this evening, partly from consumption and in a great measure from starvation and neglect. It would be hard to imagine the loneliness and suffering of this poor woman, particularly during the past few weeks. Her husband died six weeks ago of consumption. She had nursed him, and it is believed contracted from him the fatal white plague. She lived in a house where a month ago smallpox broke out, and the room occupied by Mrs. Briand was the one in which the disease had first appeared.

The place was strictly quarantined by the health board, and all who were in it had to stay there. The woman was poor, and the other tenants of the house, likewise poor, were afraid to enter the room because of the dreaded smallpox, so there the woman lay, day after day and week after week.

Only one person in the house had courage enough to do anything for the sufferer and this kind man occasionally took in food. Had it not been for his assistance, the woman would have starved. At noon today he gave her something to eat. When he returned later in the afternoon alone, as she had been for weeks, she was breathing her last. So far as known she had had no medical attendance.

The burial will take place, but the health authorities say there must be no funeral. The body will be put in a coffin and removed quickly to the cemetery.

New York city's acreage is more than that of Chicago and Philadelphia combined, or 219,218, as compared with 196,767.




## DOG FIGHTS RATTLER

### Shepherd Dog and Large Rattlesnake Close in Death Struggle.

LOCK HAVEN, July 25—William Cable, a farmer who resides about a half-mile outside this city, was walking through one of his fields, accompanied by a large shepherd dog. Their attention was suddenly attracted by something in the tall grass, which turned out to be a large rattlesnake coiled and ready to strike. The dog immediately opened an attack, but the snake was too quick for him and sank its fangs into the dog's jaw.

Then followed a battle royal. Having shaken the reptile loose, the dog caught it just back of the head, but the snake coiled itself about the canine's body, almost choking it.

In the meantime Mr. Cable got a club and despatched the snake, which was already nearly dead. The poison had, however, done its work in the dog's jaw, for it, too, succumbed in a short time.

## WILL WALK THROUGH ANNAPOLIS VALLEY

### Philadelphia Lady Coming to St. John to Start a Walking Tour

The Eastport corespondent of the Bangor Commercial in yesterday's issue says: "Miss Berry, who is principal of a large school in Philadelphia, was in the city on Tuesday, coming down from Portland on the steamer Bay State and proceeding to St. John. Miss Berry will make a tour of the Annapolis valley, afoot, and expects to cover a distance of 25 miles daily on her tramp. She will proceed to Digby, N. S., by steamer from St. John and will begin her tramp through historic Nova Scotia from that place. Halifax will be visited by Miss Berry on the first part of her interesting trip."

## RINGS UP FARE FOR BABY BORN ON CAR

CHICAGO, July 25—"Hey, you chump, what are you doing?"

"Ringing up the fare for the new passenger there."

This was the conversation between a conductor of an Ashland avenue car and an excited passenger Tuesday night.

When the conductor looked about he beheld an eight-pound girl that had just come to life i nthe car. Mrs. Susan Setek, of No. 4648 Winchester avenue, the mother of the new passenger, was attended by a nurse who happened to be on the car. She was afterward taken with the baby to the County Hospital, where it is said that the new citizen and her mother are doing nicely.

## NEGROES FORM LODGE OF ELKS

TRENTON, N. J. July 25—When thirty negroes here incorporated in the secretary of state's office Sunlight Lodge No. 114, Improved Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, representatives of the Trenton Lodge of Elks said they would go in the court of chancery and get these negroes enjoined from using the name of "Elks"

The members of the new organization say that the use of the word "improved" makes them exempt from injunction. They purpose fighting any attempt to stop the new order, which is calculated to bring the negroes prominently forward in a benevolent organization.

The Trenton Elks resent the negroes using any name which suggests that the white men were giving comfort to the negroes in the grand old order of Elks.

## SMALL BOY SHOT HIS PLAYMATE

GALES FERRY, Conn., July 24—In an improvised court room at the summer residence of Coroner Brown today, Frank L. Morgan, an 11-year-old boy, was held for the shooting to death of Ivy L. Rogers, a playmate, of like age, in Ledyard, three miles east of here, on July 5 last. The hearing today was before Justice of the Peace Crandall of New London, and young Morgan was ordered confined in the county jail until the September term of the superior court, when the grand jury will be asked by the state's attorney to find a true bill of murder against the boy.

The state today examined half a dozen witnesses and made a strong case against the accused lad. The defense offered no testimony.

Zepheniah Hopper, of the Central high school in Philadelphia, has begun his 63rd year as a pedagogue. He graduated with the first class of that school in 1842, and two years later began to teach mathematics there. He has been there ever since, more than 25,000 pupils having studied under him.

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## FINE PROGRAMME AT THE OPERA HOUSE

Miss Sadie Calhoun and her company appeared in My Dixie Girl at the Opera House last evening, and their performance of this southern play was received with every sign of approval. Miss Calhoun herself was well suited in the role of Dixie, and she received excellent support. The mounting and costuming were quite in keeping with the character of the piece.

The scene is laid in Kentucky and the chief interest centers round the part of Dixie, a girl who wanders from the slums of New York to the southern States and finds her father in Colonel Dangerfield, a wealthy land owner. The efforts of Howard Northcote, the next of kin, to make away with Dixie and how his plans are foiled, mainly through the instrumentality of Paul Shelby, the girl's lover, make the principal theme of the play.

Miss Calhoun was thoroughly at home in the leading role, and had many opportunities for the exercise of her dramatic powers. The severe shocks Dixie constantly administered to her newly discovered parent by indulging in New York slang, kept the audience in roars of laughter. Miss Calhoun proved herself a bright and clever actress and the two songs she interpolated made a decided hit.

Colonel Dangerfield was given a very natural interpretation by Richard Clarke, and Carlysle Shelley made an excellent impression as Paul Shelby. If Mr. Shelley would take the suggestion not to make the same gestures with both arms simultaneously, his work would be even more effective.

Lewis Williams made much of the character of a negro servant and raised many a hearty laugh. Miss Clara Fisher and Miss Edna Bern gave acceptable performances in the parts assigned them, and the remainder of the cast proved themselves equally capable.

Dora Thorne will fill the bill this evening and at tomorrow's matinee, and My Dixie Girl will be repeated at the closing performance Saturday night.

## A BIG ATTENDANCE AT NICKEL THEATRE

Before 1 o'clock yesterday afternoon the big auditorium of the Nickel was half filled with spectators ready for the new programme, and at 2 o'clock the house was packed. All afternoon and throughout the evening this order of attendance prevailed, and every man, woman and child who saw the exquisite motion photographs and heard the new song was perfectly pleased. The Nickel's pictures are always new to St. John, a high price is paid to ensure this fact, and best of all the popular playhouse, through its important connections, is enabled to use the very cream of the world's best output. This week's programme is an excellent one.

The picture entitled The Pirate Ship breathes the spirit of those storied days when bold bad men carried off charming maidens and looted the merchant marine.

The capture of the noble lady, her struggle to free herself and the pursuit of her captors by old-fashioned sailors make an excellent and spirited picture.

The film entitled The Woodchopper's Daughter is a romance of old France,full of pictorial beauty and unfolding a story both sentimental and tragic. "Don't complain to your Laundress",is a sad tale of a dapper dude, who complained to the washgirls themselves, with unique and drastic results, whilst the picture known as The Charmed Umbrella is colored in a variety of tints and hues and deals with the magic of the old world to a startling degree.

The illustrated song, A picnic for Two, as sung by Baby Rosa, to the tenor echo of Mr. Austin, made a hit at once and its accompanying illustrations are very pretty.

## LET GIRLS MAKE LOVE AT HOME

MUNCIE, Ind., July 25—Superintendent J. G. Yaryan, of McCulloch Park, who has endeavored to prevent all "spooning" in the park, has announced that the utmost vigilance of himself and assistants has not broken up the practice and that he is discouraged.

"There must be too much human nature in it to be overcome by an ordinary park policeman," commented Yaryan. "I have investigated some cases and have found out that those who make love in the park are not allowed to do so at home. The advice I have to give then is that more love-making be allowed at the homes of girls, where the danger is less."



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## THE SENLAC FLOATED

### She Was Raised Yesterday and May go on Halifax Marine Railway.

Halifax, N. S., July 25—The steamer Senlac which was so damaged by collision with the Rosalind in Halifax harbor some weeks ago that she had to be beached, was successfully floated this afternoon. The Senlac was towed across the harbor to the Intercolonial piers awaiting a chance to get on the marine railway which is full at present.

A despatch from Port Dufferin says the steamer Bridgewater, which went ashore near there some time age, has been floated and towed into Port Dufferin.

Mrs. Irene Davis, of Minneapolis, Minn., dressed in male attire, went to St. Paul and kidnapped her little six-year old daughter.

*WHERE DOES THE PAPER GO?*

The *first* question asked by a general advertiser. The ***Telegraph*** and ***Times*** reach that class of people who subscribe and agree to pay for the reading privilege. These papers go ***first hand*** from the publishers ***by carrier*** and ***not*** through street boys to be left in office or store by purchaser after reading. Common sense teaches that ***every paper*** passed into homes direct ***will be read.*** The ***Telegraph*** and ***Times*** are ***home papers.*** Do they contain ***your*** advertisement?