



Righted in Time

"What is to be done?" she heard the countess say, in a voice which sounded hollow and weak with trouble and weariness.

"God knows!" said Royce, and Madge knew that he was pacing to and fro as he had paced in the hall-room; could picture his pale, harassed face as plainly as if she saw it. "God knows! I feel confused, bewildered, and miserable!" he added with a groan. "Mother, I ought not to have come here! It was a mistake, a fatal one! I might have known that—that some of them would find us out, and—bring this upon you. Forgive me mother! Ever since I was born I have been a trouble to you, and have disgraced the old name and now—"

"Yes," said the countess, as if she were communing with herself rather

"Madge and I must leave here. We ought never to have come; I see clearly enough now. We ought to have gone away, abroad somewhere; anywhere where we weren't known, and where this couldn't have happened. Poor Madge! Poor Madge!"

"Everything has gone wrong. A curse has rested upon me and the house since—" She stopped and drew a heavy breath. "And yet all seemed so smooth and straight. My plans—and God knows I planned and schemed for your happiness, not my own!—my plans were going to their ends as if Providence had blessed them. Irene loved you—"

"Mother!" he cried.

"Yes," she said in her persistent way, "she loved you—she loved you still; I know it! I see it plainly every day. It is not only I who am wretched; I watch her face; I know by the look on it, by the tone of her voice when she speaks to you—"

"For God's sake be silent; say no more, mother!" Royce broke out, hoarsely.

"It is the truth," she said dully, stubbornly; "you have been and are blind not to have seen it! I meant you to marry her. You would have been rich, you would have been happy, and my great sin would not have borne its fruit."

Royce went up to her and laid his hand heavily on her shoulder.

"What are you saying, mother?" he demanded, hoarsely. "Your sin—"

She started and looked at him for a moment like one in a dream; then she put her hand to her brow.

"What have I said?" she exclaimed in a trembling voice. "Why do you come here and drive me to despair? Why—"

Then she seemed to recognize him and her head dropped again.

"What were you saying, Royce?" she said. "I—I am upset and bewildered; I don't know what I am saying!"

"My poor mother!" he said, with a strong man's pity. "God forgive me for bringing all this upon you; but there shall be an end of it from to-night; we shall go away, Madge and I."

She arose and seemed to struggle for her usual self-possession.

"Go on," she said in a constrained voice. "I remember all now. Go on and tell your plans."

"We will go away," he repeated. "It will be best for all of us, especially for poor Madge; she would never be happy here. I see that now. I ought to have foreseen it from the first, but I did not. We will go abroad to one of the colonies. I am strong and can work."

The countess, one more calm and collected, looked before her thoughtfully.

"Yes," she said, "it will be the best. Poor girl!"

"Yes, I pity her, and I do not wonder at it. I will not blame you for marrying her; no man placed as you were could have resisted her. But it was a mad thing to do. Mad! Yes, you must go." She sighed heavily.

"You must go. But there will be no

need for work or poverty; I will give you money. Seymour must give you—"

Royce started, and the blood flew to his hitherto white face.

"No," he said, "no a penny from Seymour. And, mother—" he paused as if reluctant to continue; then he forced himself to go on. "Mother, Seymour is watching. You did not see him in the card room, and did not hear what that man Jake said."

"What—what did he say?" she breathed.

"Enough to show me—all of us—that Seymour is not what he pretends to be," he replied. "He is a lie and a fraud. God forgive me for speaking so of my brother, but it is the truth."

The countess stammered.

"Yes," she said slowly, painfully; "he is your brother—your brother. You say—"

"That—that he wants watching," said Royce.

"I—I have brought disgrace upon the old name, but he will bring a worse shame on it if he is not prevented. He is the sort of man to gamble away every penny—"

"But I can't think of him now, mother. It is of Madge and her future I must speak. We will go to-morrow. I know what she feels, and I know that she will not want to see you—any of us—again. We will pack up to-night and be off early to-morrow. There must be some spot in the world where people can't point at us and—"

His voice broke. Madge heard the countess moan.

"I shall never see you again! Oh, my boy, my boy!" broke from her.

Madge waited no longer. White to the lips, with an agony worse than

T.O.-DAY

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death, she felt her way along the wall of the room and sped swiftly, noiselessly, along the corridor and down the stairs.

No one was in the hall. The servants, even the porter were congregated in the servants' hall discussing with feverish excitement the events of the night; and she went straight to the great door, and opening it, passed out into the night.

It was dark and a keen wind was whistling through the leafless trees. It seemed to her to be singing in a mocking voice, "Irene loved you; she loves you still!"

Madge fastened her shawl around her and stood for a moment, posed, as it were, upon the broad step. Whether should she go? The answer breathed by the same inner voice, seemed to whisper despairingly—

"Anywhere from this place, anywhere!"

Obedying it, as before, she passed down the steps, and swiftly crossing the lawn—across the light thrown from the windows of the still lighted rooms—was swallowed up in the darkness.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

She went swiftly, with the shawl drawn closely around her head, along the drive, its wonted smoothness cut up by the carriages, passed the gates and into the high road. She passed a moment or two to gain breath and looked around her. As she did so, the clock of the Towers struck five. In another hour or two, she reflected, workmen would be about and she would be seen. She must hasten on, but whether? At that moment if any idea at all found room in her bewildered mind it was that of going to her own people. If she could only manage to avoid recognition, she must in time come across a band of gypsies. Whether they belonged to her own tribe or not, she knew that they would succor, and, if necessary, hide her.

She hurried on and for a time, supported by the excitement, was not sensible of fatigue; but presently she became conscious of it. Her feet seemed to be of lead, her head ached, her eyes burned. She knew that she could not go much further. Suddenly she found herself off the road and upon the grass. She looked around confusedly and saw she was on Gorse Common. As she looked a faint light attracted her attention, and she realized, after a moment or two, that it was from Martha Hooper's cottage. It seemed like a beacon—not to warn but to welcome; and it occurred to her that she might rest there for a short time, perhaps until the night had fallen again. The woman had evidently known what sorrow was, and would sympathize with her and



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hide her. It was true that there was some secret understanding between her and the countess, but Madge reflected that she could show Martha Hooper that she, Madge, was flying from Monk Towers to save the countess from further humiliation, and that would induce Mrs. Hooper to help her in her flight.

She made her way across the common and, nearly fainting now with the exhaustion produced by the reaction of excitement, she leaned against the door and knocked.

Two or three minutes passed—minutes that seemed an age to Madge—and she was asking herself whether she should have strength to keep from falling upon the step, when Martha Hooper's nervous voice was heard from behind the door:

"Who is it? Is it you—Jake?" she asked in trembling tones.

Madge moistened her lips; she was almost incapable of speech.

"It is I," she said at last.

Mrs. Hooper opened the door, then shrunk back and uttered a cry of alarm.

"Who is it?" she asked. "I—I don't know you! I've nothing to give—"

"It is I—Mrs. Landon!" said poor Madge. "Let me come in, I—"

Martha Hooper uttered a cry of astonishment and nervous apprehension, and, drawing her in, closed the door.

"It is you, ma'am!" she gasped as Madge sank onto a chair. "Oh what has happened? Why are you dressed like that? You are ill!"

"I—I am tired," said Madge faintly. Martha Hooper ran for a glass of water, and brought it to her and stood by as Madge drank it, wringing her hands.

"What has happened, ma'am?" she repeated. "Has—has he been there? Oh tell me quick! My poor heart!" and she put her hands to her side.

"I am in great trouble, Mrs. Hooper," said Madge faintly. "I—I have left the Towers."

"Left the Towers! You!" gasped Martha. "Why have you done that?"

"I don't think I can tell you," said Madge with a heavy sigh. "And yet you will soon know the truth. All the world will know it! I have left the Towers and—my husband, because I have brought shame and disgrace upon him—upon all of them."

She spoke with the awful calmness of resignation and despair. Why

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should she not tell this woman the truth? All the county knew it—was probably discussing it at this moment.

"Shame, disgrace!" echoed Martha Hooper.

"Yes," said Madge. "You know—perhaps you do not; but it will be known before daylight that I am a gypsy."

"A gypsy!" the woman looked at Madge's brown dress and red shawl. "A gypsy! I thought you were play acting. Yes, you look like a gypsy in those clothes!"

"I am a gypsy," said Madge sadly. "It was in a gypsy camp that Jack—that my husband first saw me—and—"

—her voice broke—"loved me. I—I did not know the harm I was doing in letting him marry me. How could I have known?" She was not so much speaking to the pale, frightened woman before her as communing with herself. "Then I came to the Towers and—and I tried to be like the others, to be a lady and—worthy of him; and to-night—her voice broke—"to-night I thought I had done so, that he would be proud of me. Then, just when I had forgotten what I had been, a man came into the midst of them all and told them all what I was!" Her eyes were dry and hot, and yet as if the unshed tears were burning in them. "Poor Jake!" she breathed with a heavy sigh. "He did not know the harm he was doing—"

"Jake!"

(To be continued.)

She Feels She Owes Her Life to Them

WHAT MISS EAGLE SAYS OF DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Ormsby lady who suffered from Diabetes for five years tells of the benefit she received from Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Ormsby, Ont., April 12.—(Special)—"I feel I owe my life to Dodd's Kidney Pills." This strong statement comes from the lips of Miss Gertrude Eagle, a well known and highly respected resident of this place. And Miss Eagle gives her reasons for speaking out in terms that none can fail to understand.

"I have been suffering from Diabetes for five years," she states. "I tried the doctors but they could do nothing for me."

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THE ALEUTS.

A Peculiar Tribe Lives in the Far North.

Peculiar in their way were thirteen mummies found a while ago in a cave on Ragamil Island, which is one of the Aleutic chain. They were wrapped in skins and nets; but the remarkable point about them was that the cavern which served them as a burial vault, was steam-heated. In coldest winter weather it was kept warm by volcanic fires.

Eleven of these thirteen mummies are now in the National Museum at Washington. They are completely desiccated.

It is supposed that ancestors of the present-day Aleuts mummified their dead, not for any religious reason, as did the Egyptians of old, but because they did not want to part with them. Their method was to wrap their defunct relatives in the skins and intestinal membranes of sea mammals placed them in a squatting attitude on wooden trays, and hang them up in dry caves.

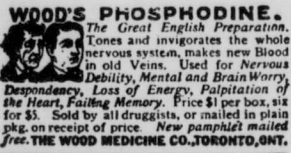
Many of these mummies that have been found are undoubtedly very ancient; but of the origin and early history of the Aleuts nothing whatever is known. Some authorities are of opinion that they came from Japan. At the present time they are much mixed, racially speaking.

They spoke the Russian language at the time when, in 1767, the Aleutian Islands passed with Alaska, into the possession of the United States. Then, until 1884, they were left to themselves and governed themselves. They have now forgotten the Russian tongue, and are becoming Americanized. Most of them live in clean wooden houses and wear continental clothes. The women weave wonderful fabrics of grass, so finely plaited as to resemble silk.

Japan's Delightful Climate.

Japan is considered, because of its delightful climate, the playground of the East. Residents of other countries of the far East Indies, the Philippines, and the St. Louis settlements flock to Japan in the hot summer months to enjoy its mountain resorts. Owing to the large tourist business some of these resorts present all the up-to-date advantages.

A family descended from father to son, and son-times the descent is something fierce.



than speaking to him. "It is disgrace and ruin!"

"And I have brought it upon you!" he said bitterly.

She turned her head slightly, almost as if she did not understand; then she put her hand to her brow.

"You mean—" she said confusedly.

"I mean that fellow's presence here here to-night," he said. "I might have known that he would come after Madge and want money. I might have known! But I did not think; I thought of nothing but my own happiness."

"It is the way with all of us," she said almost absently.

"No," he said with deep emotion; "it is not your way, mother; you have always thought of others—"

She arose with a strange gesture of denial, then sank into the chair again.

"It is I who am to blame," he went on.

"Yes," she assented wearily. "You have been to blame also. God works in a mysterious way. It was fated that you should do what you have done; that you should bring down the edifice built upon sand—upon sand! I am punished."

"You, mother?" he said, as if he did not understand her. Then after a pause, "What have you done, except think and act for my welfare? And how have I rewarded you? But, there, what is the use of talking? The question is, what are we to do?"

The countess remained silent. It seemed as if she was too engrossed by her own thoughts to understand all he said.

"There is only one thing to do," he went on after a moment of silence.



PARTRIDGE TIRES.
Game as Their Name