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A Lost Gem

"No, I don't. I will do anything for Molly, your Molly. I will be your friend if she likes you, and I shall do you the greatest service in my power, Mr. Hannington, if by any means I can make you thoroughly ashamed of the words that you have spoken tonight. What have I done that you should so insult me? To tell you before I knew of your marriage that I returned the affection which you have long professed to feel for me ought never to have laid me open to this shameful proposal of yours. I feel degraded by it; but I am not degraded; it is you, in your wicked folly and madness, that have degraded yourself, and I can only hope and pray that you will some day feel as deeply as I do the depths to which you have sunk, and the contempt which I and every good man and woman must feel for you."

She uttered her biting words clearly and distinctly, with a ring of scorn in her voice, beneath which any man might well have slunk away ashamed. Hannington was bolder than most men in his way; but even he listened to her with white lips and a hand-dog look which veiled a deep remorse. For once he was bitterly hurt; he smarted as if she had lashed him with a whip; yet such was her power over him—he did not resent her words.

"I know that you are in the right," he said, half sullenly, half sorrowfully, at last. "That does not make it any the better for me. Well, I'll go. Good-bye, Lady Valencia. If apologies would make things any better I would apologize, but I know that it is of no use."

Lady Val gave him a rapid, scrutinizing glance. "No use at all," she said decisively. "We had better say no more about it, Mr. Hannington. I shall be glad if you will go now, if you please."

He started slightly, took up his hat, and moved reluctantly towards the door. She watched him as he went—noted his bowed head, his frowning, discolored countenance, his dejected manner—and she clenched her little hands at her side to keep herself still. For her heart yearned over him in spite of all the bitter things she had said; and she would have been glad indeed if he had given her the chance of saying a gentle word to him before he went back to his unloved and dejected wife.

He gave her the chance. The handle of the door was between his fingers when he looked back and saw her watching him. Her face was calm and cold; but her eyes were softer than she knew. He made a sudden step backwards into the room.

"I can't go," he groaned, "until you say that you forgive me."

She hurried to his side—her pride, her self-control, gone to the winds. She laid her hand upon his arm.

"Oh, Jack! Jack!" she said "how could you do it? Yes, I do forgive you. At least, I will forgive you if you will only go home and be kind to poor little Molly. Make her happy, Jack, and I will forget all that you have said."

He took her hand and kissed it; he did not attempt to touch the beautiful face, which was yet so perilously near. She had raised him to her own height for a little while. For her sake he was willing at least to try to do his duty.

He scarcely knew how he got into the street. She must have put him out and closed the door behind him. He walked on, not seeing the road before him, not caring whether his footsteps led. Molly was forgotten, his own misery, his own shame, were present with him; everything else was a blank. When he came to himself a little he found that he was sitting on a bench in some public place, his elbows on his knees, his hands before his face, his eyes dim and his cheeks wet with tears. Who would have believed it of John Hannington? He rose up, dashed the moisture from his eyes, and began, slowly and sadly, to collect his thoughts. They were anything but pleasant.

And, after meditating in some aimless and hopeless fashion for the best part of an hour, he made his way back to the hotel where he had left poor Molly.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A month later Mr. and Mrs. John Hannington had left Scotland and taken up their quarters in a London hotel. It was an expensive mode of living; but Hannington was in a reckless mood, and did not scruple to fling away the very few hundreds that he had been able to raise for himself before his marriage. He had not yet relinquished the hope that Mr. Moncrieff would relent towards his daughter, and pay over to her the money to which she would have been entitled; but he began to fear that the father's heart was harder than he had imagined, and in that case he foresaw that his marriage would prove an utter failure as far as his worldly prospects were concerned.

The husband and wife had just dined in a pleasant bow-windowed room overlooking Piccadilly. Dinner had been ordered early—at 6 o'clock—as Hannington wanted to go out for the evening; and, now, soon after 7, the spring sunshine was growing dim, and lighted wax candles, with their pretty crimson shades, had been set upon the damask-covered table. The blinds were not yet drawn down, however; and the ceaseless noise of traffic which in the street below was distinctly heard through the half-open window.

"What a noisy place London is," said

Molly, as she listened to the sound. "Think so?" said Hannington, indifferently. "I never notice it."

"It was so quiet at Torrensuir."

"Deadly quiet, I suppose. And deadly dull."

A faint little sigh issued from Molly's lips. But if her husband heard it he heeded not to show that he heard. He had lighted a cigarette and was lying back in his chair with his face turned toward the window. Apparently he did not even wish to glance at his wife, although she made a pip at that very moment which might well have charmed the eye of any man.

He had been rigorous in his requirements during the last few days, and Molly had done her best to fulfil them, seeing in his critical observations and sharp scrutiny only love for herself and anxiety that she should look her best in the eyes of her friends. As yet his friends had not taken any notice of her. Possibly, she thought, they did not know that he was in London with his wife. But in view of future calls, invitations, drives and rides, Molly had dutifully visited fashionable dress-makers, milliners and coiffeurs, all of whom her soul would have loathed in the untrammelled life at Torrensuir. The result had been transformation. Molly was no longer a lovely being upon whom looked as if she had stepped out of a fashion book. Her hair was piled up on her head in countless soft, shining rolls; it was cut in front in a way which crimped out of all its much prettier natural waves; her dress showed more of her neck and arms than would have been considered quite decorous at Torrensuir, and was composed of soft, creamy white material interlined with damask silk, over an underdress of eau-de-nil silk. Knots of ribbon of the same shade fastened a cluster of tea roses at her breast, and she wore ornaments of aquamarine and gold. The greenish-blue tint was admirably becoming to her dazzling complexion and the ruddy gold of her hair; and Molly knew it; yet she was not happy in the consciousness of her own beauty. She began to find that it did not do so much as she had expected it to do. A frightened sense of powerlessness had been growing upon her during the last few weeks.

Hannington had rather a jaded and frangible look. The anxieties of his position were telling on him. But as yet he had said nothing of these anxieties to Molly.

"When are we going?" said Molly at last.

"Going?" He started a little as he spoke. "Oh, I forgot to tell you. I am to the theatre tonight."

"Oh, Jack! Why not?"

"Business," said Hannington curtly. "And we have such nice seats. Oh, what a pity. Can't you put off business, Jack, dear?"

"No, of course, I can't. Business won't be put off, as you ought to know."

"Then—you have to go out tonight?"

"Yes."

There was a little pause. "You were out last night without me," said Molly softly, "and the night before—and tonight."

(To be Continued.)

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Of Hood's Sarsaparilla, wins friends wherever it is fairly and honestly tried. To have perfect health you must have pure blood, and the best way to have pure blood is to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. It expels all taint of scrofula, salt rheum and all other humors, and at the same time builds up the whole system.

Hood's Pills are prompt and efficient. 25c a box.

A man won't save his soul by paying his pew rent and neglecting his grocer. Pliny is authority for the statement that Zoroaster once lived 30 years on nothing but cheese, and that that diet made him insensible to the advances of old age.

Among the pains and aches cured with marvelous rapidity with Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil is earache. The young are especially subject to it, and the desirability of this Oil as a family remedy is enhanced by the fact that it is admirably adapted not only to the above ailment, but also to the hurts, disorders of the bowels, and affections of the throat, to which the young are especially subject.

At a spot on the highway near Avon, N. Y., where a man was killed over 70 years ago, three plants of an unknown species are said to annually spring up and bloom.

As Parmelee's Vegetable Pills contain Mandrake and Dandelion, they cure Liver and Kidney Complaints with unerring certainty. They also contain Roots and Herbs which have specific virtues truly wonderful in their action on the stomach and bowels. Mr. E. C. Calmross, Shakespeare, writes: "I consider Parmelee's Pills an excellent remedy for Biliousness and Derangement of the Liver, having used them myself for some time."

The railroad across Siberia will be 4,000 miles long when finished. The two sections now operated are 761 miles long.

Give Holloway's Corn Cure a trial. It removed ten corns from one pair of feet without any pain. What it has done once it will do again.

In Mexico two substitute jurymen act with the regular jury, so that sudden illness will not affect the verdict.

How to Cure All Skin Diseases
Simply apply "Swayne's Ointment." No internal medicine required. Cures tetter, eczema, itch, all eruptions on the face, hands, nose, etc., leaving the skin clear, white and healthy. Its great healing and curative powers are possessed by no other remedy. Ask your druggist for "Swayne's Ointment." Lyman, Sons & Co., Montreal, wholesale agents.

Some of the leading society lights of Cincinnati, Ohio, have formed a society for the suppression of gossip. Worms cause feverishness, moaning and restlessness during sleep. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is pleasant, sure and effectual. If your druggist has none in stock, get him to procure it for you.

A Londoner makes money by lending £100 notes to be exhibited at weddings as the gift of the bride's father.

Coal-Wood.
Messrs. Bowman & Co. beg to inform their customers and the public that they have appointed Frank B. Clarke, 416 Richmond, as their agent. He will continue to take orders for coal and wood. Best beech and maple blocks, \$4 50; half cord, \$2 25; quarter cord, \$1 15. Mr. Clarke will also continue the ticket and exchange business at the old stand.

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Recommends the Use of
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Mrs. John Glassford Says: "The Compound Is One of the Greatest Blessings Ever Given to Humanity."

The physicians of the North American continent are prescribing Paine's Celery Compound every day, because they have confidence in its healing, strengthening and building-up virtues. No other medicine of modern times is so popular with our best physicians. They know what it has accomplished in extreme and desperate cases, and have no hesitation in recommending it when life is in danger.

The testimony received from Mrs. John Glassford, of Chatham, Ont., is worthy of the most careful perusal. It proves conclusively that the worst cases can be successfully cured by nature's great medicine. Mrs. Glassford, for the benefit of other sufferers, writes thus:

"Three years ago I was under treatment for enlargement of the liver, and my physician was able to bring about a cure in due time. Soon after, however, I was called upon to attend my daughter through a very severe illness. The work and anxiety was too much for me in my weak condition. As a result of my overwork and intense anxiety I was thrown into a relapse of the worst form, and my nerves gave out, which made my case worse than ever before.

"My sufferings were something terrible. No tongue or pen could ever tell what I had to pass through. I went to Detroit and consulted a doctor, but his treatment was not beneficial. Finally, after months of agony, and my life despaired of, my physician here recommended as a last resort Paine's Celery Compound. I am pleased to tell you that relief soon came after I had used this remedy—the greatest of all medicines in our country today for suffering humanity."

"I have been using the Compound about six months, and most of the time I am quite well. I feel that by continuing its use for a further time I will be quite restored. I could not live a single month, I am sure, were it not for the Compound. I prize it as one of the greatest blessings ever given to humanity."

"Our druggists, A. E. Pilkey & Co., have sold your remedy to scores of people here from what has been seen and known of my case."

APPIN.

("Advertiser" Agent, D. B. McCall.)

May 13.—There was frost here last night hard enough to form ice on the water, but as the morning was cloudy it is to be hoped that but little damage, if any, has resulted.

Walter Crisholm, of Ekfrid, was destroyed by lightning. The building was 40x70, and not yet a year old. Contents, 200 bushels oats and twenty tons hay, and mow, burned. Insurance, \$500.

D. C. Black, of this place, who was very low with heart trouble last week, was somewhat better on Saturday, but is still very weak. There is hope of his recovery.

Wm. Donnelly, who has been confined to his bed for the past four weeks, is gaining slowly, though yet for the most part obliged to keep his bed. His appetite is gaining, and if the improvement continues he will likely be able to be up this week.

Emile Zola

the Eminent Writer

says of

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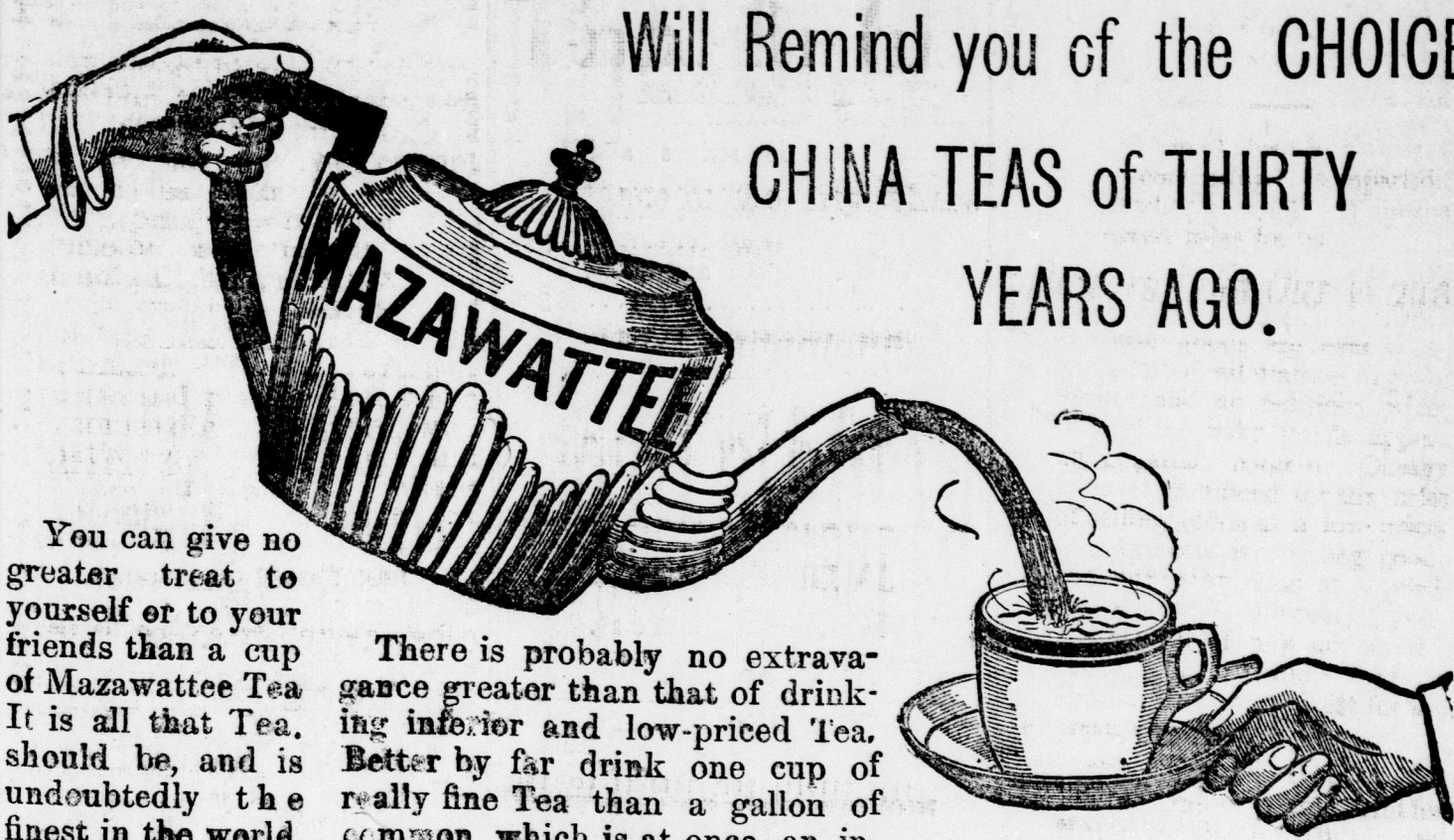
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In Springtime

it should always be used to cleanse the blood, regulate digestion and put the whole system in that condition of rosy, bounding health that fits all of us (but particularly young and delicate children) to endure the coming heat of summer. B. B. B. not only makes pure blood, but it cures Bad Blood in any form, from a tiny pimple to an aggressive ulcer.

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