

The Miser Of Havelock

How the Name Was Changed to "Prince of Havelock."

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Sally Birch glanced curiously at the house set back among the drooping elms. Her aunt saw the glance and talked volubly.

"You remember I've written you about the man who has taken the old Havelock place?"

"Yes," replied Sally. "You called him an old miser. Really, Aunt Jane, does he count his gold in a dusty, cobwebbed room?"

"Fiddle!" snorted Jane Gray. "Of course he doesn't do that! But he is so stingy he won't give a cent toward any charity, and he even stays away from church. Folks say he is too mean to put a penny in the contribution box."

Sally laughed indulgently. "Poor old man!" she said. "If he really knew what his neighbors said about him do you suppose he would summon pride to his aid and give something?"

"I'm sure he would not," asserted Jane, with emphasis. "He's been approached by every one. I even went there myself!"

"And he refused?" asked Sally.

"Yes," she said. "Madam, if I could see my way clear to contribute toward your church expenses I would do so, but I cannot afford it. I said to him: 'Mr. Worth, don't conceal your niggardly nature behind a lie. Any one who can afford to rent the Havelock place must be a rich man.'"

"What did he say then?" questioned Sally.

"He grew very red, and I don't wonder, and he said nothing whatever, for I didn't give him an opportunity. I came away."

Sally glanced once more through the gateway. There was a gardener mowing the velvet lawns. From over the hedge came the rich, sweet smell of lily of the valley.

"When I was a little girl I used to slip inside the gate and pick lilies of the valley," said Sally reminiscently.

"That was when the Havelocks lived here," interposed Jane. "There have been many changes since you came to visit me fifteen years ago. The Havelocks have become millionaires and rarely come to Lyndbridge. I was surprised to learn they had rented the place."

Sally's blue eyes watched the vanishing form of the gardener. The clatter of the lawn mower died away in the distance.

"You go on, Aunt Jane," said the girl. "I'm going to get some lilies. I shall be home almost as soon as you are," she added as the trim little lady protested. "Even if he is a miser I am sure old Mr. Worth won't mind my having a few flowers. Probably he doesn't know they're here at all. I'm sure buttercups and dandelions are his favorite blossoms. They're the color of gold, you know."

Sally waved a laughing farewell and slipped through an opening in the tall clipped hedge.

"Oh!" she cried sharply, for a man confronted her.

He was sitting back on his heels among the stiff green leaves of the lily bed, and in his hand was a great bunch of the fragrant flowers.

There was hardly a dainty blossom left in the bed.

He was a very tired looking man, with quite gray hair. His eyes were brown and his eyebrows very black, meeting symmetrically on the bridge of a very handsome nose.

He glanced coolly at Sally, and she was conscious that the brown eyes did not disapprove of her dainty self.

Her usually sweet voice became very cold and contemptuous.

"I came in to get a few lilies," she said as he rose to his tall height. "I am sure Mr. Worth would not care, he has so many."

"My name is Worth," he said, looking keenly at her.

"You?" she cried incredulously. "Then you heard what we were saying about your father, I suppose?"

He nodded. "My father has been dead for three years." A look of pain crossed his features and vanished in a grim smile. "I am James Worth. I am the miser of Havelock."

Sally's face was crimson with embarrassment, but she lifted a haughty chin.

"You listened?" she accused.

"I couldn't help it. These lilies had to be picked. I have promised them by noon. They are for Miss Trent's wedding bouquet. You see, I am explaining why I cannot give them to you."

"Ah, no! But I am glad that you do not mind my trespassing," she said hastily.

"I am afraid I would have objected to your taking my flowers," he said coolly. "You see, I am to be well paid for this bouquet. I could not afford to give them away."

The contemptuous look came back to Sally's eyes.

"Of course not!" She moved toward the open gate; it would be too undignified to squeeze through his hedge again. The situation required a conventional exit.

tricated her foot from the ruined hat. She noticed that it was not a new hat, but a panama head covering of the season before.

Sally had almost reached Aunt Jane's house when she murmured:

"How white he was. He must have a frightful temper. And all about a last year's hat!"

But she dismissed the unpleasant incident for the time because Aunt Jane was frantically preparing for Agatha Trent's wedding.

For several days Sally Birch evinced an unusual restlessness. No longer was she content to sit on the vine draped piazza and read or embroider. To Jane Gray's disgust Sally took to walking.

"My dear," fussed the little woman, "I can't follow you about the country, over hill and dale, and it really isn't safe for you to go alone."

"I always take Caesar along," protested Sally.

"Caesar is all very well," retorted Jane, putting the French bull pup, but after this don't go any farther than the pine woods."

Sally agreed, blushing hotly, for how could she explain to Aunt Jane, narrow minded and prejudiced, that the Havelock pine woods had been the Mecca of her daily walk? Aunt Jane could not be made to understand that Sally felt that she owed James Worth, the "miser of Havelock," an apology for her rudeness.

So Sally and Caesar went to the pine woods once more, and for the first time since that May morning when she had slipped through his hedge she met the "miser of Havelock."

He was standing under the pines listening to the song of a wood thrush. He was bareheaded, and Sally remembered, with a guilty pang, Aunt Jane's idle gossip that the "miser" had taken to going bareheaded about the countryside.

He heard Caesar's pattering tread on the pine needles and turned his head just as Sally came to a pause, looking like a lovely picture in her pink frock. The sunlight slanted down and touched her brown hair with golden lights. Her eyes were as blue as the unclouded sky.

"Good afternoon," he said gravely, and without waiting for an exchange of courtesies he looked up to the topmost twig of a pine where the thrush was silhouetted against the sky.

"Mr. Worth," began Sally timidly, "I've been wanting to see you—to tell you I'm sorry about the hat."

His eyes looked so surprised that Sally's heart jumped oddly, just as if he had said: "Why, this girl is much nicer than I thought! She isn't such a barbarian, after all!"

He smiled, too, and ten years vanished. Surely he was not more than thirty. He looked very boyish.

"Pray don't trouble about the wretched hat," he said. "I'm sorry I acted so panic stricken over it, but—"

he laughed outright—"It was a very serious matter."

"I am sorry. I was very rude about it and about the flowers," she added.

"Would it bore you if I told you why I am called a miser?" He hesitated.

A lovely look came into Sally's eyes. "I would feel honored by your confidence," she said quite humbly.

He found a seat for her on a fallen log, and, sitting down on the pine needles, he stuffed his pipe into his pocket and began.

Sally listened, fascinated, to a story of how a man, his father, had failed in business. In the crash carrying to ruin a number of his customers, men of small means who had trusted him.

Almost immediately he had died, and on his deathbed his son had promised to pay back every creditor and clear his father's name. To him it was a sacred trust, and he had paid up the debts, denying himself luxuries and even necessities. Dick Havelock had been his college chum, and last year Dick had offered his friend the use of the country house, with the privilege of selling fruits and flowers, while he saw that the place was kept in repair.

James Worth was a writer who was struggling toward success. He had just completed a novel, it had been accepted by publishers, and a substantial check was in his pocket.

"I am happy today," he concluded, frankly. "This check will pay off the last indebtedness against my father's name."

"I am so glad for you," said Sally softly, "and thank you for telling me. I wish every one knew that the 'miser of Havelock' is a nobleman in disguise."

"Oh," he cried, in embarrassment, "I only told you because I—I didn't want you to misunderstand. Any decent chap would have done the same thing."

"You will be going away?" she asked. He nodded. "Tomorrow. Wait a moment, please." He disappeared among the trees.

Sally waited ten minutes, and then he returned, bearing a small bunch of lilies of the valley.

"These have been coming into bloom in the darkest corner under the hedge," he explained. "I was hoping I would see you again. I was saving them for you."

Sally pinned them at her breast. "I felt so mean about the others," he confessed. "But I got \$25 for that bouquet, and it helped a lot. You understand now?"

Sally smiled. "I understand," she said and gave him her hand in farewell.

"Good luck," she wished him.

"Oh, I shall be coming back to see you!" he said.

And who can blame Sally Worth if she does call her husband the "Prince of Havelock," sometimes? Usually, though, she calls him "Jimmy."

GUARDING GOLD AT SEA.

Armor Plate Rooms on Ocean Liners For Holding Bullion.

It would be natural to suppose that shipments of gold bullion back and forth across the Atlantic on big liners would be attended by considerable precaution, but there is probably no other place in the world where the transport of great wealth is carried on with such simplicity.

One of our great liners has two strong rooms, the smaller being in close proximity to the captain's quarters, while the other is next to the provision department. The small strong room has its walls, floor and ceiling lined with two inch steel plate and contains nothing in the way of furnishing other than shelves. This has more than once contained enough gold to buy the liner many times over.

The locks, which are of the double variety, are rendered still more secure by covering the keyholes with steel hasps, which are themselves locked in place with massive padlocks. This strong room, being located in the most frequented portion of the ship, is passed by persons at all hours of the day and night, which, after all, is the great protection.

The strong room located near the provision department is twelve feet long by four feet wide, and it often happens that both these rooms are filled to capacity with gold bullion. On one occasion the two rooms contained \$20,000,000 in gold bullion, packed in small kegs bound with steel hoops.—London Answers.

TAUGHT HIM HIS DUTY.

Now He Knows All About the Etiquette of the Droshky.

The Siberian method of riding in a droshky requires an etiquette all its own, which, although sometimes surprising to the English traveler who encounters it for the first time, is based upon practical considerations. The danger of being thrown out has determined the prevailing usage, says Mrs. John Clarence Lee in "Across Siberia Alone."

If a gentleman escorts a lady it is his task to hold her in the carriage—not an easy occupation. He accomplishes it by putting his arm round her waist. A man who fails to do so is considered as lacking in courtesy. When you have become acquainted with the custom it seems entirely sensible and comfortable, but it seems strange at first to find yourself settling back into a stranger's arms.

An American who had lived in Russia and whom we met in China told us that he was driving with a woman physician, a Russian, middle aged and of round Russian type. He knew nothing about his duty toward her, and they thrashed round that three by five droshky until the woman turned angrily toward him.

"Have you been brought up in the backwoods that you don't know enough to hold me in this droshky?" she said. He immediately put his arm round her waist as far as it would go and held on hard.

How Standing Armies Originated.

The earliest European standing army was that of Macedonia, established about 358 B. C. by Philip, father of Alexander the Great. It was the second in the world's history, having been preceded only by that of Sesostris Pharaoh of Egypt, who organized a military caste about 1600 B. C. Of modern standing armies, that formed by the Turkish janizaries was first, being fully organized in 1302. It was a century later that the standing army of France, the earliest in western Europe, was established by Charles VII. In the shape of "compagnies d'ordonnance," numbering 9,000 men. Rivalry thereupon compelled the nations to adopt similar means of defense. In England a standing army proper was first established by Cromwell, but was disbanded under Charles II, with the exception of a few regiments called the guards, or household brigade. This was the nucleus of England's present army.

Force of Habit.

A consul in Guatemala tells a story of a man who ran a store in Retalhuleu who had been ordering candles from Germany for many years. Each candle was wrapped in blue paper. One shipment came wrapped in yellow paper. The people would not buy them. In vain he argued and showed that the candles were the same as he had been selling. It was no use, and he could not sell those candles until he sent to a paper supply house in Guatemala City and bought sufficient blue paper in which to wrap them. Then he had no difficulty in selling them.

A Proof.

"Animals cannot reason." "Did you ever try to argue with a bulldog?" "Of course not." "Then try it. He soon catches on, and you'll find that he is quite capable of holding his own."—Baltimore American.

So Easy.

Gavin—There's one thing I like about Jones' shop; you can order your goods through the telephone and after a short wait have them delivered. Bailey—That is just what I don't like. Gavin—What? Bailey—The short wait.—New York Journal.

Not Superstitious.

"Are you really a painless dentist?" "Surely I am. Didn't you read the sign on the office door?"

"Oh, yes, I read it; but I don't believe in signs."—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Rest is sweet after strife.—Owen Meredith.

HIS WIFE'S TRIUMPH.

A Record That Used to Inspire Green, the Famous Historian.

It has been the fate of many men of letters to have ill health bearing them down as they struggle on toward literary achievements. Thus beset in recent times were Stevenson, Richard Jeffries and J. R. Green. Each of these, it happened, had a high hearted wife to keep him up, even to help him with the actual labor of writing. "The Life and Letters of J. R. Green" show forth a great and sweet man. They show, too, a wife whose sympathy and fortitude helped to make his accomplishment possible.

In copying the vast amount of manuscript of her husband's books Mrs. Green contracted writer's cramp and was forced to stop using her right hand. This looked like a final obstacle in the way of the invalid, who did much of his thinking in bed and could not write himself. But Mrs. Green set to work at once learning to write with her left hand.

One of her first practice pages, which she was about to destroy with the rest, her husband took quietly and put in his pocket. Years afterward when ill health seemed unbearable and in discouragement he felt that he could not work he used to take out that piece of paper, a living record of his wife's triumph over difficulty. When he saw the painful, patient strokes by which Mrs. Green had learned to write with her left hand he could work on with something near to inspiration.

Eternal Curiosity.

"So you think all public entertainments should be censored?" "Yes, and I'd like to be one of the censors."

"What for?" "So as to be sure of not missing any, thing."—Washington Star.

Nice For Papa.

Little Laura—Are you going to wear your religion today, grandma? Grandma—What do you mean, dear? Little Laura—Papa says you use it as a cloak, —Chicago News.

The richest genius, like the most fertile soil when uncultivated, shoots up into the rankest weeds.

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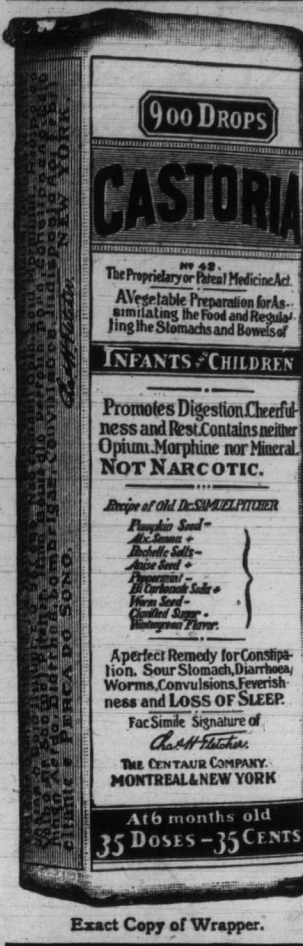
Canadian women are continually writing us such letters as the two following, which are heartfelt expressions of gratitude for restored health:

Glanford Station, Ont.—"I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and never found any medicine to compare with it. I had ulcers and falling of womb and doctors did me no good. I suffered dreadfully for years until I began taking your medicine. I also recommend it for nervousness and indigestion."—Mrs. HENRY CLARK, Glanford Station, Ont.

Chesterville, Ont.—"I heard your medicines highly praised, and a year ago I began taking them for falling of womb and ovarian trouble. "My left side pained me all the time and just before my periods, which were irregular and painful it would be worse. To sit down caused me pain and suffering and I would be so nervous sometimes that I could not bear to see any one or hear any one speak. Little specks would float before my eyes and I was always constipated. "I cannot say too much for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills, for there are no medicines like them. I have taken them and I recommend them to all women. You may publish this testimonial."—Mrs. STREPHEN J. MARTIN, Chesterville, Ontario, Canada.

Too Clever. Habitués of Christie's, London's famous auction room, tell an excellent story of a certain nouveau riche, who sought to be in the fashion by attending auction rooms and picking up trifles, not because he had the collecting mania, but because if he was a purchaser at the sale of Lord So-and-so's collection his name would very likely get into the papers. The parvenu, however, burned his fingers rather badly, and incidentally illustrated the adage that a little learning is a dangerous thing. Some silverware of the Stuart period was put up, and bidding started at a few shillings. Mr. Farvenu was amazed and had visions of acquiring fame for a guinea or so. The bidding rose and rose, and Mr. Farvenu had to go to £4 odd before the silver was his. He put down a "five" amid much merriment. For silverware, he had forgotten, or perhaps never knew, is auctioned by the ounce, and Mr. Farvenu's bid for fame had cost him £700 odd.—London Tit Bits.

Music Teacher—What is your impression of harmony? Smart Student—A freckle faced girl in a polka dot dress leading a coach dog.—Judge.



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Dancing Under Difficulties.

Probably the most extraordinary dance ever known was one given at the British legation during the siege of Peking. Death was treading on the very heels of the dancers, but they gave a regular and very successful ball—not a scratch "hop," but with a band, supper, programs and all the other apparatus. The dancing began at 10 p. m. and lasted most of the night, while all the time thousands of Chinese fiends were swarming round the place, yelling for blood.

When the relieved officers came off duty they repaired to the ballroom, while the former batch of male partners took up their rifles and went out to the defense. Not a single casualty had occurred then, nor did one happen during the ball, by some extraordinary chance; yet some determined assaults were made by the besiegers, and three times a waltz was stopped short in the middle for all the men to turn out and help in the defense.—London Answers.

Surnames in Bosnia.

Bosnia is a land where a man's surname very often varies according to his religion. In the old days families often divided their members between Christianity and Islam so as to be certain to have friends on the winning side, much as old Scottish families in some cases deliberately divided themselves between Jacobite and Hanoverian. In such Bosnian cases, Sir Charles Elliot explains, all representatives of the original family recognize each other as relatives, but generally they use different names for the two branches, conveying the same meaning in Slavonic and Turkish respectively. For example, there are the names Ralkovich and Jennetich ("Rai" and "Jennet" both meaning paradise) and Sokolich and Shahnagich ("Sokol" and "Shahin" both meaning falcon).

Origin of a Mark Twain Story.

Of all the witty things said or written by Mark Twain no phrase has been quoted oftener than his reply to an alarmist report, "Rumor of my death greatly exaggerated." The history of this now celebrated bonnet will doubtless be of interest. Mark Twain was on a visit to London some years ago and had been secured as the chief guest at a dinner to be given by a literary club. On the morning of the day when the dinner was to take place the secretary was shocked to hear a rumor that Mark Twain had died suddenly. At his wife's end, he sought to verify it by a diplomatic note to Mrs. Clemens, in which he mentioned the rumor. Mark Twain got hold of the note and telegraphed the now famous reply, "Rumor of my death greatly exaggerated."

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Golden Invitations.

A successful Moscow merchant named Spiridonow, who had made a vast fortune, thought of a novel way of inviting the guests to his golden wedding. The invitations were engraved on golden cards. When the recipients opened the envelopes they were naturally pleased with the beautiful invitations, but supposed that they were only gilded. A closer examination, however, showed that the millionaire had actually sent out cards of real gold. M. Spiridonow sent in all 200 invitations. The cards were made by a Moscow jeweler by a special process, and the material was taken from a mine owned by the millionaire. Each card was worth about \$25.—Yonth's Companion.

Hudson River Scenery.

Anthony's Nose, at the northwest corner of Westchester county, N. Y., reaches an altitude of 1,228 feet above the Hudson river. The scenery from this point, just at the entrance to the famous Highlands, has been described as the most beautiful on the globe. This particular point has brought worldwide fame to the noble Hudson, the Rhine of America.—Magazine of American History.

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