



A Millionaire; or— Countess Westerleigh.

CHAPTER V.
(Concluded.)

"Take it all," she said.
"No," he said; "only the shilling. I'm not so poor as all that. And see here; I don't think I shall need to spend the shilling even, anyhow. I mean to keep it until the last—until I've spent every other coin I've got. Yes; I intend to take care of this, Miss Nora. It shall be a little souvenir."

"What's that?" she asked.
"Oh! a keepsake, a reminder. Whenever I look at it, I shall remember the Witches' Caldron and Miss Nora Trevelyan, who wanted to give me all her money."

"You will not forget me?" she said in a low voice. "Are you sure? When you get to London, into all the crowds of people and among the rows and rows of houses, you will not be able to remember me and the cottage?"

"Oh, yes, I shall!" he said. "See here."

He took out his sportsman's knife with its innumerable blades, and opening the thick awl used for piercing leather, began to bore a hole in the shilling.

"What are you doing?" she asked, bending down, and so closely to him that he could feel her breath on his cheek and a tress of her hair against his temple.

He looked up with his short laugh. "I am going to make a hole in it and thread it on my watch-chain."

Her red, soft lips made a gesture of rejection.

"No; every one will see it, and— and will ask you where you got it and why you wear it, and you will have to tell them about this place; and you promised aunt and me that you

TWO WOMEN SAVED FROM OPERATIONS

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—Their Own Stories Here Told.

Edmonton, Alberta, Can.—"I think it is no more than right for me to thank you for what your kind advice and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound have done for me.
"When I wrote to you some time ago I was a very sick woman suffering from female troubles. I had organic inflammation and could not stand or walk any distance. At last I was confined to my bed, and the doctor said I would have to go through an operation, but this I refused to do. A friend advised Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and now, after using three bottles of it, I feel like a new woman. I most heartily recommend your medicine to all women who suffer with female troubles. I have also taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Liver Pills, and think they are fine. I will never be without the medicine in the house."
—Mrs. FRANK EMSLEY, 903 Columbia Avenue, Edmonton, Alberta.

The Other Case.
Beatrice, Neb.—"Just after my marriage my left side began to pain me and the pain got so severe at times that I suffered terribly with it. I visited three doctors and each one wanted to operate on me but I would not consent to an operation. I heard of the good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was doing for others and I used several bottles of it with the result that I haven't been bothered with my side since then. I am in good health and I have two little girls."
—Mrs. R. B. CHILD, Beatrice, Neb.

would not. Don't wear it there. Wait!"
She put her hand in her pocket and drew out a narrow red ribbon.
"Thread it on this," she said, with the serious innocence and earnestness of a young child. "I keep it to tie up my hair when the wind blows too hard."
"Then you'll want it," said Vane.
"No, no," she insisted; "I can tie it up with string. It does not matter."
"All right," said Vane, marveling at her innocence and ignorance of even the meaning of coquetry.
While he was putting the awl through the coin, she still bent over, watching him. A dreamy look came into her eyes, her whole expression softened, and unconsciously she began to sing under her breath, just as a bird sings, from sheer happiness and delight in her life.
Vane listened in silence. He and she, the boat, the blue autumn sky, the waves, made an idyl, if they had only known it; but Vane did not know even the meaning of the word "idyl," and she—ah, well, she did not know why she felt happier than ever she had felt in her life before; why something seemed to make music in her heart; why everything—the sea, the sky, the gulls that skimmed above them—had suddenly become so right and beautiful.
Vane looked up at last and met her eyes dwelling on him with a soft dreaminess; they lowered themselves but not with shame.
"There," he said, holding up the addled shilling. "Done at last."
"Give it to me," she said; and she caught it from his fingers. In doing so the coin fell.

small gift in the purest innocence, and so he would accept it.
"Let this be said for Vane Tempest: that in this, the first act of Nora's life's tragedy, he meant no evil.
"What was that you were singing just now, Miss Nora?" he asked, presently.
He had dropped back again full length in the boat, with his folded arms pillowing his head, his handsome face turned up to the sky.
"Was I singing? I didn't know. What was it—Three Fishers Went Sailing?"
She hummed it, sung it, rather in a sweet, low tone, every word as distinct and clear as a bird's note.
"Oh, that's first-rate," said Vane, approvingly; "that's what I call a pretty song—rather mournful, though, suppose, the poor fellows did get rowned."
"In winter I have stood on the beach and seen them washed in," she said, dreamily.
"It must be rough here in winter!" he said.
She nodded gravely.
"I should like to see it," he said, meditatively. "I might run down—"
He pulled up. "Oh, I forgot, promised your aunt that I wouldn't come back, or as good as that."
"No," she murmured, almost indubitably. "You will not come back, I know."
As she spoke, the happy light left her face, her eyes clouded, her lips pivered. Vane saw nothing.
A silence fell upon them; the cloud in her eyes grew moist; she put up her hand almost fiercely to dash away the threatening tears. Then suddenly she sprang to her feet, and uttered a low cry.
Vane, startled, raised his head, and saw her gazing westward, with an eager look in her eyes.
"What is it—what's the matter?" he asked.

She pointed.
"Do you see that boat?" she said, in a low voice, as if she were afraid they might be overheard.
Vane strained his eyes.
"Yes, I can see it," he said. "What about it? There's no fear of its running us down, is there?" and, he smiled.
She turned to him with an expression on her face which drove the smile from his.
"What on earth—or rather on the sea—is the matter?" he exclaimed.
"They are making for the beach," she said, in the same low voice. "We must get there first—we must!"
She put the boat about, and signed to him, almost with an air of command, to luff the sail, and glanced from it to the other boat, and then round the sea-line with a quick, comprehensive gaze.
"Why must we get there first?"

Headaches and Heart Trouble
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Anyone who knows the discouragement and despair which accompanies the helplessness of nervous prostration will appreciate the gratitude felt by the writer of this letter.
Mrs. H. C. Jones, Scotch Lake, C. B., writes: "I suffered from nervous prostration for nearly three years. I had frequent headaches, had no appetite and was troubled with my heart. After consulting two doctors, without obtaining satisfactory results, I began the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and was completely cured by this treatment. It is nearly a year since I was cured, and I want others to know of this splendid medicine. I now attend to my housework with pleasure and comfort, and am glad to have the opportunity of recommending Dr. Chase's Nerve Food."
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Stocks, 2s. 6d. per yard.
Five O'clock Tea, 2s. 6d. per yard.
That can be seen in the window of the lace shop, 100, Strand, London, W.C. 2R.
Booklet entitled "An Interesting Home Industry," illustrating over 100 different kinds of lace, post free to any part of the world. The lace-makers are very kind of any orders, however small.
BUCKLE Head-made FINEST LACE can wear any other.
Mrs. Leaham
Armstrong
Olney Buck
England.

"Hullo, that was your fault," said Vane.
She swept to her knees and hunted for it, and he did likewise, their heads close together.
"It is lost already," she said, with something between a laugh and a sigh, "and now you will forget. No; here it is!" She broke off with a laugh. She passed the ribbon through the hole and swung it to and fro.
"Where will you hide it?" she said, meditatively.
He undid the top button of his waistcoat.
"Put it round my neck, please," he said. "It will be safe there."
She leaned forward and passed the ribbon over his head. Her small hand unwittingly touched his neck. She dropped the ribbon and drew back with a little quick breath, and a strange, half-wondering look in her eyes, as if the touch had thrilled her.
Vane saw nothing of this sudden shrinking, as he methodically stowed the shilling away under his waistcoat and patted the spot where it lay.
"There you are, Miss Nora, and I'll keep my word, remember. I won't spend it until I've spent every other penny I've got, and I can't very well forget the Witches' Caldron while the shilling lies snug and warm in its place. By the way"—he laughed—"I ought to give you something in exchange, so that you won't forget me."
She shook her head.
"No," she said, with simple directness. "It isn't necessary. I shall not forget."

Vane fingered his ring, but paused.
"Better not," he thought. Her aunt would not like it; and, after all, it would be—well, bad taste on his part. The girl had given him her



asked Vane, paying due attention to the sail.
"I can't tell you," she said. "I must not. Don't ask. You are not to know. Haul the sail sheet tighter. That's better. We are getting the breeze. Oh, if it would only blow—blow like a hurricane!"
Vane stared at her. The dreamy, pensive maid had become transformed into a wild Norse king's daughter. There was a "bottle" written large in the glorious eyes and on the suddenly roused cheek and tightened lips.
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"It will be a close race, Miss Nora," he said.
"If it would only blow," she muttered. "They don't know the channel; they can't land. They will be drowned!"
She set her teeth hard.
"They appear to be no friends of ours," he said, with a smile. She shook her head.
"Can't you give her more sail?" Vane shook his head.
"Not another inch," he replied. She looked up at the sky.
"There is wind coming," she said. "But it will be too late."
"I don't know that," said Vane, and a few minutes afterwards the breeze did stiffen.
She uttered a faint cry of delight as the boat flew through the waves, her gunwale almost touching the foam.
"Let me take the helm," he said. She waved her hand in the negative.
"No, no! We are gaining. Do you see? Look!"
He looked and saw that, though he, pursuing boat was drawing near, Nora's was still ahead. Presently he saw that there were four men in the other craft, and he thought he caught the shimmer of a gold band on the cap of the man at the helm.
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She shook her head.
"You don't understand," she said, in a low, troubled voice. "We must get home—home before they come."
"All right," he said. "I don't want you to tell me anything, and I only want you to understand this, that you and I are literally in the same boat, and that I will do anything you tell me—just that."
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"He called out to me to stop," she said, grimly.
Vane smiled.
The boat sped on. Vane saw Nora's bosom heaving, her hand clenching, her eyes flashing.
"We shall do it!" she murmured. He nodded.
Presently they reached the entrance to the channel.
"If it was only dark," she breathed, "not a man on the coast would dare follow us—not a man. But they will see the way we take, and follow us; they are clever enough for that. Lower the sail the moment—the very moment I call out," she added.
(To be continued.)

Dr. de Van's Female Pills
A reliable French regulator never fails. These pills are exceedingly powerful in regulating the sensitive portions of the female system. Kidney all cheap imitations. Dr. de Van's are sold in 50¢ boxes, 5 for \$2.50. Mail to our address: The Seabell Drug Co., St. John's, Nfld., N.S.

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