

# HIS LORDSHIP'S ROMANCE

### CHAPTER VII.

The ball room at Lynnewolds was a magnificent apartment. Nothing could be in better taste than the decorations. The scene was picturesque and dazzling; the innumerable light, the rich hangings, the costly and fragrant flowers, the exquisite dresses of the ladies, the gleaming of rich jewels. Faint, exquisite perfumes seemed to steal upon the air, the music was of the best, and the whole scene one of animation and enjoyment.

If Lord Lynne could have consulted his own inclination, he would have opened the ball with Agatha; but the Countess of Strathdale and her daughter, Lady Victoria, were present, and stern etiquette pointed to the Countess, a Scotchwoman, and Philip could not but obey.

"Keep the first waltz for me, Agatha," he whispered. "I have just promised Allan," she replied. "I am so sorry. Ask Inez; she likes waltzing."

And again as Lord Lynne drew near his cousin, he was struck with her astonishing beauty. Inez had arrayed herself for conquest that evening. "The love magnificence," she said to herself, "and my dress will please him" and please him it did, for his eyes rested upon her as they would have done on some rare picture. Her dress was of some glowing, soft material, mingled white and gold. A coronet of superb opals, the last gift of her father, shone in the midst of her wealth of hair; opals were clasped round the firm white throat and the exquisite arms, and a deep crimson rose, artistically placed in the bosom of her dress, gave sufficient color to relieve the white. The brilliant, pasty, and somewhat faded, the dark eyes flashed as they had never done before, for she had hoped at last—this haughty girl who scorned alike love and lovers—that Lord Lynne loved her.

She had no reason for it, save that his eyes had softened when he had gazed upon her, and his lips had touched her hand; he was coming, too, to ask her for the waltz, the dreamy, delicious music of which had just begun. If she had known he sought her in compliance with Agatha's request, she would not have smiled assent. She would have trampled upon her own heart rather than have owned one act of kindness from him to another.

Ignorance is sometimes happiness, and Inez was really happy as she moved in unison with that music. She was not aware of all Spanish ladies, a graceful dancer. No haste or awkwardness—easy, and with graceful dignity, she seemed to make the music and the motion one. Lord Lynne had never danced with her before; it was her unusual superiority that made him say, "That was the best waltz I ever had in my life. If I were a Spanish courtesan, I should say that every day develops new gifts and graces in my charming cousin."

It was simply a pretty complimentary speech, such as Lord Lynne had often whispered to other partners. There was nothing in it to catch her heart to thrill and tremble, and her cheeks to glow.

It is pitiful to think how people can help to delude themselves. While she, with the whole force and strength of her mind, looked down at her partner, and her cheeks to glow.

It was a pitiful sight upon which the moonbeams fell. The proud, beautiful girl, radiant with love and happiness, was bent a time since, with a great cry, flung herself down, and the moonlight fell upon the gleaming opals, the sumptuous dress, and the white, despairing face.

It had been her one treasure, her one wish, her one ambition—that love would have crowned her life and now it was all over—her wondrous beauty, her genius, her marvellous voice, had all been powerless to win the heart that she laid at the feet of her gentle sister. Tears of mortification rained down her cheeks; it was not only that the hope and treasure of her life were wrecked, but she was humiliated; she had loved in vain, and her haughty nature writhed against. Without effort her sister had won the prize for which she would have freely given her life.

"It shall not be!" she cried, wildly. "I have nothing else. All my life I have been wronged and injured. I will have what my father meant to give me. I will make him love me. I will be Lady Lynne, or I will die!"

When the wild passion of grief had exhausted itself, she rose and went to her mirror. What a white, tear-stained face she saw that had dazzled Bertie Bobun so short a time since.

Any one who saw Inez Lynne when she entered the ball-room half an hour afterward would have said that she had never known a sigh or shed a tear. The opals gleamed in her dark hair, her cheeks were flushed with the most exquisite color, and her eyes were bright and sparkling. That could never be the same woman upon whose prostrate figure and rained tears the moonbeams had fallen. Inez Lynne was a good actress; no one could have told that she had been so lately, and the words were all forced and false. No one could have guessed that beneath that brilliant manner there was a torrent of dark, angry passions—a wealth of ruined, hopeless love. But she played out her part; she remained in the ball-room until the last, she made Bertie Bobun good-night with sweet, gay words that thrilled him; she laughed with Lord Lynne, and feasted with Agatha. She sat patiently after that, while her maid brushed out the long, shining tresses, although her heart panted and she longed to be undisturbed; but she never gave way until her room-door was locked, and she was once more alone.

CHAPTER VIII.  
The moonbeams of that soft summer night fell upon the stately hall of Lynnewolds, upon the dark masses of wood, the shining lake, the picturesque garden; they bathed all in their sweet, soft light. But there was one spot where they fell without healing or balm in their half-mourning light.

Never did "good and evil" fight for a human heart as they struggled that night for the heart of Inez Lynne. All day, the passion, the recklessness of the Southern nature were aroused. She had sworn that she would succeed; that should be by some means in her power the love she longed for should be hers; and she was not of those who esteem an oath as a "light burden," to be thrown off at will.

She now sat by the window of her room; her dark eyes resting upon the woods of Lynnewolds; her wealth of black hair falling round her shoulders. She was almost terribly beautiful to behold as that "war of passions" raged within her.

It was a war; for there were times when a softer look came to the exquisite face, and softer tears fell down the pale cheeks. Then her better and nobler impulse whispered to her to be patient, to submit, to leave her sister happy in her love, to conquer and trample upon the wild love that "wrought havoc" within.

But the better impulse passed, and the proud, indomitable spirit woke up fiercer and stronger for its repulse. "No mercy has ever been shown to me," she murmured. "Years and years ago, if I had had the love that I sought, I should have been mine—my father had treated me as he did his other child—my life would have been different. Shall I lose the only love I ever asked for, the only blessing life has to give me? I cannot. No!"

So she watched and repeated wild words to herself, until the first faint dawn of the morning came into the sky. A thought had struck her; in the first few minutes that it came to her, she seemed to shrink from it, for a crimson flush covered her face, and her eyes fell as though with a sense of shame. Yet it came again, and again she played with it. She let herself think of all that might be, and then she yielded, and said it should be so.

She sat and watched the dawn of the golden morning. There was no more battle—it had been lost; no more struggle—evil had prevailed.

For fear of her voice, she had shaped her fate. She had sworn she would win, let the cost be what it might. Nature woke up from its rest; the birds began their morning hymn; the dew-laden flowers opened their eyes, and sent abroad their thousand perfumes; the bright sunbeams warmed and gladdened the earth; but something died that night in the heart of Inez Lynne, and never woke again until it awoke to remorse and despair.

When the bright morning was further advanced, she rose and proceeded to make a careful toilet. She washed away the traces of her tears, she smoothed the long tresses, she dressed herself in one of her prettiest morning robes. She was even satisfied with her own appearance, when she gazed in the mirror; she looked all that was fresh, and fair, and alluring; yet from the front of her face, a look of gloom, something had died away that was not to appear again until—

Slowly and cautiously she left the room, and entered her sister's. She cast one rapid glance around—all was quiet. Agatha lay, sleeping soundly, and the white hyacinth was in a glass on the table. She bent over her fair young sister, who slept so peacefully, and her eyes fell upon the pale face of the young girl, who looked as though she would never wake.

"My darling," she heard him say, with a loving smile, "how sweet and good she is!"

Then Inez Lynne knew that her sister had won the heart and love she meant to make her own.

She stood quiet still among the dark green shrubs, and no sound told of her deadly strife and despair. No word told of the love and happiness frozen and dead. Her slender jewelled fingers were tightly clenched, but she stood silent and motionless as a statue, until Lord Lynne went away; then, with light, quick step, she fled to her own room, and rapidly closed and locked the door.

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"She is young," replied the clear voice, "and kind to everyone."

Inez said that her words touched him keenly. He was proud, and it was not pleasant to him that he had been vain enough to confound and mistake love for what was only kindness.

"The bearers of an unwelcome message often share the fate of the message they bring," said Inez, gently. "Do not let me be so unfortunate, Lord Lynne."

"No," he replied, kindly; "you can never be associated with anything unpleasant in my mind. I shall always remember how well and how gently you have fulfilled a painful mission."

"No doubt, no suspicion, ever crossed his mind; he was a Lynne, a gentleman, and a man of honor. Falseth and treachery were unknown to him. How could he suspect? She brought him back the flower he had placed in Agatha's hand. She brought him the answer; and no one, as he thought, but Agatha had heard the question.

"My sister made me ask two favors," she continued. "One is that you will never pain her by alluding to the subject again; the second, that you will so time your journey as to precede—"

"Do prevent her from seeing me again until my folly is forgotten. Yes—tell her in both ways I will obey her punctually."

He did not notice the flush that seemed to scorch her face as she gave utterance to the false words; he did not notice how carefully she picked up the poor little trinket in his hurry and agitation, had dropped.

"I need not ask you to keep my secret," Inez said, calling her by the first time by her name. "You can be true, I know."

## NEWFOUNDLAND PAYS TRIBUTE

## To the Grand Work Dods' Kidney Pills are Doing.

Fishermen Regard Them as a Boon to Mankind—Mr. Frank Banfield Tells How They Cured His Backache.

Garnish, Fortune Bay, Nfld., Nov. 9.—(Special.)—Among the fishermen here, who through exposure to wet and cold are subject to those pains and aches which come from diseased Kidneys, a positive boon to mankind. They are never tired of telling how their Backaches and their Rheumatism vanish before the great Kidney remedy.

Among many others Mr. Frank Banfield, after years of suffering, has found relief in Dods' Kidney Pills, and here is what he is telling his friends: "I find Dods' Kidney Pills the best medicine for Backache I have ever used. I only used two boxes and they cured me of Backache I had had for over five years."

It started through a strain. My father's back had bothered him, and he got some relief from one pill I gave him. They were too precious to give him more. All persons suffering from Backache should use Dods' Kidney Pills."

"Why do you call them the 'Best Kidney Pills'?" "Simply because Backache is Kidney ache, and Dods' Kidney Pills positively cure all Kidney aches and ills. This has been proved in thousands of cases in Canada. If you haven't used them yourself, ask your neighbors.

## POWER IN A WOMAN'S EYE.

Men Remember a Glance When All Else Abound Her is Forgotten.

A woman's eyes are the first objects to attract a man's attention, and they are the last things he remembers about her. Long after he has forgotten the color of her hair, the dimple in her chin and the soft, sweet sounds of her voice, the look in her eye remains with him.

He may not be able to single her glove out of a pile of keepakes; he may lose her photograph upside down in the chest; he may be able to pick up the slippers she made him love have been worn out by his valet, but still some particular turn of her glance, some little trick of dropping her lashes or lifting her brown eyes will be as clear to him as the light of day. Ten years after love has been laid away in his little satin-lined casket that glance will rise like Banquo's ghost at the feast and startle him just at the moment when the man is looking most intently into the eyes of another woman.

It is in the color of a woman's eyes which a man first observes or last remembers. Nine times out of ten a man will turn from the glance of a pair of soft brown, cowlike eyes to gaze into the green orbs of the red-headed girl on the other side of the table, and many a doll-like, blue-eyed beauty weeps because some pug-nosed, tawny-eyed woman has lured away her sweetheart.

Ask any man the color of his sister's eyes and he will look at you blankly. "I've forgotten," he will remark. "I believe there's something about them that's catchy." And that is positively all that can be gotten out of him.

The fact that Becky Sharpe's eyes were green or that Cleopatra's eyes were blue never interfered with the admiration of those fascinating ladies, nor dulled their reputations as coquettes. Color, size and shape may make an eye beautiful, but they never can give it that something which so many beautiful eyes lack and so many homely ones possess, the power to make a man break down or sell his overcoat in order to give his wife what she wants.

When the world was sentimental, men called it "soul." Then they grew practical and apathetic and they called it "character." But no man will ever know what was any more than he will ever know why he married the particular woman he picked out or why the cook has left. It is a question as subtle and elusive as either of these.

Spanish Emeralds.

"Fine old Spanish emeralds," is a phrase which means something quite different from what it seems to imply. There never has been an emerald mined in Spain, but after the conquest of Peru the conquerors brought home great quantities of loot, of which emeralds formed an important part. In this way the finest emeralds came into possession of the old Spanish families, and as the mines were worked in Europe previous to that time all the best stones soon became classed as fine old Spanish emeralds. To-day the expression still applies to the best emeralds of any source.—Chicago Daily News.

Automobiles Close Livery Stable.

An idea of the inroads made on the livery business by the automobile can be gained from the fact that the Curtis livery, conducted for eighty years in connection with the Curtis Hotel, permanently suspended business yesterday. In former years from seventy to a hundred horses were kept busy during the season. As the business had ceased to pay, the horses have been sold and the stable closed.—Lenox Correspondence Springfield Republican.

## SLEEPLESS BABIES ARE SICKLY BABIES

When babies are restless and sleepless it is the surest possible sign of illness. Well babies sleep soundly and wake up brightly. Sleeplessness is generally due to some derangement of the stomach or bowels or to teething troubles. A few doses of Baby's Own Tablets will put the little one right, and make it sleep naturally and soundly. Mothers need not be afraid of this medicine, as it is guaranteed by a Government analyst to contain no opiate or narcotic. Mrs. Louis Reville, Gavaz, Ont., says: "I am never without Baby's Own Tablets in my house. I have used this medicine for my caesarean as occasion required, for the last five years, and have found it superior to all other medicines in curing the ills of childhood." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

## RHEUMATISM IN THE BLOOD

### Liniments and Rubbing Will Not Cure It—The Disease Must be Treated Through the Blood.

The trouble with men and women who have rheumatism is that they waste valuable time in trying to rub the complaint away. If they rub hard enough the friction causes warmth in the affected part, which temporarily relieves the pain, but in a short time the aches and pains are as bad as ever.

The ailment and outward applications in the world won't cure rheumatism, because it is rooted in the blood. Rubbing won't remove the poisonous acid in the blood that causes the pain. But Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will, because they are a blood medicine acting on the blood.

That is why the aches and pains and stiff swollen joints of rheumatism disappear when these pills are used. That's why sensible people waste no time in rubbing, but take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, because they are a blood medicine.

"I had rheumatism, which settled in my right leg and arm, which became very much swollen and was exceedingly painful. I wasted a good deal of time trying to get rid of the trouble by rubbing with liniments, but it did not do me a bit of good. My daughter was using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills at the time and finally persuaded me to try them."

"Most of the troubles that afflict mankind are due to poor, watery blood. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make new, red blood. That is why they cure anemia with its headaches and backaches, and dizziness and fainting spells; the rages of rheumatism; the sharp stabbing pains of neuralgia; also indigestion, St. Vitus dance, paralysis and the ailments of young girls and women of mature age. Good blood is the secret of health and the secret of good looks is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Sold by medicine dealers, or by mail at 50 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont."

Coal From Natal.

According to official returns, the birth rate for the several provinces of India in 1907-8 was as follows per 1,000: Central provinces 62.45. The Punjab and United provinces occupy second and third place, respectively. Bengal, 57.70; Assam, 37.01; Madras, 30.8. Bengal was formerly a long way ahead of all the provinces, but has now fallen to fourth place.

It has been stated in the Calcutta press that the Government railways in India will next year use coal brought to India by steamer from Natal, because it is better than Bengal coal and more economic.

Repeat it:—"Shiloh's Cure will always cure my coughs and colds."

Medals for Canal Workers.

Medals of bronze manufactured from the old scrap left by Ferdinand de Lesseps in his unsuccessful effort to dig a canal across the Isthmus of Panama are soon to be struck in the mint in this city, to be presented to all American workmen on the present canal operations who can show a service record extending over two years.

Correspondence toward this end has been expedited for some time, and it is ready for presentation in 1909. The idea originated with President Roosevelt on his visit to the Canal Zone. Large quantities of copper and tin have been collected from the useless French machinery for the purpose.—Philadelphia North American.

Blobbs—She literally threw herself at him. Blobbs—Well, you know a woman can never hit anything the throws at.

## COURTIERS ACROSS SAHARA.

New Service From Niger to Mediterranean—A 1,000 Miles Desert Route.

Though a journey across the Sahara is still an undertaking of some magnitude, the pacification of the central region by the French has been wonderfully rapid during the last five years. Removed as it seems from the exciting influence of events in Morocco, and undisturbed by Senussite propaganda, the French officers have been able to establish friendly relations with the Tuareg and other Berber tribes, and have organized a chain of posts right across the desert connecting Algeria with French West Africa. The route for the telegraph has been surveyed and a "wireless" installation is being established.

Meantime, by the last mail from Dakar the Governor of French West Africa reports that he has instituted a monthly service by couriers between the Niger and the Mediterranean. The southern point of departure will be the ancient town of Gao, on the Niger, some two hundred miles below Timbukto, and the point of departure from the north Inasal in the oasis of Tuat, which is some three hundred miles south of the rail head in the Sud Oranais. Intermediate posts have been established at Agades and the Ahaggar. The oversight of the new route covers fully 1,000 miles of desert.

Much is expected in the way of acclimating the wild tribesmen of the Sahara to the new order of things from the regular running of this service, and possibly some development of trade may follow. But at present it will be useful chiefly as a means of rapid communication between the French military posts. It is intended that officers selected for service in or returning home from the Niger districts shall make use of the transsaharan route, which will be more direct and less costly than the journey from or to France via Senegal or Dahomey. Both horses and camels will be used on the new service.—Fall Mall Gazette.

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## 1,100 KNOWN DISEASES.

A German physician who has a bent for statistics for the purpose of showing that the human frame is liable to 1,100 diseases. If he is correct one can but marvel at how few of these ailments the average person manages to contract during a lifetime.

The eye alone is subject to no less than 48 different and distinct affections. Considering its apparent vulnerability to contagion it escapes with great good luck, but in reality it is not as exposed as at first thought would seem. The eyelids are automatic in their protection of the eyeball, and the first instinct is to snap shut when a blow is directed toward them. Incidentally they "oil" the eye and keep its surface free from dust, etc.

It is for the good of the human race that the practice of medicine has changed during the last 25 years, says the Chicago Journal. Formerly there was a specific remedy for each disease, and the poor patient was almost dragged to death. Nowadays physicians recognize that healing is a matter of restoring normal conditions, and more attention is given to favorable influences of mind and surroundings and less to medicine.

The German doctor's figures are rather appalling, but the daily progress of the science of health and healing is rapidly reducing the number of dangerous diseases, and ultimately may eliminate them. Study and experiment have marched far. Tuberculosis, the white plague, will be fought to a standstill within a few years, the average standard of health and strength will be raised and the average duration of life will be prolonged.

Repeat it:—"Shiloh's Cure will always cure my coughs and colds."

## SALT AS A PANACEA.

Some of the Many and Varied Uses to Which it is Put.

Salt can almost be regarded as a panacea, so many and varied are its uses. We are told that it cleanses the palate and furred tongue, and a gargle of salt and water is often efficacious.

A pinch of salt on the tongue, followed ten minutes afterward by a drink of cold water, often cures a sick headache. It hardens gums, makes teeth white and sweetens the breath.

Hot flowers may be kept fresh by adding salt to the water.

Weak ankles should be rubbed with a solution of salt, water and alcohol.

Bad colds, hay fever and kindred affections may be much relieved by using fine dry salt like snuff.

Dyspepsia, heartburn and indigestion are relieved by a cup of hot water in which a small spoonful of salt has been melted.

Salt and water will sometimes revive an unconscious person when burnt if brandy or other remedies are not at hand. Hemorrhage from tooth-aching is stopped by filling the mouth with salt and water.

Weak and tired eyes are refreshed by bathing with warm water and salt.

Many public speakers and singers use a wash of salt and water before and after using the voice, as it strengthens the organs of the throat.

Salt rubbed into the scalp or occasionally added to the water in washing prevents the hair falling out.

Feathers uncurled by damp weather are quickly dried by shaking over a fire in which salt has been thrown.

Salt should always be eaten with nuts, and a dessert fruit salt should be specially made.—From the Family Doctor.

Thirst for Knowledge.

"I will wait a few moments," said the lecturer, who had delivered an eloquent and instructive address on "The High Mission of Women in Our Modern Civilization," to answer any questions that may be asked.

"There's one thing I'd like to know, Mr. Croxton," spoke up a dyspeptic-looking man, with a thin, straggling beard. "Where do they get the names for all these breakfast foods?"—Chicago Tribune.