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Strained Tendons, Founder, Wind
Puffs, and all lameness from Spavin,
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In this issue we have the advertisements of many of the largest and best-known business houses in America. Some of these firms have spent fortunes in advertising a trademarked line and in creating a demand for a particular class of goods which have stood the test of time.

We invite you to buy in this market in full confidence that you will be fairly treated.

But if, because of the announcements on these pages, you go to your dealer to make a purchase of some article recommended, we urge you to insist upon getting what you ask for. Do not accept substitutes for advertised articles, which, for purpose of his own, the dealer may offer. In fairness to yourself, as well as to the advertisers, when you are convinced that you want an article advertised in this magazine, do not accept something else, although it may be described as "just as good."

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The Western Home Monthly

EASY MONEY
The \$10.00 shares of the Consolidated Laundry Co. of New York earn 25% dividends, and enhance to \$100. Salesmen wanted. Investigate
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"Esdale, I am ready to go. You may as well accompany me."

He rises reluctantly, and lingers behind a few minutes to exchange some parting words with his hostess.

"Are you in the habit of paying visits to Lady Castleton?" demands her grace sternly, when they are seated in the carriage.

"I have only known Lady Castleton a very short time," he answers evasively, "so that I can scarcely say that I am in the habit of visiting her"; but why should you be surprised to discover me in your friend's house?"

"Pardon me," his mother interrupts, with some asperity. "Lady Castleton is not a friend of mine."

"Really?" he answers, in a sneering tone. "That is news to me, then. It was certainly at our house that I first met her, and she is an extremely beautiful woman—say what you like about her."

"She is Lord Castleton's wife," responds her grace frigidly.

"Unfortunately," answers her son. "If she were single, I should certainly ask her to become Lady Esdale."

The duchess is too absolutely horrified to reply, and the rest of the drive home is passed in utter silence. Her grace is greatly disturbed by her son's unmistakable infatuation, and having communicated her fears to her husband, she entreats him to remonstrate with Esdale; but he laughs at her fears, and declares that there is not the least danger—the boy's infatuation will soon pass.

His wife does not take his view of the matter, however, though she is forced for the present to ignore the boy's folly. She knows he loves Lady Castleton.

CHAPTER III. FLIGHT.

Lord Castleton is unfeignedly delighted at his daughter's return, and even her stepmother appears glad to see her again. Lord Ellerton comes almost every day to visit them, and though he has taken a great dislike to Lady Castleton, he contrives to conceal his sentiments towards her for the sake of the girl he loves.

Lord Castleton and his wife are gradually drifting wider apart. Stella has never had any real affection for her middle-aged husband, but now she treats him with the cool frigidity bordering upon dislike, while the warm affection he had once entertained for her has merged into indifference, although he is still proud of the sensation created by her beauty, and grudges her nothing, though she is undeniably extravagant.

She has become strangely disturbed and restless during the last few weeks, and an unexpected knock at the door or the sound of a passing footstep will often cause her to turn ghastly pale, while she trembles violently, and looks as if she were about to faint. Gladys and her father become greatly alarmed by these nervous attacks, which occur with increasing frequency, and one day she appears so very ill that a doctor is sent for. He looks very grave, and inquires if Lady Castleton has had any recent mental trouble.

"Oh, no," answers Lady Gladys. "She has had no anxiety that we are aware of. I came into the drawing-room this afternoon, and found her looking out of the window. Suddenly she turned and collapsed in a heap on the floor. We gave her some brandy, and she revived a little, but I really thought at first she was dying."

After a time Lady Castleton rises and declares herself to be completely recovered. "It is nothing, really," she says impatiently. "I have been subject to these attacks the whole of my life, and there is not the least need for alarm."

The cause of her illness had been nothing more than the casual glimpse of a woman's face, a shabby, wretched-looking woman, who scanned the windows of Carnchester Terrace closely. She does not know in which of the houses her ladyship resides, but undoubtedly she is looking for her. Only a couple of days earlier she encountered her when she was out driving, and now she has evidently ascertained the whereabouts of Lady Castleton's home.

But a short period can elapse before she will have tracked her down, and the sight of that pale, haggard face peering so dangerously near has filled her ladyship with terror.

There is a rap at the door, and Stella starts to her feet, her heart beating fiercely in her ears, and a hectic color glowing in her cheeks.

"Who is it?" she asks, excitedly, as the maid enters.

"I beg your pardon, my lady, but his lordship was so anxious that I should give you this note I didn't like to refuse."

Lady Castleton takes the note with trembling fingers, and her eyes flash as she recognizes the handwriting.

"You may come back presently for an answer," she says, and the maid quietly withdraws.

The note is from Lord Esdale, and the contents do not surprise her in the least. He entreats her to leave her husband's roof and fly with him. He vows that if she consents he will marry her immediately she obtains a divorce, and concludes with a request that she will grant him an interview.

Stella is almost at the end of her resources, and is sorely tempted to accede to his plan, for the woman who is so diligently searching for her does not know her by her present title, and if she hears of the disappearance of Lady Castleton it will convey nothing to her. In any case she will be compelled to seek safety in flight very shortly, and the only thing to be decided is whether she will go alone or with Lord Esdale. Taking a pencil and a sheet of paper, she writes:

"The National Gallery, Florentine Room, Thursday, at three o'clock."

She attaches no signature, and places the message in a blank envelope, which she hands to the maid upon her return. She is still undecided whether she will accept Esdale's proposal, but, at any rate, she can meet him on Thursday, and by that time she will have decided upon a course of action.

She has arranged to give a dinner party that evening, and though she is still feeling ill and unnerved, she decides that she must enact the role of hostess, and receive her guests as though nothing has happened, otherwise she may be prevented from keeping her appointment with Esdale the following day.

She had already arranged an expedition to the National Gallery with Gladys and Ellerton, but she has no doubt that she will be able to slip away from them to meet her lover. She forces herself to rise and complete her toilet, and as she proceeds the color gradually returns to her cheeks and the brilliancy to her eyes. When she enters the drawing-room an hour later, attired in a gorgeous gown of rustic velvet embroidered in orange, she looks wonderfully beautiful, and her husband glances at her with unmistakable pleasure. Her guests are charmed by her beauty and vivacity, for if she does not intend to remain much longer beneath her husband's roof she is determined to win all the admiration she can before she goes.

It is a rainy, unpleasant night, and the dismal streets are wet. Under the brilliantly-lighted windows of the dining-room a bent, shabbily-dressed figure is standing, who, could the fair chate-laine see her, would swiftly banish the roses from her ladyship's cheeks. She dare not linger too long, for fear of the police, but she glances up at the lighted windows with an expression of concentrated malignity in her face. Undoubtedly, Lady Castleton's day of reckoning is close at hand.

Next day it is hopelessly wet, and Lady Gladys, regarding the doleful vista of streaming pavements and mud-encumbered road which is presented to her gaze, makes the suggestion that their expedition shall be postponed. Lady Castleton, however, negatives this proposition decidedly.

"I am not afraid of a little rain," she declares scornfully. "However wet it may be, I intend to go. Of course, you can please yourself."

But Lady Gladys assents wearily—she usually gives in to her imperious stepmother's wishes, and at two-thirty the carriage comes round, and the three of them set off together.

The rain is coming down in a steady

stream, and Lady Gladys sighs as she looks out at the dismal prospect. Already she is heartily tired of Lord Ellerton's devotion, and she is quite certain that she will never regard him with the least affection; but apparently it is impossible to convince him of the hopeless nature of his suit, which he continues to prosecute with unflinching ardor.

It is Stella who has planned the visit to the National Gallery, for Lady Gladys is not particularly interested in paintings, but she follows her stepmother listlessly from room to room. Their inspection of the pictures occupies some time, and it is almost half-past three ere they reached the room where Stella has arranged to meet Lord Esdale.

He does not see Gladys and Ellerton as he advances eagerly, with an exclamation of pleasure.

"At last!" he says, impetuously. "How late you are!"

"Hush!" she says, with a warning glance, and his face clouds as he observes her companions.

Lord Ellerton frowns as he recognizes Esdale, for he has no doubt that the meeting has been prearranged. He greets the young man coldly, and calls Lady Gladys' attention to a picture at the farther end of the room. They go off together to inspect it, and when they return Lord Esdale and her stepmother have disappeared.

Lady Gladys evinces no surprise, nor does she feel that there is any need for alarm, and she and Ellerton complete the round of the galleries. Still, there is no sign of the missing couple, and Gladys' face grows a little anxious.

"Is there any need for us to wait for them?" asks Ellerton. "Perhaps they have returned already?"

"Oh, no, I am quite sure Stella would not do that; but you might go and see if the carriage is still there, then we shall be quite sure."

He departs to fulfil her behest, and Lady Gladys is not at all sorry to be left, for she has had so much of Ellerton's society of late that she can well dispense with it for a time. She is thinking over the situation as she sits awaiting his return. She decides that it is impossible she should ever care for him sufficiently to become his wife, and that she must persuade her father to dismiss him. "Then," she says to herself, dreamily, "then I shall be free: how nice it will be." Suddenly she starts up with an exclamation of astonishment, as a tall blue-eyed man with a sun-burnt face advances eagerly towards her.

He extends his hand with a pleasant smile.

"Surely you are Lady Gladys Mönckton?" he queries.

"Yes, indeed. And you are Eric Weston, are you not?" she answers, shaking hands with him cordially, her face reflecting the evident pleasure she feels.

"I am indeed pleased to see you. I consider myself singularly fortunate to meet you again so soon. Do you know that I only landed in England yesterday, and have already been plaguing my aunt to bring me to call upon you. You have not changed a scrap," he declares, eyeing her with a glance of frank admiration. Just then Eric's aunt, Mrs. Cuthbertson, joins them, and Lady Gladys tells her that she is waiting for her stepmother and Lord Esdale.

Mrs. Cuthbertson utters an exclamation of astonishment.

"I am afraid you are waiting in vain," she says, with a puzzled expression upon her face. "I saw Lord Esdale just stepping into a hansom at the entrance as I came in, about an hour ago. A lady was with him, but I did not see her face. She wore a dark-blue dress and a blue toque with a bunch of cherries at the side."

Gladys starts as she recognizes the description of her stepmother's dress. What can be the meaning of her extraordinary behavior?

Just then Lord Ellerton comes back, looking considerably annoyed.

"The carriage is still here," he exclaims, "and I cannot see Lady Castleton anywhere. The rain is coming down in sheets; it is no use to wait any longer."

Gladys tells him that Mrs. Cuthbertson saw Esdale drive off in company

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"It will be best once," he says, in a tone. "Perhaps Mr. be good enough to

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