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Sir Hilton's Sin.

BY GEORGE MANVILLE FENN, Author of "Black Blood," "A Woman Worth Winning," Master of Ceremonies," "The New Mistress," "The Meeting of Greeks," "Drawn Swords," Etc. . . . . .

(Continued.)

"Oh!' groaned Lady Lisle, closing her eyes and reeling towards the nearest chair; 'but she would not have reached it if the girl with clever alertness had not caught her round the waist and saved her from a fall.

"Oh don't—don't faint, my lady! Pray—pray hold up!"

"I shall be better directly, Jane," said the poor woman, hoarsely. "Let me sit still a few moments. Hah!" she sighed. "I am coming round. That giddiness is passing away."

"Let me fetch you your salts, my lady."

"No, Jane; I shall not need them. There, I am growing strong again. Yes, I can go on now."

"Go on, my lady?"

"Yes, girl. Go into the hall and ring the coachman's bell."

"Yes, my lady; but oh! please forgive me—what are you going to do?"

"To do, Jane?"

"Yes, my lady. Don't do anything rash."

"Oh, no; I shall do nothing rash, Jane," said the lady smiling sadly.

"I mean, don't you go and run away to your father, because perhaps it ain't so bad as we think."

"Not so bad as we think, Jane?" said Lady Lisle, drearily.

"No, my lady. You see, it might all be a mistake."

"Yes, Jane," said her mistress, looking desolately in the girl's eyes, while a piteous smile came upon her lips; "as you say, it might all be a mistake. But go now, and do as I bid you."

"Ye-e-es, my lady."

"Ring, and when the coachman comes tell him to bring the carriage round as quickly as he can."

"But, oh my lady," sobbed Jane, and she caught and kissed her mistress's hands one after the other, "don't, pray don't! You are going to run away and leave him, and my mother said a lady ought never to do that unless he's been very, very bad."

"I am not going away from my home, Jane,' said Lady Lisle, growing firmer now. "Tell Thomas I want him to drive me over to Tilborough at once."

"To the races, my lady?"

"No,' 'was the reply, firmly given; and then, as the girl glided out of the door, rubbing her eyes the while, the stricken woman repeated the word aloud: "No," and added thoughtfully, "I have been deceived about Lady Tilborough. Now to trace out my husband and that other wretch!"

CHAPTER XI.

Busy Times at Tilborough.

The Tilborough Arms, had from its position in the famous old racing town, always been a house to be desired by licensed victuallers, who mostly gain their living by supplying a very small amount of victuals, and drink out of all proportion, to guests; but in the hands of Sam—probably christened Samuel, but the complete name had long died out—Sam Simpkins, the inn had become an hotel of goodly proportions, where visitors could be provided with comfortable bedrooms off the gallery, and snug breakfasts and dinners in suitable places, always supposing that they were on "the Turf." For Sam Simpkins had prospered, not only with his old inn, but in other ways. He did a bit of farming, bred horses in the meadows where the thick, succulent waterside grasses grew, and always had a decent bit of blood on hand for sale, or to run in some one or other of the small races.

Sam was known, too, as a clever trainer who had been for a long time in the service of that well-known sportman, Sir Hilton Lisle, transferred his services when Sir Hilton went from the horses to the dogs, and did a good deal of training business for Lady Tilborough, till there was a bit of a tiff—something about money matters, it was said—when her ladyship and he parted company, but remained good friends. Then, to use his own expression, he went on his own hook, where he wriggled a great deal between the crooked and the square. But still he prospered, and grew what his friends termed a thoroughly warm party.

The fact was that Sam was so regular gatherer-up of unconsidered trifles, not above taking a great deal of pains to make a pound, and he made it, too, whenever there was no chance of making a hundred or more.

He never lost a chance, though he lost his wife when his daughter was at a dangerous age. And when a well-known member of the Orphoean Music Hall—I beg its pardon, Temple of Music and the Arts—was staying at Tilborough so as to be present at the races, something was settled one evening over pipes and several glasses of brandy and water.

"Take my word for it, Sammy, old man—I ought to know—there's money in her, and if you'll let her come up to me and the missus we'll put her through. She's a little beauty."

Miss Mary Ann Simpkins, only lately from a finishing schoo., where young ladies were duly taught all accomplishments, was, in her finished state, newly at home, where she was promoted to attending upon, and attracting the better-class customers in the old-fashioned bar-parlour, where she looked like a rose among the lemons, heard o fthe old professional friend's proposal, declared that it was just what she would like, and soon after went to the professional and his missus.

There she studied, as it was termed; in other words, she went under professors of singing, dancing, and dramatic action, who completely altered her style in a few months, so that she was soon able to make her debut at the Orphoean, where, to use the theatrical term, she immediately "caught on," and became a popular star, thoroughly proving that the P. F. was right as to there being money in her.

In fact, "all London," of a class, flocked to see her and to hear her, and she made so much money for the place of entertainment that its proprietary determined to rebuild, add, and decorate as richly as possible while "La Sylphide," as she was called in the bills, was "resting"; in other words, playing the little hostess of the Tilborough Arms and attracting customers and more money into her father's till. People of all degrees were attracted like moths to flutter round the brilliant little star. All made love, and the most unlikely of all who seized the opportunity of being served by the clever little maiden was believed in, and won.

On that busy special day, when the town was crowded and the Tilborough Arms was at its busiest, Sam Simpkins, a heavy, red-faced bullet-headed, burly, rather brutal-looking personage, a cross between a butcher and prizefighter, with a rustic, shrewd farmer-like look thrown in, sat in one of the seats in his foxhead, brush, and sporting print adorned hall, cross-legged so as to make a desk of his right knee, upon which he held a big betting-book, in which, after a good deal of chewing of the end of a lead pencil, he kept on making entries, giving some order between the efforts of writing by shouting into the bar-parlour, the kitchen, or through a speaking-tube connected with extensive stables.

It was an attractive-looking, old-fashioned place, that great hall, with its flight of stairs leading up into a gallery shewing many chamber doors, its glazed-in bar-parlour, and its open windows looking out on to the common and race-course, quite alive on that bright summer's morning with all the tag-rag and bob-tail of a race day as well as with the many lovers of the race from town and country who had come to enjoy the sport.

"Here, 'Lizbeth," shouted the landlord, reaching back so as to send his hoarse voice well into the bar-parlour, "ain't yer young missus come back yet?"

"Yes, sir, and gone up to dress," came back.

"Humph! Time she had," growled the man, wetting the lead of his pencil. "I dunno what she wanted to go out biking on a morning like this. I'd ha' biked her, if I'd seen her going."

There was an intereval of writing. Then more grumbling:

"Might have attended to the business a bit, as she is at home, and me up to my eyes in work. Humph! That's right."

Another entry was made.

"Blest if I can recklect so well as I used. Blow bikes! Why, they'll be wanting to run races with 'em next, and—Mornin' doctor; ain't seen yer for months."

"Morning, Sam. No; I've been away with my regiment. Here, someone, S. and B."

This to the attendants in the bar, where he stopped for a few minutes discussing the cooling drink, while behind the landlord's back he made a few quick entries in his book with a metallic pencil.

"Dear old Hilt," he said to himself. "I was just in time. Got on for him, so that he ought to be pretty warm by to-night. How's the little star, Sam?" he cried, turning back.

"Oh, she's all right, sir, thankye."

"You ought to be proud of her. She has taken all London by storm."

"So I hear, sir. I am proud on her, for she's as good as she is high."

"That I'm sure she is, Sam; bright, clever, witty, and not a bit of harm in her, I'll swear."

"Right you are, sir. Sleep here tonight, sir?"

"Of course. I wired down."

"I didn't know, sir. Then, of course, it's booked. Dine too, sir?"

"Can't say, Sam. I hope I shall be engaged. If I'm not I shall throw myself on Miss Simpkins's mercy."

"You'll be all right, sir. I've laid in plenty o' grub."

The doctor nodded, and as the landlord went on studying his betting book he unstrapped and took out his race-glass, wiped the lenses thoughtfully, took a look through, after careful focussing, and put it back in the case.

"Bless her!" he said to himself. "She's the dearest little witch that ever breathed. She ought to have been here by now. They haven't seen her at the paddock, and I can't get a peep at La Sylphide. I believe they haven't brought her up yet. Well, no wonder, considering her temper. Josh Rowle knows what he's about."

He took out his glass again, focussed it, and had a good look through it at the common, alive with horses, foot, and artillery, in the shape of carriages laden with ammunition, loaded bottles ready to go off included.

"Does she do it to lead me on?" thought the doctor. "I wish I wasn't such a coward.. But, there, if the Sylph wins I shall feel independent, and can go at her without thinking I'm a money-hunter. Then, if she'll ask me to dinner, which I think she will, the wine will be in and the wit may be out, but I'll pop as well as her champagne, and know the worst. By Jove!"

He closed his glass suddenly, for, brightly and fashionably dressed, Lady Tilborongh passed close to the window and stopped his view of the common. The next minute she was entering the hall.

(To be continued.)

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.

A MIDSUMMER STREET TOILETTE.

The typical midsummer street toilette is the white toilette, white tailored suit, white hat, white parasol, gloves and shoes. In the plainer suits built on the lines of the Prince Chap and pony models, pique is used quite as much as linen, but in the dressier suits elaborate with embroideries and braidings, linen finds first favor. Heavy Irish crochet appliques made this two-piece pony suit, so simple in line, quite an elaborate creation of fashion; simulating the collar, trimming the edges of the front, the bottom of the coat, and the sleeves, likewise the smartly gored short walking skirt. The suit of linen, it is but natural that a smart linen parasol accompanies it. The parasol is of a finer quality linen than the suit, almost a handkerchief variety, in fact, and embroidered in blind effect one third the way from the tips to the ferrule, two tiny rosettes of white ribbon being set on the edge of each gore. Appropriate headgear for such a suit is the lingerie sailor of eyelet embroidery trimmed with white taffeta ribbon and large white roses with green foliage. The gloves are of spun silk, and thin lisle hose are worn with the smart white pumps.

A MODERN OTHELLO

An Amazing True Drama of Jealousy.

(Manchester Chronicle.)

A dance is stated to have been responsible for one of the most remarkable tragedies of modern times.

Frau Nathansen's first appearance on the Danish stage was marked with considerable success, and with crowds of playgoers daily paying homage to her she soon established a considerable reputation. She was a gifted and exceedingly beautiful actress, and in her own country reigned supreme as a fascinating personality. Where she was present there was gaiety on the stage, she had smiles for everybody, and when she danced the audience were captivated. But a silent witness of her performance was an actor in the same company—a man twenty years her elder, a man of strong passions. He watched the ingenious schemes of her many suitors, and jealousy developed in his breast. He proved to be a typical "Othello in real life." As such he was known to his stage associates.

At this period the pretty girl actress rejoiced in the name of Miss Gerda Krum. The actor by her side, who nightly sighed for her love, was Herr Nathansen.

Picture this couple, each knowing of the other's kindling love, and contrast their position with Shakespeare's Othello and Desdemona. The Moor is writhing under the words of the traitorous Iago. the "Fair Desdemona is false," and, without outward evidence, Othello believes. Then follows the fiery display of jealousy, and the crushing of Desdemona. What must have been the feelings of Nathansen, who had not yet laid his heart at the feet of Gerda Krum? She smiled upon the audience, and those she fascinated bombarded her with presents, and sought a tete-a-tete. Was this the caprice of an accomplished actress, or did she rejoice in hurting the feelings of the man by her side, who, by this time, she realised loved her madly? Would such a love prove faithful and enduring? Such a state of affairs could not continue for ever. The passionate Nathansen must take the bold step, and risk winning the affection of the charming girl, or inflict upon her an insult which would sever their friendship.

But an obstacle—a very serious one—stood in the way. Nathansen was already a married man. But this fact did not prevent him showing the jealousy of his nature and he would scarcely permit the actress to be out of his sight. His wife must be divorced. As the result of an ingenius scheme he was soon a free man.

With matrimonial bonds broken, he considered his chance of claiming the now highly successful actress as his second wife very promising. He made no mistake. If success had to come his way, there must be no hurrying on the crucial moment. Slowly, but surely, he pressed his suit, paying Miss Krum every little attention, and battling, with an amount of success, against displaying his jealousy. Although middle-aged, he was good looking, and a clever actor to boot.

Frau Krum succumbed to his sincere appeals to wed him, and when eventually the nuptials were celebrated, it was announced that theirs was a love match. So it proved to be, and for eighteen months the couple were happy and greatly devoted to each other.

But the new Mrs. Nathansen loved the stage more than her husband did, and it held her like an anchor. She sought after successes, and she reached her pinnicale of fame in "The Merry Widow." No role in the piece was suitable for her husband, and he had to be content with watching his beautiful wife from the other side of the footlights. Almost every evening he sat and admired her performance. But suddenly he grew morose; his wife seemed too happy in the company of the actor with whom she danced a valse. The dance was applauded again and again nightly. The performance Nathansen had admired now rekindled his jealousy. He requested his wife to discontinue the dance. She refused. Her admirers were many, and she realised her success by the manner in which they flocked to see and applaud her, and she ignored her husband.

The latter, like the Bard's Othello, was however, determined to take his revenge. His suspicions were unfounded, but what of that if he was ruled by a jealous nature? His wife must die, he must die, and those who shared her success must meet with the same fate.

His dastardly plan was laid. Monday night was the time fixed for the terrible tragedy, in which there was such a strong romantic element.

Mrs. Nathansen appeared for the 200th time in the title role of "The Merry Widow" in a theatre at Aalborg, near Copenhagen. Once more she was requested to discontinue the dance, but she again refused to listen to her husband, and sneered at his threats to shoot her. She declared she would appear on Monday night.

The husband as usual attended the performances and saw the dance through. The audience were more appreciative than ever, but they knew nothing of the tragedy that had been secretly planned by one of their number. Blinded with jealousy, Nathansen quietly vacated his seat and stole around to his wife's dressing room. She, realising imminent danger, locked the door. This further enraged her husband. He plunged himself against the door, which yielded. His pretty wife fell upon her knees and pleaded for mercy, at the same time calling for assistance.

Two revolver shots rang out, and charming Frau Nathansen collapsed in a heap, shot through the head and chest. The actor who rad appeared in the dance with her dashed into the room, but he was met with the revolver point, and received a shot which seriously wounded him. The manager of the theatre appeared on the scene. Nathansen fired point blank at him, and the following moment three writhing bodies lay around him. Panic ensued behind the scenes. The only person who appeared calm was the maniac Nathansen. He viewed the scene with apparent delight, and crying aloud, "Revenge is sweet," placed the revolver to his temple and blew out his brains.

The terrible tragedy has created a sensation on the Continent, where Frau Nathansen was very popular. Her condition is extremely precarious, and there is little hope of her recovery.

A Boon to the Bilious

Are you compelled to deny yourself many wholesome foods because you think they make you bilious? Do you know that your condition is more to blame than the foods? Your liver and stomach need attention more than the diet. When you find yourself suffering with a bilious attack, take

BEECHAM'S PILLS

and all annoying symptoms will soon disappear. They settle the stomach, regulate the liver and exercise the bowels. Their good effects are felt immediately.

Beecham's Pills mingle with the contents of the stomach and make easy work of digestion. The nourishing properties of the food are then readily assimilated and the residue carried off without irritating the intestines or clogging the bowels.

Beecham's Pills should be taken whenever there is sick headache, furred tongue, constipation, sallow skin or any symptoms that indicate an inactive liver.

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Experience proves that Dr. Hamilton's give instant effect. They tone the entire system, fortify the blood and impart a feeling of new life in a few days.

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"I learnt something very valuable after using Dr. Hamilton's Pills," writes Miss Effie Thomson of Meriden. "I used to have ugly pimples that much embarrassed me. The tonic and purifying effect of Dr. Hamilton's Pills completely restored me. My health is splendid and my complexion a great credit to this marvelous medicine."

Let your medicine be Dr. Hamilton's Pills. They do cure so thoroughly. Sold by all dealers, 25c. per box, or five boxes for $1.00. By mail from N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont., and Hartford, Conn., U. S. A.

NERVES IN ORDER NERVES UNSTRUNG

This is a nerve racking age—not a man in an office or behind the counter, striving hard to get on in the world, that does not feel the strain.

If nerves are in order a man is strong, eats and sleeps well. Unstrung nerves mean weakness, worry, sleeplessness and a general decay of bodily strength, inability to do good work or to do it long.

Most men are careless of their health, trust to luck and that sort of thing, instead of taking Ferrozone for a few weeks when they feel dull in the morning, sleep poorly or lose appetite.

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Ferrozone is a body builder, thousands have proved it. If you are sick, or even out of sorts, use Ferrozone and enjoy the splendid reward it affords.

Permanent in its results, the greatest health giver in the world. Sold everywhere in 50c. boxes.

DOUKHOBOR HOMESTEADS

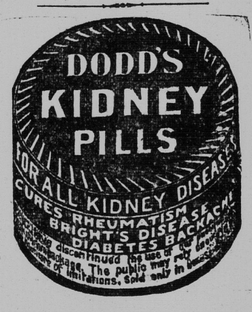
All Reserve Lands at Yorkton Have Now Been Opened for Settlement.

WINNIPEG, July 11—The opening of Dominion lands for homesteads in the Doukhobor reserve at Yorkton has been concluded. In all 1,350 quarter sections were offered to the public during the period between June 1 and July 6, and of these up to July some 920 had been entered upon. The nationality of those entering was as follows:—Canadians, 250, Galician, 240, British, 195; Scandinavian 86; American, 51; balance, various nations. The number of Galicians entering is really remarkable. In addition to these entries there was in the month of May 340 entries and in June 200 entries for lands not in this reserve. Many of the homesteads secured are worth from four to five thousand dollars.

OUIDA IS PENNILESS

Ignorance of Value of Money Has Reduced Famous Novelist to Poverty.

LONDON, July 12—Relative to Ouida, the novelist, being reduced to poverty, the Florence correspondent of the Daily Mail sends a story of her recent life. He says that until two years ago Miss De La Ramee occupied a splendid three story villa at Lucca. She was known as "The Lady of the Dogs," as she invariably had thirty, and was always seen with a number of them around her. Her intense fondness for dogs, with a certain megalomania, caused her on one occasion to give a meal of milk, bread, and meat to every dog in Lucca. She paid the bill for this extraordinary banquet willingly although heavy debts were crowding upon her through her utter ignorance of the value of money.



Summer Complaints

At the first sign of illness during the hot weather give the little ones Baby's Own Tablets, or in a few hours the trouble may be beyond cure. Baby's Own Tablets is the best medicine in the world to prevent summer complaints if given occasionally to well children, and will as promptly cure these troubles if they come unexpectedly. But the prudent mother will not wait until trouble comes—she will keep her children well through an occasional dose of this medicine. The Tablets ought, therefore, be kept in the house at all times. Mrs. Chas. Warren, Nevis, Sask., says: "My little boy was greatly troubled with his stomach and bowels, but a few doses of Baby's Own Tablets wrought a great change in him. I would not be without the Tablets in the house." Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

HAIL STONES AS LARGE AS EGGS

Terrific Storm Reported in the Vicinity of Belleville, Ontario

BEELEVILLE, July 11—Prince Edward county has been visited by one of the most terrific hail storms experienced in years. The storm was particularly severe in the second and third concessions of Ameliasburg township, where hundreds of dollars worth of damage was done. Nearly all the windows on the west side of all the residences were broken, as well as all the windows on the west side of the Methodist church in the village. Many valuable windows in Victoria Church, some miles from the village, were destroyed, and fruit trees suffered to a large extent. The storm broke out shortly after two o'clock in the afternoon, and hail stones picked up after the storm measured 1 1-2 inches in diameter, and weighed over two ounces. Nearly all the hail stones were large ones. The storm was followed by heavy thunder, lightning and rain.

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