

HIS LORDSHIP'S ROMANCE

He had spent the last three years on the continent, and was so improved by his travels, and so altered, that Agatha hardly recognized him. He had learned a great deal, but he had not learned to forget her. He had seen brilliant and beautiful women, but the calm, gentle face he loved had more charms for him than Venus herself would have had.

The distance between them did not seem so great now, and Allan had returned to England, resolved to risk all, and woo and endeavor to win the girl he had loved so long.

He looked with surprise at the beautiful girl by Agatha's side. His father told him that Miss Lynne had been sent for to Lynnewoode; but he had said nothing of what she was like, and Allan had pictured to himself a dark, foreign-looking girl, by the side of whom his beloved would shine like a star. He was not prepared to see the loveliest and most brilliant woman he had ever met.

It was a merry party, but he had said nothing of what she was like, and Allan had pictured to himself a dark, foreign-looking girl, by the side of whom his beloved would shine like a star. He was not prepared to see the loveliest and most brilliant woman he had ever met.

She wondered if they were charmed by her childlike gaiety, but she had said nothing of what she was like, and Allan had pictured to himself a dark, foreign-looking girl, by the side of whom his beloved would shine like a star.

"You will have the old ball-room fitted up, I suppose?" said Mrs. Lynne. "Yes, it shall be decorated in what the Barfordshire Courier calls a truly magnificent style," he replied. "We will have hangings and flowers such as never were seen in Lynnewoode before."

"The drawing-room will be the best place for the tableaux," said Inez; "they could be arranged in the small drawing-room, and the audience could be seated in the large one."

"That would do capitally," said Allan. "We can have a curtain fixed under the arch, and it will be a perfect little theatre."

"Let us have the tableaux first," said Agatha, "and then we can begin the dancing afterwards. It would spoil both to mix them."

"Certainly," said Lord Lynne. "Do you think, my little cousin, we should spring at once from a polka into a picture? Believe me, tableaux require a great deal of preparation. We will say, as they do on the playbills, 'Tableaux vivants at nine o'clock—dancing to commence at ten.' And now to business. What shall we try to represent?"

"Are you conversant with English literature?" asked Allan of Miss Lynne. "Yes," she replied. "I never had anything to do but read. I know Walter Scott almost by rote."

"Nothing could be better than a scene from 'Ivanhoe,'" said Allan. "Miss Agatha, you will be a perfect Rowena, and you, Miss Lynne, a still more perfect Rebecca."

"No," said Inez. "I do not think I could look like Rebecca. Let me have something I feel at home in. Certainly I shall not do so in any attitude of patience or self-sacrifice, or resignation, or not like to be Rebecca. I should like to be prosperous, happy, and beloved. I do not think I should look at all patient if any fair-haired Rowena took all I loved best from me."

She spoke rapidly, with a curious ring in her unusual voice, and her listeners gazed at her in surprise. It would have been easier for that proud, beautiful girl to die than to enact Rebecca to Agatha's Rowena, while Lord Lynne was Ivanhoe.

"I see what style of character you like," said Allan. "What do you think of some from 'Kenilworth'?" Miss Agatha would make an excellent Amy Robsart."

"And I could take the part of Queen Elizabeth," said Inez. "Yes—I could look as she did before she knew who Amy Robsart was."

"That will do excellently for one, then," said Lord Lynne. "Do let us have the balcony scene from 'Romeo and Juliet,'" cried Agatha. "Inez would make a better Juliet than the real one, I believe. You might be Romeo, Lord Lynne."

"We must have some rehearsals," said Allan. "I think it would be very nice to have the tableaux as a surprise, not to let anyone know of them. But we shall want a little more assistance. My sister Evelyn and Miss Dacre, who is visiting here, would be happy to join our company. We might ask Bertie Bohun to help us also. We could manage some very effective tableaux then, and the surprise would be pleasant; better than if people came all ready to see and criticize."

So it was arranged. Allan Leigh undertook to bring his sister and Miss Dacre on the morning following, and Lord Lynne wrote to ask Bertie Bohun to join them.

The sound of silvery laughter and gay words was now heard in the old hall of Lynnewoode. Inez was transformed; she was queen of the revels. Her ready wit, her brilliant repartees, her genius and gift of song made those meetings strange or unusual in her, they ascribed to her foreign education. In the whole county of Barford there was no one so admired as Miss Lynne. Her unusual and rare style of beauty, her wonderful voice, were talked about wherever men and women congregated.

The rehearsals took place in the library—they were pleasant to all; but to one they were dangerous as an intoxicating draught, or a sweet, honeyed poison. It was so easy to play Juliet with Lord Lynne as Romeo; it was so delightful to know that his eyes were dwelling on her face with a look of rapt love and devotion; to stand for that one moment and know that his very soul was in the look, and that upon her. One of those rehearsals they never forgot.

"Scene the Third!" cried out Allan Leigh—"Romeo and Juliet!" and Lord Lynne took his place and Inez hers.

"Capitally!" exclaimed Allan; "only don't you think—excuse me! Miss Lynne—should you not look at Romeo? Those downcast eyes are very effective; but I think the other would be better still."

Yet the picture—the shy, loving, beautiful face, the downcast eyes, their long black fringe resting on the cheeks—was so perfect it seemed wrong to alter it.

"Try," said Lord Lynne—"look at me." Timidly, she raised those dark, liquid eyes. Lord Lynne never forgot her face as she did so. When she saw the expression on his, the earnest, almost adoring love that he tried so hard to represent, a crimson flush seemed to scorch her cheek and brow. For

one moment her lips quivered like the lips of a little grieving child. In that one look Inez told her secret. It was well for her that she read it. "I am tired," she said impatiently. "I have been rehearsing all the morning. Let me now go, Lord Lynne; we shall manage it, I'm sure; and Mr. Leigh, you may be a somnolent in such things, but it does not seem to me that young ladies usually stand with open eyes to hear such speeches as Romeo made."

"But this is not real," said Allan in self-defence. "It is only acting," and his words although true, were like a sharp dagger to the passionate heart so nearly betrayed.

It was "only acting," and yet it was all strangely real to her. She lilted herself with sweet dreams, she cheated Lord Lynne into believing it was real, while the evening of the fete to ask Agatha to be his wife.

Bertie Bohun was a handsome careless young fellow, who had just passed his examination, and was now at home at Bohun Court, awaiting a commission, for which his father had applied. He was a brave, honorable man, a good son to the aged father who loved him better than anything in the world. He was charmed with the brilliant society at Lynnewoode; the beautiful Andalusian had a most ardent worshipper in Bertie Bohun. He would have suffered any hardship have borne any peril, have risked anything with those bright eyes, one smile from those perfect lips; but neither look nor smile came to him. Inez received his homage, as she did the homage of all other men, as something that was almost hers. She would have laughed with scorn if any one had told her that the handsome young fellow loved her.

She talked to him about his profession at times until the boy's heart glowed, and he wished—ah, what she would have liked that when a captive, and he the knight who rescued her; that she were a queen and he might fight and die for her.

But in his wildest dream, no thought, no hope, ever came to Bertie Bohun of winning this magnificent woman and making her his wife. Sometimes, after she had been unusually kind to him, he would resolve that before "he rode away to war," he would tell her how much he loved her, and ask her to bid him "God speed!" But the marching orders were very long in coming, and poor Bertie dreamed the summer away at the squire's feast.

Evelyn Leigh was a pretty lively girl of nineteen—just the least in the world given to flirting, and somewhat inclined, Allan feared to be fast—still the pretty face and gay, lively manner had many admirers.

Isabel Dacre was a tall, stately brunette, very good-humored, and given to great admiration of everything at Lynnewoode, from the young lord to his beautiful cousin.

She had not much intellect; but then, she had Allan Leigh said, she had figure, and that was very requisite in getting up good tableaux.

The invitations to Lynnewoode were issued for the eleventh of August, and very little else save this coming fete was spoken of, either in the hall or out of it. Every one anticipated a dancing party, the tableaux were to be a surprise. Yet many wondered why they were requested to be at the Hall at nine punctually.

Under the able superintendence of Allan Leigh the drawing-rooms were most effectively arranged for the tableaux; the inner and smaller one was divided from the large room by a long, sweeping curtain of rich crimson silk; a kind of stage had been erected, and in the large room the chairs for the guests were arranged in a circle.

"I hope it will go off well," said Agatha to Lord Lynne, on the morning of the eventful eleventh.

"Never fidget, little cousin," he replied, with a smile. "Even supposing there should be neither wit nor sense, wherever there are flowers, lights, and music, people amuse themselves, and famously, too."

Soon after eight the roll of carriages began, and burden after burden was deposited at the Hall door. The drawing-room was soon filled. There was much curiosity as to the curtain and what it screened. The ladies besieged Lord Lynne, anxious to know what "charming surprise" he had prepared for them; but he refused to answer any questions until, when the clock struck nine, they would have the most complete reply.

When the silver chimes of the little clock rang out that "mystic hour," the lights in the room were subdued; there was a soft sound of music, and the curtain was drawn up on one of the prettiest tableaux ever arranged. It was copied from an old Spanish picture, called "The Surprise." One read the story at a glance. The centre figure, upon which the light fell, was that of a beautiful Spanish girl, represented by Inez Lynne, the black mantilla fastened coquettishly at the back of the head, fell upon the graceful shoulders and the half-queen, half-artistic dress. One deep crimson rose glowed in the depths of her rich hair, and she held a magnificent fan in her white jeweled hands. Standing by her side, his handsome face peeping over her shoulder, was a Spanish cavalier, wearing the picturesque cloak and the plumed hat. It was a stolen interview, stood a sister or friend, evidently watching that they should not be surprised. The expression on the face of this kind-guard (Evelyn Leigh) was excellent in its mingled archness and anxiety. But alas, at the other and smaller window—faded—alone the angry face of the old father, who had unexpectedly appeared on the scene.

The tableau was long and warmly applauded. Lord Lynne made a very handsome cavalier; but no painter ever drew a face so perfect as that of the young fellow who stood by him. The rapt love, the coy, caquettish attitude—there was but one voice in its praise.

Then the curtain rose upon another and far different scene. Half hiding in a kind of grove or artificial bower there stood a pale, lovely, fair-haired girl. Her sweet face, told its own tale of terror and hope. Her fair had fallen around her like a soft, shining veil, and her white hands were raised and clasped in supplication. It was Agatha Lynne as Amy Robsart. Standing near her, looking with haughty eyes and cold, disdainful face, was the royal lady, who would have found the gentle life of the fair girl who stood between her and her love. A terrible moment was that in which the royal lady looked upon the gentle girl in the depth of her soul. It was faithfully rendered. There was something almost sublime in the concentrated passion of Inez Lynne. Little mercy would she feel or show to one who stood in the way of her love. There was something, too, in the pathetic energy of the young face that looked into the heart.

There was a hush when the curtain fell upon that picture. Those who looked felt its force and passion. "Then came the pretty balcony scene—the lovely, love-lit face of Inez Lynne shining like a star in the depth of night, and Lord Lynne as Romeo, looking as he supposed Romeo to have looked after the words—

"O, that I were a glove upon thy hand, That I might touch that cheek!"

It was perfect as a picture; as a piece of acting it was wonderful. But there was neither semblance nor acting in the passionate girl and the beautiful Juliet; and when the curtain fell, and the sounds of applause reached her ears, Inez raised her eyes once more to the face of Lord Lynne. This time the love did not die out of it; but he stooped gallantly, and kissed the little white jeweled hand. He meant nothing by it; but it was not in human nature to be blind to the love that glowed in that beautiful face.

There were other tableaux, taken from some of the most exquisite of the world's love-plays. Inez Lynne, where Agatha and Allan Leigh acquitted themselves with great credit; another of Guinevere and King Arthur; and the last of all taken from a French piece, where Inez, as Marie Antoinette, sat, the queen of France, the most brilliant and beautiful of all. Then the music sounded again, the curtain fell, and the tableaux were ended.

"Wonderful!" "The greatest treat!" "The greatest surprise!" "So charming!" and such like murmurs filled the room. They discussed Agatha and Evelyn, Lord Lynne, Bertie and Allan, but few named Inez, and when they did so, it was with lowered voices. They recognized the genius, the passion, the grandeur of her nature. She was a new revelation to them, a revelation of a southern girl.

The tableaux were ended, but the consequences of them never ended for Inez Lynne. Now that Philip had looked on her with such love in his face, even though it were but acting, never could she bear to see him with another woman. There was a wild, dizzy joy that filled her whole soul, and she murmured to herself, "I love him so dearly and so deeply, he must love me in return."

(To be continued.)

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Lies in Weak, Watery Blood. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Make the Blood Rich and Red.

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If you want new health and new strength try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, a fair use of this medicine will not disappoint you. Sold by medicine dealers or by mail, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

REFUSED TO BE DISCHARGED.

Scheme of Railway Brakeman Who Kept Himself at Work.

In Kansas the railroads have a good deal of difficulty in providing competent men to fill vacancies in the train crews and other positions which do not offer attractions that are especially inviting. At each division terminal there is usually maintained a "crew board" upon which is written in chalk twice a day a list of conductors and brakemen available for the following twelve hours. This list is posted by the "caller" or some other employe familiar with the situation and from it men are chosen to fill the various runs.

One day an accident happened which caused some dismay at headquarters for, aside from breaking up some cars and tearing up some track, it shattered the plans of the superintendent, who was about to start upon a vacation trip.

Investigation developed that a brakeman had forgotten to close a switch properly and the following train ran into it, with the result noted above.

The brakeman was dismissed forthwith. Six weeks later the superintendent boarded a freight train at a way station on the division and, mounting the "doghouse" steps in the caboose, was much surprised to find that same brakeman on guard.

"What are you doing here?" inquired the surprised official.

"Working," replied the culprit, with a dismal grin.

"Upon whose authority?" persisted the superintendent.

"Aw! I ain't lost no time a-tall," answered the brakeman.

Further questioning brought out the fact that the industrious one had been marking up his own name upon the crew board and in that way was being called regularly to go out on the run.

Asked why he had taken such a course to keep at work, he replied:

"Well, boss, my credit for grub is good as long as I keep busy, but when my pay stops me chuck stops!"

He is working yet.—Kansas City Star.

BABY'S WELFARE MOTHER'S CHIEF CARE.

Every mother is naturally anxious that her little ones shall be healthy, good natured and bright. Every mother can keep her little ones in this condition of health by giving them the occasional dose of Baby's Own Tablets.

These Tablets cure all stomach and bowel troubles, break up colds, destroy worms and make teething easy. Equally good for the new born baby or the well grown child.

St. George, N. B. says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for my little ones for several years and have found them reliable in all emergencies. I cannot praise the Tablets too highly." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

SLAVES IN MASSACHUSETTS.

The Old House in Which They Were Sold in Town of Hanover.

A relic of slavery days in New England in the middle of the eighteenth century, the old Tilden house on Winter street, West Hanover, the only house in that town where slaves were kept for market, is now being demolished.

The house is one of the best known landmarks in Plymouth county and has stood for nearly 200 years. It was used as a tavern in its early days and later for a residence. Of recent years it has been abandoned to the elements and has rapidly fallen into decay.

No one knows the exact date of the building of the house, but historians agree that it was long before the incorporation of the town of Hanover in 1727. The Hon. Jedediah Dingley, of North Hanover, who has spent much time in gathering facts concerning the early history of the town, says: "While there was more or less buying and selling of slaves (as in the middle of the eighteenth century) nearly all the worthy families owned one or more) this probably was the only place where the traffic was carried on for revenue. I have seen two bills of slaves sold from this house. One was from Job Tilden to Mr. Bailey, of Seitate, a negro child named Morrow, 9 years of age, of good bodily health and a kind disposition."

One of Mr. Tilden's slaves named Cuffee served as a soldier in the Revolutionary war, and according to an old payroll he was stationed at Fall, March 1, 1777. He was with Col. Bailey and died at Valley Forge. He was known as Cuffee Tilden, and was so inscribed on the printed rolls.

The books of the First Congregational Church of Hanover record the marriage of the Rev. Benjamin Bass on February 8, 1751, of Jack and Billah, servants owned by Job Tilden, and also the death of a negro boy owned by Job Tilden, February 12, 1760.

There are many other brief records of slaves kept in different families in Hanover.—From the Boston Herald.

A GOOD ONE.

"The watch advertised in another column of this paper is a BEAUTY, and you will be more than pleased with it."

A country can never be greater than her sons.

MODISH NOVELTIES.

Rose-fringed Scarf—Waistbands—as to the New Skirts.

Upon some of the new scarfs, there's a deep fringe of little roses and daisies nodding from long stalks. Gold, crystal and silver fringes are also being used by the dressmakers as a completing touch of elegance upon tea-gowns, evening toilettes, and full dress cloaks.

The latest novelty in waistbands owes its existence to the craze for the sash. The fashionable waistbelt of to-day is made to appear like a sash as much as possible. It is high, and awarred, the broad ribbon ends weighted with long tassels being brought over the hips and loosely knotted in front. The sash appearance so gained is very charming, and gives an up-to-date touch to one's gowns.

The close fitting skirt that follows the lines of the figure with ease is to be the leader. It is not probable that the great makers will take a marked departure from its lines for the next few months at least. At its best such a skirt is very graceful and suits all sorts of costumes.

Walking skirts continue short. During the summer they have been anywhere from an inch to five inches from the floor. The fall walking skirts are still a bit uncertain, but they will be short and probably of as many lengths as those worn now.

Beware of Scolding.

Perhaps most of the scolding done in the world is between husbands and wives or between parents and children. Parents must instruct their children; they must sometimes reprove them; they must often counsel them. But they are in great danger of "provoking them to wrath"—in the wise Biblical phrase. Children have the keenest possible sense of justice; they are also very easily hurt, and when their minds are bruised the result is estrangement, and that is as scolding as ever be. An imperious scolding father or mother frightens the children away, drives them into all manner of evasions and subterfuges, and brands their minds forever with the memory of cruel and blistering words.

Barred Linens and Lawns.

This material is of the greatest importance this season, and the indications are that it will be used extensively for fall wear, instead of the plain linen or lawn, for shirt-waists, children's dresses, aprons and handkerchiefs. It wears well, launders beautifully and comes in various widths, designs and qualities. Table linens of plaids and stripes are the very newest.

The Teeth.

They must be cleaned. There should be three cleanings a day. A brushing after each meal is best. At a restaurant diner may use dental floss in the toilet room.

Many business women may manage to rinse the mouth with lime water. A rinse made of a teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda in a glass of water is helpful.

Persons who eat all their meals at home have little excuse for not using both brush and floss after each meal.

A brush should be chosen with medium soft bristles, and it should be shaped, else only the front teeth will benefit by its use.

Doctors' Privileges.

Rudyard Kipling, addressing a recent medical gathering in London, remarked that among the privileges of physicians was one which they shared with kings. Policemen would not stop them if they exceeded the speed limit on their cars. A warning card would take them through the densest, most turbulent crowds. By flying a yellow flag they could turn a centre of population into a desert, and by flying a red-cross flag they could turn a desert into a centre of population, toward which men, as he has seen them, would crawl on hands and knees. They could forbid any ship to enter any port in any part of the world, and for the success of any operation in which they were interested could, if necessary, stop, in mid-ocean the fastest Atlantic liner with her mails. They could tie up traffic and without notice order houses, streets and whole quarters of a city to be pulled down, calling, if need be, on the nearest troops to see that their prescription was carried out.

A Forbidden Weapon.

Every traveller knows that there are certain restrictions upon the introduction of arms into foreign countries. Among the weapons which it is forbidden to take into France is the "tromblon," which is expressly mentioned in the penal code as a weapon the carrying and sale of which is not allowed. And yet the "tromblon" is not a firearm which is commonly used nowadays, for it is nothing else than the blunderbuss, a weapon which old caricatures show to have been carried by the guards of men and to have been hung over his fireplace by John Bull at the time of the scare of a Napoleonic invasion a hundred years ago. The blunderbuss had a flint lock, a short barrel and a muzzle like a trumpet, the bell mouth being designed to scatter the slugs with which the primitive piece was charged. Any one who buys one at an old curiosity shop had better take care how he introduces it into France, for the penalty for doing so is a fine of 200 francs.—London Globe.

Most Powerful "Dreadnought."

It is a curious anomaly, says the Scientific American, that the most powerful Dreadnought afloat should belong to a South American Republic, but it cannot be denied that the Minas Geraes is entitled to this distinction. She is the only warship mounting 12-inch guns, and they are so placed that she can concentrate eight ahead and astern and ten on either broadside, as against four ahead and astern and ten on either broadside, which can be done by our new North Dakota and Delawares.

Their Golden Bond.

"How did these two ever come to marry each other?"

"Well, she was the only woman he ever knew that would listen to his anecdotes over five minutes at a time, and he was the only man she ever knew that could look at her that long without getting neuralgia."—Puck.

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