

'TWIXT LOVE AND PRIDE

"Well, well, we will see about it," answered the doctor.

This reply, Denzil knew, was equivalent to a promise. And accordingly the following day saw him installed in state in the library, with books and a sofa.

It so happened that about three o'clock he was alone. Mrs. Younge, having been called off for some reason by Mabel, with an assurance that she would let her go back again in less than five minutes.

Almost as they closed the one door in making their exit, the other, situated at the top of the room, opened, and Mildred Trevanion came in. Seeing Denzil so unexpectedly alone, she hesitated slightly for a moment, and then came forward, looking rather shy and conscious, he thought.

She was remembering her last interview with him in his own room, and was feeling terribly embarrassed in consequence, while he was dwelling upon the same scene, but was viewing it very differently—not as a reality, but merely in the light of a happy dream.

"I am very glad to see you," she said, rather awkwardly, standing beside his lounge, and looking down upon him.

"You might have seen me long ago, if you had cared to do so," he rejoined reproachfully. "You are the only one of all the household who never came near me during my illness."

Mildred glanced at him suspiciously. Had he really forgotten all about it? His face was supremely innocent, and she drew a deep breath of relief which yet was mingled with a little pain that he should so entirely have left her visit slip his memory.

"You had so many to see after you—I was scarcely wanted," she said; "and of course all day I heard reports of your well being."

"Still, you might have come, if only for a few minutes," he persisted. "Not that I expected you would. There was no reason why you, of all people, should trouble yourself about me."

"If I had thought you wished for me—"

"Mildred!" he exclaimed angrily; and then she ceased speaking altogether, knowing she had vexed him by the open hypocrisy of her last remark.

"If she had thought!"—when she knew, in her inmost heart, how he had been waiting, hoping, longing, for some sign of her presence.

"So you have broken off your engagement with Lyndon?" he said, presently, regarding her attentively.

"Yes," she answered, quietly; "or, rather, he broke it off with me."

"He?" repeated Denzil, with amazement. "Then, jealously—"And you would, perhaps, have wished it to continue? You have been unhappy and miserable ever since?"

"I have not been unhappy exactly, or miserable; but I certainly would not have been the one to end it."

"What was the reason?" he asked, unthinkingly; then—"I beg your pardon. Of course I should not have asked that."

"There were many reasons," returned she calmly. "Perhaps—"a little bitter laugh—"you were right after all. Do you remember telling me that you thought no good man would ever care to marry me? Well, your words are coming true, I think."

"Will you never forget that I said that?" Denzil's voice was full of pain as he spoke. "You know I did not mean it. How could I, when I think you far above all women? You know what I think of you—how I have loved you, and always shall love you until my death."

"Oh, hush!" implored Mildred, tremulously, suddenly growing very pale. Then, hearing the sound of approaching footsteps, she asked him, hurriedly: "Are you getting stronger now—really better? I should like to hear that from yourself."

"Would you?" he said, looking pleased and radiant, and possessing himself of one of the small slender hands that fell at her side. "Do you really care to know? Have you my interest at all in me? Say you will come and see me, then, here to-morrow at this hour. Think how lonely it is to lie still all day." He pressed her hand entreatingly, and kissed it.

"If nothing prevents me," promised Miss Trevanion, with faint hesitation; and then the door opened, and Mrs. Younge, Lady Caroline, and old Blount came in.

"Ah, Mildred, good child," cried Mrs. Younge, innocently, "you have been taking care of him, while I was fearing that he was alone all this time. Denzil, you are a spoiled boy from all the attention you receive. I hope the time did not seem too long, Mildred dear, I meant to be back directly."

Miss Trevanion blushed, and, making some pretty, graceful answer, escaped from the room, while Lady Caroline glanced covertly at Denzil, who appeared totally unconscious of any under-current in the conversation, and old Blount looked mischievous.

"Well," said he, when he had shaken hands with Denzil, and wished him joy, in his kind hearty way, at having recovered his freedom, "I have just been with Sir George, Lady Caroline, and he tells me you are determined to marry off all your family at once, like a sensible mother."

"I don't know about that," returned Lady Caroline, laughing. "One at a time, if you please, will suit us well enough. We do not want to be left without any solace in our old age. But you mean Charlie and Frances, I suppose?"

"Yes," said he, "they have come to a proper understanding at last, I hear."

"I think they came to that before Christmas," observed Lady Caroline; "but the question of late has been when to name the wedding-day. Frances was very refractory in the beginning, but at last she has given in, and it is actually arranged to take place on the thirteenth of next month; always provided the day is fine—as she says nothing on earth would induce her to be married in rain."

"Did she laugh?"

"She has been such a spoiled pet all her life," he commented, "that I think she will give Charlie something to do to manage her."

"I agree with you," said Lady Caroline, "but she is such a dear girl with all that one cannot help loving her, and forgiving her the very trifling faults she possesses."

"And then true love is such a smoother of all difficulties," put in Mrs. Younge, softly, raising her eyes from her knitting.

"It is time for us to be thinking of wedding presents," said Denzil. "I wonder what she would like, Lady Caroline?"

"Well, I hardly know," answered her ladyship; "but I can easily find out by putting a few adroit questions. I suppose jewelry is about the best thing a young man can offer."

"And how about Mabel's affair?" asked Blount.

"Oh, the child," cried Lady Caroline—"surely she can afford to wait; and, besides, she must, as Sir George has decided nothing must be said about it until Roy is in a better position."

"I have just been talking to Sir George about that," said old Blount; "and I think it is a pity the young people should be sighing for each other when they might be together. I am an old man now, with more money than I know how to spend; so I have decided that they shall have half and set up housekeeping without further delay."

"My dear Richard," cried Lady Caroline, greatly touched "this is too generous. Why should they not wait? Why should you deprive yourself of anything at your years?"

"My dear creature," returned old Blount, "I am not thinking of doing anything of the kind. I am far too selfish to deprive myself of any luxuries to which I have been accustomed. But I literally cannot get rid of the money; so they may just as well have it as let it be idle."

"There never was anybody like you, Dick," said Lady Caroline, with tears in her eyes.

"Except Sir George," returned old Blount, mischievously, at which they all laughed.

"And still we have Mildred to dispose of," he said, presently, with a side-glance at Denzil, who gazed stolidly out of the window.

"Dear, dear—will you leave me no daughter?" expostulated Lady Caroline; and Mrs. Younge, who had grown very intimate with them all during her son's illness, looked up plaintively to say:

"There is really no understanding young people in these days. Now how the child object to that nice Lord Lyndon is beyond my comprehension—quite, he seemed in every way suited to her."

"And he seemed to me in every way most unsuited to her," put in Denzil, impulsively, and rather crossly.

"Did he indeed, my dear?" said his mother, with mild surprise. "Well, see how differently people judge."

"Differently indeed," coincided old Blount. "And now tell us, Denzil, what sort of a person do you think would make her happy?"

There was a slight laugh in the old man's eyes as he asked the question, and Denzil, looking up, caught it; so that presently he laughed too, though rather against his will.

"You should not hit a man when he is down," he said, reproachfully.

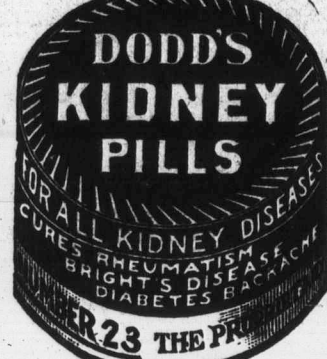
"I don't think you will be long down," returned Blount, with an encouraging nod that somehow made Denzil's heart beat high, though he did not dare to take the words in their under meaning. "And now I must be off. No, thank you, my dear—I cannot stay to dinner; I have so many things to attend to before seven. But tell Sir George I will look him up again in the morning. And give my love to the girls; and tell Mildred that I know, and she knows, there is but one man in the world can ever make her happy."

He looked kindly at Denzil as he spoke, but the latter would not accept the insinuation conveyed in his words. Mrs. Younge, however, noticed both the glance and the significant tone, and a light broke in upon her.

When Lady Caroline had followed Dick Blount out of the room, she went over and knelt down by her son. "Denzil," she said, lovingly, "I know it all now. But am I never to speak of it?"

And he answered as he kissed her: "Do not let us ever mention it again—there's a darling mother."

But all that night Mrs. Younge gazed at the girl and wondered, pondering many things, and blaming,



woman-like, yet feeling in her heart the while that the choice her son had made was indeed a perfect one.

After this Denzil made rapid strides toward recovery, growing stronger, gayer and more like the Denzil they had known in the first days of their acquaintance than he had been for some time before his illness. He could now walk from room to room, and take long drives, though Stubber still insisted on some hours in the day being spent on the sofa. Miss Trevanion Denzil saw daily, though seldom alone—and who shall say how much this conducted toward the renewing of his strength?

It wanted but a fortnight to Charlie's wedding-day, and Denzil, who was feeling a little tired, and was anxious to attain perfect health before the event came off—having promised to attend in the character of "best man"—was lying on the lounge in the library when Mildred came in.

"I did not know you were in from your drive," she said. There was less constraint between them now than there had ever been. "Did you enjoy it?"

"Very much indeed,"

"So you ought," she said. "Could there be a more beautiful day?" She threw up the low window shade and leaned out. "The air reminds me of summer, and the flowers are becoming quite plentiful, instead of being sought longingly one by one."

"Yes," returned Denzil, vaguely, thinking all the time what an exquisite picture she made, framed in by the windows and its wreaths of hanging ivy.

"By the bye, did you like the bunch I gathered for you this morning? See—there they are over there."

"Were they for me?" asked Denzil, looking pleased. "I did not flatter myself that they were."

"Well, yes, I think they were chiefly meant for you," returned Mildred, carelessly. "Invalids are supposed to get every choice thing going—are they not?—though indeed you can scarcely come under that head now."

She drew down the window again, and came back toward the centre of the room.

"Mildred," said Denzil, suddenly—he had risen on her first entering, and stood leaning against the chimney-piece—"there is something connected with my illness—a dream I must have been—that whenever I see you prey upon my mind. May I tell it to you?"

The vivid impression it made might perhaps leave me if I did."

"Of course you may," answered Mildred, growing a shade paler.

"Come over here then and sit down—I cannot speak to you so far away."

She approached the heart-rag, and stood there.

"I will warm my hands while you tell me," she said, determined that, should it prove to be what she half dreaded to hear, he would not see her face during the recital.

"Well, then," he began, "I thought that, as I lay in bed one evening, the door opened, and you came into my room, and walking softly over to my bedside, stood there very sorrowfully looking down upon me. We were alone, I think—passing his hand in a puzzled manner over his forehead, as though endeavoring vainly to recollect something—"at least I can remember no one else but us two—and it seemed to me that presently you began to cry, and stooped over me, whispering something—I forget what—and I took your hands like this—sweeping the action to the word—"and then some figures came toward us and tried to separate us, but I waved them back, holding you tightly all the time; and"—here he paused, his eyes fixed earnestly upon the opposite wall, as though he saw reacting all that was struggling for clearness in his brain—and I asked you to do something for me—something that would aid my recovery more than all the doctor's stuff—and you—"

(To be continued.)

Advice to Dyspeptics Well Worth Following

In the case of dyspepsia, the appetite is variable. Sometimes it is ravenous, again it is often very poor. For this condition there is but one sure remedy—Dr. Hamilton's Pills—which cure quickly and thoroughly.

Sufferers find marked benefit in a day, and as time goes on improvement conditions. No other medicine will strengthen the stomach and digestive organs like Dr. Hamilton's Pills. They supply the materials and assistance necessary to convert everything eaten into nourishment, into muscle, fibre, and energy, with which to build up the run-down system.

Why not cure your dyspepsia now? Get Dr. Hamilton's Pills to-day, 25c. per box at all dealers.

To Lengthen Life of Necktie.

A good many people who are users of four-in-hand ties are more or less bothered by ties becoming useless after it has been worn a few times.

Take the wide end of the tie with seam and lay it flat upon a table. Then thrust in the finger and seize the other hand and pull it over the lining about half its length. A hot iron is then run over the lining to straighten it out.—Popular Science Monthly.

KITCHEN WINDOW GARDEN.

Have One Where You Can Grow Your Cooking Herbs.

A most useful and delightful thing is a kitchen window box.

Nothing flourishes better in the window box than the ornamental and appetizing parsley.

When sprouted care must be taken to thin out the parsley to get best results.

Lettuce, radishes and young onions adapt themselves well to such a garden.

In spite of advice to the contrary, celery will not thrive well in a kitchen box.

To promote the growth, it is well to soak the seed, for a day before sowing.

A red pepper plant is a valuable addition. It should be grown in a pot by itself as it must be kept very moist.

A window box such as is ordinarily used for flowers is most adaptable and convenient for such a garden.

The preparation of the soil of such a box is much the same as for an outdoor flower bed: a rich, loose, sandy soil, placed upon a two-inch bed of broken crockery, or oyster shells which act as a drainage.

To obtain best results from this window box, care must be taken that it is not kept too wet or the earth will become sour, causing the seed to rot.

In odd moments while the cooking is in progress you must pull out blades of grass and weeds, for weeds will grow even in a kitchen window box, and the care of such a garden is little, indeed, compared to the satisfaction and convenience of being able to step to the window box for an onion or sprig of parsley to add to the appetizing qualities of a dish.

WOMEN AS BRAVE AS THE MEN

Their Struggle Shows a Remarkable Spirit.

Talk of the bravery of men, but where can you find a finer spirit than among the half-sick women who are fighting and struggling to do their duty against the terrible odds of ill-health, and who will not give up?

One woman in every three is struggling against weakness. Most of them are not exactly sick but, oh, how miserable!

The burden and misery of it all has its foundation in the blood, which is thin and watery. The red cells are too few. The very stream of life is reduced in vitality. Weakness and inevitable ill-health are the certain result.

Every ailing or weak woman can quickly regain her health in this very simple way: By filling the system with the nutrition that comes from rich, red blood, a quick change for the better will result. To accomplish this take two chocolate-coated Ferrozone Tablets after each meal. You'll feel better immediately, for the simple reason that Ferrozone renews the blood. It gives you vim, vigor, endurance, restores a tired, worn-out system very quickly.

You'll feel like new all over once you get Ferrozone working through your blood. It puts color into faded cheeks, brightens the eye, quickens the step, brings back that wonderful feeling of youth.

One of the finest things Ferrozone does is to make you eat lots and digest it as well. With keen appetite, sound sleep, strong nerves and lots of nourishing blood you're bound to regain robust health. Any sickly girl or ailing woman that Ferrozone won't make well must be incurable. There is a secret power in Ferrozone and it is worth a trial at all events. Fifty cents per box, six for \$2.50. At all dealers in medicine, or by mail from the Catarrozone Company, Kingston, Ont.

CURIOUS ORIGIN OF A LAW.

It Was Passed in England On Account of Peter Thellusson's Will.

The Thellusson law, once enacted by the British Government, was a law to regulate the disposition of property by will and to prevent the excessive accumulation of estates. It had a curious origin.

On the 27th of July, 1797, one Peter Thellusson, an English merchant of French birth, died in London, leaving a certain sum to his widow and children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren living at the time of his death and the survivors of them. The accumulation would have been enormous.

The will was contested, but was held valid. In order, however, to prevent such a disposition of property in the future, Parliament passed what was called the Thellusson act, or accumulations act, regulating and limiting bequests in such a way as to make great accumulations impossible.

When Peter Thellusson's last surviving grandson died, in 1856, a question arose as to whether the eldest male descendant or the male descendant of the eldest son should inherit the property, and this question was decided on appeal by the house of lords in June, 1859. The Thellusson will and the legislation growing out of it were a subject of much discussion by lawyers.

The Big Dipper.

In astronomy the Big Dipper, so called, is in the constellation of Ursa Major, or the Great Bear. The stars forming the tail of the bear also form the handle of the dipper. The first star in the handle is Benetnash, the second Mizar, the third Alloth. The other four, which go to form the bowl of the dipper, are Megres, Phad, Merak and Duhde. The two last named are called "the pointers" because they point or guide the eye to the pole star, which is distant 29 degrees. The top bowl stars are 10 degrees and the bottom ones 8 degrees apart.



LEGENDS OR LIES?

No Black Hole of Calcutta, and No William Tell.

Wars are fruitful breeders of legends, and always have been. Nor is the present war any exception to the rule.

Everybody, to cite but two instances, will be prone to recall the story of the Mousa angels, and that other one about the Russian soldiers who came through England from Archangel.

Possibly these yarns, and other similar ones, will be incorporated in the history-books of the future. It is a fact that stories equally without foundation are taught in our schools to-day.

Take, for example, the one about the Black Hole of Calcutta. Every school-boy and nearly every grown-up person is familiar with the details of that ghastly story. It relates how the nabob Suraja Dowla shut up his British captives by him in Calcutta Fort, in a small, unventilated dungeon, and how, after a night of agony from heat, thirst and lack of air, only twenty-three were found alive next morning.

For more than one hundred and fifty years the story has been implicitly believed. Yet now along comes Mr. Little, and proves, in his "Bengal, Past and Present," that not only was it untrue, but that it could not possibly be true.

Nine persons only were, it appears from contemporary records, confined in the "black hole," and none of these suffered any very inconvenience. The remainder of the garrison, numbering some 120, were either killed or wounded in the fighting, and the latter were treated by their conquerors with every consideration.

Similarly, Wellington never said, "Up, Guards, and at 'em!" at Waterloo; nor did Blucher exclaim on first seeing London, "What a place to sack!" while the phrase, "Providence favors the big battalions," which is usually attributed to Napoleon, is found in the writings of Cicero.

There never was a person named William Tell, and consequently he never shot an apple from his son's head at the bidding of the Austrian tyrant, Gessler.

The story of Queen Eleanor sucking the poison from her husband's wound during one of the Crusades is another war myth. She did not accompany her husband, on the expedition in question, and, besides, the Saracens did not use poison.

At Waterloo the commander of Napoleon's Old Guard is said to have replied to the challenge of surrender pompously: "Old Guard dies, but it does not surrender!" In the French army, however, it is a tradition that his answer was of but one word, not at all fitted for ears polite.

Similarly, the Girondins had no last supper together. Columbus could not have folded an eclipse of the moon in order to frighten the natives of Jamaica into submission, as has been asserted, for the simple reason that the moon was not in eclipse during the time the famous explorer was on that island.

It is the Great never went into hiding in a goat-hair cottage while the Danes were ravaging his kingdom; on the contrary, he "got on with the war."

The Bulldog.

The bulldog, unlike the majority of dogs, very seldom barks. In fact, owing to the construction of his throat his attempts at barking are more like a burlesque of the real thing. He wades into a fight without any vocal warning, and the only sound he emits is his heavy breathing. His courage is astonishing, and the largeness of his opponent never acts as a deterrent when hostilities are imminent.

Still, as he is not a quarrelsome dog, he very rarely indulges in street brawls, and, as he is exceedingly good natured, it takes a lot to rouse him.

The modern bulldog is undoubtedly a different looking animal from his bulfighting ancestors. The most conspicuous "improvements" introduced by the present day "fancy" are largeness of head, width of chest, heaviness of bone and more typical tail.

MOST ANCIENT TREATY.

Carved in Stone on the Walls of Two Egyptian Temples.

On the walls of two of Egypt's greatest temples, that of Karnak and the Ramesseum at Thebes carved in the everlasting stone of the dry land of the Nile, says the Christian Herald, is the oldest international treaty known to man. Rameses the Great, one of the signers, is the best known man of remote antiquity. Khetsar (the car of the Kheta or Hittites), the other party to the treaty, is unknown except to a few, and his nation is little known even to the scholars.

The Hittites were a mighty race, whose empire, equal in rank with the mighty empire of Egypt and Babylonia, once extended over 400,000 square miles of territory in Asia Minor and Syria. A few years ago practically nothing was known of the life and civilization of these mysterious people.

They are mentioned in the bible and in the Egyptian and Assyrian records, but until very recently their own story had never been read by modern man. To-day, thanks to the excavations that were carried on at the capital city of Carchemish, much has been learned about this great group of tribes, and orderly evidence about them is now available for the first time in 2,000 years.

Silver Sword of Hawaii.

One of the most curious plants in the world and one of the greatest interest to all botanists is the silver sword. This exceedingly rare plant, with its magnificent silver spines and handsome crest, may still be found in profusion in the upper part of Kaupapa, the southern outlet of the vast extinct crater of Haleakala, on the island of Maui. It flowers from July to October and occurs hardly anywhere else in the world. Even stranger is the variety known as the green sword, which occurs only in Haleakala crater and is unknown to exist elsewhere.—Honolulu Star Bulletin.

"Is Bilingual a patriot?" "Yes. But he's the kind that would be more useful in a school of elocution than in a training camp."—Washington Star.

The Balkan States.

The countries known as "the Balkan states" occupy the Balkan peninsula, the easternmost of the three great southern peninsulas of Europe, which in its turn takes its name from the mountain range of the Balkan. This great mountain chain, running down into the peninsula, is a continuation of the southern Carpathians or Transylvania Alps. The strict limits of the Balkan peninsula place its base on a line from the delta of the Danube to the head of the Adriatic Sea, but part of the territory thus defined lies outside what is conventionally designated as the Balkan peninsula.

CAUSE OF INDIGESTION

People Who Complain of This Trouble Usually Are Thin Blooded.

Thin-blooded people usually have stomach trouble. They seldom recognize the fact that thin blood is the cause of the trouble, but it is, in fact, thin, impure blood is the most common cause of stomach trouble; it affects the digestion very quickly. The glands that furnish the digestive fluid are diminished in their activity; the stomach muscles are weakened, and there is a loss of nerve force. In this state of health nothing will more quickly restore the appetite, the digestion and normal nutrition than good, rich, red blood. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills act directly on the blood, making it rich and red, and this enriched blood strengthens weak nerves, stimulates tired muscles and awakens the normal activity of the glands that supply the digestive fluids. The first sign of improving health is an improved appetite, and soon the effect of these blood-making pills is evident throughout the system. You find that what you eat does not distress you, and that you are strong and vigorous instead of irritable and listless. This is proved by the case of Mrs. J. Harris, Gerard street, Toronto, who says: "About three years ago I was seized with a severe attack of indigestion and vomiting. My food seemed to turn sour as soon as I ate it, and I would turn so deathly sick that sometimes I would fall on the floor after vomiting. I tried a lot of home remedies, but they did not help me. Then I went to a doctor, who gave me some powders, but they seemed actually to make me worse instead of better. This went on for nearly two months, and by that time my stomach was in such a weak state that I could not keep down a drink of water, and I was wasted to a skeleton, and felt that life was not worth living. I was not married at this time, and one Sunday evening on the way to church with my intended husband I was taken with a bad spell on the street. He took me to a drug store, where the clerk fixed up something to take, and my intended got me a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. By the end of the first week I could feel some improvement from the use of the Pills, and I gladly continued taking them until every symptom of the trouble was gone, and I was again enjoying the best of health. These Pills are now my standby and I tell all my friends what they did for me."

You can get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills from any dealer in medicine or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

VICTORIA'S LETTERS.

Royal Secrets That Are Stored Away in Buckingham Palace.

"We may wonder if the world will ever be allowed to see the private correspondence amassed by the late Queen Victoria," says a writer. It is stored away in a strong room built into the walls of Buckingham Palace, and the Queen shared her confidence with no one.

So long as she was physically able to do so she opened and closed the safe herself and arranged its contents. When she was too feeble to do this she employed an old and trusted secretary, but even he had to work under the royal eye. He was never allowed to keep the keys nor to read the letters that he handled.

Queen Victoria was always a voluminous letter writer, and she was in constant communication with most of the royalties in Europe. Every domestic secret and privacy of royalty during half a century is said to be represented by the contents of this wonderful safe, and it is easy to believe that the modern historian would find his hands full if he were permitted to browse among these letters.

But probably he will have to wait a few hundred years, and then his popular audience will be a languid one. It is one of the ironies of life that we can never have a thing when we want it.

Bilious Headache

"The liver gets sluggish, the bowels constipated and then comes the bilious spell with headache and stomach troubles."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills relieve this condition most promptly and thoroughly by reason of their combined action on liver, kidneys and bowels.

One pill a dose, 25 cts