

A Millionaire; or, Countess Westerleigh.

CHAPTER I.
(Continued.)

"Yes," said Tyers, softly, "and people will stare at me as if I were a kind of monstrosity, and they'll ask me to their houses and treat me as if I were a freak of nature and quite interesting—really quite interesting. Why, they do it now. But no one will make a friend of me; no one will give me his daughter in marriage, because no one will be able to answer the question: 'Who was he?'"

A faint, dusky red had crept up into his cheek, and a bar of yellow light crossed the pupils of his dark eyes, as he gazed at the gray, angry sea.

"What rot!" said Vane.
"No, you know it is true enough. Now, you"—he shrugged his shoulders—"you can neither paint nor carve; you can do nothing but ride and shoot, and wear your clothes as if they grew on you. But everybody receives you with open arms. You are Vane Tempest, the grandson of the Earl of Westerleigh—one of the elect—one of themselves; and if you only had a few thousand a year they would welcome you as a son-in-law. No woman eyes you askance and with covert insolence. You said just now that I was a woman-hater." He broke off.

Vane nodded, and pitched a stone at a sea-gull that skimmed close by them.

"I've reason for being one. Take an instance. The other day I was painting a lady's portrait. She is a very great lady—young, beautiful—so beautiful that I am driven half mad with despair as I paint her; and once or twice I have been on the point of dashing the sharp end of the brush through the canvas, and telling her that I can not and will not go on with the libel, which no doubt the mob of ignorant fools will call a good likeness. Well, the other day, while she was sitting to me, she dropped her handkerchief. I picked it up and offered it to her. She stretched out her hand absently to take it, then lifted her eyes, saw me—she had forgotten my existence—and murmured, with the courteous coldness of an iceberg: 'Thanks; please put it on the table.' She is as proud as she is beautiful—so proud that she could not take her handkerchief from my hand; my touch had polluted it!"

His face was pale, and his dark eyes gleamed under their half-lowered lids.

"Oh, nonsense!" exclaimed Vane, abruptly. "You were quite mistaken. She—well, I suppose she thought she might drop it again, and give you the trouble of picking it up a second time."

Tyers smiled incredulously.
"Thanks; but I am afraid I can't

accept that consolation. You did not

see the look that accompanied her words; I did. Besides, it wasn't the first time she had lashed me with her scorn. God! how I hate them all! What I would give to have lived over there in France in the Reign of Terror when the people arose against the aristocrats! I could have butchered with the rest; I could have danced round the guillotine; I could have seen their heads drop to the tune of 'Ca Ira,' and felt a keen thrill of joy at every head; I could have said to her: 'Florence Heathcote,

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my Lady Florence, you were too proud to stoop to take a handkerchief from my hand; you shall stoop that haughty head of yours to the block, while I look on—and laugh!"

His breath failed him, his low voice, which had grown lower, not higher, toward the finish, died away; his face was ashen white, his eyes gleaming with a vindictive fire.

Vane stared at him. He had never seen his friend in this humor before. "Halloo, Sen!" he said, at last; "what a red-hot Republican you must be! And so you'd stand by and see Lady Florence guillotined, eh?" and he laughed.

Senley Tyers started and looked round, as if he had suddenly realized that he had been talking aloud, and not to himself.

Instantly his face changed back to its usual listless cynicism. "Did I mention her name?" he said; "I didn't intend to do so. Perhaps—" He smiled, and his voice grew smoother and softer. "No doubt, indeed, your explanation of her little action is the correct one."

"Sure of it; all fancy on your part, my dear fellow!" said Vane, lightly. "Florence is rather proud, I'll confess. You see, the fellows, everybody, spoils her, she's so confoundedly good-looking; but she wouldn't treat a gentleman in the way you imagine."

"A gentleman—no," said Tyers. Then he checked himself. "Forget what I said, Vane," he said, biting his lip.

"Of course," assented Vane. "The fact is, my dear fellow, you have got a fit of the blues; and upon my soul, this place is quite enough to produce one. Never mind; you won't have it stay in it much longer. Here comes the landlord. I've no doubt he's got a horse for me and a trap for you. I'm deuced sorry you can't go on with me—but, by George, I wouldn't let you; it was too good of you to come thus far."

Senley Tyers shrugged his shoulders. "I'll go back to town and work," he said. "I shall await with some curiosity the result of your interview with the mysterious uncle. Look me up when you come back."

"Of course," said Vane.
(To be Continued.)

Lost Carload of Silver Ore.

In June, 1908, there was shipped from the Cobalt district, Canada, a car containing 14 tons of ore worth about \$2,000 a ton. The ore was consigned to a smelter at Perth Amboy, and John Black, one of the Cobalt pioneers and the shipper of the ore, just had to have money in a hurry to carry on his operations. It was the first lot of ore shipped from his mine, and was dispatched in such haste that Mr. Black forgot to take down the number of the car or to get a receipt for his ore. Just what happened to that car Mr. Black has been trying to find out ever since. The ore never reached its destination and search for nearly five years has failed to bring to light a single pound of the ore.

For egg-and-press sandwiches, rub several hard-boiled eggs through a sieve; season the mixture with salt, pepper and lemon juice. Mix it well with butter to a rich paste. Spread some white or brown bread, evenly buttered, rather generously with this; then sprinkle one half with plenty of finely chopped fresh cress and press them together.

MINARD'S LINIMENT LUMBERMAN'S FRIEND.

One in a Thousand, BUT TRUE TO THE LAST

CHAPTER XXV.

Then I lean my head on my hands and think. I should like to write a line to my old "daddy." It is hard upon him, for he has never wronged me in any way. Yes, I will send him a line, and some day, if he will keep my secret, he may come here and see me. I carry out my resolve quickly, and write a long letter, telling him all about my trouble, and saying that, if he will promise not to betray me, I will send him my address. I ask him to send his reply to the "Times" office; and then I write a short note to Capt. Langholme, to tell him that I have taken his advice, and ask him to procure any answers which may come for me. And then I go for a drive with Mrs. de Vought and dine with her, meeting half a dozen of what she calls "nice people."

There is a baron, as a matter of course; but what is not at all a matter of course, he is young and attractive. He is particularly and especially proud of his English, and most anxious to show it off, and at the same time improve it, by devoting himself to me. I cannot but smile at the idea of receiving the marked attentions of a Dutch baron when all the while my heart is yearning and crying out wildly for Adrian. I hate all men now equally. What woman could for a moment endure one after Adrian, my fair Norwegian, my fire eater, my Berserker? Theo tried it and she could not. I am convinced without trying.

There is a very charming girl of about my own age, the daughter of a professor, who would not at all object to take my place; but the Baron Nagel seems to prefer my wash-out fairness to Margaretha von Rosenfeld's dark loveliness. I wonder at his taste, but, then, the fancies of men are so very strange—almost past belief or astonishment.

A week later I receive a thick packet from Capt. Langholme. It contains a letter from my father and one from my husband. I look long and greedily at the large square envelope, just such another as that one which lies in the middle drawer of my dressing case, at the careless, yet firm, writing; but I do not open it. My love for him is still so intense that I cannot bear to read his excuses, which I cannot believe. Great cause as he has given me to despise him, I shrink from acknowledging, even to myself, that he is other than the noble man I believed him to be when I married him. I know so well what he will say—that he never intended to make any difference, that I fancied a great deal more passed between him and Theo than did so in reality. Ah, yes! Once I, too, thought it might be only fancy, and fought against it with the desperation

of despair, never yielding until the truth was forced upon me with a certainty which nothing can ever explain away. No; I will not listen to explanations, which will only make me more unhappy, so I lay the letter down, and take up my father's.

An I expect, it is heartbroken in tone, and brings the hot tears welling to my eyes; it ends with a reproach that I can hesitate for an instant in trusting my old "daddy" with any secret. Well, it was unkind—I must tell him so; but, then, I was almost mad. I did not consider what was kind or cruel; my great desire was to get quite away. It will not matter much—my old "daddy" will forgive me. It is with a sigh that I take up Capt. Langholme's note.

"I have no doubt, from the heavy letter which I found addressed to you in Charteris' writing at the Times office, that he has pleaded his cause pretty well; but one thing I must tell you, which may be in his favor. This afternoon, when I went up to town to get the letters, I met him in St. James', and, without any exaggeration whatever, I never saw any man look so altered in all my life; he looked as if he had not slept for a week, and ten years older."

"Ten years older!" I repeat the words over and over again. Can it be possible that all along I have been mistaken? Is it true that he feels the loss of me—that he has sent in his papers and is leaving his regiment on my account? I lay my hand on his letter again, and am just about to open it, when my eyes fall upon Capt. Langholme's, and I catch sight of the one word, "Theo." It is a magical word with me, for it impels me to finish the letter.

"I don't know whether you see any English papers, but there is an announcement in this morning's Post, that Theo, Viscountess Lasselles, is engaged to Col. Cardyllon, of the Cuirassiers. Considering that Lasselles has been dead so short a time, I think it is not only premature, but absolutely indecent."

Theo, Viscountess Lasselles, engaged to Col. Cardyllon! Ah, that is the most cruel sting of all! It is on her account, not mine, that Adrian looks ten years older and as if he had not slept for a week. I know it could hardly be true, though my foolish heart hoped it was.

I answer my father, immediately giving him my address, and returning Adrian's letter unopened. "And tell him," I say, "that it is of no use his writing to me again; I will neither read his letters nor hold any communication with him whatever; and if he tries to seek me out, I shall have to disappear again."

In answer to this I receive a telegram to say that my father is coming to me at once; and a few hours later he arrives.
(To be Continued.)

To clean a brass preserving pan, after a thorough washing with warm water and soap and rinsing wet, a clean piece of flannel in common vinegar, then dip it in salt and scour out the pan very quickly till all the spots and dimness have disappeared. Rinse out immediately with boiling water, dry thoroughly and polish with a soft old towel.

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CHARLOTTETOWN, P.E.I., July 27, 1908.
Black & Mercantile Co., Ltd.
Dear Sirs,—Yours of the 22nd inst. received re Mathieu's Syrup. I have been using the article in my home for the last seven or eight years, and know of nothing better to use when one is subject to cough or cold. In fact, we would not be without it for twice its value. I have very much pleasure in recommending this article, and in selling it over the Island I have the same report from our customers.
CARVELL BROS.,
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BY DNEY, L.B., July 20, 1908.
Dear Sirs,—Yours of the 22nd inst. has been asking for testimonial for Mathieu's Syrup. I have handled Mathieu's Syrup for one year, and find it one of the best sellers in a cough medicine that I have ever handled. I am ordering one gross from your traveler to-day, as I hold the last bottle in stock yesterday.
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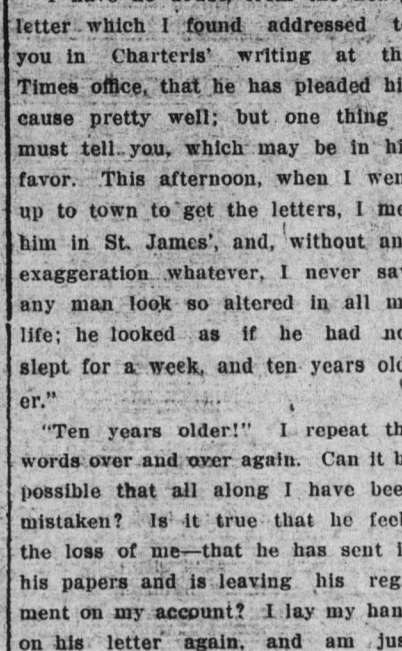
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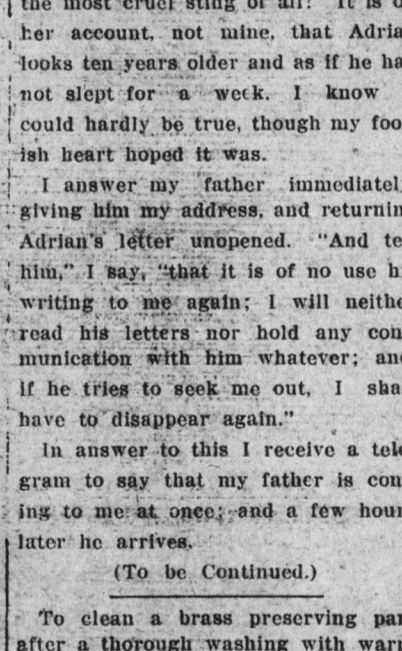
9667.—A SIMPLE STYLISH DESIGN



Ladies' House Dress.
Suitable for gingham, galates, chambray, lawn, or percale. This model may also be developed in ratine, linen or linene, for more dressy wear. The fronts are cut low and a shawl collar finishes the neck. The skirt has a hem, tucked at the centre back. The Pattern is cut in 6 Sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. It requires 5 yards of 44 inch material for a 36 inch size.

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Ladies Blouse Waist, with 7/8 without chemise, and with long or short sleeve, and two styles of cuff. (To be slipped over the head).

This practical model is suitable for lawn, madras, gingham, voile, crepe, ratine, linen, or silk. The garment is to be slipped over the head and laced in closing at the centre front. A chemise in low neck outline, or finished with a standing collar may be arranged under the waist when worn. The sleeve in full length has a turn back cuff while the shorter sleeve shows a shaped cuff cut with overlapping point. The Pattern is cut in 6 Sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. It requires 3 yards of 44 inch material for a 36 inch size.

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Light of the Night.

Interesting work to be done on the "Light of the Night." Well, it doesn't matter what you call it exactly, interesting to me as a stationary vessel with miles of water all round, with the same day and night, the same half-dozen of duties, the same half-dozen of hours, and no letters or news—there are times when the monotony and monotony are almost unbearable. Still, it is an interesting life to outsiders.

As you probably know, a lightship is put to mark the position of a dangerous shoal where it is not possible to erect a lighthouse, and it carries a warning light, at the masthead. There are fifty-two such lightships in the world, all of which are entirely maintained by the Elder Brethren of the Trinity Corporation. They say the cost roundly may be about £70,000 a year.

As a Ball of Fire.
Rather a queer thing to look at, a lightship. In fact, it is little more than a hull with three bare masts. The mainmast is a good 100 feet tall, and the tallest of the three, and it carries a warning light, at the masthead. The lantern weighs less than half a ton, is octagonal, and holds nine oil lamps, 12,000 candle power.

The lights are all white, and the lantern revolves round the mast in the night time. It is lit by a ball of fire. On a clear day it is reckoned that the lantern can be seen for ten or twelve miles. A lightship is always lit when the fog begins to set.

A lightship is not very big, but about 120 feet long with a 24-foot beam. It does not cost as much as you might think, and is a cheap little ship. Its annual initial cost is £12,000. There are two sorts of lightships, "off-shore" and "on-shore." The "off-shore" type is built to be towed out to sea, and the "on-shore" type is built to be towed in from the coast. The only difference being in the number of crew carried. The off-shore type has a full crew of eleven.

The on-shore type has a full crew of seven. The officers have a month ashore, then a month ashore; but the crew have two months ashore at a time, then a month ashore.

Off the Track.
Of course, all of us on board our regular duties to perform the lamp-man looks after the lamp, keeps it in tip-top order, the signal driver keeps the signal going, and another looks after the moorings and like. If it was not for the fact that there would be no bearing with loneliness of the life.

It is the duty of the lightship crew to keep a sharp look out for any vessel approaches near a dangerous shoal. Directly on seeing a vessel near, he hoists his signal flag—International, which mean "You are standing danger," and fire a gun, repeating the vessel gets into the track again.

When we see a vessel making a mistake, the lightship makes the aid of the coastguard. In the day this is done by hoisting the signal D and firing gun at certain intervals till we reply.

When we want to attract the attention in the night time, we fire the guns just the same and blow each up with a rocket.

It happens that the lightship herself requires assistance—the fire three rockets together, quarter of an hour.

As to the pay, seamen get 48 shillings and lamp-men from 18s. 6d. to 54s. a day, then we get our own free of course, but we have to give our food so that brings the money. There is a pension of ten years' service, and a man has put up with the monotony and loneliness of life aboard a lightship for ten years, he deserves some. I can tell you! It's just the monotony that wears one.

Wonderful Feats of Navigation

A remarkable feat of navigation was accomplished by Captain Charlton, who sailed the ship Harold, a vessel of 1,295 tons, laden with wheat, into Queen's Harbour a few days ago. Charlton had brought his ship from Australia, a distance of 15,000 miles, without the aid of a single officer to find officers at Adelaide,bourne, and Sydney all failed, and Charlton had no alternative but to get for England with a crew—two of whom are foreigners—of navigation. The voyage lasted 108 days, and did not remove his clothes, and most of the voyage he spent on a mat of sleep in a deck on the poop of the ship.