

Right at Last

As she spoke she drew forth the will and held it towards him. He made a gesture of assent. "It is yours, Joan," he said, like a man demented, "why do you speak to me like this?"

"Why?" she exclaimed, a flame springing suddenly to her eyes. "That I may repay you for the wrong you sought to do me! See! Here is the will which gives me all you hold! I will not take it from the hands of the man that wronged me! Take back your wealth, Lord Villars, I will have none of it! There is not a shilling of it but would burn me at the stake. Not a shilling but would remind me of the man I trusted, and who deceived me! and with a superb gesture she raised her hand and flung the will on the fire.

Stuart Villars stood and stared at her.

"I—deceived—wronged you?" he cried. "Great Heaven, be just to me! I'll do it—who loved you as never man loved—I wrong you!"

"Yes!" she retorted, stretching out her hand accusingly. "You would have wronged me beyond reparation but for an accident which revealed your baseness. Lord Villars, look me in the face—eye to eye, heart to heart—and deny it!"

He stood, the great drops of perspiration on his brow.

"Great Heaven! what is this?" he cried, hoarsely.

"Then suddenly he thrust his hand into his breast pocket and brought out a creased and folded paper.

"Joan," he exclaimed, "I see it all now, and here is my answer," and with a touch of manly dignity not to be put into words, he held the paper towards her.

She stretched out her hand and took the paper gingerly, like a woman, and let her glance drop upon it.

Then she started, and the color came flooding to her face. It was the marriage license!

"See, my darling Joan!" he cried, "I wrong you! I, who would have died to save you a moment's pain! I wrong you! Ah, Joan, Joan, it is you who have wronged me!"

She stood for a second, looking first at his white, haggard, handsome face, and then at the creased and torn license; then, with a cry, she threw up her arms and staggered forward, the one word "Forgive" upon her lips.

He caught her as she fell, and for a moment held her against his heart, while more eloquent than words reigned between them.

Then, in the half dusk that had fallen upon the evening, he still holding her in his arms as he sat beside the glowing fire, told her the sad story of her supposed death, and she made plain to him how in all innocence Bertie had parted them.

They sat hand in hand, heart to heart; there was so much to tell, such joy and sorrow and wonderment in the telling, that often the tears blinded Joan's eyes and choked her voice, and he would catch her in his arms and kiss the dewy eyes and trembling lips.

How wonderful it seem, that story of the dead girl whom he had taken for his lost love!

How wonderful the way in which Fate had apparently played into Mordaunt Royce's hands!

But now the dark clouds had rolled away and the sky was blue and brilliant with the sunshine of future happiness.

After night cometh the morning, and after sorrow joy! murmured Joan. "If our troubles had brought us no other good, dearest, they have taught us how true and deep our love was, seeing that it has braved the storm and outlived the tempest!"

"Ah!" he said, as the shadow of all that he had suffered swept over him and darkened even that moment of bliss, "but it was nearly wrecked, Joan! We were both so nearly lost!"

The minutes fled, feather-footed, while they solved the riddle which had held so much of mystery for both of them in its meshes, and it was not until the great clock had chimed the half-hour after seven that there came a gentle tap at the door, and there entered Bertie, Miss Mazurka and Emily.

Joan was for coming from the strong, glad arms that held her, but he kept her fast prisoner still.

"Come in, friends," he said, looking up at them with a light that had never before been born in his eyes, "come in and rejoice with us in our joy! Ah, Bertie, you told me to be prepared for a shock, and I laughed at you; but it was almost too much for me!"

"Miss Mazurka, if the sight of happiness which we ourselves have brought about is happiness itself, you ought to be happy indeed! My love which was lost to me is found!" and at the sight of them all he lifted Joan in his arms and kissed her.

A few months later the Earl and Countess of Villars were stopping at Genoa.

They were on their wedding tour. Judging by the happiness which seemed to reflect from his face to hers, the moon which shone upon their path was one indeed composed of honey.

It was evening, growing fast into the night, and the two young people, whose advent in the city had created quite a sensation in consequence of the romantic story which attached to them, had strolled out in the cool air to enjoy that altitude which ever the magnificent suite of rooms at the Hotel d'Italia cannot give.

"What a lovely night!" murmured Joan, as she leaned upon her husband's arm and looked up at the sky.

"Yes," he assented, "I wonder whether it is as good in England. We abuse the English weather, but I've inclined to think that it's no worse than other countries."

"I don't know," said Joan. "Emily did not say. I hope it will be fine when we get back next week. I long to see

the World again! Emily says that the roses are already out and that the lawns are looking like velvet."

He laughed.

"Emily is an enthusiast about the World," he said. "And is the new play a success?"

"Yes," said Joan, smiling. "and Miss Montresor is now the public favorite in place of Miss Ida Trevelyan, resigned."

He drew her towards him and kissed her gloved hand.

"I've had a letter, too," he said—"from whom, do you think?"

"I can guess," she said, with a faint blush and a frank upward glance. "Lord Bertie?"

"Yes—Bertie," he said, smiling as over some welcome tidings. "And it contains some news; can you guess what?"

She thought a moment while he caressed her hand.

"Is it about Miss Mazurka?" she said. He laughed.

"Right again. He proposed to her a week ago, and they are to be married when we get back! To this pass has their love conspiracy brought them. Well, I wish them joy."

"And I—and I!" she murmured, nestling closer to him. "But for those two friends, Stuart, should you and I be walking together here now?"

He stooped and kissed her, and they turned back towards the hotel.

As they entered the narrow alley which leads to that palatial hostelry a ragged figure struggled out of the shadow, and, dragging itself towards them, held out its hands.

"For the love of heaven, senor, senora, pity!"

Joan, startled by the suddenness of the appeal, shrank a little, but something in the tones of the voice awakened an echo in Lord Villars' memory, and he looked over his shoulder at the squalid beggar.

"That's the poor wretch," he said, hoarsely, as he followed them.

At that moment they came within the flicker of one of the hotel lamps, and the miserable creature looked up at them and renewed his appeal.

"For heaven's sake help me!" he cried hoarsely. "I am English like yourself! I am friendless, penniless, in a foreign city! Enough to buy a meal is all I ask!"

They had reached the door by this time, and Lord Villars gently signed to his beautiful young wife to enter.

Then he stepped back into the lane and confronted the beggar.

"You are English, are you?" he said. "And you are hungry? Here is some money for you. What is your name?"

The beggar's dirty claw closed over the coin and he murmured an inarticulate reply.

"I think I know it!" said Stuart Villars. "It is Mordaunt Royce, is it not?"

The man raised his haggard face and looked at him, then shot a glance into the lighted vestibule in the hall.

"You! she!" he hissed. "Curse you both!" and uttering a string of maledictions he raised his hand and flung the coin at Stuart Villars' feet, and the next instant he was swallowed up in the darkness.

"What did you say to the poor fellow, Stuart?" asked Joan, as he rejoined her, looking grave and thoughtful.

"Nothing—nothing much, dearest," he said.

"But you helped him, dear?" with her beautiful eyes moist with pity.

He shook his head.

"No, dear. I would have done so if it had been possible; but there are some who are so utterly lost that no help can reach them in this life, and Mor—that man is one of them."

The Lighthouse

(By Joseph Ivers Lawrence.)

Mary Spaulding sat upon the string-piece of the wharf, looking pensively over the fleet of cut-boats and dories which bobbed about with the lazy rollers of the incoming tide. Far outside the harbor a motor boat glided into view from around the point, and the girl fixed her bright eyes upon it with unmistakable interest.

From the beach came the sound of a man whistling. As the whistler came near and paused at the little wharf, the girl scowled and looked around almost impudently.

"Hello, Mary!" said the man, sotto. "What are you doing here, all alone?"

"I'm waiting for Mr. Trent," said the girl, a bit loftily. "He's going to take me out in his launch. How are you, Frank?"

"Oh, I'm all right," sighed the man; "but I don't see you very much now, Mary. Since you got in with sweet society, you don't have time for your old friends, do you?"

"You're jealous," she said, with mild indignation. "It seems to bother you all to see me having a good time."

"Faint that, Mary? he pouted sulkily. "You know I'd rather see you having a good time than anything else I know of. But you're going to be mighty lonesome when all these city people go back. They'll all be through with you then, and it'll be mighty hard for you to come down to our way of living again."

"My friends won't be through with me when they go back to the city," she replied, a little crossly. "Some of them have asked me to come and see them this winter."

The man hung his head and sighed.

"I don't believe you'll ever marry me now, Mary," he said, dully.

The girl swung her dangling feet over the water and looked out at the motor boat, which was drawing nearer.

"Why really, Frank, I don't have

much time to consider such things, you know."

"I've about given up," Frank said. "You used to be happy all the time, and easy to please, until you got so bored in pianos and pianograps, and then automobiles and launches and things. I guess it ain't any more use, Mary. You'd just about die, living alone with me in the lighthouse; and that's all I know how to do. I can always keep a light going, and everything ship-shape, but I couldn't go to work or learn to be a city chap now; I'd be lost out of a lighthouse. So time it is—you want a nice place with all the fixings, and all I've got to offer you is a whitewashed house on a rock, with a dory to run back and forth to market with."

Mary got up off the string-piece, and furiously smoothed her skirt and patted her fluffy hair.

"Here's Mr. Trent," she said.

"Gues that's my answer," muttered the lighthouse-keeper.

"Hello!" cried Trent gayly, as the boat came along the wharf, and then he looked earnestly at the other man, and said, "Good-morning, a bit curtly."

"Morning, sir," said the other, and turned away with bowed head and listless feet.

"That's the chap that keeps the lighthouse, isn't it?" asked Trent.

"Yes," said the girl.

"Friend of yours?" he asked, dryly.

"Known him all my life," she answered, frowning slightly. "He's a mighty good man."

"He must be," said Trent. "A man would have to be pretty good, or a good deal of a clam, I guess, to hold down a job like that year in and year out. Most chaps would drink themselves to death the first year, cooped up on a rock like that."

"Are you going?" asked the girl, impatiently.

"Course we're going!" he laughed, and helped her down into the boat.

Toward evening, after the sun had gone down, the motor boat returned to the wharf. The man and the girl got out and stood silent for a moment, looking at the dark bank of clouds along the horizon. The girl's face was flushed, and she seemed on the verge of tears. The man was nervous, and he frowned as with vexation.

"There aren't many girls that would think twice about such a chance," he grumbled. "Mind, I'm not holding myself up as a paragon, but I've got all the things to make a woman happy, I guess; and it isn't every woman that gets a chance at them."

"You might give me a little time to think," pleaded the girl.

"It ought not to take any time at all," he replied, gruffly. "I'm going back to the city to-night for a few days, and I want my answer now. I'm not used to waiting for things I want, anyway."

The girl shook her head and twined her fingers together desperately.

"It's all come so sudden," she said. "It's only fair to both of us that I should take time to think. I've always lived right here, you know, and I never thought about going away. But now it surprises all my old notions, and I've got to think a jantor, for instance, taunted the man.

"Don't speak like that!" she warned him. "Frank has been a good friend to me."

"By Jove!" he laughed disagreeably. "Perhaps you're in love with the old light-house man. That would be a romantic life for a girl, wouldn't it? Living in two whitewashed rooms, with about as much furniture as a jail-bird has; and cooking the keeper's porridge for him 365 days in the year. You'd find in ten years you might get someone to tend the lamp while you went up and down to the theater. My, but that would be living! And now you're having a bad time over the thought of taking up with me and the best house in the city and servants, and dresses, and jewelry and horses and automobiles."

"It's going to rain and blow," said the girl, huskily. "Let's hurry home."

The waves were snapping about the wharf, and the wind was howling ominously.

"The squall is here," said Trent, as a few big raindrops fell. "We'd be soaked before we could get to your house. Come in here."

He took her hand and drew her into an oysterman's shack at the side of the wharf. Presently the rain beat upon the roof and swept around them in floods; the wind roared and whistled and made the timbers of the shack and wharf about them like a suddenly lowered curtain. The girl shivered, not only because she was cold, but from a vague dread of the man with whom she was standing there in the narrow, dark place.

"Poor little girl!" said Trent, with an effort at tenderness. "You're shaking with the cold, and he put his arms around her and held her close to him.

"Don't!" she cried, fearfully. "Please don't do that, Mr. Trent!"

She tried to push him from her and free herself, but he laughed and still held her.

"You're going to kiss me, Mary," he whispered suddenly, "and tell me that you're going right to the city with me tonight to marry me. You might as well answer now; you know well enough that you're too much sense to refuse me, but you wanted to hold off a while. Say 'yes,' Mary!"

"Let me go!" she protested.

Within, she wondered fearfully if the man were not right. Had she not already accepted his offer of wealth and social position, deep down in her heart? She shrank from his embrace with repugnance, but her feminine mind flashed rapidly over the strange circumstances of the case.

For her pretty face and winsomeness, this man offered her more wealth and power than her young mind could readily grasp. Of the quality of his love she dared not think, but his name was one to conjure with, and the title, "Mrs. Trent," would be like a patent of nobility among the simple people of her native village. She saw herself surrounded with magnificence, as if it were already assured.

Then her mind flitted to the alternative, and it looked dull enough. Long, dreary winters among the fisher-folks, unlovely men and sleetly women; nothing but rocks and sand, and the sea, and harsh storms through all the years of her life. She resisted her companion's embrace less strongly.

"Mary!" he cried, feeling her yield. He clasped her closer, and kissed her

GRAND OLD MAN OF THE PRAIRIES

Declares he owes his splendid health to Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Suffered for Twenty-five Years From Rheumatism and Kidney Disease—Three Boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills Made Him a New Man.

Sault Ste. Marie, Sask., May 8.—(Special)—Seventy-six years of age, but strong and healthy, Mr. J. P. Lackey, of this place, is one of the grand old men of the prairies. But Mr. Lackey has not always enjoyed his present health.

"For twenty-five years," he says, "I suffered from rheumatism, which I inherited. I was nervous. My limbs would swell and I had a severe pain across the back. I also had a heavy dragging sensation along the loins. I am a well man to-day, and I attribute it all to three boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills. My Rheumatism and Kidney Disease have entirely disappeared."

Mr. Lackey is showing his appreciation of Dodd's Kidney Pills by buying them and presenting them to his friends. He has joined the great army of those who have learned from their own experience that a cure of new life to old and young Dodd's Kidney Pills stand without an equal.

lips hotly and passionately. She threw out her arms and struggled against him, but he laughed aloud and held her with brutal firmness, while he kissed her roughly again and again. She cried out in terror, and looked into the surrounding darkness for some sign of help. The rain still came down in sheets and the sky was black. Not even the early evening lights of the near-by houses could be seen through the stormy gloom.

And the blackness was her soul. She felt dishonored and undone. This man, who seemed like some rude animal as she strove with him, was conquering her with his superior strength and cunning. Her head swayed backward limp ly; and as she looked at the shadowy figure of her captor a faint light suddenly flashed upon his face, illuminating it but slightly, but enough to show her a leering mouth, and gleaming, horrible eyes.

She turned her head quickly to see whence came the light, and then she started convulsively as she beheld a pure white beam of light piercing the angry darkness, like a leech, bright sword penetrating the armor of evil.

"See! See!" she cried wildly, without knowing why.

The man started nervously and followed the gesture of her hand with his eyes.

"Ah!" he muttered hoarsely. "That's the light-house!"

She gathered all her strength and freed herself from him with a single desperate effort.

"Yes, yes!" she almost shrieked, in an ecstasy of relief and triumph. "It's the lighthouse! It's the light that never fails—that saves ships, and fulfills and fulfills souls—it's faithful and hope, and love and purity; and it's stronger than all the storms and darkness! It's my light and it's my love and life! I'm going to it!"

She ran out fearlessly into the beating rain and disappeared in the darkness. The man stood motionless in the shelter of the shack—silent, though he knew not why.



"Now, professor, do you think I will ever be able to do anything with my voice?"

"Well, it might come in handy in case of fire or shipwreck."

OBSERVATIONS OF A BACHELOR GIRL.

Girls begin to be attractive when they quit trying to be fascinating.

It's a lot harder for us to keep up appearances to ourselves than to others.

The girl who acts like thistles always expect to be treated like sensitive plants.

Where's the girl who hasn't one drawer in her dresser stuffed full of things that don't belong anywhere?

The man a woman marries can make of her either a slave or a slave-driver.

Some of us managed to get along all right even if our mothers weren't suffragettes.

Women do a lot of things themselves that they would out their best friends for doing.

An experienced old bachelor of twenty said the other day: "Girls that lip always kiss the wrong side."

Why is it that the more people agree with us, the more we value their opinions?

Somehow, witty, sarcastic girls are not the ones soonest married.

Healthgrams.

No spit—no consumption.

An anaemic child is the ghost of civilization.

Summer—the time to shun meats and take to vegetables.

To relieve worry and sleeplessness take a bath followed by cold.

Trent," would be like a patent of nobility among the simple people of her native village. She saw herself surrounded with magnificence, as if it were already assured.

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Do's and Don'ts For the Boarding House Keeper By One Who Knows.

The winner of the second prize of \$75 in the Chicago Tribune's Success Story Contest won her first triumph as a boarding house matron. From a ripe experience she has selected the appended bits of advice:

Be particular as to whom you let in to your house. An empty room is better than a room too full.

Don't keep a boarding house if you are not a good housekeeper.

The atmosphere of the boarding house too often is one of armed neutrality. Quality is what counts. Poor food and poor pay are twin brothers.

One clean napkin is not a joy forever. Change it now and then.

You can't afford to feed the man who can't afford to pay.

Make your guests your friends. Don't have guests whom you don't like for friends.

Set a standard. Don't fall below it yourself or let your guests rise above it.

Little attentions bring big results.

Dirty is no friend of yours.

You must know good food and you must buy it.

There is plenty of room at the top. It is easier to please a \$50 man than a \$10 man if you know how.

Remember your boarders have feelings. Don't let them forget that you have also.

Give good service and take good rewards.

Create a home atmosphere if you have to break up your home to do it.

Pay attention to details. A slab of roast beef, no matter how large, won't cover the whole world.

Don't be cynical. Men and women really are hunting for a home. They will bless you if you provide it.

Success is like the family cat. It loves a "homey" place, a cozy corner, and a cup of cream.

Don't force your guests to eat that which you would not eat yourself.

The cockroach is your bitter enemy. He fights you to the death and, in the soup, beyond death.

Feed a man cold storage stuff and he will have a heart of ice when it comes to paying his bill.

If you give as little as possible, they will pay as little as possible.

Many a well meaning woman fails because she does not put her college education into the business.

Make your guests understand they are at home, your home, and theirs.

Have good errands. The girl who works for her board and room does that kind of work.

It is the little things, the dainty touches that attract ladies and gentlemen. You cannot afford to bother with the other sort.

Advertise. If you do it right, it will bring you business, and the right kind.

ZAM-BUK CURES PILES

Read What Those Who Have Proved It Say

Mr. Thomas Pearson, of Prince Albert, Sask., writes: "I must thank you for the benefit I received from Zam-Buk. Last summer I suffered greatly from piles. I started to use Zam-Buk and found it gave me relief, so I continued it and after using three or four boxes I am pleased to say that it has effected a complete cure."

Mr. G. A. Dufresne, of 185-185 St. Joseph street, St. Roch, Quebec, P. Q., writes: "I can highly recommend Zam-Buk to everyone who suffers from piles. I have also found it most effective in curing a sore thumb with which my little son was suffering. The thumb had begun to swell and fester and had lost the nail. I persevered in the application of Zam-Buk and the sore is now entirely healed."

Not only for piles, but for inflamed sores, ulcers, eczema, ringworm, noise, eruptions, scalp sores, itch, children's sore heads, old wounds, etc., Zam-Buk is without equal as a healer, and also for cuts, burns, stiffness and wherever and whenever a handy balm is called for. All druggists and stores at 50c box. Zam-Buk Soap will be found as superior amongst medicinal and toilet soaps as the balm is amongst salves. Mothers should use it for their babies. 25c tablet, all druggists and stores, or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto.

BANISH PIMPLES AND ERUPTIONS

In the Spring Most People Need a Tonic Medicine.

If you want the best of health and new strength in the spring you must build up your blood with a tonic medicine. Following the long, indoor winter months most people feel depressed and easily tired. This means that the blood is impure and watery. It is this state of the blood that causes pimples and unsightly eruptions. To the same condition is due attacks of rheumatism and lumbago; the sharp, stabbing pains of sciatica and neuralgia; poor appetite, frequent headaches and a desire to avoid exertion. You cannot cure these troubles by the use of purgative medicines—you need a tonic, and a tonic only, and among all medicines there is none can equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for their tonic, life-giving, nerve-restoring powers. Every dose of this medicine makes new, rich blood, which drives out impurities, stimulates every organ and brings a feeling of new health and energy to weak, tired out, ailing men, women and children. If you are feeling out of sorts, give this medicine a trial and see how quickly it will restore the appetite, revive drooping spirits and fill your veins with new, health-giving blood.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all dealers in medicine or will be sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A SEAL FOR CAR DOORS.

(From the Chicago Tribune.)

A new seal for a car door or for other locked mechanism, such as a water meter, electric or gas meter, and designed to prevent opening without discovery, has been perfected in Europe. The chief feature involved is a triangular bit of steel, each of two angles formed in the triangle bent to a knife edge, while the opening for inserting the metal in the hasp occupies the position of the third angle.

This bit of steel is of a composition and temper to stand the biting crimp of a stamp pliers, which may have initials or numbers in the jaws. As the triangle is coated with tin these marks are easily made.

But when the triangle once is put in place and crimped fast and an attempt to spread the triangle sufficiently to take it out of place is made the triangle in cold state snaps at one or both the other angles.

If the unauthorized meddler attempts to heat the steel sufficiently to open the triangle and release the lock the heat necessary will give the coating of tin and expose the attempt.

Discovered New Island.

Captain Quatrevaux, of the French steamer Thiers, who has just arrived at San Francisco from Newcastle in Australia, announces that he has discovered a new island in the Pacific waters near the Galbiers group. According to the captain navigation in the latitude of these islands is most dangerous. It was only with the greatest trouble that he navigated them in safety and that his vessel escaped being dashed on the rocks. The island is situated in 25 degrees 25 south latitude and 128 degrees 30 west longitude.—London Globe.



Dr. Sargent, head of the Harvard physical culture department, says that woman has more physical endurance than man because she is, biologically, more of a barbarian than man.

How to Cure Neuralgic Agony

No affliction is so painful, so hard to bear, as neuralgia. It may strike any organ, one nerve, or perhaps a whole set of nerves may be affected. Physicians who have had large experience with the remedy say that local applications are best. A well tried treatment consists of rubbing the affected parts thoroughly with Nerviline. The rubbing should be continued until the skin shows a warm healthy glow. This invariably relieves the pain. Protection against relapse is best secured by wearing a Nerviline Porous Plaster on the weak spot. These plasters are great healers, draw out congestion, absorb deleterious secretions through relaxed pores, and when used along with Nerviline, act as a sure preventive against all muscular aches, pains, and stiffness. If subject to neuralgic or lumbago cut out these directions and keep them for reference.

The Sky.

Keep your eye on it.

To glimpse flying machines?

No, no, not at all, nothing like that. For what possible reason then, pray?

Why, just to look at our beautiful October sky.

On many of these rare days it is as fine as skies people go miles to see.

Even Fanny Kemble, the English actress wife of Pierce Butler, found the American autumn and the autumn sky exquisite.

And if she found it so it must be, as everything American, especially a "peasantry," was impossible to this interesting, impatient charmer.