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Under False Colors

OR

Lord Somerton's Ally.

CHAPTER XLVII.

Captain Parker could do little else but give vent to ejaculations, which had better be left out of print, while his wife and Annette brought up the rear.

They passed into the vestry, and it required the restraining hand of Mr. Lawson to stay Sir John from rushing forward and attacking Somerton, whom me could see half-supporting the beautiful Elsie at the altar rail.

"Where is Mr. Lawson?" the voice of Somerton demanded, angrily.

"I am here, my lord," was the reply, as he advanced. "I am here to save this poor child from you, fiend that you are!"

Then it was that the earl's blazing eyes rested upon Sir John, and the party crowding into the doorway; then it was that Elsie sprang into her father's arms with a cry of joy.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

Quick to think and to act, Lord George Somerton knew that he was cornered—that there was not a ghost of a chance for the success of his scheme of making Elsie Sterne his wife. He could not understand how he had been so cleverly hoodwinked, or how the man he knew as Castlemon had escaped from the well. And here was Sir John Sterne, whom he had believed to be dying thousands of miles away—here he was, back at Blairwood, and apparently in improving health!

"I owe this to Grant, curst him!" he thought. "I understand his warning now! He has beaten me with my own weapons. If I ever meet him again, it is his life or mine!"

"My lord," Captain Campbell said, "I will not now press you for the payment you promised, and I give you credit for knowing in your own mind that I was not Castlemon, but Harry Campbell. When I betrayed my knowledge that you were a murderer, I knew that you would try to kill me, and was prepared for you. The man upon whom you intended to shift the crime was present and saved me from the well. I do not know if it is Sir John's intention to punish you for drugging and kidnapping his daughter but while forgiving you for assaulting me, I intend informing the police of what I saw in the Park on the night that Zeba's cottage was destroyed."

"Your accomplice, Grant, has fled," remarked Sir John. "I would advise you to do the same. You are a young man, clever, wealthy, and of the highest social rank, but your future is blasted by your own wicked and unscrupulous mind. Though you richly deserve it, it would be inexpressibly painful to have your agony intensified by a weary trial before a gaping crowd, and we agree to give you twenty-four hours in which to leave the country you have disgraced and dishonored."

"As much to escape an exposure of your own scandal as lenience toward me," sneered the abject wretch.

"There is no scandal in Sir John's life," interrupted the clergyman. "I am the man who conducted the ceremony which made Miss Sterne's mother a legal wife. You have been imposed upon in every way!"

There was a touch of sarcasm in Mr. Lawson's tones, and with a fierce imprecation, Lord George Somerton turned and hurried away—out of their lives forever, with Kemp, the pompous butler, and his valet following close behind. What terms they made with him for services rendered will never be known.

Meanwhile, Lady Helena had fainted and recovered at least half-a-dozen times. The expected annuity had melted away, and she did not at all relish the manner in which Sir John regarded her. At last she fell sobbing at his feet, and was told to leave Blairwood Park that very day.

"You shall not face the world penniless," Sir John said; "but I will not have one element of discord under my roof an instant longer than is necessary. Go to some hotel or just wherever you please, and I shall send you a check for five hundred pounds. After that I wash my hands of you, ungrateful woman that you are!"

The party left the church, and entered the carriages that had returned from the Blairwood Arms, and so great was the joy upon every face that any passing stranger would have vowed that there had been a happy wedding.

At the last moment, however, Noel expressed a desire to walk with Elsie to the Park rather than ride, because the exercise and the sweet, fresh air would help to banish the lingering effects of the narcotic that still clung to her system.

Upon this Annette suggested that she should ride on the box beside Stretton. She did not mind it a bit—in fact, she would enjoy it.

The requests of the young people were smilingly granted, and when they were alone Noel caught Elsie to his breast in a mad, passionate embrace.

"Oh, my darling!" he said, "I can hardly believe that all this is real yet! But yesterday we were in darkness and pain, and now Heaven itself is opened to us, and we are bidden to enter."

She answered him with a kiss and a happy sigh, and they walked together, clinging tightly all the way until they came to the embowered lawn, which Noel called the "Court of Love."

Again did they recount all that was beautiful in the past, but the most blissful moments that memory recalled paled before the exquisite joy of the shining present.

Though the reader may anticipate pretty accurately what became of the people who have played their parts in this story, he or she would feel a little dissatisfaction if the author neglected to chronicle the actual facts in black and white, so I will gather up the threads and lay them before you.

(To be continued.)

A very smart three-piece costume consists of a dress with a bodice of black crepe marocain and a skirt of velvet broadtail worn under a short jacket of the broadtail.

"My Hands Trembled and I Could Not Sleep"

Mr. Thomas Honey, Brantford, Ont., writes:—

"When I began taking Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, I was so nervous that when I picked up a cup of tea my hand would tremble like a leaf. I could not sleep well, could not remember things, and there were neuralgic pains through my body. After taking seven boxes of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, however, I am in perfect health."

DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD

Maddolena's Story

AND

The Cameo Bracelet.

CHAPTER I.

"No, child, you must not. I've become a very close observed of late; and I've all your love affairs and those of your bridesmaids-elect at my fingers' ends. Lying on my couch in the drawing-room, I see more little amusing bits of byplay, and overhear more interesting whispers than you dream of."

"If that is the case, I must warn my friends that there is a traitor in the camp," Lily declared.

"No, don't. What signifies if such a harmless individual as your amiable brother is let into a few feminine secrets? I'll not make a bad use of them. Racks, whips and scorpions shouldn't tear from me the price of Lydia Craven's new bonnet, nor the reason she didn't marry that hateful, hypocritical Captain Snooks, after all."

Lily laughed.

"As if every one didn't know that he jilted her for an heiress! But seriously, Charlie, I hope when you take or make your observations—which is it?—you will spare Halbert and I."

"My dear sister, don't I make a point of shutting my eyes the moment I know from your rising color that he is conservatory, I assure you I carefully muffle my head in a shawl, lest any osculatory sounds should reach ears for which they were not intended."

"Eh? what's that?" asked Sir George, who had come to the end of the Parliamentary debates in time to catch the last few words.

"Nothing, sir, of any consequence. We are only discussing some of the difficulties engaged couples labor under," his son told him, in spite of an entreating look from Lily. "I've some thoughts of writing a work on the subject, and suggesting that as the gentleman is only in the way during the interval betwixt the betrothal and the nuptials, he should be allowed to travel. He could return when the last pocket handkerchief was hemmed, and the bridal dress ready to try on."

"What does Lily say to such a plan?"

"I haven't asked her, sir. She hasn't been educated up to such tremendous self-abnegation. She likes to have poor Halbert always trotting after her, like that miserable little spaniel now at her feet."

"Am I so very exacting?" asked Lily, with another pout.

"Two visits and three notes daily," murmured Charlie, "and then asks, 'Am I enacting?' in a tone of injured innocence. Why doesn't some one air the miseries of an engaged man?"

Lily rose and snatched up her little King Charles, exclaiming:

"Tiny, he abuses both of us; we will appeal to Lord Effingham, and ask him if we deserve it. But, indeed, Charlie, dear," she added, as she paused by her brother's chair, "you ought not to find fault with Halbert for his devotion to me."

"Find fault with it? Why, my darling sis, I honor him for it. He must be one of the best fellows in the world, for didn't I hear you confess that he waited for two weary hours at the mercer's, the other day, while you wavered between rose d'amour and bleu celeste. Silly little thing! with your pure pink-and-white face, can't you wear either?"

"That was the nearest approach to a compliment you have ever paid me, sir!" cried Lily, gayly. "I'll run away before you spoil the sound of it with some more of your cynical remarks. I shall come back in time to read to you for an hour before I ride in the park with Halbert."

He kissed her hand, and gave her smile for smile, when she stopped at the door to look over her shoulder at him; but as soon as she disappeared his countenance changed, and he leaned back in his chair, so worn, so haggard, that Sir George threw down his paper and began to regard him uneasily.

"Are you feeling worse, Charlie?"

"No, sir; but one can't wear the mask always. I think I'm weaker; however, we must expect that."

(To be continued).

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Old Time Observers Got Answer in Sky to Knotty Question

Prague, December 13. A.P.—From time to time Prague gives up to some persistent delver in records of the past that are not without interest. For it is an ancient city and its museums and bookstalls are filled with chronicles of what its people said and did in other centuries. A recent discovery is an old book on astronomy which shows that the men of that day spent no little time in endeavors to read what they called the "enigma of the ages," in other words, their womanhood.

Based on the influence supposed to be exerted on humans by the constellation of the planets in the month in which they were born, this volume analyzes girls, according to the calendar, as follows:

A girl born in January is very likely to become a good housewife. She will incline to melancholy, but will have a gentle disposition. February girls will be good mothers, and faithful.

March maidens, however, will be loquacious, contentious and quarrelsome, while April babies will grow up to be mercurial and unsteady women.

May guarantees merry and good-tempered girls, while June gives them passionate and fiery temperaments, with an inclination to superficiality.

July produces the roses among women, according to this old sage; beautiful but thorny. Born a month later they are amiable and sensible, but rather keen for rich husbands.

Girls born in September are of fine susceptibilities and always ready to help others; they will, therefore, be welcomed everywhere, but should guard against being imposed upon by selfish people. October favors the earth with creatures who surpass all others of the sex as to depth and ardor of love.

Women born in November are kind-hearted and friendly; if they are not it is always the fault of somebody else, never their own. The last month of the year brings forth racy and very good-looking girls. Unfortunately they cannot be recommended to earnest men, for they are very extravagant and always on the hunt for sensations.

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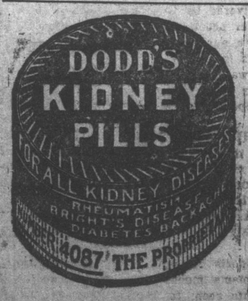
When the Wild Boar Charges

Any man who has enjoyed pigsticking, has ridden after the mighty bear, will tell you that the wild boar is the gamest animal on earth, writes W. A. Fraser. Of course, his gameness, like that of some men, may be due largely to a lack of sense, lack of imagination; it is quite probably is.



Dr. Hornaday tells in his book, "Minds and Manners of Animals," how he was forced to shoot a wild boar in the Bronx Zoo, which, he felt sure, would keep on charging the wire netting of his pen until he broke through. Then the boar most certainly would have ripped up people right and left.

I saw a touch of this disposition on the part of a porcupine in Burma. Two or three of my men were travelling just ahead of me on a good jungle road. I heard yells of fear, and breaking into a trot was just in time to see the jinking quarters of a slate-colored boar disappearing in the thick jungle; and on the path was a dying Burman, ripped wide open. The other men had fled; in fact, they were helpless. Even a sahib, armed with a gun, taken in that sudden mad rush of the boar, would have been killed.

A boar doesn't wait and make a grandstand play like a tiger before getting down to business. He whisks out of his cover and comes straight as a bullet for the thing he has taken a sudden dislike to. If it is a huntsman on horseback, armed with a spear the boar tries to slit up the forelegs of the pony; but he doesn't wait; he keeps going, his goal being the soft stomach of the horse. He has been known to charge the engine of a train on the East India railway.

My experience of the wild boar is, however, that if you leave him alone he'll leave you alone. He's out to make a living, and as he's a grain, root and fruit eater, he is not, out of substance, a killer.

The pigs live in big families called sounders, and it appears that at certain seasons the boars go off by themselves to get rid of the eternal clatter of the wives and children.

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