

# DIAMONDS FOR THE BRIDE

Or, a Proposal by Proxy

## CHAPTER IV.—(Cont'd)

On Monday, the day before the wedding, the secretary sat in this room, ostensibly going through some papers of account taken from a pigeon-hole of the writing-table. But he did not appear to be engaged by them; he looked away into space, lost in other thoughts, while the ink dried on his pen. His reflections were painful ones. In spite of Mrs. Swayne's favor, which certainly was extended to him; he was not happy in his sojourn at Fortune's Court. He lifted his head as the rustle of a silken skirt came behind him; he and Mrs. Swayne had met before in the course of the morning, for he did not rise.

"These are the letters," she said. "I have endorsed on each of them what is to be the reply. Colonel Swayne had not time to come in, as he was late in starting for Leavenworth." And then, noticing the cloud in the blue eyes lifted to her own, she laid her hand on his shoulder. "My poor boy, I am sorry. It will be better when to-morrow is over and she is gone."

"I am a fool. I knew all along she was not for me. Even if there had been no Gower, I suppose I could not have aspired—"

She did not contradict him. Truly there existed reasons why he would be no fitting match for Colonel Swayne's daughter.

"It is my fault," she said self-reproachfully; "I ought to have foreseen. But I was selfish, Harry; I thought only of the chance it was to have you under the same roof before you go altogether away from me abroad. Such a harmless opportunity, and why not you rather than a stranger? And now, in indulging myself, I have put you to pain."

The woman who bent over him so tenderly was hardly like the Mrs. Swayne of every day, who, in her grave placidly of bearing, seemed to have no warm affections or quick-running blood. She may have been little in sympathy with the love of which May had spoken, but she suffered in his suffering, that was plain. She drew the secretary's head against her breast and kissed his brow, as one longing to comfort. A mother might have so kissed a son who was in trouble, but the relation would not suggest itself to a casual observer with these two; Annabel was still in her prime, and May had grown up to manhood, and the intruder who looked into the room did credit that career as given to a lover.

The intruder was Mrs. Hartopp, the cook-housekeeper, who had long served the family at the Court, and remembered the disaster of the first marriage. She drew back behind the door with a little gasp, of sour satisfaction rather than dismay. "The poor Colonel," she said to herself. "It's too hard that he should have ill-luck twice over. But I never was one to believe in the new mistress. I've always got my doubts of them as are so nimble and prim, and don't work off in little tempers and the like." And then she knocked at the door which stood ajar.

She was immediately bidden to enter. The secretary had the letters spread before him, Mrs. Swayne held a list in her own writing. The interview was plainly on business, and that kiss might have been the imagination of a dream. "I beg your pardon, ma'am, but Miller told me he saw you step this way. The cake has just been delivered in a box crushed very bad, and perhaps it would be well if you would see it opened. I have had it set in the still-room. And there's a strange gentleman at the front door, inquiring for Mr. May. Shall he be shown in here?"

"For me?" The secretary seemed surprised. "For you, sir, most particular," and pence. It is you who set the situation at that level, and strip it of natural sentiment; you, and not I."

"You say you want money. What terms do you propose, and where will a letter find you? You are staying—where?"

"I came to-day from London. I shall want my expenses down. There seems to be some sort of wretched inn at this village of yours. I can stay there, you paying my scot, till you have raised the money. For I suppose you will have to raise it."

"You will go back to London immediately if I consent to help you. I make it a condition."

"Very well. It will be easy to run down again if you are not prompt. The distance is not great."

"You will go back to London and remain there. On Thursday at two o'clock meet me at this address—"

writing on a slip of paper—"and I will see what can be done."

him. "No, I suppose not; but it is time we made acquaintance, whether you think the connection advantageous or no. My name is Vincy, and I am your father."

## CHAPTER V.

There is not the same strength of natural tie between son and father as between son and mother; the reason for it may be far to seek, but the proposition will hardly be challenged. In this stranger Harold May saw only the man who sent him into the world branded with the stigma of an unending wrong. The fact that he resembled him feature for feature and limb for limb only added to the revulsion of disgust.

"The secret has been well kept," Vincy said with a laugh. "I was determined to see this ward of the Thorolds, deprived of father and mother, who has been educated at the family expense, and put out in the world on the footing of a gentleman. I had my suspicions, and they were well founded. So they called you May?"

The intruder dropped into the most comfortable chair the room contained, leaned back in it very much at ease, and laughed again. He seemed to find amusement in contemplating his son's white face. "They do you fairly well here," he continued. "Secretary, is it?"

A stop-gap post for a few weeks, and then a secured appointment under Government. Oh, I know all about you. Don't think I am in the dark."

May pulled himself together with an effort. "What do you want with me?" he said hoarsely.

"I want to make your acquaintance in the first place. And I want a little filial assistance, such as a gentleman in your position may afford to a poor, out-of-elbows devil in mine."

"Then you utterly mistake my position—and my nature, if you can think I should be willing."

"These are hard words, from a son to a father."

"A father who has never given me a thought till now for his own advantage. Who withheld from me even his name."

"You will do as well in the world calling yourself May as you would have done as Vincy."

"Let there be an end of this. We have been strangers hitherto, the election being yours. I choose that we shall be strangers still."

"Not so fast—not so fast! My presence is unwelcome; if that is your meaning, my absence may be worth securing. I'm not particular about the motive, so long as it induces you to put your hand in your pocket. The Thorolds, too, would prefer me out of the way; very well, they can pay for immunity. But the way, what has become of your mother? Did she marry?"

The startled blood rushed back to May's heart, and again swept outward, tingling. He had not thought; but now, revealed as in a lightning flash, the position was plain before him. It was a secret; the relation in which he stood to his employer's wife. Colonel Swayne had been kept in ignorance; and here, under the same roof with Annabel, was her betrayer. The secret lay open like a trail of gun-powder; if he failed to avert from it the threatened flame, how terrible would be the catastrophe! He must take back some at least of the bitter words he had spoken; at any cost he must get this man out of the house while still he was unaware. For it seemed Vincy did not know.

There was a distinct pause, and then May answered: "If I knew I would not tell you. As for this other matter, your reason for seeking me—"

Vincy chuckled. "Ay," he said. "L.S.D. Pounds, shillings, and pence. It is you who set the situation at that level, and strip it of natural sentiment; you, and not I."

"You say you want money. What terms do you propose, and where will a letter find you? You are staying—where?"

"I came to-day from London. I shall want my expenses down. There seems to be some sort of wretched inn at this village of yours. I can stay there, you paying my scot, till you have raised the money. For I suppose you will have to raise it."

"You will go back to London immediately if I consent to help you. I make it a condition."

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writing on a slip of paper—"and I will see what can be done."

## CURED OF CONSTIPATION

Mr. Andrews praises Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills.

Mr. George Andrews of Halifax, N.S., writes:

"For many years I have been troubled with chronic Constipation. This ailment never comes single-handed, and I have been a victim to the many illnesses that constipation brings in its train. Medicine after medicine I have taken in order to find relief, but one and all left me in the same hopeless condition. It seemed that nothing would expel from me the one ailment that caused so much trouble, yet at last I read about these Indian Root Pills.

That was indeed a lucky day for me, for I was so impressed with the statements made that I determined to give them a fair trial.

"They have regulated my stomach and bowels. I am cured of constipation, and I claim they have no equal as a medicine."

For over half a century Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills have been curing constipation and clogged, inactive kidneys, with all the ailments which result from them. They cleanse the whole system and purify the blood. Sold everywhere at 25c. a box.

must remember I am poor. I have no command of capital."

Vincy scrutinized the paper. "A lawyer's office; is that so? I will give you the meeting, but it must mean prompt business and no put off. If you fail me, I shall come back here. You understand?"

"The son was unlocking a table-drawer. 'I understand,' he said. Every faculty was on the stretch with the desire to get this man away to rid the house of him before mischief could be done. He took out three sovereigns, and showed them in his hand."

"A train stops at the Ferry station, going to London, in half an hour from now. I will walk there with you and take your ticket, and ye can have the change out of this for the charges at your inn. Come!"

"In half an hour? We have ample time, then. And you have not heard my terms."

"I am not prepared to discuss them now. I will do so at Glenie's on Thursday."

"Nevertheless, you shall hear them. You have no capital, but you will have your salary under Government, and can pledge it in advance, with a life policy as security. And you have the Thorolds behind you. If I undertake to go back to America and stay there, I shall want a thousand pounds. That, or a weekly allowance, enough to keep me comfortably in England."

"I will discuss nothing now," May repeated firmly. "And you will come with me to the station."

His face was white and set, confronting the insolent amusement of that other. He reached his cap lives here, does she? She is not a Vincy stretched himself and rose. May debated in his own mind which was the safest exit. Not by the hall, he thought, as that way they must pass the main staircase, where Annabel might be going up or down. There was a side way out into the garden, and he would take Vincy by the path across the park; the path which Gower traversed the Saturday before. But, as ill-luck would have it, at that side entrance they met the second Mrs. Swayne, full on the threshold. She had passed into the garden after superintending the unpacking of Dulcie's cake; two minutes earlier or later, a little more patience on May's part in the business room, a little more promptitude about Vincy's departure, and there need have been no encounter. But fate intervened to nick the point.

Annabel Swayne had steady nerves; she gave no sign, but bent her head slightly as to the stranger, and swept on into the house. Vincy looked from one to the other, from mother to son, and stepped out on to the gravel walk, where the gardener's boy was weeding. He touched him on the shoulder.

"Look here, my lad," he said. "That lady who passed this moment into the house, the lady in a grey dress; what is her name?"

"The boy looked up amazed. "That, sir?—why, 'twas the missus, Mrs. Swayne."

"Mrs. Swayne, is it? Here's a shilling for a civil answer. She lives here, does she? She is not a visitor?"

"Lord, sir! Why, in course she lives here. She's the Colonel's wife!"

May found nothing to say, and the two men walked on in silence; Vincy began to whistle. Through the shrubberies, across the fields, with their clumps of fine trees, elms and beeches, the quaint, grey house flashing back the morning light from its millioned windows and watching them go. A modest place so far as size went; not the dwelling of a great magnate or a millionaire; but stately with antiquity, ordered with continual care. This was the house of which Annabel was mistress, and her husband, if a man of only moderate fortune, was Lord Swinton's heir.

"The doctors seemed powerless to help me, said I was overworked, and at last urged me to give up teaching, if I wished to save my life."

"But this I could not do. I kept on at it as well as I could, each day growing more wretched, my will-power alone keeping me up, till at last a good angel suggested that I try a diet of Grape-Nuts food, and from that day to this I have found it delicious, always appetizing and satisfying."

"I owe my restoration to health to Grape-Nuts. My weight has returned and for more than two years I have been free from the nervousness, constipation, piles, headaches, and all the ailments that used to punish me so, and have been able to work freely and easily." Name given by Post-Office, Battle Creek, Mich.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new approach from this to this. It's a genuine, true and full of human interest.

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## HOME HINTS.

Mirrors should be washed and dried, then rubbed over with spirits of wine and highly polished with tissue paper.

A brush dipped in paraffin will arrest worm holes in furniture, and the holes should be filled up with paraffin wax.

Choose jugs for household use which are wide enough at the top to allow of a thorough cleaning with the hand or a cloth.

Heat a lemon thoroughly before squeezing and you will obtain nearly double the quantity of juice you would if it had not been heated.

If pieces of toasted bread are put into soups or gravies which are too salt and taken out in a few minutes, it will be found that the bread has absorbed a good proportion of the salt.

Hair brushes should be cleaned at frequent intervals, but not with soap or soda. Use warm water and a little ammonia, and your brushes will last twice as long, and the bristles will remain stiff.

Brass articles that are out of constant use acquire an ugly and poisonous green rust. To remove this strong ammonia is as good as anything. Pour it over the article and brush it with a stiff-bristled brush.

Sweep your carpets thoroughly to remove all dust and dirt. After an hour slightly damp a broom, and again sweep over the whole surface. In this way an old carpet will look clean and fresh, however faded it may be.

Infants' feeding bottles should be placed daily in a caucupen of cold water, and allowed to remain on the stove until the water has boiled two or three minutes. By attention to this simple direction many baby ailments may be avoided.

Apples contain quite a large quantity of phosphorus, and therefore are good for brain workers. They should not, however, be eaten between meals. Stewed or roasted apples taken at breakfast time are good for those who suffer from constipation.

To extract a splinter take a wide-mouthed bottle and nearly fill it with hot water, then hold the injured part over the mouth of the bottle and press down quite tightly. The suction will act as a poultice and draw the flesh down, and the splinter will come out quite painlessly.

A useful precaution when baking cakes, particularly where a gas-stove is used, is to place the tin containing the cake, which should have been lined bottom and sides with white sandwich paper, inside another tin, with a layer of sand between the two. This will keep the bottom from burning.

Much can be done to prevent flies from infesting the larder. The window should be protected with a wire or gauze blind. Every dish, whether of cooked or uncooked meat, fish, vegetables, milk, butter or cream should be covered with wire shields or squares of muslin. Jars must be kept covered.

## FALSE HUNGER.

A Symptom of Stomach Trouble Corrected by Good Food.

There is with some forms of stomach trouble, an abnormal craving for food which is frequently mistaken for a "good appetite." A lady teacher writes from Carthage, Mo., to explain how with good food she dealt with this sort of harmful hunger.

"I have taught school for fifteen years and up to nine years ago had good, average health. Nine years ago, however, my health began to fail, and continued to grow worse steadily, in spite of doctor's prescriptions, and everything I could do. During all this time my appetite continued good, only the more I ate the more I wanted to eat—I was always hungry."

"The first symptoms of my breakdown were a distressing nervousness and a loss of flesh. The nervousness grew so bad that finally it amounted to actual prostration. Then came stomach troubles, which were very painful, constipation which brought on piles, dyspepsia and severe nervous headaches."

"The doctors seemed powerless to help me, said I was overworked, and at last urged me to give up teaching, if I wished to save my life."

"But this I could not do. I kept on at it as well as I could, each day growing more wretched, my will-power alone keeping me up, till at last a good angel suggested that I try a diet of Grape-Nuts food, and from that day to this I have found it delicious, always appetizing and satisfying."

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## THE BEST PRESERVES

DURING THE PRESERVING SEASON

**Redpath** Extra Granulated Sugar

IS DAILY WINNING FRESH LAURELS.

Its uniform high quality commends itself to all good housekeepers.

"BEST FRUIT, BEST SUGAR, BEST PRESERVES."

Ask your Grocer for Redpath Extra Granulated Sugar

The Canada Sugar Refining Co., Limited, Montreal  
Established in 1854 by John Redpath.

## SLEEP INSURANCE.

Dwellers in Cities Seldom Get Proper Sleep.

The complaint of sleeplessness, says a physician, is becoming increasingly common, both among men and women, with the result that large numbers of people are never at their potential best either for the work or enjoyment of life.

The business man's worries give him indigestion, and the indigestion causes sleeplessness. Too often the victim foolishly resorts to hypnotic drugs, which in turn aggravate the indigestion, and finally he goes, a physical wreck, to the doctor.

Women suffer scarcely less frequently by worrying over the troubles of the household, and so disturbing the sleep that should be peaceful to be refreshing. The consequences are often most serious, for sleep is more important than food.

A good night's sleep should satisfy two conditions—it should be tranquil and should last long enough to repair completely the nerve and muscle wear and tear of the day.

As to length, a child of seven years requires twelve hours; a boy or girl of sixteen years must have at least nine hours; while the average adult should sleep seven hours or a little more. Some can do with less, but for the majority of people seven hours is the minimum.

And this must be seven hours of sound and peaceful sleep if it is to do its restoring work effectively.

Unfortunately, dwellers in cities have to endure such a multitude of noises that tranquil sleep is seldom attainable. But we can do much to approach the ideal, if we cannot quite reach it.

The residence should be as far as possible from the main roads, railway stations, and other centres of noise, and in a street free from noisy milkmen and other early traders.

The bedroom should be in the quietest part of the house, and, as both darkness and fresh air favor sleep, many doctors insist on the windows being provided with Venetian blinds. There should be a rule in every house against the banging of doors, loud talking, and other noises of inconsiderate early risers.

When light falls on the closed eyes it stimulates the brain to activity. Therefore, the bed must not face the window, but be placed with the head toward it.

For young people and the middle-aged a moderately hard and firm bed is to be recommended, but old people are more comfortable in a soft bed. And the temperature of the room ought not to exceed 60 deg. Fahrenheit, except in cases of delicacy or illness.

When sleeplessness comes on it can generally be cured without drugs, unless it is due to one disease or another. The first thing to be done is to find out the cause and to remove it.

Indigestion, for example, is a very common cause of sleeplessness and the remedy appropriate is removal of the indigestion, and not resort to sleep-producing drugs, which make the indigestion worse.

Indigestion is of varied nature, but acid dyspepsia is probably the most frequent as a cause of insomnia. In this case one should avoid tea, fruit, and all articles of diet containing vegetable acids, including vinegar and acid wines.

Fried fat must also be avoided, and the diet generally should be carefully regulated. A little pepper-mint-water or essence of ginger at bedtime is often of great value in these cases.

Other common causes of sleeplessness are asthma, bronchitis, heart affections, and anaemia, and the unwise of taking hypnotic drugs is shown by the fact that each of these producers of insomnia requires distinct and appropriate treatment.

Sometimes sleeplessness is merely the result of hunger. A person may dine at seven o'clock and go to bed at eleven or twelve o'clock without taking any more food. By that time the stomach is empty, and its owner cannot sleep. A glass of warm milk or a bowl of thick soup would send him off at once.

## SIGHT MAY BE GIVEN.

American Oculist Makes Important Statement.

That a person totally blind from ophthalmia, even from birth, can be made to see by having a portion of a dog's eye grafted on his own was the startling communication made by Dr. Borsch, an American oculist, in a paper read before the meeting of the French Ophthalmological Society recently.

Dr. Borsch explained that as a result of blindness from ophthalmia, as also from some other causes, the cornea, which is the transparent membrane in front of the eye, becomes opaque, and in such a case the only chance of restoring sight is to replace the defective cornea by a healthy one.

To perform this feat, Dr. Borsch first operates on a dog and lays back from its eye the conjunctive or skin of the eyeball surrounding the cornea. He removes a portion of the latter and places it aside in blood serum. He then performs the same operation on the patient's eye, removing part of the front of the eye of the same size as the cornea taken from the animal.

The dog's cornea is now placed in position on the human eye and secured with stitches of the finest possible silk, the surrounding skin, which had been laid back, being brought into place over the edge of the cornea and also sewn.

The new graft unites with the eye in a few days, aided by a temporary glass cover to keep it in shape and injections of serum to stimulate vitality.

## ABRAHAM LINCOLN AND THE TARIFF.

Manufacturer and Farmer Should Have Protection.

It was Abraham Lincoln who gave popularity to the Protectionist side of the tariff question when he said:—"When we buy goods abroad we get the goods and the foreigner gets the money; but when we buy goods at home we get back the goods and the money." This sound philosophy characterizes another of the late President's famous homilies:

"The farmer and the manufacturer," the president once said, "are both in the same boat and I reckon they've got to learn to navigate the craft together or they'll upset." "He compared the case of a Pennsylvania farmer," continues the historian in question, "and a Pennsylvania iron implement maker whose properties adjoined. Under a protective policy the farmer supplied the ironmaker with bread, meat, vegetables, fruit, fodder for horses, etc., and the ironmaker supplied the farmer with all the iron, iron implements, etc., which he needed. Assuming that a change is made and the Protective policy abandoned, the farmer then discovers that he can buy his iron implements cheaper from Europe than from his neighbor, assuming that he sells a sufficient quantity of flour in Europe to enable him to effect the purchase of the iron. He ultimately discovers that the cost of carriage to the coast, transportation by sea to England, insurance and cartage on arrival, does not enable him to receive such a good reward for his labor as he formerly did when selling his flour to his neighbor the ironmaker. He, therefore, determines to sell his flour as before to his neighbor. But meantime the farmer discovers that while he has been purchasing his iron implements from Europe his neighbor, the ironmaker, has been compelled to stop his works and dismiss his employees not having sufficient work for them. The farmer, therefore, now finds that he has more wheat than he knows what to do with; also that he is no longer able to sell his fruit, vegetables, fodder, meat, horses, etc., to his neighbor, the ironmaker, as he has gone out of business. In fact, he finds that through buying abroad in the cheapest market he has destroyed the home market for his own products and thrown a number of his fellow-countrymen out of employment."