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"Yes," she rejoined. "I must. I am very sensible—you have paid me a very great honor—all that you have said about a difference between you and me does not, would not, matter, even if it existed. I am only the mistress of Bramley for a time, for a very short time longer. No, it is not that. But

"You do not care for me as I want you to do?" he said, his voice full of anxious trouble. "I was not so bold, so vain, as to dream that you would; but I hoped that in time—"

"She drew away from him and shook her head.

"No, I could not," she said, in a low voice.

"Is there no hope for me?" he said. "Is there some one else?"


"The color threatened to rise to Clytie's face, but she kept it back. She was silent; but he had no suspicion. Who could there be, he asked himself quickly, unless there was some one to whom she had given her heart before she came to Bramley? But in that case he would have made his appearance long before this.

"If there is no one else," he said. "Ah! I have no right to ask, I know; but if there is no one else, may I not venture to hope?"

"No, no," she said, quickly, and with a look of distress. "I could never marry you, Mr. Carton. And please accept my answer," she went on, hurriedly, as he was about to speak. "It is—final. It would be wrong not to tell you so, because I know my own mind; I know that I could never—"

"His face was scarcely paler than usual, but his lips came together tightly in a straight line, and his eyelids drooped to conceal the flash of resentment in them.

"I am—sorry," he said, his voice quivering. "It sounds a poor word to describe my disappointment, my pain. And yet I had scarcely dared to hope. I wonder whether you will think what I am going to say strange and unconventional?"



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his arms folded, and with a scowl on his dark face which would have amazed the people he had just left, some of whom were at that moment remarking with approval on his admirable manner and his conversational ability. No, no, like being rejected; and Hesketh had more reasons than the usual one for disappointment and chagrin. He knew that Clytie's decision was a final one, that she would never consent to marry him; that it was not as her husband he could ever hope to reign at Bramley Hall. To a man of his nature it was well-nigh maddening that this girl, so small, a pawn on the board of life, should stand between him and his desires.

And the worst of it was, that she would thus stand to the bitter end; for, though she sometimes looked frail she was strong and healthy, and would most certainly marry some other man.

He let himself into the gloomy house, and paced up and down the room with a kind of wolfish impatience at the fate which seemed to mock him and balk him at every turn. Ah, well, there was nothing left for him but to devote himself to business, to develop the works and slowly scrape together a fortune which would enable him to enter public life and partially satisfy the ambitious spirit which worked like yeast within him; but strive as he might, succeed as he intended to succeed, he would never be master of Bramley.

He was too restless to go to bed, and he turned to the table and fell to work on some papers which were neatly piled there. It was routine work, and he proceeded with it almost mechanically; but presently he came upon a half-sheet of paper upon which was scribbled some figures and signs used in chemistry. He regarded it absently for a moment or two, as if he had forgotten what it was; then he remembered; it was the analysis he had made of the contents of the vial which had proved fatal to Martha Brown.

He took up the half-sheet of paper and, leaning back in his chair, regarded it thoughtfully. Suddenly he put it down on the table and drew back his chair, eyeing the paper with a strange expression on his face, an expression that was almost one of terror, of repulsion; and yet he continued to gaze at the scribbled figures as if he got up and went to the fire and warmed his hands, for a chill had crept over him that caused him to shudder. He resolutely kept his back to the table for a time, but presently he glanced over his shoulder and saw that a while, he advanced slowly to the table and took up the paper again; it shook in his hand. Though the rest of him was as cold as ice, his head began to burn, his eyes grew dim, so that the figures and signs danced in a demonic fashion.

He glanced furtively from side to side, as if there were other presences in the room, as if he were listening to some invisible voice whispering in his ear; indeed, he actually was, his shivering hand as if to wave the voice away, but it seemed to persist; and, after a minute or two, he sank into the chair, and with the paper crumpled in his hand, he lay back before him, his face white as death, his dark eyes glowing with a terrible expression in them.

And the voice still continued to whisper and he listened, now with no impatience or resentment, but with something near akin to acquiescence.

**CHAPTER XX.**

The following morning Stanton almost burst into the breakfast-room of the Hall where Clytie and Mollie were still engaged over the meal. They had been discussing over the meal the Towers at which Mollie, at any rate, had enjoyed herself amazingly. On their way home Clytie had asked her whether she should tell Mollie of Mr. Hesketh's proposal; but she had decided that she would not do so. A rejected proposal should remain a secret between the two persons principally concerned; besides, the fact that Mr. Hesketh's proposal had been made to Clytie would not do so much for Mollie as it would for her wife, would only render the already strained relations between Mollie and Mr. Carton still more strained, and the friendship between him and the two girls almost impossible.

So when Mollie had demanded to be informed what Clytie and he were talking about in the conservatory, Clytie had refused to satisfy her without disclosing the truth.

"Lord Stanton," said Mollie, and the boy bounced in with such an obvious air of excitement that Mollie exclaimed, "a dramatic start, and exclaimed, "Don't tell me! I can guess! The Towers is burnt down!"

"No, no, no!" he said, laughing, but rather ruefully. "Nothing's the matter; that is—oh, I say, I beg your pardon for rushing in like this, but I was afraid you'd gone out. Something has happened, though. I have just had the most extraordinary letter from Jack Douglas."

Clytie rose, on the pretence of seeing that the kettle was boiling—the servants did not wait at breakfast—so that neither of the others saw the sudden flushing of her face.

"You've not had your breakfast, Lord Stanton," she said. "Sit down and join us."

"Ah, yes," said Mollie. "Sit down—if you can. But don't give him any-

thing to eat or drink till he has told us what it is all about. Once you put food before men they forget every thing else, as I know to my bitter cost. Lord Chillingford went through half his dinner last night before he condescended to address a remark to me; and I felt inclined to take his plate from him. Now, what about Jack Douglas—I beg his pardon, Mr. Douglas?"

"Why, he's gone!" exclaimed the lad.

Mollie glanced quickly at Clytie; but Clytie was on her guard now, and looked quite calm and serene; for, of course, she was not even surprised.

"Oh, gone on a holiday?" said Mollie. "Well, I suppose he wanted it; I ought to say deserved it."

"But he's gone for good!" almost shouted Stanton.

"Gone for bad, you mean," corrected Mollie, severely.

"I can't make it out. It almost looks as if he were offended about something; but I can't guess what it is. I saw him yesterday and gave him a cheque. We had a few words about it; I—mean, he thought it was too much. Of course it wasn't; I'm not so unbusinesslike." Mollie laughed derisively. "Anyhow, it wasn't too much; and he took it at last, and promised to come up to the Towers last night to go over the specifications. He didn't come—first time Douglas has broken an appointment—said, 'this morning Mrs. Westaway brings me this letter. She was awfully cut up, half in tears and half-nasty with me—as if I were to blame!—says Douglas left the cottage last night, or, rather, early this morning; that he kissed Polly good-bye, and told her he was going, but that he was coming back; but the letter says—"

"Is the letter confidential, or may one, or, rather, two, be permitted to hear it," said Mollie, smoothly.

"Of course," he responded. "That's why I brought it round."

He took out the letter, which poor Jack had written in his misery, and read it. Mollie drummed on the table with an air of impatience and something like vexation; but Clytie sat perfectly still, her chin in her hands, her eyes fixed on the cloth.

"You see, he gives no reason," said Stanton, aggressively. "I recommended him to take a holiday, because he was off color, and he had been working jolly hard and wanted a change. I had not the least idea that he'd got the hump of the whole thing, as he evidently has, and was going to leave the place for good. I don't know what I shall do without him. Feel as if I couldn't carry on without Douglas," he continued. "And I hate the thought of his going like this, as if—as if something were the matter and he'd been badly treated. What do you think the matter?" he asked, looking from one to the other, anxiously.

Clytie made no reply, but Mollie shrugged her shoulders and said: "I don't know. I suppose it would be wicked and unkind—which is worse than wicked—to suggest that the admirable Mr. Douglas had gone on the spree."

"Mollie?" murmured Clytie, reprovingly.

"Well, you suggest something," retorted Mollie, defiantly. "But—but what does it matter? I mean, that the world will not come to an end because Mr. Jack Douglas has suddenly left Wethycombe without rhyme or reason."

"That's all very well," remonstrated Stanton; "but what am I to do without him?" He looked from one to the other ruefully. "I feel like a man without—without—"

"Without his nurse," put in Mollie, in an undertone, fortunately too low for Clytie to hear. "You will have to do without him. Engage another nurse to take his place."

Stanton shook his head. "Don't let me do that," he said, wistfully. "Seems—seems sort of disloyal you know. Besides, I got fond of the beggar. He was such a decent chap. Almost like one of ourselves. You could talk to Jack Douglas as if—as if he were your brother, don't you know?"

Mollie shrugged her shoulders. "Well, I'm afraid I can't help you; unless you take us on in his place, and talk to us like—like sisters."

"I shouldn't like you for a sister, Miss Mollie," said the lad, with a sudden blush.

"And I'm not at all convinced that I should like you for a brother," retorted Mollie calmly. "You would be too much of a responsibility. Did you ride over, or did you run all the way? If the former was the mode of your progression, and you promise to be good and not bore us about Jack Douglas, Clytie and I will ride over after lunch, in your charming society, and pay our duty call to Lady Mervyn. I do not know whether it is of very great importance to you or the world at large, but I like Lady Mervyn; and it is always a cause for surprise with me how she could have deserved the

evil fate of being the aunt of a certain young gentleman I know."

The lad grinned. "You always make me laugh, Miss Mollie," he said. "But, all the same, I am awfully sick about Jack Douglas."

"And I'm sick of him, for the present," retorted Mollie; "so let's drop the subject. Have you finished? If so, come and help me feed the dogs. Clytie, I'll order the horses for three o'clock."

Clytie drew a long breath of relief when they had left her alone. He had gone for good; what did it mean? Had anything happened since she saw him, since she had promised to wait for that story of his? She rose, with a little gesture of helplessness, and went about her routine work. There were letters to read and write, accounts to be gone into and checked; and she strove to go through her daily tasks and thrust Jack Douglas from her mind; but every now and then she found herself gazing at the paper and wondering what his letter could mean. Why had he said that he should not come back; where had he gone? She was inclined to make herself unhappy over these and similar questions; but she was determined that she would not do so. Indeed, the slight of hope that had started in her bosom was still flowing freely, and her newly born interest in the estate and the people buoyed up; and she went about with a cheerfulness and the high spirits which of late had displayed themselves in her voice and movements.

**(To Be continued.)**

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Lettuce, cherries, mayonnaise dressing, cherry juice and nuts. Arrange crisp lettuce leaves on a flat salad dish. Scatter the cherries through the leaves. Pour over a mayonnaise dressing, first adding one tablespoonful of cherry juice instead of vinegar. Then arrange a few cherries over the top. The cherries should be stoned and a peanut placed inside to keep the shape.

**CHERRY PUDDING**  
Mix a cupful of stale cake crumbs, a well-beaten egg, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, one tablespoonful of melted butter, half a cupful of milk and enough flour to make a stiff batter, adding a teaspoonful of baking powder with the flour. Put a thick layer of seeded cherries in the bottom of an earthenware baking dish, sprinkle generously with brown sugar and pour over for half an hour, serve with a hard sauce flavored with almond extract.

**POTATO RISK**  
Take one pint of milk, three eggs, a cup of butter, a cup of potato yeast and enough flour to thicken. Make a sponge, and when light stir down and let rise again, then stir down once more and when again light knead into dough. Cover and let double its original bulk, then make into light biscuits and fill the pans. Cover and let rise again and bake for half an hour.

**GOOD RISK**  
To two cups of raised dough add a cup of sugar, two ounces of butter, two well-beaten eggs and knead into

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Men, suffer longer. Let me make you a vigorous man. Let me restore your physical condition to full manhood. Don't be a weakling any more. Make up your mind to come to me and I will give you the best, the most known to science—the one successful treatment based on the experience of 23 years in treating men and their ailments.

**Dr. Ward's Methods Unrivaled, Thorough and Permanent!**

Do you realize that you have only one life to live—do you realize that you are missing most of that life by ill health? A life worth living is a healthy life. Neglect of one's health has put many a man in his grave. I have been telling men these things for many years, but still there are thousands of victims who, for various reasons, have not had the good sense to come and get well.

Specialist in the treatment of nervous conditions, nervous exhaustion, backache, lumbago, rheumatism, stomach and liver troubles, sciatica, dizziness, catarrh, asthma, rectal troubles, piles, fistula and blood conditions.

**OFFICE HOURS: 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. Sundays—10 a.m. to 1 p.m.**  
**FREE CONSULTATION EXAMINATION.**

Before beginning treatment you must make one visit to my office for a personal, physical examination. Railroad fare will be considered as part payment of fee. Canadian money accepted at full value.

**DR. WARD 79 NIAGARA SQUARE BUFFALO, N. Y. DR. HERRICK**

**MOTHERS!**

Watch your children's skins. As soon as you see the slightest trace of a rash or sore, apply Zam-Buk. This antiseptic balm will protect the sore place from infection, prevent it from spreading and healing soon follows.

Careful mothers always keep Zam-Buk on hand for their children's injuries—it ends pain so quickly and prevents any possibility of festering. Best for cuts, burns, scalds, bruises, stings, scabs, sores, eczema and teething rash. All dealers 50c box.

**Zam-Buk**

a rather stiff dough. Cover and set to rise, and when light mold into small biscuits, place closely together in a buttered biscuit pan, cover and set to rise again, and when light brush the top lightly with a little white of egg, sift sugar and a little cinnamon or chopped almonds over them and bake in a broad oven for from 30 to 45 minutes.

**BUTTER SCOTCH**  
Put one cup of sugar, one-quarter cup of molasses, one and one-quarter tablespoonfuls of vinegar, three tablespoonfuls of boiling water and one-half cup of butter into a saucepan and boil until, when tried in cold water, the syrup will become a brittle candy. Turn into a buttered pan and when nearly cool mark into squares.

**IF WORLD SPUN FASTER.**

Conjunction has often been made as to what would happen if the earth were to rotate faster upon its axis than it does. Of course, if it went 18 times as fast as it does now, bodies at the equator would weigh nothing—a person would jump up into the air and fall to come down again. A man might weigh 200 at the poles and nothing at the equator, while his weight would vary for intermediate points. If he approached the equator he would get lighter and if he receded from it he would get heavier. A man could carry a house on his shoulders very near the equator, while near either pole he could only carry what one can now. On this account labor would be very dear near the poles and very cheap near the equator. It would certainly be interesting to know which section of the earth would be more populous—whether everyone would go north for good wages or go south for cheap workmen. The railroad problem would be momentous unless the railroads all ran east and west, when a uniform rate would obtain on any particular east-and-west line.

Journeys to the south would be even more popular than they are now, for they would make everyone feel better and in buoyant spirits; more springs