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estimate your powers of persuasion dear Percy!" "You speak of a marriage, and we when I say that I am convinced you

daresay. Get the marriage over, my with a smile-"I think I do not over-

think you will spoll it, Spinser Chur- hold upon twenty years of fife, and yet Fashion to him and converse rationally, was

little short of phenomenal They sent for Lord Cecil, who cam "Yes, I think so. Do you think Lady will not suspect that there rriedly, and was received by the a something whome when you doe our old old man with a cold, haughty otstans and follow us aboutourtesy, as if they had not met fo We Snenser Churchill laughed.

"I! 8

"But I do not intend to inflict my "I am glad to see you. Cecil." ipon you, my dear Percy. I said. "You have altered a great dea shall ask dear Lady Despard's per- since I saw you last; you have grown mission to remain here at the villagrown very much. I suppose you in charge, as it were-during her abthink of entering the army? Well I sence. You see? So that there will be will consider the matter. I imagine nothing to be suspicious about " you would do as much mischief as A curious expression, almost one of civilian as you will do as a soldier atisfaction, shone for a moment Tell your father, my brother, that Percy Levant's dark eyes. hough I bear him no good-will. I will "I understand," he said, quietly. do my duty by you. Ask the steward Though, not with us you will be near to give you a five-pound note, andat hand? And I am to come here the you may go now, please." and Lord Cecil, dismissed like a school-boy, left day after the wedding?" "Yes," said Spenser Churchill, nod- the room, too embarrassed and con

ding complacently. "You will come founded to utter a word. to me and obtain the key to the "What is to be done?" he said to the anigma, and I flatter myself, my dear doctors. "Will he remain like this Parcy that you will. I fear, alas! for It is terrible terrible!"

the first time, overwhelm me with Sir Andrew shook his head. gratitude. Ah! lucky, lucky boy! If I "It is very extraordinary-very; but had the good fortune in early life to I must remind you, Lord Cecil, that it possess such/a friend as I have proved might be worse. His lordship is in

myself to you, where should I be now, possession of all his faculties, and, ex I wonder?" and he sighed unctuously. cepting this remarkable loss of mem-"In goal, I should say," retorted ory, is as sane as you and I. I have Percy, grimly. Then he added, quickly, had a long, and, I must add, most in-"But I like your plan, and I shall do teresting, conversation with him this my best to carry it out. As you say, it morning, and he talked with all his is too late to draw back now-" brilliance_"

"And bitterness," said the other fam "Much too late," laughed the philanthropist, "even if you wished to, which ous doctor, under his breath. you do not my dear boy." "As to how long this singular lapse

of memory will affect him, I really "No. I do not." he assented, and he took a cigar from his case and lit it, cannot say. It is an altogether unushis white, shapely hands trembling ual case. It is very had, my lord, I slightly. "I am willing to follow your admit,"-for Lord Cecil was much instruction; and all I ask is that which moved by the old man's conditionyou have consented to: that you keep "but, as I say, it might be worse. His

lordship's physical strength is improvaway from Pescia." Spenser Churchill nodded acquiescing daily, we may say hourly." Lord Cecil sighed.

"It is dreadful to hear him talk so "Certainly. I agree with you that the less I am in evidence the better." strangely," he said. "Can nothing be done. no experiment be tried? Perhap As he spoke, a footman came acros the lawn with a telegram.

if I brought Lady Grace?" It was from Lord Cecil, and had "Bring her ladyship, by all means." said the doctor. "There is no knowing been forwarded from Meuriguy's. Mr. Spenser Churchill took it and opened what a familiar face may do.' Yes bring her, Lord Cecil."

Cecil jumped into a hansom, and returned with Lady Grace, whom he "The marquis's condition is unaltertook up to the marquis's chair.

"Here is Grace, sir," he said. "Cecil Neville." "Grace? Grace? What Grace?" de He tore it into minute fragments.

"A request that I will speak at the manded the old man, with a hard. annual meeting of the Washerwomen's keen glance at the beautiful face he



United States S Exporters of CARNEGIE ST ILLINOIS ST AMERICAN STEEL AMERICAN CHEET AMERICAN BE LORAIN STI NATIONAL T SHELBY STEEL TENNESSEE COAL, MINNESOTA Manufacturers of description. P.C. O'DRIS Agents for 11y26,s,tu,th President Appea insurrection at General Botha' **Tribute** From J ing in Russia.

GENERAL BOTHA'S FUNERAL. ETORIA, SOUTH AFRICA, Aug. (Reuter's Ottawa Agency.) - Th ral of South Africa's great sold statesman, the late General Botha the occasion of the most moment demonstration by all classes history of South Africa, and i ded tributes of affection and a ation from all parts of the su inent. Special trains brought toria representative public men uding the administrators from al e Provinces of the Union. The Cap l was draped in black and purpl and all day long the city was a pla

he body had laid in state, was crow

to the doors at the funeral service

a large congregation and Repre

atives Stanley and Imperial Se

etary Smith headed the minister

number of Premier Botha's politi

opponents were also among

mourning

said, after a pause. "Do you think she hasty a marriage. There is a charmsacrifices I am making in your behalf, honour and pleasure of the young would consent? How little you know ing little English church in Pesciamy dear Percy," he said, shaking his lady's acquaintance. Do me the favher. Perhaps you think"-with a bit- most charming!-the very church for head. "I think I am rather thirsty; it our to introduce me, if you please." ter smile-"that she is as madly in a quiet wedding. A quiet wedding, is this peculiar air, I suppose. A "Surely you know me. dear marmark me, my dear Percy! You see! small brandy-and-sods, now-will you quis!" said Lady Grace, bending over Spenser Churchill shook his head. Come, admit that I am as thoughtful join me, my dear Percy? No?" and him. The old man took her hand, and

It ran:

"No, my dear fellow, I don't think unctuously. with a gentle sigh he ambled towards "To Australia!" said Percy Levant the house. anything of the kind. I think I can understand why Miss Doris has pro- in a low voice. mised to marry you. But if she doesn't Spenser Churchill made a mocking love you now, she will do so. Oh, yes, gesture. believe me with most women love "Nonsense, my dear fellow! Why should you go to Australia? On the smoke. comes after marriage!"

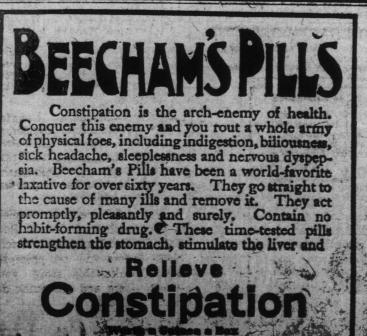
A light shone in the dark eyes for a day atter the wedding you and I will moment, then faded out again, and have a little explanation. I shall have tered. "Oh, my beautiful angel, for left the handsome face grave and the happiness of telling you whom your sake!" you have married, and the extent of moody.

"I think she will consent-in fact, I your good fortune; of putting you in am sure she will." He leaned forward the way of paying me that little bonus on his elbow, and whispered the en- we agreed upon-and then you may go suing words insidiously, "She must be where you please-London-Paris-Jericho!" made to!"

"Made to?" "I see," said Percy Levant, slowly. cording to medical rules and poetical-"Yes. Tut, tut, don't look so black. "It is a clever plan. And you will tell justice, to have died out of hand: but Moral force, not physical, my dear me nothing until after the marriage? he clung to life tenaciously, and not Percy, is what I mean. Listen to me. 1 You will not trust me-"

think you will admit that, up to now, The gentle philanthropist's smile my judgment has been pretty correct, spoke volumes by way of answer. It and that I didn't start you on a wild- really meant, "Do you take me for a goose chase that morning in Soho. fool?"

wife and make your fortune. Eh, my Percy Levant. "But, clever as it is, I bed.



the house. Percy Levant dropped down on the grass and smoked furiously for some-grass and smoked furious minutes, then he flung the cigar from Peyton's daughter?" him as if he were too agitated to "You know I am, my lord!" she said. "You remember my father, your practical. "Yes, I'll do it-I'll do it!" he mut- oldest friend?" "Jack Peyton? Oh, yes!" he said,

Small, 32-34: Medium, 36-38: Large, 40-42; and Extra Large, 44 and 46 inwith his old, caustic smile. "My oldches bust measure. Size Medium reest and best friend. He proved himquires 3% vards of 36-inch material self so by running off with the girl I A pattern of this illustration mail was going to marry. And then I marri- ed to any address on receipt of 10 ed Lucy"-his lips tightened, and cents in silver or stamps.

seemed to grow stiff and hard-"and ing. The Marquis of Stoyle ought, ac- she ran away, too. I daresay she had Similar: reason. The child was a girl. It ought te have been a boy, and I hated it because it was not one. Yes, It ought to

only refused to die, but get better! have been a boy, and cut out Cecdl. In ten days from Spenser Churchill's And now Cecil will be the heir. I beg departure, his lordship rallied, and, to your pardon. Cecil," he broke off with the surprise of everyone, including his sardonic smile, "I forgot you were the doctors, regained sufficient present. Yes, it was a girl. Someone

CHAPTER XXXI.

A POSTPONEMENT.

Some men take a great deal of kill-

when I offered to give you a beautiful "Yes, it is a clever plan," repeated strength to enable him to leave his told me that it was dead, and Lucy, too. No, I don't wear mourning; why

But a great change had taken place should I?" with a hard, haughty stare one of those extraordinary changes Tet the man who went with her which file medical science and set all wear mourning. I daresay he regret its knowledge at naught. The maruis had not lost his reason, but his hers. Spenser Churchill can tell all about him, for he helped me to get

He was perfectly sane, understood Lucy away from him. Heaven knows every word that was said to him. and what I saw in her to take so much trouble! I don't! Where is Churchili. nic cymcism, but ; by the way?" he broke off to enquire. he had forgotten everything excepting is on the Continent, sir." said those things which had occurred in Lord Cecil. vears long back. It was exactly as if

"Oh, what a Pecksniff that fellow with all is! The biggest hypocrite on the face their experience, had been wiped clean of the earth, but useful-oh, yes, userom the table of his mind, and, as he full And so you are Grace Peyton, asy-chair looking out of are your turning his gilitering eye upon Lady Grace, who shrank back under the impresion that his wife had just left him and that Time had put back the in n life's dial V. Tears to Stat The doo



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at the shoulders. In this design, all

waste of material is avoided, and the

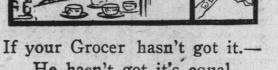
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