

Red Rose Tea

"Is Good Tea"

It is Always Worth the Price.

CYNTHIA WAKEHAM'S MONEY BY ANNA K. GREEN.

"Well, then, come to my room; but there is nothing in the story to specially interest you, I loved her."

"Edgar, you must be explicit. I am half lawyer in listening to this tale; I want to understand these girls."

"Girls? It is of Emma only that I have to speak."

"I know, but tell the story with some details; tell me where you first met her."

"This is more like it," acknowledged the latter.

"Edgar lit a cigar; perhaps he felt that he could hide all emotion behind its fumes. Frank did not take one."

"I have known Emma Cavanagh ever since we were children," began Edgar. "As a schoolboy I thought her the merriest-eyed thing in town. Is she merry now?"

Frank shook his head.

"Well, I suppose she has grown older, but then she was as full of laughter and fun as any blue-eyed mischief could well be, and I, who have a cynical turn of mind, liked the brightness of hers as I shall never like her sadness—if she is sad. But that was in my adolescence, and being as shy as I was inclined to be cynical, I never showed her my preference, or even

"I received a note, but it was very short, though it was in Emma's handwriting. She had not been well, was her excuse, and so could not be present at the ball. As for the offer I had made to all affairs of life outside of his laboratory, I should have given up in despair. But as it was, I kept my courage, and I suddenly felt, never to rise again."

For will you believe me, Frank, she was not there, nor any of her family, though all had engaged to go, and had made many preparations for the affair, as I knew."

"Did no letter come? Did you never see Miss Cavanagh again, or any of her family?"

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Frank, who was nothing if not sympathetic, nodded quickly, but did not break into those open expressions of indignation which his friend had evidently anticipated. The truth was, he was too busy considering the affair, and asking himself what part Hermione had taken in it, and whether all its incongruities were not in some way due to her. He was so anxious to assure himself that this was not so, that he finally asked:

"And was that the end? Did you never see any of them again?"

"I did not see any of them again," was the answer. "I had already thought of trying my fortunes in the west, and when this letter came it determined me. In three weeks I had left London, as I thought, forever, but I was not successful in the west."

"And you will be here?" observed Frank.

"I think so," said Edgar, and became suddenly silent.

Frank looked at him a long time, and then said quietly: "I am glad you love her still."

Edgar, flushing, opened his lips, but the other would not listen to any denial.

"If you had not loved her, you would not have come back to London, and if you did not love her still you would not pluck roses from her wall at midnight."

"I was returning from a patient," objected Edgar, shortly.

"I know, but you stopped. You need not blush to own it, for, as I say, I did not wish to," was the answer. "I had already thought of trying my fortunes in the west, and when this letter came it determined me. In three weeks I had left London, as I thought, forever, but I was not successful in the west."

joined the mirthful company of which she was the head. I preferred to stand back and hear her laughter, or talk to Hermione while watching her sister."

"Ah!" thought Frank.

"When I went to college she went to school, and when I graduated as a doctor she was about graduating also. But she did not come home at that time for more than a fleeting visit. Friends wished her company on a trip abroad, and she went away from Marston just as I settled here for my first year of practice. I was disappointed in this, but I must wait and see."

By cultivating the acquaintance of her father, and making myself necessary to him by my interest in his studies, I spent much of my spare time at the house, and though I never asked after Emma, I used to get continual news of her from her sister."

"Ah!" again ejaculated Frank to himself.

"At last she returned, and—I do not know how she looks now, but she was pretty then, wonderfully pretty, and more animated in her manner than any other woman I have ever seen. I spent much of my spare time at the house, and though I never asked after Emma, I used to get continual news of her from her sister."

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"Well, perhaps you are right," quoth Frank.

CHAPTER XIII. Fresh Doubts. Frank was recalled to business the next day by the following letter from Plathurst:

"Dear Mr. Etheridge: It has been discovered this afternoon that Mr. Hucks has left town. When he went or where he has gone, no one seems to know. Indeed, it was supposed that he was still in the house, where he has been hiding ever since the investigations were over, but a neighbor, having occasion to go in there today, found the building empty, and all of Mr. Hucks' belongings missing. I thought you would like to know of this disappearance."

"Yours Truly, A. W. SENEY."

As this was an affair for the police, Frank immediately returned to New York; but it was not many days before he was back again in Marston, determined to see Miss Cavanagh once more, and learn if his suit was as really hopeless as it appeared to be. He brought a box of some beautiful orchids with him, and when he reached the house, he found Miss Emma as being the one most devoted to flowers.

Hermione looked a little startled at his presence, but Mrs. Lovell, the dear old lady who was paying them a visit, smiled gently upon him, and he argued well from that smile and then then it was not without its meaning from one whose eyes were so bright with intelligence as hers.

The evening was cool for summer, and a fire had been lighted in the grate. By this fire they all sat and Frank, who was strangely happy, entertained the three guests with a talk which was not without a hidden meaning for one of the quiet listeners.

When the old aunt and her companion, the three drew nearer, and the conversation became more personal. At last—how was it done—Emma, vanished also, and Frank, who had been some witty speech, found only Hermione's eyes confronting him in the fire-glow. At once the words faltered on his tongue, and leaning forward he reached out his hand, for she was about to rise also.

"Do not rob me of this one moment," he pleaded. "I have come back, you see, because I could not stay away. Say that it does not anger you; say that I may come now and then and see your face, even if I may not hope for all that my heart craves."

"Do I look angry?" she asked, with a smile.

"No," he whispered, "nor do you look glad."

"Glad," she murmured, "glad," and the bitterness in her tone revealed to him how strong were the passions that animated her. "I have no business with gladness, not even if my own feelings changed. I have forfeited all joy, Mr. Etheridge; and that I thought you understood."

"You speak like one who has committed a crime," he smiled; "nothing else should make you feel as you do."

(To Be Continued.)

THE KIDNAPPERS

Prosecution Confident That They Can Convict the Boyles.

Mercer, Pa., April 21.—The attorneys who will prosecute the kidnappers in the case against Mr. and Mrs. James H. Boyle are finding the woman's reticence an obstacle which is causing them difficulty. Not a word has been uttered by the woman since her arrest, which would throw any light upon her identity, her past or her line of defense in the pending case.

The woman has been married, but Boyle and the woman have been married, and can show a marriage certificate, but that the woman may have been married before, and whether all its incongruities were not in some way due to her. He was so anxious to assure himself that this was not so, that he finally asked:

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Workmen, See Our Great \$1.28 Work Shoe

Moulders, See Our Great \$1.18 Gaiter.

Farmers, See Our Great \$1.28 Work Shoe

See Our Big 98c Value in Boys' Shoes

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All the people in London don't want to be aldermen.

None of the ladies of London can be aldermen.

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We are giving six absolutely free trips to the Toronto Fair, Aug. 28 to Sept. 13. Everybody won't want to go—thousands would like to, and hundreds are trying. Ladies' and men, boys and girls, aldermen and school trustees, are eligible candidates in this contest, which is open to everybody who buys shoes here.

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They'll get more profit and honor out of it than out of being aldermen—if you can believe the aldermen.

Those who are in the race for these Free Trips should bestir themselves and

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solicit their friends to help them win—like the aldermen do. Start at once.

They say it costs about \$75 to be elected alderman, and then run the risk of being called a grafter.

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