

The Rose and Lily Dagger

A TALE OF WOMAN'S LOVE AND WOMAN'S PERFDY

Sometimes it seemed to him as if she would never regain consciousness, as if—she must die. And then he would cover his face with his hands and—weep, it could have been better for him if he could have done so—but he was so weakly as he pictured himself bereft of the girl whom he loved with a love he had until now never suspected.

"Is she never going to recover? Is she going to be like this, always till—till—?" The poor old man could not finish the despairing question.

"It has been a long time," he said slowly. "Long! It—it is phenomenal!" exclaimed the major. "I never knew—"

"Yes," said the doctor. "I have seen two such cases. One was that of a young fellow who was thrown out of his trap—dog—He struck his head against a lamp-post and was unconscious for six weeks."

"And died at the end of it!" said the major broadly. "No. He is in and well and strong. Be patient, major, and console yourself with this reflection. Sometimes, I say sometimes, we medical men would rather see a patient lost to all consciousness of what is going on than intelligent and aware of it. God is merciful even when we deem him most hard. Some sorrows would kill at the first shock but for this, and he nodded toward the white face and still, almost death-like form. "He lays his hand upon the overstrained brain and murmurs it. This poor child has suffered some such shock as that of which I speak, and if the mind were free it would—"

"Better to see her like this, raging with fever, than hopelessly mad," said the major. "The major hid his eyes for a moment and groaned. "And—and you think she will not die?"

"No, I think not; I will promise—under Providence—that she shall not. But I shall have another patient on my hands if you don't take care, and my busy evening as it is. You go down into the gardens and smoke a cigar."

The major got up—with what a feeble movement compared with his wonted firmness—and wandered down the stairs. He struck the door which was right, and that he was going the way to knock himself up; and, "Good Heavens," he thought, "it will not do for me to be in a state like this. I will answer her when she comes to her senses, and asks me, 'What shall I do?' And what am I to answer her?"

He stepped out of the doorway to make for the arbor, the hotel visitors who were in the gardens looked pityingly, and some of them came up and shook hands with him, and made new acquaintances in their inquiries after Elaine.

Among them was a short, neatly-dressed man whom the major could not recollect having seen before; but as the stranger—if he was a stranger—did not seem to know him, he touched his hat and made respectful inquiry after Miss Delaine, the major, touching his hat, assured him courteously though absently, and went to the arbor to smoke the cigar the doctor had prescribed.

He scarcely noticed as he made his way back to the house that the dapper little personage was seated in a rocking-chair opposite the doorway, but each time the major passed out into the garden or in the pleasant garden. The man appeared to have nothing to do, and he was pleasant and chatty, and very sympathetic in

his inquiries after "the major's young lady." "Are you making a long stay here, Mr. Brown?" asked the major one day, in a purposeless fashion. "Oh, I don't know," replied Mr. Brown, for that, he had informed the major, was his name. "I'm just staying on; the place suits me. I suppose you'll be moving as soon as Miss Delaine gets strong enough."

"I don't know," replied the major, flushing and looking hard at his cigar. "Ah, just so; all depends, of course. Your poor young lady still remains unconscious?" "The major sighed. "Yes! yes!"

"Poor young lady!" said Mr. Brown sympathetically. "Will you give me a light, major?" he began to talk of the lake and the steamboats. The days wore on, it seemed to the major, at times with hideous slowness, at times with awful rapidity. The doctor had reported the examination and coroner's inquest. "Willful Murder Against Ernest Edwynd, Marquis of Nairne," and presently came the announcement of the date of the trial.

The accused would be tried at the Downing Assizes held at Porlington, and the accused nobleman will come before Judge Rawlings on or about the twenty-first. No trial for a capital offense has created so much curiosity since that of so-and-so."

The major read the paragraph and trembled. The twenty-first and it was now the tenth. Eleven days! He almost prayed that she might remain unconscious until the twenty-second, or until the trial should be over and the verdict pronounced.

Indeed that night—the night he read the announcement of the date of the trial—as he held her hand, and looked into her face, he almost prayed that she might die before that day.

CHAPTER XXXVI. It was Tuesday, the 22nd, and the day of the trial. So great had been the crowd in the streets of the assize town that a force of mounted police had been required to keep it in order.

People had come not only from the neighboring towns and districts but from London itself to be present at the hearing of this, the most sensational and romantic trial of the last decade.

So numerous had been the applications for seats for the standing room even—in the small court house, and the high sheriff had found it necessary to issue tickets, and these had been fought for with an ardor which could not have been warmer if they had represented a free admittance to paradise.

At an early hour the streets had been thronged, and at 11 o'clock the carriages of the county families had been compelled to make their way at a snail's pace through the dense crowd.

Sergeant Leslie had been instructed by the Treasury to appear for the prosecution, and the fact that the Treasury had thought it necessary to send him down evinced the importance it attached to the case.

A cord of police, mounted and on foot, kept the approaches to the court house, and now and again their services were required to keep in order an impatient crowd angry at being denied admission to the court in which nearly every place had been allotted. At five minutes to eleven the High Sheriff's carriage was seen winding—rather forcing—its way through the mob, and a cheer was raised as the white-haired judge was seen at the window.

At ten o'clock Gerald Locke had asked for admission to the marquis' cell, and had found him dressed and ready, and outwardly as calm on this morning on which his fate—his life or death—would be decided as he had been on the day of his arrest.

"Well, Gerald," he said, with a sad smile, "are they nearly ready? I'm glad of it. It has been weary work waiting, waiting."

Gerald Locke, far more agitated under his outward and professional calm than the marquis, shook his head. "It has come all too soon for me, marquis—unprepared as I am!"

The marquis let his hand fall—it was perfectly steady—on his shoulder. "Don't take your unpreparedness too much to heart, Gerald," he said. "It is not your fault that you are not ready with a favorable defence, but mine. Who could defend a man who can say nothing in his own defence?"

"And—and you mean to say nothing?" said Gerald, his agitation revealing itself for a moment. "The marquis turned away. "Sometimes there is nothing that can be said," he replied. "And that is our case, is it not?"

Gerald Locke did not answer for a moment, then he said in a hurried, broken voice: "Lord Nairne, when I undertook this case—at your request—" "At my request—right. I am quite satisfied and content, I desire no better advocate. Well?"

"No, you wouldn't," retorted Gerald, doggedly. "You would have done so if you had had as much to do as I do; hoping that something might turn up which might help you to save your client."

"I suppose I should," assented the marquis, after a pause. "But not to let me see the truth of it? I have a mind! It may not do you any harm."

Gerald's pale, anxious face flushed, and the marquis hastened to add: "But I know you are not thinking of yourself but me. Well! Follow my example. I am indifferent; he you, however, are not. He laid his hand again on the young man's shoulder. "When you have got to my years. But no! You will not be suffered as I have suffered, will not have learned as I have learned, as I do! No, you will marry that sweet little girl whom I helped to meet you at the ball, Elaine's friend."

"I don't know," he said abruptly, and turned his head away. "Elaine! You have spoken of her, not I!" said Gerald, quickly. "Do you know where she is? For God's sake tell me the truth! I feel—I have a suspicion that she—and she alone—can help us."

"She cannot," said the marquis, solemnly. "Every word she would utter would tell against us. Be content with that!" "I cannot believe it. Why is she not here?"

"I do not know. Take care!" and the dark, penetrating eyes fixed themselves on Gerald's anxious ones. "Unless you want to wind the rope more closely round me, do not speak of her. Keep her name from your lips."

Gerald groaned. "See here, Lord Nairne!" he said, desperately. "I have to defend you, and defend you I will! I give you warning—fair warning—that, come what will, I shall do my duty toward you! I do not believe you guilty! I say, I do not!"

"Remember! I charge you under no circumstances to bring her name into court!" "Pardon me!" said Gerald firmly. "I—May I love Elaine—but though she may be my sister—I repeat it—though she were my daughter, I will bring her into court if by producing her I could save you, my client!"

"Have you not found her?" asked the marquis. "No," answered Gerald reluctantly. "No," said the marquis. "And you will not. Take my advice; anything she could say would lose you your case, my friend. Do you hear? Now then—what is it?"

The colonel-governor appeared at the door of the cell. "A quarter of an hour, my lord," he said gravely. "The marquis turned to the marquis imploringly. "Marquis, I entreat you! For your own sake, for—Elaine's, tell me the truth!"

The marquis looked at him steadily. "I can tell you nothing," he said. "My poor friend, I hope your next client will give you less trouble. As for me—" He paused. "Well, I hope your next client will also be less indifferent."

What could counsel, however acute and enthusiastic, accomplish with such a client? Gerald remained silent for a moment or two, then he said: "You plead 'Not guilty.'"

The marquis thought a moment. "They don't, as a rule, allow you to plead guilty to a charge of murder, do they?" "I shall plead 'Not guilty!' for you," said Gerald doggedly. "The marquis nodded. "As you please. Who is the judge?"

"Rawlings," said Gerald. "The marquis smiled sadly. "The hanging judge! My friend, everything is against you. And the counsel for the prosecution?"

"Leslie. Bourne is ill." "Leslie!" repeated the marquis, calmly and gravely. "A clever counsel I met him once at a public dinner. I wonder whether he will remember me? He is a fœman worthy of your steel, Gerald."

"It was your fault that we had not engaged Sir Charles or Sir Edward!" exclaimed Gerald. "Neither could do more than you can," he said, almost wearily, "and neither of them would have understood—could have been my friend as you are. Be content, as I am."

"Time's up, my lord," said Colonel Ward, opening the door of the cell. "The marquis held out his hand. "Go, then, Gerald," he said. "Do your best, but—remember! save me if you can, but not at the expense of the innocent."

With these words ringing in his ears, Gerald went out and put on his wig and gown and entered the court. Counsel for the accused as he was, he had to fight and force his way in, so great was the crowd. At eleven o'clock the judge, in his ermine robe, entered, and made his way to the bench, and every body stood up, the barristers making a low bow in response to his.

WELL AND STRONG AFTER ELEVEN YEARS OF GREAT SUFFERING.

A Wonderful Tribute to the Power of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to Cure Rheumatic Diseases.

Proof upon proof has accumulated that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will drive rheumatic diseases, hospital treatment and all other medicines fail. Paralyzed limbs have been restored to strength, rheumatic sufferers made well, weak, anemic girls and women made bright, active and strong; neuralgic pains banished, and the poor dyspeptic given a new digestion when it seemed almost hopeless to expect a cure. Here is a case of strong proof that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills bring health and strength after years of suffering. Mr. Louis Brien is a well-known resident of St. Dennis, Que., and tells of his years of suffering as follows: "Eleven years ago I was seized with rheumatism in the back, I strained myself and brought on terrible pains in my stomach and back, where the trouble was. I had frequent fits of vomiting, which caused much distress. Sometimes I could work, and then again for months at a time I would be wholly unable to do anything; but even at the time I could work I was always suffering. At different times I was treated by three doctors, but they were unable to help me. Then I went to Montreal and put myself under the care of a doctor who prescribed for me a medicine which I believed me while I was inactive, but as soon as I attempted work or exertion of any kind, the pains returned, and I was unable to do anything. At this time I was growing weaker and less able to resist the invasions of the trouble. Then Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were brought to my notice, and I began to regain my health and by the fourth day I was able to do my work. I had used thirteen boxes, I was once more a well, strong man. The proof of this is that I can do as hard a day's work as anyone and never have the slightest symptoms of the trouble. I am only sorry that I did not know of the pills sooner—they would have saved me such suffering and money as well."

With such proof as this, that even apparently hopeless cases of rheumatism, there can be no reasonable doubt that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will restore health in all cases where there is a fair trial. These pills are sold by all medicine dealers or will be sent by mail at 50¢ per box or set to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. See that the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," is printed on the wrapper around every box.

of suppose that the accused would plead guilty, and so rid them of their entanglement. Sergeant Leslie got up and arranged his gown and began his address. He was as moderate as a prosecuting counsel in a murder case always is.

For some few minutes the crowd scarcely listened to him; all their attention seemed concentrated upon the tall figure standing in the prisoner's dock.

The fast few weeks had told upon him, and the marquis looked an older man by five years; but his face was as pale and careworn as there was no sign of fear in it. His dark eyes were perfectly calm and restful, and after a slow survey of the court, he fixed them on the face of Sergeant Leslie.

That one sweeping glance had shown him all the faces familiar to him. On, or near, the bench at Lady Dornham and Lady Baniester, Miss Lulwood and several other ladies were seated behind the jury box. At the solicitors' table was Sir Edmund and Mr. Lulwood and Mr. Bradley. Behind the bar, the counsel for the prosecution, sat Luigi Zanti. He had begged them to place him as near his protector and friend as they could, and, pitying his blindness and grief, they had placed him just behind the bar. The marquis' hand if he should chance to lean over.

The marquis failed to see Lady Blanche. She was seated beside Lady Dornham and Lady Baniester, as if to screen herself. She wore a dress beneath which her face was deathly white.

If she could have done so she would have kept away from the court, but she dared not be absent from a scene at which every other person in the neighborhood would be present. Besides, she felt that it would be better for her to be there and ascertain for herself whether there was any likelihood of her share in the night's work being discovered.

She, like the marquis, glanced round the court as she entered and took her seat, but she could not see Fanny Inchley, for whom her eyes were seeking.

May Bradley had secured a seat beside her father at the solicitors' table, and as the marquis stepped into the dock the tears sprang to her eyes, and she began to tremble as she thought: "If Elaine were here, this would kill her!"

Sergeant Leslie made a very plain opening speech. It was, he said, his painful duty to produce evidence against a peer of the realm of the heinous crime of murder. By not one unnecessary word would he weigh the case against the accused, nor would he endeavor to draw a single point for the prosecution, or refuse to admit a single point that might be argued for the defence.

The truth, and the truth only, whether it resulted in the condemnation of the prisoner or his acquittal, must be the desire of all who that day took part in one of the most solemn functions that could fall to the lot of mortal man; and the truth must be shown he had every faith and conviction.

(To be Continued.) How Are the Water Rates? London Free Press.

The general tax rate of this city is the highest in the Province. This is not a pleasant statement to make, but it should be kept in mind.

MODE OF UNDERDRAINING. Expert Information Telling How it Can Best be Done.

THE KIND OF TILE TO USE. Commissioner's Branch, Ottawa, Sept. 7, 1908.

In a previous article some of the advantages of under-draining were pointed out; in this case an outline of the method of draining practiced by our best farmers will be given. To secure satisfactory results, careful study should first of all be given to the best manner of laying out a system of drains, the aim being to secure the greatest fall, the least amount of digging, and the most perfect drainage.

TILE.—For under-draining there is nothing better than the ordinary round drain tile. The size to be used can only be decided by a study of the conditions under which the drain is to work. They should be large enough to carry off in 24 to 48 hours the surplus water from the heaviest rains, but it is important that they should not be too large, as the cost of under-draining is governed largely by the size of the tile used. It may be mentioned that the capacity of round water pipes is in proportion to the squares of their diameters. That is, under the same conditions, a two-inch pipe will carry four times as much water, and a three-inch pipe nine times as much water as a one-inch pipe. In fact, the larger pipe will carry even more than this proportion, because of the greater friction in the smaller pipe. In ordinary cases, five or six-inch tiles are recommended for the lower part of a main drain and for the branches, two and a half to three-inch are preferable.

DEPTH AND DISTANCE APART. It is seldom necessary to lay drains more than four feet below the surface, and in most cases two and a half to three and a half feet will be found sufficient. The proper distance between branch drains depends on the quantity of water to be carried and the nature of the soil. In general practice the lines of tile are usually placed from fifty to one hundred feet apart. In a tenacious clay soil, however, thirty feet would not be too close.

DIGGING THE DRAIN.—The drain may be opened up in the first place by passing three or four times along the same track with an ordinary plow. Then the subsoil may be broken up with a good strong subsoil plow. In this way the earth may be loosened to a depth of two feet or more and thrown out with narrow shovels. The bottom of the drain should be dug with narrow drainage spades, made for the purpose. The ditch should be straight by means of line stretched tightly near the ground, and about four inches back from the edge. In ordinary cases, the ditch need not be more than a foot wide at the top and four to six inches at the bottom, the width, of course, increasing in proportion to the depth of the drain and the size of the tile.

GRADING.—As a rule drains should be given an upward fall as possible, and the gradient should not be less than two inches in one hundred feet, if this can be secured. Careful leveling is necessary to ensure a uniform fall throughout the course of a drain. As a simple method for this purpose, one of our leading authorities recommends the ditcher to use several cross-heads made from strips of one-inch boards, three or four inches wide. The length of the standard varies according to the depth of the drain. A cross-piece about two feet long is nailed on the top of the standard. These cross-heads are then placed along the line of the ditch, so that the cross-pieces are in line. The proper grade is ascertained by the use of the ordinary spirit level. When ready to lay the tile, the standard should be set at the bottom of the drain and marked in line with the tops of the cross-heads; this will, by testing every few feet, give a true grade for the tile.

LAYING THE TILE.—When the bottom of the drain has been brought to the proper grade and shape, the tile should be laid very carefully to secure perfectly close joints. With the aid of a tile hook they may be placed rapidly and accurately without getting into the ditch. Some prefer to place the tile with the hand, standing in the ditch, and stepping

carefully on each tile as laid. In covering it is preferable to put the surface soil next the tile, for if properly packed it will prevent the soil from getting in at the joints. The laying should begin at the outlet of the main drain, and where connect on is made with branch lines, enough of the branch should be laid to permit the main to be partly filled in.

JUNCTION AND OUTLETS.—All junctions of branches with the main line should be made at an acute angle, or where the fall is sufficient from above the axis of the main. This is necessary in order to prevent the deposit of silt and the consequent blocking of the tile at the junction. Specially made joint tile may be used, or the connection may be made by cutting a hole in the main tile with a tile pick. The outlet of the drain should be so placed that there will be a free flow of water. If protected with masonry and a grating to keep out animals, so much the better. In this country glazed sewer pipe or glazed drain tile may be used to advantage for the last ten or fifteen feet to prevent injury by frost. In closing it may be well to recall the fact that trees should not be planted in any country within tile, through which water flows during the greater part of the year, as the roots are apt to enter at the joints in search of water, and in course of time close them, stippling willows, poplars and elms are particularly objectionable in this respect. Yours very truly, W. A. Clemons, Publication Clerk.

PRICES PAID FOR SERMONS.

For a sermon of ten minutes' duration £150 must be considered an excellent price, and this sum is paid every year for what is known as the "Golden Sermon," which may be preached in any church within a six-mile radius of the Haberdashers' Hall. Many years ago a man named William Jones died and left a large sum of money to the Haberdashers' Company, stipulating that the interest was to be given to the preacher of the best sermon within the radius mentioned. As this was a somewhat difficult matter to distribute £250 out of the £400, which the interest amounts to, among clergymen of the East end, and the balance given to the preacher of the "Golden Sermon," which is never delivered twice in the same church.

Although this is the highest price paid to any individual for a sermon in this country, preaching at the rate of a guinea a minute is anything but unremunerative. On the anniversary of the late Queen Victoria's session every year a sermon is delivered in St. Dunstons Cathedral, which must not be of more than a quarter of an hour's duration. For this the preacher receives sixteen guineas, but there is also a small gratuity, the custom originated.

Not many people know the meaning of the "Lion" thanksgiving sermon, which is preached in the Church of St. Catherine Cree in Leadenhall street every year. In the seventeenth century Sir John Sayer, then Lord Mayor of London, was traveling in the east, when he had a miraculous escape from being killed by a lion. On his return he ordered that a thanksgiving sermon should be preached every year, and set aside a sum of money, the interest on which was chosen to be given to the poor, while the preacher retained what he considered a fair price for his sermon.

What is probably the largest sum paid for a sermon in this country every year goes into the pocket of some lucky German preacher, and amounts to £720. In 1890 a wealthy French baron named Favart, who resided in Elberfeld, died and bequeathed his riches to the Protestant Church there on the condition that it should be invested and the interest given to the poor. The churchwardens of the parish of St. Paul, who were the poorest living in the See, on condition that he preached a short sermon extolling the baron's good deeds. It is generally delivered on the first Sunday in June after the usual morning service, and being of half an hour's duration amounts to £24 a minute.

Although the preacher benefits by little, the sermon preached at St. Giles Church in the city in memory of one Charles Langley every year is very richly endowed. The church is filled with poor people, very many of whom are blind, and among the congregation the sum of £840 in clothes and money is afterwards distributed, the clergyman retaining one-third and each of the churchwardens 10s.—Tit-Bits.

Dreaded Results of Kidney Disease

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver-Pills. Ailments of the Most Painful and Fatal Nature Prevented and Cured by DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY LIVER-PILLS.

When you think of the pain and suffering which accompany backache, rheumatism, lumbago, stone in the kidneys and bladder, when you think of the dreadful fatality of Bright's disease, dropsy, diabetes and apoplexy, you may well wonder why people neglect to keep the kidneys in perfect order, for all these ailments are the direct result of deranged kidneys.

Once the kidneys fail to filter from the blood the impure and poisonous waste matter there is trouble of a painful and dangerous nature. Among the first symptoms are backache, weak, lame back, pains in the legs and sides, deposits in the urine, impaired digestion, loss of flesh, energy and ambition, stiffness and aches in the joints and feelings of weariness and lassitude.

Prevention is always better than cure, and hence the advisability of using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills at the first indication of such derangement. Whether to prevent or

cure, Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are the most effective treatment you can obtain, for besides their direct and specific action on the kidneys, they keep the bowels regular and the liver active, and thus purify the system and remove the cause of disease.

This medicine has long since proven its right to first place as a cure for the complicated and serious derangements of the filtering and excretory organs. It has the largest sale and is endorsed by more people than any similar treatment. You can depend on it absolutely to bring prompt relief and lasting cure. In view of these facts it is a waste of time and money and a risk to life itself to trifle with new and untried remedies when Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are at hand. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers or Edmonson, Bates & Co., Toronto. To protect you against imitations the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.

A LETTER TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. James E. Harley, Worthington, Ont., gives permission to publish the following letter for the benefit of other mothers who have young children in their homes. She says: "I have many reasons to be grateful to Baby's Own Tablets, and to recommend them to other mothers. Our little girl is now about fourteen months old, and she has taken the Tablets at intervals since she was two months old, and I cannot speak too highly of them. Since I came here about a year ago, every mother who has small children has asked me what I gave our baby to keep her in such even health, and I have replied 'absolutely nothing' but 'Baby's Own Tablets.' Now nearly every child here gets the Tablets when a medicine is needed, and the old-fashioned crude medicines, such as castor oil and soothing preparations, which mothers formerly gave their little ones, are discarded. Our family doctor also strongly praises the Tablets, and says they are a wonderful medicine for children. Acquire them by single word 'not a single word.' You, knowing that I would give ten years of my life, my chance of happiness through all my life, to save you, have vouchsafed nothing—nothing!"

The marquis looked at him sadly, but with the impassive calmness he had maintained throughout. "My poor Gerald," he said. "If I had thrown up my brief long since—"