

Cupid Tries Again

"Who? Mrs. Fane? I always told you it is the greatest mistake you can make in such a game to let yourself go head-long into a passion for the prize."

"That's all you know about it. I suspect the sort of insanity she has inspired gives an impetus which may bring me in a winner. I never met so baffling a woman. By heavens, I sometimes hate her. I'd risk the hottest fire down below to have some hold upon her, to have her at my mercy."

"If you talk such nonsense I shall think your brain is softening. Be reasonable, and look at your real position. You are nearly at the end of your ready money and your creditors are pressing. You have been trying for the last year and a half to kindle a responsive flame such as would impel Mrs. Fane to seek a release from her already half-broken fetters, to marry you, and let you squander her money."

"I shouldn't squander it. By Jove, I'd turn the biggest screw out of it if she were mine, and I had something to save!"

"Then the age of miracles is not past!" returned Mrs. Bayley. "Candidly speaking, I would give less for your chance now than when we were at Rome last winter. You seemed to make more way at first."

"True!" he paused. "But I had a gleam of encouragement just now. She was contradictory, and also slightly ill-tempered about Violet Onslow, warning me that we were not calculated to make each other happy, etc. I believe my best card is to assume a great deal of devotion to that very harmless young person."

"Wouldn't she do?" asked Mrs. Bayley. "I could assist you there also. You must own that I am a useful ally and not a costly one."

"Hum—useful, certainly, and I have been no end of use to you. But no—Miss Onslow. She has a father, too, which might be troublesome. Now Mrs. Fane is, or might be, free. She has a solid fortune, and if she could get rid of the husband, might either openly as my wife, or secretly as my dear amie, deliver me from my difficulties, and enjoy life infinitely more than in her present widowed condition."

"He paused in a troubled walk and looked hard at his interlocutor. "You are an exceedingly nice, well-brought-up young man," said Mrs. Bayley, quietly, returning his gaze.

"Member, I will have nothing to do with any immoral scheme, free as a since desire for the happiness of dear Mrs. Fane and yourself. I wish you to be united in holy matrimony, as per scamp of a husband deserves to be put out of court. If you had known how to win her, matters would have been in train now, and she should be almost within reach of that modest competence which would assure me a peaceful and honored old age; as it is, I have taken an infinitude of trouble to no avail."

"Really, Mrs. Bayley, I am inclined to bow down before the magnificent height of humbug to which you have attained. I suppose the various retainers you have received don't count?"

"They were pleasant tokens of goodwill," said Mrs. Bayley calmly, taking up her knitting, "but they do not affect our final arrangement."

"Morton made no reply, but resumed his pacing to and fro, giving his moustaches with his sharp white teeth. "I never failed in this way before," he explained. "But I am staking real coin against her counters; she is so wrapped up in her own vanity and dreams, and is so cold."

"She is not cold," interrupted Mrs. Bayley, emphatically. "No woman so well proportioned, mentally and physically, as she. The fire is there, if you know how to reach it. My impression is that she might be fascinated by some daring coquette."

"You think so? And you are a shrewd woman. We must make some plans as soon as I have seen Moseenthal, and ascertain what time he will give me. I will make some plan. I am not going to give in yet."

I think young Kenneth Morton has come back. I'll ask him to join us on Thursday. He'll do to escort Violet Onslow and leave me free to manoeuvre Carrington, who, by the way, puzzles me a good deal. I must go now, so adieu for the present, Madame Benevolence; the game is not up yet."

"I am afraid the weather is not very promising," said Mrs. Fane, at breakfast on the morning fixed. "I hope the sun will come out. Light makes such a difference, and if the rain begins we shall have a great deal, I suspect, after so long a spell of fine weather. Then we shall see nothing, and I shall try to get away on Tuesday."

"There is no reason why we should not," cried Mrs. Bayley, with alacrity. "We shall have a good deal of shopping to do, and if you think of Paris for the winter—"

"Sir Frederic Morton!" interrupted a waiter, ushering in that gentleman. "A thousand pardons," exclaimed Morton, "for intruding at so early an hour; but I have just had a telegram—unfortunate devil that I am—summoning me to keep a very important appointment in London to-morrow; in fact, I have no choice, I must start at once, and endeavor to catch the night express at Perth."

"It is most unfortunate," exclaimed Mrs. Fane and Mrs. Bayley together. "For me, utterly unfortunate. Mrs. Fane, as I am so unfortunate as not to be able to drive you to-day, let me recommend my cousin Morton in my place; he knows the country and the ponies. Now, I must not lose another minute. Good-bye for a few days. If you remain I shall return."

"I shall be in town myself next week. Au revoir!"

"I'll pray let me know how you get on," continued Mrs. Bayley, following him out of the room. "I suppose it is the business you told me of." Then in a whisper: "I will put a creditable construction on it, and keep Carrington at bay. Don't address your private letters in your own hand," and then raising her voice: "Take care of yourself. Good-bye."

"How very sudden!" exclaimed Mrs. Fane. "We shall miss him greatly. I hope he has no bad news."

"Not on his own account," said Mrs. Bayley, mysteriously. "He is just too ready to help others. I only hope he may not suffer himself."

"I hope not, indeed. Come, Mrs. Bayley, we had better attire ourselves. I am afraid Violet Onslow will find the party dull."

"Not when young Leslie is one of us!" The expressions of surprise and regret when the rest came to the rendezvous, were various and reiterated. Carrington was the only silent member of the group.

"How shall we arrange ourselves?" he asked young Morton, with whom he had a slight acquaintance. "Mrs. Fane, of course, has the pony carriage, but I fear Miss Onslow will find it dull, making the third with Dr. Methvin and Mrs. Bayley."

"All right," said the obliging holder of the medal. "I'll go in their carriage, then you can have the groom, who will be useful in looking after the ponies."

When Mrs. Bayley, who had re-entered the hotel to give some last directions to the lady's-maid, descended the stairs to her infinite annoyance and bewilderment she saw Colonel Carrington taking his place beside Mrs. Fane, while Kenneth Morton, with ostentatious care was handing Miss Onslow into Dr. Methvin's carriage.

"Does Colonel Carrington know the way?" was the only objection that came to her aid. "Quite well," called back that gentleman, as he gathered up his reins. "I walked over there a couple of days ago—it's straight going."

"Well, I will wait here," said Mrs. Bayley; and the others went on to the hotel. "Cave Temples," thought Morton's ally. "I don't believe a word of it. It won't do to have them too long together. I'll just go and interrupt their tete-a-tete."

She rose and began to scramble towards the entrance of the cave as fast as she could, when a treacherous stone gave way as she stepped upon it, and she fell to the ground in great pain. Her foot twisted under her, and her ankle was severely sprained. The consequences of this unfortunate accident arrayed themselves before her in a moment; she screamed loudly for help, and Mrs. Fane and Carrington came quickly out of the darkness to her assistance.

CHAPTER III.

Much as Colonel Carrington disliked Mrs. Bayley, he could not help being considerably suffering, and the intelligence which she suggested measures for her own relief.

"It is not a very bad sprain, I hope," she said, as Carrington helped her to a very convenient stool. "You must get a chair or something to carry me on, and some men, for I am no trifling weight. Just get off my boot before the foot swells, my dear Mrs. Fane. Then take your handkerchief to that ill-rill trickling over the rocks up there, and we'll manage a cold compress."

"I'll return as quickly as I can. You don't mind being left here," said Carrington. "Mrs. Bayley has her wits about her, and is very plucky. I don't fancy you'll want anything while I am away."

"Oh, no. Pray don't lose any time; go as fast as you can," cried Mrs. Fane, Bayley's feet. "She must be in dreadful pain."

But the physical suffering was as nothing compared to the carefully hidden tempest of wrath, against herself and her ill-luck, which raged in the seer's heart. If she had only resisted that spiteful impulse to interrupt Mrs. Fane and Carrington in their tete-a-tete explorations, she would not only have escaped pain and discomfort, but the worst result of a fortnight or three weeks of helplessness, during which in infinitude of mischief might be done, and Morton absent, too! There never was anything so unfortunate; still her only plan was to make the best of it, and instill what poison she could into Mrs. Fane's mind against Carrington. Whatever happened, she must keep cool and free from fever, either of mind or body. Meanwhile, under her directions, and with the help of a small sick scarf she had round her throat, Mrs. Fane contrived a very successful compress; and, before long, Colonel Carrington reappeared with a chair and bearers, followed by the ex-professor, Miss Onslow, and Kenneth, all full of dismay and sympathy.

It was soon arranged that Miss Onslow, Carrington, and Kenneth Morton should drive on quickly in the pony carriage and have due preparations made at the hotel for the arrival of the sufferer, and that Mrs. Fane and Dr. Methvin should accompany Mrs. Bayley in the doctor's carriage, where an impromptu couch was made up to keep her foot in a horizontal position.

"Don't worry yourself too much," said Carrington aside to Mrs. Fane, with the kind of familiar interest which seemed curiously natural. "You are looking as white as the foam down there. I must insist on your taking a glass of wine."

"It was only the start of seeing her fall," said Mrs. Fane, her color returning quickly, for the tone of imperious tenderness in his voice and manner affected her strangely. "I fancied she was more seriously hurt. Do send for a doctor as soon as you reach St. Outburts. She fancies she can manage herself, but I wish her to be properly cared for."

"I will see to it, Goody-by for the present," said Carrington, with a lingering look, which suggested to Mrs. Fane the reflection, "I think he is getting over his objection to me," and having seen her swallow a little sherry, Carrington and his division of the party drove rapidly away.

This accident changed the face of affairs. The local doctor insisted on treating the injury as decidedly serious, and though Mrs. Bayley stoutly contested this opinion, she found it practically impossible to disobey his sentence of seclusion and repose. All that the kindest forethought could devise to lighten her imprisonment was provided by Mrs. Fane and eagerly seconded by Violet Onslow, who postponed a bare fraction of a certain dear Aunt Julia and a house full of company, in order to assist in nursing that nice, kind Mrs. Bayley.

"I do not know that I am of much use," said she, plaintively; her opinion of her own powers was very humble. "But I am better than nothing. I can read aloud to you when Mrs. Fane goes out; and she must go out, you know. She is looking quite pale and ill. I would do anything for Mrs. Fane, she has been so good to me. Until I knew her I never had any pleasure. My mother is always ill, you know."

"Of course, a bright, sympathetic creature like you is always of use, and a comfort to a poor, disabled body such as I am; both Mrs. Fane and myself ought to be very much obliged to you," cried Mrs. Bayley, warmly.

"Ah! I can do very little for Mrs. Fane; and I am always afraid she can't care much about me. I wish she were really fond of me."

"I am sure she is." "Not as fond as I am of her; but I can't expect that." "Oh, don't be sentimental, my dear; you ought to put a proper value upon yourself."

But while time went heavily with Mrs. Bayley, it made itself swift wings for Mrs. Fane. Although she gave many hours to the invalid, there were many at her own disposal, and of these Carrington was the constant companion. Sir Frederic was still detained in London about his friend's business, and Carrington

became Mrs. Fane's general adviser and agent. It was wonderful how familiar they grew. His grave, calm manner inspired confidence; his unspoken and kindly-felt sympathy seemed to supply the lack of old acquaintance; and, spoiled as Mrs. Fane had been by admiration and flattery, she had seldom enjoyed any triumph so satisfactory as the gradual disappearance of the distrustful, disapproving expression which originally attracted her notice, and which was replaced by a wistful and at times almost pained look, when his eyes dwelt upon her.

"And what does that Colonel Carrington do with himself now? Why is he staying on here when his ankle is all right?" asked Mrs. Bayley, three or four days after her accident, in a tone half-querulous, half-jesting. "Oh, he makes himself most useful, and he plays golf with Kenneth Morton and Violet."

"Hum! And gazes at you, I suppose, still, as if about to pass a sentence of death for your many crimes." "No, I suppose he has got used to my enormities," said Mrs. Fane, laughing. "You don't think you ever saw him before?"

"No, I don't think I ever did. I must remind him of someone he disliked, or—"

"I can give you the key to the riddle if you like," interrupted Mrs. Bayley. "But can you?"

"I can tell you the spy of your husband, sent no doubt to find out how ever he can against you; and I consider it mean and ungentlemanlike to worm himself into your confidence to betray you."

"But when there is nothing to betray," interrupted Mrs. Fane, in her turn, and greatly surprised. "Mrs. Bayley has suggested this idea, Mrs. Bayley!"

"He himself told Sir Frederic that he knew Colonel Fane well, and he was evidently full of curiosity about you; then he has sought you so persistently."

Mrs. Fane did not reply for a minute, during which she sat with her clasped hands resting on her knee, the color slowly rising in her cheek. Could this be the sole reason of Carrington's marked devotion? for she alone perceived to the full how absorbed he was in her—and she had never before been so fascinated as she was by the mixture of romance and yielding to her irresistible attraction which he betrayed. Never before had she been conscious of the same curious, tacit, mutual understanding with anyone as it was possible that all this delightful secret harmony could be the mask of mere espionage? No! Whatever Carrington's object in seeking her, he could not stoop to be a detective, even for friendship's sake. Might he not think it wise and advisable to reconcile those whom God had joined together, though, thought Mrs. Fane, there was very little heavenly influence about my marriage."

Mrs. Bayley kept a watchful silence, thinking that Mrs. Fane's rising color indicated deep resentment. "I do not see why we should be displeased with Colonel Carrington, even supposing he is an emissary of my husband," she said at last, "nor why we should think him an enemy and a spy. His wish may be to reconcile us, and that, though impossible, is not reprehensible."

ELECTRIC SLEEP.

Use of Current Produces Somnolence and Anaesthesia. Some months ago S. Ledus described how, with ten to thirty volts, and with currents interrupted 150 to 200 times per second, the inhibition of the cerebral hemispheres could be brought about in animals, thus producing sleep and a general anaesthesia. The procedure had the disadvantage of producing at first contraction and convulsions, raising the pressure of the blood, producing the evacuation of the bladder and the intestine, and momentarily stopping respiration.

Those disadvantages are largely remedied by introducing into the circuit an inductance resistance allowing the operator to attain the necessary intensity gradually in three to five minutes. This method requires a preliminary introduction of the maximum electromotive force, but this should be put as low as possible. When the electromotive force is then gradually raised to the necessary figure, the animal passes gently and gradually, without a movement of defense, or light, without a cry, and without any change in the movements of respiration or heart action, from the waking state into a quiet and regular sleep, with absolute anaesthesia. The dog at first bows his head as if sleepy, sits down, lies down on its side, eventually goes to sleep without having given the least sign of fear or pain.

Thatched Roofs in London.

Every cabman knows that there is a Thatched House in St. James' street, although the name is a bare tradition of a long departed roof. Like wooden houses, thatched roofs are rare in London.

There is a beautiful specimen in Camberwell Grove, not far from Camberwell Green. Standing back from the street, it is imbedded in the richest foliage and clad in ivy. The thatching is of ancient date, in good repair and evidently the work of a highly skilled thatcher. At the beginning of the grove is a very old inn called the Plow, which retains all the main features with which it was invested some 300 years ago.—London Evening Standard.

WISE PARENTS

Guard Their Children's Health by Giving Them Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

The health of the growing boy or girl should be carefully guarded. During the growing time there is a danger of the blood becoming poisoned and the health seriously impaired. The blood should be kept pure and the child will grow strong, healthy and active. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are an ideal tonic for the young. They never fail to bring color to the pale cheeks and strength to the growing body. To a reporter of L'Avenir du Nord, Mr. Jos. Provost, of St. Canute, Que., tells how these pills saved his daughter Marie from a life of misery. He says: "A year ago my daughter, a girl of thirteen, was very weak. She was so ill that I feared she was going into consumption. Though I tried every remedy after remedy she remained in this weak state for several months, and I began to think she never would get better. I read of the good Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had been in a case of anaemia, so got some for her. Soon she began to improve, her appetite returned, she grew strong; color came into her cheeks and to-day she is as healthy as any young girl could be. I firmly believe Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved her life."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are equally successful in bringing those of mature age back to health as they are in building up the young. They make pure, red blood—that is why they banish anaemia, rheumatism, St. Vitus dance, heart palpitation, indigestion and the secret ills of girlhood and womanhood. But you must get the genuine, bearing the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper around each box. All other so-called Pink Pills are imitations. If your medicine dealer does not keep the genuine pills they will be sent at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Mystery of a Philadelphia Doctor's Laboratory.

When I was a young woman I was seamstress in the family of Doctor B., who was one of the most prominent and ablest doctors in Philadelphia; his home was a three-story house in Walnut street, below Tenth, and was built, as were most of the houses at that time, with a back stairway which practically cut the house in two. On the second floor was a large bathroom, and adjoining this the doctor had a smaller room fitted up as a laboratory. There were three rooms on the upper floor, one mine, the other two occupied by the cook and housemaid.

Like most young girls I was intensely afraid of the laboratory, and usually ran past it, holding my breath and keeping my eyes shut tight; the older women had told me tales of the grewsome contents of the bottles and jars on the shelves; of the skeleton of a man hanging in a glass case; of skulls of notorious criminals and the thousand and one things that only mean horror to a young girl. Only once did I look into this chamber of horrors, and that was on a clear winter's afternoon, when I had run upstairs for something forgotten. But I had a detached chamber at the opposite side of the room. This door, I learned, opened on a narrow staircase which ran down the opposite wall of the house into the yard.

When I reached my room at night I was usually too tired to worry much about what might be going on in the room below me. One night in the winter I was even more than usually tired. I looked my door as usual, fastened my one window, which looked into the yard, turned out the gas and got into bed, but had not slept long when I heard some one call, "Mary! oh, Mary!" in such a troubled voice that I thought it must be the cook or housemaid taken suddenly ill. I jumped out of bed and answered, "Yes, I'm coming! What's wanted?" I opened my door and looked into the hall, but could see no one; nobody was about on my floor.

I decided I had been dreaming, went into my room again, fastened my door and got into bed, determined to go to sleep at once. I lay with my face toward the wall when some insistent and irresistible force compelled me to turn toward my door. A light was always burning in each hall of the house and there was sufficient coming through the transparency over my door for me to see clearly all the familiar objects in my room. As I looked I saw distinctly a woman standing as though she had just come through the door, though I knew it was locked. She had on a white bed gown, quite short (for I could see her white stockings and black cloth low shoes), a black petticoat and a little gray shawl across her shoulders. Her hair was white and her face was the most pitiful I had ever seen; it was pallid and wasted as though with a long sickness, and as I looked at her she wrung her poor, thin hands and said: "Mary, oh! Mary! don't let them!" and that was all.

I jumped from my bed again, lighted the gas and turned to see what she wanted me to do, but she was gone. My door was fastened, so was my window, and there was no other way to get in or out of my room. I again went into the hall, but it was silent and empty.

There was no more sleep for me that night, and I determined to leave my place. Next morning I went down stairs about 5 o'clock, and as I passed it I noticed that the door of the laboratory was open. Impelled by the same force which drew my eyes toward my door the night before, I went to the door and looked in. And there lay the woman I had seen in my room. Save that her eyes were shut she was as I had seen her, dressed in the short white gown, the white stockings and the low cut cloth shoes, with the same pitiful white face framed in white hair. I ran screaming from the room, and the cook brought the doctor to attend me, for I went into a violent fit of hysterics.

I left my place that day, but I have always wondered who that poor soul was. The cook said she had died of a fine disease and her body had been

brought to the doctor's house for dissection. Was she disassembled when they brought her there and placed her in the tub, and did her soul have a tenderness for the body that had cradled it so long, and have a horror of its being dissected? Why had she come to me, a stranger? I have never found an answer to any of these questions.

The Cheerful Invalid

If there is one individual more misunderstood than another he is probably the cheerful invalid. He is generally more or less popular with nurses because he is less trouble than a growler. The other patients naturally take to him because he, being so little trouble, gives them an opportunity of being a little extra troublesome. Also, as he becomes well they look to him to do the numerous little jobs they can't think of, which is no light task, for an ordinary invalid can think of a lot of things for the cheerful invalid to do.

The very term "cheerful invalid" is a misleading one. The fact is the apparent cheerfulness is a symptom of his complaint. The more sick some people become the more humorous they seem to get. I do myself. I remember once lying in bed in a boarding house. The reason I lay there on this occasion was because I was so sick I got up. At last I heard the welcome sound of the boarding mistress coming to see what was the matter. Mentally I prepared an accurate account of my sufferings. It was valueless, no sooner did I begin to repeat them than I found myself utterly unable to do so.

The boarding mistress talked for a while of cases like mine which had ended fatally. Of course I began to think I was practically dead, and to feel like anyone would under the circumstances. The more funny were the jokes that poured through my mind. The boarding mistress thought she was doing me good, and went over all the sicknesses she knew which at all resembled mine. At last she said she'd have to go, and that I was to be sure and come down for dinner. She added that she thought I must be starving. I was, but instead of saying so I made a most witty remark, and had the satisfaction of seeing her hurry away laughing and knowing that all chance of ten and toast was gone.

I've often wondered how I got well. For two hours I lay in a state of wretchedness, unable to make up my mind whether to order a doctor, surgeon or optician, or simply save the middleman and see the undertaker at once. I don't know that I should have decided on anything funny by chance raised my head from the pillow. Instead of violent shooting pains all was peaceful. This gave me hope. I put one leg out of bed and didn't feel a bit dizzy. Then I stuck the other out, and at that moment the boarding mistress entered on the scene. "Come along, dinner's almost ready," I got up at once, and opened the door. "Mrs. Fitzharris," I called, "I'm feeling better; I'll be down at once." After that I felt sure I was well again; perhaps it was indigestion, but if I had anything funny I'd got right back to bed, because experience has taught me that a joke is as significant in my case as a temperature of 104 degrees would be in anyone else's.

I've seen the same thing in other people. Just so long as anyone is with them they are as cheerful as their visitors. Frequently more so, because people who come to see anyone who is rich try to be cheerful and always fail. The cheerful invalid, on the other hand, tries to be serious and becomes at once frivolous in everything he says. When the visitors are gone he lies in despair, wondering why he didn't ask them for half a dozen oranges, a plug of chewing or a book, according to his tastes.

There's a friend of mine who never makes mistakes of this description. Fortunately for everyone else, he is rarely rich. When he is, he selects the most comfortable lounge, lies on it and groans aloud. It may only be a trifling headache; it makes no difference. He groans and groans until he loughs himself tired to do something to relieve him.

Having brought them to this state he just succeeds in gasping out directions to each of them and begins groaning worse than before. The result is the supper table is weighed down with invalids' requests. He usually first complains about 3 p. m. He is still groaning when they gather round him and coax him to sit up to the table just for a cup of tea.

In an hour he has eaten all the delicacies, and in fact, no matter how well a man might be excused for hoisting back exhausted on the lounge and groans steadily until bedtime, generally blaming those who prepared the delicacies for having made him worse.

Next morning invariably finds him well again, and at breakfast he frankly admits he's tired of lying groaning on the lounge and that that is why he is well again.

Now, that's a sensible way of being sick. How different the care of the cheerful invalid. People either admire him or don't believe there is much the matter with him. Nobody feeds him or prepares invalids' dishes for him, as they do for the groaner. Yet I think the so-called cheerful invalid is the most wretched. The groaner must think it a great joke—even if his head does ache a little—he must feel it is almost worth it to see the fun. He knows that the other man doesn't know—that a rich sick man cannot afford to smile when there is anyone in the room. More especially is this the case in a boarding-house.

It would pay anyone to learn to groan in a heart-rending way. It would need practice, but it would be worth it when the works were out of order. Of course a person would have to keep a look-out that they didn't send for the ambulance. It's only right to mention that my friend was in his own home, which might make a difference in these kinds of cases.

Malicious Husband. She—Did my voice fill the salon, at the musicale? He—Apparently—and the dining-room and smoking-room, too, as everybody fled there.—Translated from Transatlantic Tales from I Motta per Riders.

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