

His Mirror Told Him of Exhausted Condition

Mr. R. Paulin, Toutes Aides, Man., writes: "I became so run down and weak that my heart became affected, and I would sometimes have to remain in bed for several days. Some one advised me to use Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, so I did, and soon began to gain in weight and feel better. I have taken a great many boxes of these wonderful pills, and am feeling ten years younger. Dr. Chase's Medicines, as well as his Receipt Book, are a great help to us, for we live 40 miles from doctors and railroads."

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The Imprisoned Heiress —OR— The Spectre of Egremont.

CHAPTER XIV.

"Oh, I dare say everybody who knows him does love him," replied Toplift, somewhat puzzled by the mood and manner of her young mistress. "He speaks kindly to every one, and he is as rich as any lord has need to be; and he is handsome."

"His eyes were so beautiful!" said the Lady Almee, dreamily. "When he looked at me for that minute it seemed to me that I was looking into the heart of one of those panthers, such as are in the flower-pot yonder. And his hair, Dorcas, was so very fair—yet not too fair. He has a spirited face—"

"But what of it, my pet?" cried the governess, uneasily. "What is it to you or me how Lord Ashcroft looks?"

The maiden started as though she had been rudely aroused from a dream and a soft flush, like the faint pink tinge of a sea-shell, crept into her cheeks, and her dusky eyes drooped with a sweet confusion she had never before experienced.

"I don't know that he is anything to me, Dorcas," she answered, "but he looked so brave and grand—just as if he could have done those noble deeds that Sir Walter Scott's heroes did."

"I presume he might; the Ashcrofts are a brave race. But his looks or his deeds are nothing to you or me. His lordship has come to Egremont to visit the Lady Alexina, to whom he is betrothed."

The pink flush died out of the sweet young face of Almee, and her eyes showed a slightly troubled expression but her serenity was not disturbed. She murmured, softly:

"He is to wed the Lady Alexina! It seems to me she has everything, Dorcas. She is free to do as she likes. You spoke once of her horse. How delightful it must be to ride in the fresh air, through the woods and plantations! And Egremont belongs to her; and now she is going to have Lord Ashcroft for a husband."

Toplift bent over her jewels for some moments in silence, as if planning a reply, and finally she said:

"You are murmuring against Providence, Lady Almee. Some have one lot and some have another. You have been so happy and contented all your life, that it seems strange to hear you complain now. I hope you don't envy the Lady Alexina?"

"No, I think I don't envy her advantages. I never saw her, Dorcas. Is she very beautiful?"

"Very; yet not so beautiful as you, my pet."

"Do you think me beautiful?" asked the young girl, innocently, full of

artless pleasure at the compliment.

"Certainly. You have rare beauty and loveliness, Lady Almee. The Lady Alexina cannot compare with you; yet she is very queenly, and will be much admired when she goes to court at Lady Ashcroft. She is darker than you and her hair is black, not bronze like yours, and her cheeks have more color in them."

"I wish I could see her!" murmured the maiden. "Perhaps she would love me, and be my sister."

"You can never see her to speak to her; but if you want to catch a glimpse of her, I dare say you can do so now. She is gone sailing with Lord Ashcroft and Mr. Indor."

Lady Almee sprang up lightly from the Indian couch on which she had been reclining, and her hands fluttered eagerly among the folds of the shutters. By drawing a cord two or three of the folds were drawn together, leaving quite a space free as a loop-hole, through which the maiden might make her observations.

She hastened to avail herself of it, her face and person being fully screened from the scrutiny of any one upon the sea.

"I see the yacht, Dorcas!" she cried joyfully, after a minute's survey of the waters. "There are four, yes, five persons in it; but I cannot see their faces. Please give me the glass."

The governess took up from a bracket an ivory-mounted sea-glass and handed it to the Lady Almee, who adjusted it and then looked long and earnestly through it.

"I can't see them," she said, at last putting down her glass; "the sail interrupts my view. But I saw a fair, handsome lady—"

"The Lady Lorean Ashcroft—Lord Ashcroft's sister. Only she is not handsome."

"She looked good, Dorcas. And I saw the boatman—the same I have seen so often. They are going up the coast now. Perhaps when they return I shall see them better."

She proceeded to pile up the Moorish cushions upon the couch, and when she had formed a throne sufficiently high for her purpose, she mounted it, and resumed her observations with unwearied patience.

"I should like to go with them, Dorcas!" she said, suddenly. "Do you think I shall have to remain shut up here always?"

"I don't know."

"I should like so much to wander in the gardens you have described to me, Dorcas. It must be pleasant to pluck the flowers from their beds in the earth, or see them growing, so

full of color and so healthy, as some of those mamma brings me. They fade and die in that dark drawing-room, for they don't like the lamplight. I wonder sometimes in the night, when you are asleep, what I could ever have done to be condemned to such an imprisonment, from the very hour of my birth, too. It would almost seem that I had no right to be born."

Instead of replying, Toplift arose and went into the drawing-room, lighted the chandelier, and seated herself to the perusal of a new novel, which had been already read by the Lady Almee. She was soon so absorbed in its contents as to quite forget her young charge, and the maiden resumed her day-dreaming.

She watched the yacht until it had passed beyond the range of her vision and kept her eyes fixed upon the spot at which it had disappeared until, some time later, it reappeared.

Then she applied herself to studying the faces of the excursionists through her glass.

There was now nothing to obstruct her view, and the features of the Lady Alexina were fully revealed to her. She could even see the haughty character of the heiress' countenance, and she felt chilled by it.

"I don't think I could love her," she murmured; "and I don't think she would love me."

She next regarded Lyle Indor, but his face was too mild and effeminate to look brave and spirited, so she looked at Lord Ashcroft, with a sudden blush, and an involuntary shyness of manner.

She gazed at him long and earnestly, smiling in sympathy when he gesticulated, uttering a cry of fear when he changed his seat, and bestowing upon him continually an admiring glance that would have delighted his lordship could he but have beheld it.

When the yacht had again passed out of sight, the excursionists nearing home, the Lady Almee dropped her glass, sank down upon the couch, and gave herself up to pleasant thoughts.

"Lionel!" she murmured, softly. "I wonder if he has forgotten me. I wonder if he thinks kindly of me. He must know that I am not the ghost of the Lady Alexina. I must tell him I am not, sometime, but I will be very careful not to betray mamma's secret. Lionel! How sweetly it sounds! Dear Lionel!"

As she linked his lordship's name to the endearing epithet, she looked around her, fearing that Toplift had heard her, and then buried her blushing face in the pillow.

CHAPTER XV.

The evening had long since fallen. In the little room of the hidden prisoner, Egremont the fire blazed merrily, lighting up the chamber with a pleasant radiance. The firelight played upon the blue silk hangings on the wall, over the gorgeous carpet, and upon the couch of dusk-gold, which was now unoccupied. It flickered also over the face and form of the Lady Almee, who, seated in her fauteuil, was now and then dreamily touching the strings of her guitar, which lay in her lap.

The lamps were not lighted—they were never brought into the boudoir—for the glow of the fire was far pleasanter.

The door opening into the drawing-room was closed, and in the latter apartment, by the full light of the chandelier, Toplift sat reading.

The Lady Almee had spent the evening in solitude. She preferred her own society to that of her governess, for she had gained new food for reflection.

The last three days seemed to her to have been crowded with events.

Twice she had for a few minutes escaped from the surveillance of her jailer; she had seen a man handsome and nobler than any her imagination had ever pictured; and to-day she had not only beheld him again, but had seen the Lady Alexina, of whom she had heard and thought so much.

(to be continued.)


"Yule logs" for the Christmas feast are rolls of sponge cake iced with chocolate and dotted with white icing to represent snow.

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HIS DAUGHTER.

He has a daughter young and fair Who runs her fingers through his hair Stroking with a gentle hand his cheek And bends into his ear to speak; Then whispers low—"well, can't you guess? Something about another dress."

Again she lies across his knee, Affectionate as love can be, Hears his great heart beat, soft and low, And whispers: "Dad, I love you so! So good, and brave, and wise you are! I'd really like to own a car."

When he comes weary from the town, Sometimes she brings him his slippers down, Draws up his footstool and his chair, And makes him comfortable there, Then whispers words to him not strange: "Dear dad, I need some extra change."

A daughter's love! Oh, gift divine! Two lovely arms that gently twine About his neck, two hands that play And brush the stains of care away; Brown, innocent and lustrous eyes That flirt with dad, so old and wise.

Artful and cunning! Aye, 'tis true, Decent work for love to do; Yet just as artful is the dad Who spends his years to make her glad. He gratified her slightest whim And lets her think she's fooling him.

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Johnson, with three friends, was driving at a great speed on the highway near Elgin, when the wheels of the car became locked, causing it to roll over into a ditch.

Johnson was cut about the face and suffered other injuries, which will keep him in the hospital for several weeks.

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