

SIR WILLIAM'S WILL

"You don't realize, Mollie, dear," said Clytie, "that this—this prosperity of ours is only transient, that it will soon come to an end."

"Oh, yes, I do," retorted Mollie cheerfully. "Knowing you as well as I do, I'm quite aware that your virtuous but extremely inconvenient conscience will probably draw the curtain and shut out this gleam of sunshine; but meanwhile, the sun is shining, and like the butterflies and ephemera—what is it?—the ephemera, I mean—to enjoy it. Will you come and meet me? This morn'g I showed you in the stable the other day will suit you admirably. It is perfectly quiet—oh, I beg your pardon, dear. I forgot that you used to ride in the old days when we were the Bramleys, of Bramley. As we are now," she added, with her chin up-lifted.

Clytie shook her head.

"I can't," she said, glancing through the open window wistfully. "I have so many letters to write, so much to do."

"The duties and responsibilities of wealth and position," said Mollie. "You are young, my dear Clytie; and the great fault of youth is to take duties and responsibilities too seriously. But you will grow out of it. When you grow as old as I am—"

She was leaning up against the bureau, and Clytie took the round, girlish face in her hand and kissed it; getting a lock of the rough red hair into her eye for her pains.

"How untidy you are, Mollie, my child!" she remonstrated.

"I am, I am," assented Mollie shamelessly. "The great aim of my young life is to act as a foil to my elder sister. You are beautiful—nay, lovely," as the old-fashioned novelists say—I am plain; you are refined and graceful. I am vulgar and raffish; you are all the virtues compact—modesty, conscientiousness, womanly, with lofty ideas—I have, thank goodness! no conscience; I am the most selfish little pig that ever was out of a sty, and I have—thank goodness again!—no ideals. You would sacrifice everything to your sense of right, would give up—all this," she looked round the beautiful, richly appointed room comprehensively, "and lie on a bed of straw, like the historic Marjory Daw, if you thought it was your duty to do so. I revel in this luxury, in this new-found luxury, enjoy a dinner of seven courses, served by the immaculate Sholes and his satellites; I like having plenty of horses and carriages; I love my little room," as Tennyson says, and I could write a poem about it as he did; I like having a maid like Susan, who waits on me hand and foot and presses my hair while she braids it—the audacious hypocrite! in fact, I am of the earth, earthy, of the world worldly; while you, my dear Clytie, float in the heavens above me, and are an angel fit for paradise, a girl who is too good for this terrestrial sphere."

Clytie laughed and pushed her away for Mollie had twined her thin young arm about Clytie's neck.

"Oh, go for your ride!" she exclaimed. "You'd talk the hind leg off a donkey."

"That is the first sensible remark I have heard you make since we came," Mollie declared. "No, no, don't spoil it! Exit Mollie. Quick curtain!"

When Mollie had gone, with the kitten and a tornado behind her, Clytie returned to her labors. It seemed to her that all the weight of the world had descended upon her shoulders. She had no idea that the Bramley estate was so vast, and that the duties which devolved upon even a temporary owner were so heavy. A temporary owner!

That was the trouble. All her friends, the old friends of the Bramleys—the Danbys of the Folly, the Winchfields of the Grange, the Chillingfords of the Mount—all the county families who had called upon her to

congratulate her—had insisted upon regarding her as the mistress of Bramley. They had ignored or waived aside the pregnant conditions of Sir William Carton's will. They had taken it for granted that she would comply with the conditions, and would marry Sir Wilfrid Carton whenever he turned up, and so end the invidious aspect of things. And, of course, he would turn up when he learned how he stood. They all—Sir Richard Danby Lady Winchfield, the Chillingfords—all took it for granted that she, and Sir Wilfrid would make a match of it, and that, he baronet, and the son of Sir William, and she, the daughter and representative of the old family, would rule at the Hall and reign over the destinies of the farmers, the laborers, the innumerable persons attached to the estate.

So convinced, assured were they that Clytie had found it hopeless, impossible, to contest their dicta, their conviction. And not only the county families and her personal friends, but the tenants of the estate, even the Bramley come back to her own. Sir William had been all very well; but it had been impossible for them to regard him as anything but an interloper as a self-made man who by sheer force of money had been able to oust the ancient family from their seat. Sir William had been by no means an unkind landlord and master; indeed, on occasions he had been generous; but he had never gained the heart of the people, which had clung faithfully to their old lords and masters.

Wherever Clytie went, she was received with smiles of welcome and gratification; and though she had gone far as to tell some of the older tenants that she was only the temporary mistress of the Hall, they had smilingly waived the assertion aside, had refused to receive it.

"Why, miss, it would be a sin and a shame for you to go away again," said old Farmer Butley, whose family for generations had held under the Bramleys' without a lease or agreement of any kind. And though Clytie had sighed and shaken her head and tried to reason with him, the stout and loyal old man had courteously but firmly declined to accept her contradiction.

Old Butley's words clung to her, as such words have a trick of doing, and she was thinking of them now, as finding it impossible to write, she passed out of the window and stood on the wide terrace, from which a grand and extensive view of the park and distant hills could be seen. She knew that she was growing to love the old place with a love of which her early girlhood would not have been capable. It was the home of her ancestors, and it seemed part and parcel of herself. She loved every one of the people, was never so happy as when she was among them; and also could not but feel that they were fond of her for they treated her as a friend, told her not only of their troubles and failures, but of their joys and successes; and, what is more, expected her to sympathize with them.

Notwithstanding the spread of democracy, the feudal spirit still exists and burns brightly and warmly, not only in Scotland, where it flourishes, but in the remotest districts of England; and in the rural and agricultural parts of Bramley the people regarded Clytie as their head and chief; a paragon, not only to be looked up to with respect and something of awe, but as chief upon whose sympathy and assistance they had a just and inalienable claim. There was nothing servile in their conviction or their manner. It was a fair exchange; not a few of their forefathers had followed Clytie's into battle and laid down their lives with their chiefs; and these, their sons and daughters, had, perhaps unconsciously, inherited the old feudal spirit.

Every farm, every cottage, was open to Clytie and Mollie, who were always sure of a welcome, and the best that the house afforded; but the simple, old-fashioned people felt that the Hall was open to them, that it was a sure place of refuge to which, now that the Bramleys were there again, they could fly when in trouble and distress. Scarcely a day had passed since her return to Bramley, but Clytie had been summoned to the hall or to the huge kitchen to see some one who needed her assistance and sympathy. And how readily she had given them! The applicants had gone away with hearts brimming over with gratitude, not only for the money, the food, the clothing they had asked, but for the tender, compassionate words murmured by the sweet voice, for the pressure of the small, warm hand, the true sympathy.

"Why there was tears in her eyes as she listened to me, God bless her!" one woman had said, as she went away from the Hall, cheered and encouraged; and her words spread through the place as such words will do. Little wonder that Clytie's heart ached as she looked round her; for in a few months she would have to leave the place and the people she loved, and Sir Wilfrid Carton would reign in her stead. What sort of man was he? she asked herself. Of course, there had been bad and worthless Bramleys, spendthrifts, gamblers, men of loose lives, who had embarrassed and impoverished the estate and had neglected the people. Was Sir Wilfrid one of these? He had spent a wild and roving life, had been regarded as an outcast and a pariah; must have passed the great part of his days with other outcasts and pariahs of bad character. How was it possible that he should be fit to reign at Bramley? She had a faint, very faint, recollection of him; a boy

with more than the usual boy's spirits, and an audacity which was always leading him into mischief and causing trouble with his father. She could picture him, and not uncharitably under the circumstances, grown into a reckless man, rough in manner, loud of speech, with all the consequences of his wild life clinging to him and rendering him unfit to be master of Bramley.

And where was he? Why did he not come home and put an end to her suspense? There had been plenty of time for him to answer in person Mr. Grainger's pressing and almost peremptory letter; but Sir Wilfrid Carton had not come, still remained the insubstantial figure about which she tormented herself.

As she dwelt upon the perplexing thing, Mollie rode round. Her hair was flying in the wind, her young face was radiant, as she fought with the high-spirited horse, which was dancing on the smooth gravel drive, tossing its head and threatening to rise. But Mollie was evidently not afraid; and she disengaged one gauntleted hand and waved it to Clytie.

"Ripping!" she cried, in her girlish voice. "Why didn't you come? You look like a picture in one of the summer numbers—the chateaux, or something of that sort. By-by!"

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Sir Wilfrid did not come, for the best of all reasons. His father's letter had not reached him. Hesketh Carton had taken care that it should not do so. For some time before Sir William's death, Hesketh had command of the key of the post-box; and every evening before it was dispatched he had carefully gone over its contents; for he knew enough of human nature to be aware that Sir William would relent toward his only son and child and write the letter which would bring him home; and when his knowledge was justified, and Sir William had written, Hesketh had, of course, abstracted the letter from the bag, read it, and destroyed it. Letters miscarry now and then; and it is always the important letters which go wrong.

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he was doing, he did it thoroughly, and won the commendation of Mr. and Mrs. Jarrow and the staunch adherence of Teddy.

He had another adherent in Mary Seaton. But he did not know this, for she rarely spoke to him, seemed scarcely to notice him; but her eyes followed him when he was not looking, and she aided and abetted Mrs. Jarrow in administering to his comfort. There were flowers on his rough dressing-table when he returned from one of his long rides; his well-worn clothes were brushed and darned; his favorite dish appeared at supper. Jack gave Mrs. Jarrow credit for these valued attentions; but it was Mary Seaton who had put the flowers in his room, brushed and mended his clothes, cooked or suggested the special dish, and she was simply rewarded when, as she waited at table, she heard Jack Douglas express his sense of Mrs. Jarrow's kindness, and out of the corner of her eye, watched him enjoying his food.

The wonderful air of the place, the wholesome life, the generous food had worked marvels in Mary Seaton. The lines had gone from her face, she had grown less thin, though she was still a slight and girlish figure, and her eyes were bright, though sometimes the shadow of her past trouble darkened them. Of that past she never even to Mrs. Jarrow. Indeed, she spoke but little, moving about her work in a silent, self-contained way. She was an admirable servant; and Mrs. Jarrow often declared to her husband that Jack Douglas was not only a treasure in himself, but had brought a treasure with him.

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Two Million Dollar Monument.

A \$2,000,000 Victory monument on the parkway is planned as a tribute by the women of Philadelphia to the memory of the men and women who served in the war for democracy.

STOMACH TROUBLE

Comes When the Blood is Weak and Watery.

Thin blooded people generally have stomach trouble. But they seldom recognize the fact that thin blood is the cause of their indigestion, but it is.

Thin blood is one of the most common causes of stomach trouble; it affects the digestion very quickly. The glands that furnish the digestive fluids are diminished in their activity, the stomach muscles are weakened and there is a loss of nerve force. In this state of health nothing will more quickly restore the appetite, digestion and normal nutrition than good, rich, red blood.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills act directly on the blood, making it rich and red, and this enriched blood strengthens weak nerves, stimulates tired muscles, and awakens to normal activity the glands that supply the digestive fluids. The first sign of returning health is an improved appetite, and soon the effect of these blood-making pills is evident throughout the whole system. You find that what you eat does not distress you, and that you are strong and vigorous instead of irritable and listless. You are on the road to sound, good health and care in your diet is all you need. If your appetite is fickle, if you have any of the distressing pains and symptoms of indigestion you should begin to cure yourself at once by taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

These pills are sold by all dealers in medicine or you can get them by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

MAKES THE WHITEST LIGHTS

ROYAL NEAST CAKES

QUICK PURE

Wm. Gillett Company Limited
TORONTO, CANADA

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As she dwelt upon the perplexing thing, Mollie rode round. Her hair was flying in the wind, her young face was radiant, as she fought with the high-spirited horse, which was dancing on the smooth gravel drive, tossing its head and threatening to rise. But Mollie was evidently not afraid; and she disengaged one gauntleted hand and waved it to Clytie.

"Ripping!" she cried, in her girlish voice. "Why didn't you come? You look like a picture in one of the summer numbers—the chateaux, or something of that sort. By-by!"

As she galloped off, Clytie sighed. It would be hard on Mollie when it came to leaving Bramley; for the child would persist in living as if they were there permanently.

Oh, why did not Sir Wilfrid come?

Sir Wilfrid did not come, for the best of all reasons. His father's letter had not reached him. Hesketh Carton had taken care that it should not do so. For some time before Sir William's death, Hesketh had command of the key of the post-box; and every evening before it was dispatched he had carefully gone over its contents; for he knew enough of human nature to be aware that Sir William would relent toward his only son and child and write the letter which would bring him home; and when his knowledge was justified, and Sir William had written, Hesketh had, of course, abstracted the letter from the bag, read it, and destroyed it. Letters miscarry now and then; and it is always the important letters which go wrong.

Mr. Grainger's letter was lying at Minton, which it had reached the day after Wilfrid's departure. So, in ignorance of his father's death and his bearings on his own life, Wilfrid Carton, otherwise Jack Douglas, pursued the more or less even tenor of his way at Parraluna, and every day was gaining a firmer hold on the affection and respect of the people there. In such a life the days, the weeks, the months roll by almost unnoticed. Sometimes Jack was boundary-running, at others he was working on the farm; but whatever

he was doing, he did it thoroughly, and won the commendation of Mr. and Mrs. Jarrow and the staunch adherence of Teddy.

He had another adherent in Mary Seaton. But he did not know this, for she rarely spoke to him, seemed scarcely to notice him; but her eyes followed him when he was not looking, and she aided and abetted Mrs. Jarrow in administering to his comfort. There were flowers on his rough dressing-table when he returned from one of his long rides; his well-worn clothes were brushed and darned; his favorite dish appeared at supper. Jack gave Mrs. Jarrow credit for these valued attentions; but it was Mary Seaton who had put the flowers in his room, brushed and mended his clothes, cooked or suggested the special dish, and she was simply rewarded when, as she waited at table, she heard Jack Douglas express his sense of Mrs. Jarrow's kindness, and out of the corner of her eye, watched him enjoying his food.

The wonderful air of the place, the wholesome life, the generous food had worked marvels in Mary Seaton. The lines had gone from her face, she had grown less thin, though she was still a slight and girlish figure, and her eyes were bright, though sometimes the shadow of her past trouble darkened them. Of that past she never even to Mrs. Jarrow. Indeed, she spoke but little, moving about her work in a silent, self-contained way. She was an admirable servant; and Mrs. Jarrow often declared to her husband that Jack Douglas was not only a treasure in himself, but had brought a treasure with him.

Now, the Jarrows owned another farm about forty miles from Parraluna. Jack had come upon it in the course of his boundary-riding and, with a quick and experienced eye, had seen that it was a desirable possession. The Jarrows, fully occupied with Parraluna, had allowed Silver Ridge to run to seed. The homestead had been permitted to fall into something like ruins and the fences were mostly down. Jack Douglas, surveying the place from horseback, had noticed the good lie of the land, the stream, which might almost have been called a river, that ran at the base; and with his experienced eye he saw the possibilities of the place. He mentioned these possibilities on his next return to Parraluna. Mr. Jarrow shrugged his shoulders.

"Too far off," he said. "Parraluna is quite as much as I can manage. But look here, Jack, if you're so sweet on Silver Ridge, I'll tell you what I'll do. If you like to run it, you shall do it on half-shares. What do you say, me-sus?"

Mrs. Jarrow nodded and laughed. "I say ditto," she said.

"All right," said Jack, in his easy-going way. "Done with you; and thank you! I'll take Silver Ridge in hand. Give me Teddy and two or three of the men here, and I'll see what can be done with it. I think you will find it valuable."

He lit his pipe and sauntered out to look round the place; and next day he started for Silver Ridge with Teddy and three of the hands.

As he was starting, Mary Seaton crossed the road. She glanced at him and, as if he felt the glare, Jack said:

"You're looking very well, Mary."

"Yes," she said, in a low voice.

She stood, as if hesitating, and her hand went toward the pocket of her dress; but, after a moment or two, she went on toward the cow-shed, without further speech.

Jack remained at Silver Ridge for nearly three weeks. And during these three weeks Teddy and the hands had a busy time of it. They repaired the homestead and buildings, set up the fences, and established the cattle. All the men were agreed that Silver Ridge was a promising place and worth their labor; and Jack rode home to Parraluna to make his report.

As he slipped from his horse in the stableyard, Mary Seaton approached him. Her face was white, her lips drawn tightly, and the eyes she lifted to him were full of self-reproach and appeal. One hand was held behind her back and as she brought it forward he saw that it held a newspaper.

"I want to give you this," she said, in tense tones. "A sundowner left it before you went away. You—you might like to see it."

"Thank you, Mary," he said. "Very kind of you. One doesn't get a chance of seeing a newspaper often." He stuffed the paper in his pocket and left it there when he changed.

The Jarrows were delighted with his report of the progress and promise of Silver Ridge.

"You will make a good thing of this, Jack," said Jarrow, with a chuckle.

"And he deserves it," remarked Mrs. Jarrow, as she piled Jack's plate.

He forgot the newspaper; but was reminded of it, when he went up to his room, by seeing it sticking from the pocket of his discarded jacket. He opened it and read it by the candle-light; and suddenly, the Jarrows, who had not yet gone to bed, were startled by a sharp cry; and a moment or two afterward, Jack Douglas stood before them with the paper clenched in his hand. His face was white, his eyes were wild with sorrow.

"I must go home. I have just seen—bad news. I must go back to England!"

(To Be Continued.)

When Cavalry Were Marines

The Llanero of South America lives on horseback, on foot, on horse, and on foot, and during the war with Spain the Llaneros contributed much toward achieving the independence of Venezuela and New Granada. There is related a story of an occasion when it was necessary for Bolivar's army to cross the Apure to engage Morillo. But Bolivar had no boats and the Apure at this point wide and deep.

The Spanish flotilla was guarding the river opposite to the patriot forces. Bolivar was in despair. Turning to Paez, he said "I would give the world to have the Spanish flotilla; without it I can never cross the river."

"It shall be yours in an hour," replied Paez.

Selecting 300 of his Llanero lancers, all distinguished for strength and

bravery, he said, pointing to the gun-boats, "We must have these fleechers or die. Let these fellows go please."

Spurring his horse he dashed into the river and swam toward the flotilla.

The Llaneros followed with their lances in their hands, now encouraging their horses by swimming beside them and patting their necks, now shouting to scare away the crocodiles, of which there were hundreds. At last they reached the other side and sprang from their horses back on board the boats headed by their leader. To the astonishment of everyone they actually captured the entire flotilla.

History has preserved the exploit of the French General, Pichegru, who, in the winter of 1797, led a brigade of cavalry across the ice against the allied fleet, frozen helpless in the Texel off the coast of Holland; but only family papers and local tradition preserve the memory of a somewhat similar deed of daring in our own revolutionary war. That was the capture and burning of two British ships at Alexandria, Va., by a squadron of cavalry, made up of Virginia patriots' home on furlough from Valley Forge during the winter of 1777-78. This account is preserved by a family of the name of Williams, descended from the Alexander family (from which the town got its name), who were leaders in that daring raid.

At that time Alexandria was the principal port of northern Virginia, for the deep water at its wharves permitted any seagoing vessel of that day to lie alongside. In February, 1778, two English ships, under convoy of a man-of-war, tied up at the wh