

## To Prove Our Claims

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## PARTED BY GOLD

"I like you," she said, "and Jack's a very pretty name, indeed. Oh, dear, what is that? What a beautiful horse, and what a grand man!"

And with childish delight she pointed to Jack's turnout which was packing up and down the street.

"Why it's yours!" she said. "I can see it is by the look of your mouth. Oh, you sly thing—what a beauty! Oh, it must be very nice to have a live horse like that, with such a beautiful tail."

He laughed. "I'll remember the tail if I want to sell him," he said, and that set her off into a thin silvery laughter, which floated like a cloud around the room and chimed in well with Jack's.

Before the concert had finished the door opened, and Mary blushing with health's beauty, ran in.

She stopped short, and looked confused at the sight of Jack, and his burden did not lessen his momentary embarrassment.

"Why, Mary," she cried, "what a time you have been! I shall dismiss you. I've got another donkey now—a stronger one."

And she laughed with loving malice.

Jack set her down on the chair and took Mary's hand.

"I fear you will think me an intruder—"

"You said that before!" was Pattie's inaudible comment.

"But I am anxious to see Mr. Montague and waited rather than go away without doing so."

"My father will be here shortly," said Mary, removing her bonnet and smoothing her bright brown hair. "We have been to the rehearsal and walked in the park for a while afterward. I am so sorry you have been kept waiting."

"And I'm not," said Pattie, decisively. "For he's been very amusing."

Mary glanced at the little figure and then up at Jack's face deprecatingly, but Jack reassured her with a smile.

"Your Pattie and I are the best of friends," he said. "She has consented to acknowledge me as a new slave, and I to regard her as my special tyrant."

### For Colds, Catarrh or Influenza



Do you feel weak and unequal to the work ahead of you? Do you still cough a little, or does your nose bother you? Are you pale? Is your blood thin, watery? Better put your body into shape. Build strong!

An old, reliable blood-maker and herbal tonic made from wild roots and barks, is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. This "nature remedy" comes in tablet or liquid form. It will build up your body, cure your cold, and protect you from disease germs which lurk everywhere. One of the active ingredients of this temperance alternative and tonic is wild cherry bark with stillingia, which is so good for the lungs and for coughs; also Oregon grape root, blood root, stone root, Queen's root, — all skillfully combined in the Medical Discovery.

These roots have a direct action on the stomach, improving digestion and assimilation. These herbal extracts in the "Discovery" aid in blood-making, and are best for scrofula. By improving the blood they aid in throwing off an attack of influenza.

Catarrh should be treated, first, as a blood disease, with this alternative. Then, in addition, the nose should be washed daily with Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

Send 10c for trial pkg. of Medical Discovery Tablets or Catarrh Tablets to Dr. Pierce, Inventor, Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y.

"Very fine," said Pattie. "Will you not sit down?" said Mary, and she touched Jack's chair.

He sat down, and Pattie looked from one to the other with infinite enjoyment.

Jack never could tell what they talked about, although he often tried to go over it again in after years; he he only knew that they did talk, all three of them first until Pattie fell gently asleep, and then Mary and he alone.

They talked more with their eyes perhaps, but anyway their hearts beat in unison, and the time flew by on the wings of a dove, and the dream was suddenly interrupted by the entrance of Mr. Montague.

He seemed distressed and agitated at finding Jack there, seated so comfortably and amicably by his children, but Jack's respectful, high-bred cordiality disarmed him.

Stopping to kiss his little elf, he turned his tired and still aristocratic face to the handsome young one of his visitor and prepared to listen.

Jack commenced rather nervously, and, perhaps to help him, Mary arose gently and placed some wine on the table.

Mr. Montague, reminded by this quiet act of the duties of hospitality, arose and poured him out a glass, then with another in his hand re-seated himself.

Jack felt that he must make a bold plunge, and commenced by saying that it was not fair to hide Mr. Montague's light beneath the bushel of an east-end theatre.

The pirate smiled slightly.

Jack warmed to his theme, and at last said:

"Well, sir, if you will accept of an engagement with the manager of the Theatre to perform at that theatre I am here commissioned by him to offer it to you."

The glass fell from Mr. Montague's hand with a crash, and he turned deadly pale.

Jack arose with alarm, that was considerably heightened by Mr. Montague covering his face with his hands and groaning, by Mary throwing herself upon her knees, and imploring him to tell her what was the matter, and by Pattie waking suddenly with a cry of alarm.

"For Heaven's sake!" said Jack, in the deepest distress, "what is the matter? Have I offended you? Have I—"

"No, no, no!" said Mr. Montague. "You are only too good. An engagement at the Theatre, it is my highest ambition. But—but—oh! unfortunate man. I have not an hour since signed a three years' engagement with the Signet for both Mary and myself!"

Jack was dumfounded. Here was an obstacle he had not foreseen.

"Three years!" he exclaimed.

"Ay, three years!" said the pirate, staring at the fire sadly. "It is my luck all over again. I have been an unfortunate man. You see in me one who was born to better things. I have lived in better days; little did I—could I think that I should receive a gentleman at such a place as this; and now, now fortune has smiled, it is too late, too late!"

"But," said Jack, gathering his wits together, "something can be done, surely. There must be some forfeiture to the deed."

"Yes, two hundred pounds!" said Mr. Montague, bitterly.

"Is that all?" said Jack, laughing outright. "Oh, come, a few well that ends well! Two hundred pounds! Why, a quarter's salary will repay that, and in the meantime you may allow me the honor of being your creditor."

In his imperious way he had taken out his cheque book, but Mary, with a deep blush, put out her hand.

"Stay!" she said. "Some arrangement may be come to with the manager of the Signet—"

He bowed over her hand.

"We will not take the trouble, Miss Montague," he said, with a chivalrous ring in his voice. "Mr. Montague shall be no sutor for such a favor. He has forfeited the sum and we will pay it. I am not ashamed to offer it."

You will not refuse to take it as a debt."

Before they could stop him he strode to the table and, dragging the inkstand toward him—for the other two seemed determined not to help him—he drew a cheque for two hundred pounds.

"There," said he, with respect, "you will honor me? Do not fear. I'm Shylock, I shall demand repayment. And now I must go. Miss Pattie will have grown tired of me by this time," and he leaned over her with his frank true smile.

She put up one of her tiny hands, and drew his face down a little lower, then kissed him.

"Good-bye," she said. "Jack's the prettiest name in the world."

With that child-angel's kiss upon his cheeks the man of fortune and fashion stood outside, his face turned toward the sky, his hat still in his hand and the peaceful purity of a Sabbath upon his heart.

CHAPTER VIII

Jack believed in the goodness, virtue and the gentleness of women to a Quixotic extent.

He believed in his cousin, Lady Maud, as the queen of womankind (next to a fairy before mentioned), and it was only natural that he should desire to take her into his confidence. He wanted to tell her of his difficulty, to enlist her sympathies for Gentle Mary, to bring Mary herself to her, and watch while the queenly Lady Maud folded her to her bosom and vowed to love her.

Poor Jack! if he could only have gone to the grave with such Arcadian simplicity!

"I know she'll love her; Maud has such a tender heart herself, she will like Mary just for my sake, then love her for her own. Hang me, if I don't go straight on and tell her all!"

"Where to?" said the groom, plaintively, as he stood at the horses' head.

"Oh! ay! oh!" said Jack, self-reproachfully, "you haven't had any dinner yet, have you, Tom? Well, drive home first. There, run and get yourself a glass of ginger brandy and I'll keep him walking till you catch me up."

The man touched his hat gratefully, and went for the cordial, telling the people at the bar, with allowable pride, what a good-hearted gov'nor he'd got.

So Jack drove home and pretended to eat a hearty meal, but he was too anxious to reach the villa to do much more than chase the piece of pigeon around his plate and sip the amon-tillado.

Then he set out to walk, and reached the villa five minutes after Beaumont had left it.

Lady Maud was in the drawing-room, comfortable and charming as ever. There was a slight flush in her eyes that had Jack been a keener reader of woman's looks, he would have known meant danger; but, filled with his own happiness, he took these as signs of hers, and wrung her lily-white hand in his great strong one with a heartiness that told her everything.

"He has just come from her! I know it," she thought. "I can see it in his face. Oh, blind idiot! He has come fresh from her and looks thus?"

Then aloud:

"And so you have come to pity my loneliness. Aunt is asleep in her boudoir. Shall I call her?"

"Not just yet," said Jack, seating himself before the fire and looking around the splendid room with a smile, as he contrasted it with the simple comfort of the one he had visited in the morning. "Not just yet. We will sit tete-a-tete for a while, sweet cousin. And what have you been doing—reading or spider-walking?"

"What is that?" she said, seating herself opposite him and thinking over her plan while she turned the glory of her fine eyes with an open kindness upon him.

"Crochet," he said. "I do hate

know that—that she is what you describe her?"

"How can she be anything else?" asked her ladyship, with serene scorn. "An actress at a low theatre! Oh! Jack, can there be anything more degrading?"

"Yes, a thousand things," said Jack, hotly, and would have added—only that the creature sitting opposite him was a leopardess and not a leopard—the mind that has no charity," but he stopped short and Lady Maud ran on:

"It seems," said she, "that he has been to a place called the Swan—no, the Signet—at the East-end of the town and seen her there."

Jack uttered an exclamation, and Lady Maud stopped.

"What is the matter?" said she.

"Nothing," he said, rather hoarsely. "Go on."

"She is a fairy or a nymph, or something else equally disgraceful with a pretty face perhaps and a cunning tongue. Still, I cannot understand a man of intellect like Beaumont being deceived. However she came to cast a glamor over his eyes I cannot conceive."

"What is her name?" asked Jack, brokenly.

"I do not know," said Lady Maud. "Of course Mr. Beaumont did not tell me all this, but I am quick and read it."

"How?" asked Jack.

"The other day he mentioned the place, the Signet. I fancied there was something embarrassing about his tone of voice and asked him some questions. He confessed then that there were some pretty girls there, that he had—oh! Jack, I cannot go on with the absurdity. I am ashamed of him."

Jack sat silent, his heart beating fast.

What was this actress? Could it be Mary?

The green-eyed monster leaped-up in to his heart and turned the room spin-

ning.

Lady Maud's next words aroused him.

"He is an old friend of aunt's," she said, sadly, "and, Jack, help me to save him from this, I have such a regard for him."

"What would you do?" he asked.

"I don't know," she pondered, looking at the fire and rejoicing at the way in which her scheme was progressing. "I cannot tell until I see her. And to do that I must go to the theatre."

Jack was nearly bursting out again at the shudder of horror that accompanied these words.

"You must?" he said, sternly.

"I must?" she repeated, "and, Jack, I think I should not mind going so much if I went alone with you."

"With me?" he said in a low voice.

"Yes," she said. "Will you take me?"

He nodded.

"Then the sooner the better, she said. 'Will you take me to-night?'"

"Yes," he said; "but of what use will it be if you do not know which—"

which one it is—he—she—in love with?"

"Leave that to me," she said, with a smile of wisdom. "I shall discover. The principal thing is to see her."

"I will take you to-night," said Jack, rising and buttoning his coat. "No, I won't stay, thank you. Give my love to aunt. I shall be here at six."

And with averted gaze he shook hands and departed.

At six o'clock the brougham was at the door, and a minute or two afterward Jack in full evening dress stood beside it.

"Send word to your mistress that I am here," he said to the servant, "and that my shoes are too snowy to come in."

By that means he avoided Lady Maud's quick eyes and could keep his stern, grim face out of her sight for a little longer.

In a few minutes her ladyship appeared, beautiful as a passion flower, majestic as a queen.

She wore an evening dress, plain, but deep-hued, and of the richest material.

As he looked at her from his place beside the open carriage, he thought of the Queen or Sheba and groaned.

The journey—voyage, Lady Maud called it—was gone through almost in silence. When the carriage pulled up at the Signet her wonder was great.

"What a strange place, how brilliantly lighted! But, Jack, look there! What a horrid face!" and she gave vent to a long-drawn shudder.

"Come," said Jack, rather impatiently. "String your nerves, Maud. There are some more unwashed faces inside."

(To be continued.)



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these antimacassars. William, my man, will put them about my horse; his sister or his sweetheart makes them, I suppose, and he's bound to do something with them—and I get entangled in them; stuff them into my pocket for my handkerchief, and find them around my neck or over my head like a veil if I take a nap in any of the chairs."

"A martyr!" said Lady Maud. "No, I have had a visitor—Mr. Beaumont."

"Ah!" said Jack, and there came back to him the confession he was to make. "I saw Beaumont this morning."

"Did you?" said Lady Maud, innocently. "Well, he is a great friend of yours, is he not?"

"Yes," said Jack, heartily, "a great friend."

"I am almost sorry for it," said Lady Maud, commencing her battle by placing the artillery in position.

"Why?" said Jack.

"Because he is likely to give you some pain; he is making a very stupid blunder, Jack."

"Is he?" asked Jack. "I'm very sorry for that. What is it?"

"He is falling in love, or pretending to think he is, with an improper person."

"The deuce!" said Jack, innocently. "I shouldn't have thought it of Beaumont."

"Ah!" said Lady Maud, "I like him, don't you? He is so clever, and such good form."

"Yes," said Jack, not a bit jealous. "he is the best and cleverest fellow going. But what has he done, Maud?"

"Fallen in love with an actress!"

Jack started and stroked his mustache.

"A second-rate actress at some low theatre. At the East-end of London."

Jack started.

"What?" he said.

Lady Maud repeated her announcement with well-bred horror.

"Is it not shocking, so clever and handsome as he is, to throw himself on such a creature?"

"Creature!" repeated Jack, all in a maze and actually beginning to tremble. "Softly, Maud. How do you

know that—that she is what you describe her?"

"How can she be anything else?" asked her ladyship, with serene scorn. "An actress at a low theatre! Oh! Jack, can there be anything more degrading?"

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