

## A GIRL OF THE PEOPLE

By Mrs. C. N. Williamson

"Use the sal volatile again," directed a man's voice, which I seemed to know. It was this which convinced me that I must rouse myself. With an effort I opened my eyes, to look straight up into a face that brought back a whirling rush of recollections. Once more I was in the Lyceum Theater glancing curiously about, my gaze concentrating at last on the features of a man which appeared strangely dependable. Once more the thought was in my mind: "He would be a good man to ask if you needed help." Why, he had helped me twice! It was curious that I could remember occasions, but not the ways. Then everything flashed back to me.

I was in a plain room, not large, but stately compared to those I had known of late in Essex street. The walls were lined with books in dark bindings, that absorbed the light which came from a tall, green-shaded student lamp standing on an open desk. Near this desk I was lying in a deck-chair extended to its full length, while above me bent the face I knew and another face that was strange.

The latter wore round spectacles that gave the eyes a surprised look, and it had a small little nose which turned up in such a comical manner that I found myself smiling.

"How did I come here?" I asked, in a low, tired voice.

"It was the man who answered."

"In the cab. Just as I was waiting for your decision to know whether I was to go with you or to follow, you settled the question by fainting. So I brought you here, because I knew that Mrs. Jennett would take good care of you. And when I am sure that you are quite well I will go away."

"Somehow my heart sank at the last words. I did not want him to go away—though I took myself instantly to task for the feeling."

"You're as pale as a little ghost, miss," said Mrs. Jennett of the turned-up nose. "Drink this, won't you? I've been making it hot."

She held a cup to my lips, and I drank some chocolate, which tasted better than anything I had ever tasted before. I could feel the blood begin to flow more warmly through my chilled veins.

"And your clothing is soaked through and through, miss," went on Mrs. Jennett. "Would you be offended if I should offer you some things of mine till your own can be dried?"

"Of course not," I protested. "You are very kind. But I can't stay here to trouble you. I must be going soon."

"We'll talk to that again to-morrow," said she. "If you're strong enough to come to my room, I'll make you comfortable in ten minutes."

She slipped an arm behind my shoulder, and lifted me up. But as I tried to get on my feet, I discovered that I was not half as strong as I had hoped. Sparks fell in a shower before my eyes. I turned giddy, and would have sunk back again—for Mrs. Jennett was a little woman and could not give much help—had not the man caught me in his arms as if I had been a baby.

"Open the door," he said. Mrs. Jennett ran to obey, and before I could speak I found myself being carried upstairs. Another door was opened, and I was deposited in an easy-chair, near a clean, white bed.

"Lucky this was my day for changing the linen," I heard the little woman exclaiming. "Now everything's all ready for her just as it is."

"How do you feel?" asked the man, looking at me. In saving me from a fall and catching me in his arms to carry me here from the room below his coat-sleeve had been pushed back, and he spoke he pulled the white cuff and dark brown sleeve into place, his left arm still bared from above the wrist. My eyes fell upon it, and I gave a loud, startled cry.

"What is it? Have I hurt you?" he asked, quickly. By this time he had rearranged both sleeves, and, seeing it no more, I could hardly believe in the actual existence of the strange thing which I had caught sight of for an instant.

In my astonishment I had sat up, and continued to stare at him, my lips apart.

"Mrs. Jennett, make haste with the sal volatile!" he exclaimed. "I'm afraid that she will faint again."

But I gently pushed the sal volatile away which it was obediently presented to my nostrils. I could speak now.

"No, no," I said. "I'm not ill. But—"

And I looked straight up into the man's anxious face. "Tell me who you are?"

He laughed. "I ought to have told you that before," he replied. "But, you see, I had so little chance. My name is John Bourke."

"Yes, miss," proudly broke in Mrs. Jennett. "And he's the John Bourke. Oh, you may scowl and shake your head, Mr. Bourke—but only fancy her not knowing!"

I knew no more now than I had known before, since the name of John Bourke suggested nothing. All my thoughts were concentrated, however, not on what I heard, but what I had seen. He guessed this, and his eyes questioned mine in a puzzled way.

"Why did you cry out and suddenly ask for my name?" he demanded. "Don't tell me if you would rather not," he hastily added. "But—"

"I would rather tell!" I spoke on the impulse of curiosity, keen as the stab of a knife. "I cried out because I saw something strange on your arm. A heart-shaped scar."

## CHAPTER XIII.

John Bourke and a Lady.

John Bourke's face changed under my eyes. A slow flush rose to his forehead, and he slightly compressed his lips with an expression which was like the involuntary wince of a stormy, yet sensitive nature beneath an unexpected blow.

"Do you think that so strange?" he said. "I have got used to it. I have had it for a long time. But at present there's something much more important to think about than the scar on my arm; which is, for Mrs. Jennett to get you into dry clothes. It is late, and you are very tired. I shall leave you for to-night, and to-morrow mor-

## BACK-ACHE?

If you have Backache you have Kidney Disease. If you neglect Backache it will develop into something worse—Bright's Disease or Diabetes. There is no use rubbing and doctoring your back. Cure the kidneys. There is only one kidney medicine but it cures Backache every time—

## Dodd's Kidney Pills

ing, perhaps, you will let me call and see how you are."

I felt abashed, as if I had been guilty of an unwarrantable impertinence. He had spoken courteously and kindly, but it was plain that the subject of the heart-shaped scar was forbidden. I was more curious than ever; it even seemed to me that I had a right to my curiosity, if he knew all. But I instantly determined that I would not again ask questions.

"Good-bye, and thank you for all you have done," I said meekly.

At the door he turned. "Promise me one thing before I go. That you will not leave this house until you have seen me again."

"I do promise that," I responded, after an instant's hesitation.

"And I trust you—entirely." Then he was gone.

Mrs. Jennett ministered to all my physical comforts. I was given a delicious hot bath, that drew the aching out of my tired body; I was put into a lavender-scented, old-fashioned nightgown of coarse linen, and at last I was tucked up in bed.

"Could you eat anything before you go to sleep, my dear?" enquired the little woman. "A wing of cold chicken, now, and a glass of wine?"

The suggestion was irresistible. I tried to say, "Yes, if you please," without a tell-tale, greedy eagerness. But I had had nothing to eat all day save the one thick slice of stale bread on which I had gloomily made my breakfast.

She bustled promptly away, and I was left alone to think, my thoughts roving back over the day which had been so crowded with events that its beginning appeared to have been years ago. After Waterloo Bridge, this waking was like a resurrection, and it seemed the most strange that almost the first thing I saw in the new world should be—the heart-shaped scar.

Though I had been permitted to look at it but for a second's time, I could see it still as if printed in colors in the air. In size it was slightly smaller than the mark I had such good cause to remember on Lady Cope's arm, or that other which had belonged to the lost mystery, and created a new one as well. It was of a less deep pansy-purple than its prototype, but otherwise it appeared to be the same. As I pondered, marveling at the strangeness of the coincidence (which must be far more than a mere coincidence), Mrs. Jennett came back. And when I had eaten the chicken and sipped the port, my brain grew clearer, and I remember nothing more, until I awoke in the morning.

At first I thought that I was quite well again, but I soon found out my mistake. I had a cold, a feverish cold, and though I tried to get up, I was ordered back to bed by Mrs. Jennett. My head ached so dully and my brain felt so weary that I had not the energy to

## ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine  
**Carter's Little Liver Pills.**

Must Bear Signature of

*W. D. Carter*

See Fac-Simile "Wrapper Below."

Very small and so easy to take as sugar.

**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.**

FOR HEADACHE.  
FOR DIZZINESS.  
FOR BILIOUSNESS.  
FOR TORPID LIVER.  
FOR CONSTIPATION.  
FOR SALLLOW SKIN.  
FOR THE COMPLEXION.

PURELY VEGETABLE. *Warranted*

**CURE SICK HEADACHE.**

**THE SAUGEN MINERAL WATER**

—IS ON SALE AT—  
CENTRAL DRUG STORE and  
F. A. ROBERT'S LIQUOR STORE

Use Saugen first thing in the morning and before retiring at night and you will have no trouble with your stomach, this we guarantee.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

oppose her, or even the desire to ask questions. A doctor was called in, and afterwards sent medicine, which I reluctantly swallowed. For three days and nights I lay in bed, and sometimes I think I must have been slightly delirious, for I heard myself saying words over which my mind had no control, and I saw Mrs. Jennett's face as through a mist, regarding me oddly. But at last the burning heat in my veins and the throbbing in my temples died away. I felt strangely peaceful, though very weak, and Mrs. Jennett said that, if I liked, I might be dressed in a wrapper and lie on the deck-chair in Mr. Bourke's study."

"Mr. Bourke's study!" I echoed.

"Why—does he live in this house?"

"Oh, dear me, didn't you know?"

exclaimed the little woman. "Then I suppose I've put my foot into it again."

"He said he would take me to his relatives, when I told him that I had no one to go to," I explained, wondering how much of my story—as John Bourke knew it—Mrs. Jennett had heard. "Are you a relative of his?"

"Not exactly," she faltered. "I think he's nearly as badly off for people of his own as you seem to be. But I'm just as fond, and proud of him, too, as if I were his mother. And she'd be a lucky woman if she was alive to-day!"

"So he brought me to his house!" I reflected, aloud.

"Oh, now, don't you be thinking, my child, that he's done anything imprudent from your way of looking at it, or anything you might ever have to regret. He's too wise for that, and too good. The house is my house, and he's my lodger, you might say, if that doesn't sound disrespectful or impudent, after all he's done for me."

"Is he in his study?" I asked, rather shyly.

"That he isn't. He's not been inside the house, except to call and ask after you (which he's done twice every day) since the evening you came. He went that night to an hotel, and there he is at this moment."

"I've driven him out of his house, then?" I cried.

"He wouldn't like to hear you say that. And it isn't the way he feels about it, my dear. Why, if you'll excuse the expression, since you've been getting better, he's as happy as a child with a new toy. But there! I'm just hindering you. You'd be better off downstairs. It will amuse you, looking at some of his books. Besides, there's something waiting for you in the study that you're sure to like."

My curiosity thus stimulated, I hastened the process of bathing and dressing. Mrs. Jennett, acting as maid, brushed and braided my hair in a great wavy plait down my back. As she flatteringly exclaimed over its length and thickness, I watched her moving hand that wielded the brush. It was a very pretty brush, with a silver back, and there was a comb to match, which surprised me a little, for all Mrs. Jennett's other belongings, so far as I had seen, were as plain as they were neat.

"Now, don't think me an extravagant old body!" she ejaculated, seeing the direction of my eyes. "These things aren't mine. Mr. Bourke bought them the morning after you came, and told me I was to use 'em for you. The big cut-glass scent-bottle on the table there, too, with the eau de Cologne I put on your forehead when you were so bad; that was his thought. And see here. Your own underthings are ready for you again, but, man as he is, he said to me: 'She has nothing loose and comfortable to wear when she's getting better. I'll send something in.' I could have offered you a wrapper, but it would have been fit for a beautiful young thing like you. Which was what he had in his mind, I expect, though he wouldn't risk hurting my feelings by saying so. Now, what do

To be Continued.

## JINGLES AND JESTS.

The "Auto" She's a Lady.

Don't harass the nerves of your motor; if you do, you are likely to learn why it is she is unpopular as a maid.

For, though only an auto, she'll burn to have her revenge, and her actions will induce you to earnestly yearn (With outbursts that are pure medical) To have died ere you caused her to turn!

## Avoiding Trouble.

"What are you doing?" asked the justice as the lawyer began.

"Going to present our side of the case."

"I don't want to hear both sides argued. It has a tendency to confuse the court."

## Swift.

Mr. Fijit—Here comes an automobile!

Mrs. Fijit—Horror! Where?

Mr. Fijit—Oh, don't be frightened. It's five miles ahead of us now.

## Vacation.

The man who gets a week's vacation is feeling blue.

And thinking of their glad condition Who rest through two.

He thinks who gets two weeks' vacation, "How glad I'd be

If I could have some fine position Where I'd get three."

## Girls Up to Date.

When we see a girl of ten crying these days, we don't know if we should give her a new doll to comfort her or tell her that no man's love is really worth crying for.

## Frank of Nature.

There was a young girl from Racine Who planted a Boston baked bine;

Said she, with a frown, "Baked beans are brown, But this one is coming up grins."

## Perhaps It Was.

Mrs. Richmond—What lovely antique furniture!

Mrs. Bronxborough—Yes, and do you know, we got it almost as cheap as if it had been new.

The Most Mendacious Pastime.

They tell us how George Washington Made truth his constant mission.

He must have missed a lot of fun By never "goin' fishin'."

Discolored knife handled may be rubbed with brick dust and vinegar.

## LOSS OF APPETITE



If your stomach is upset or in any way out of order—if food seems distasteful to you—if acidity, burning or fullness of the stomach prevents you from having an appetite—if you wish to eat and eat well—take, before each meal, a wine glassful of

## VIN ST. MICHEL

(ST. MICHAEL'S WINE)

It will create an appetite and restore to the palate that lost relishing taste for food.

It will make the digestive organs act naturally and properly digest the food eaten, whether your stomach is in good order or not. No matter if you are young or old, sick or healthy

VIN ST. MICHEL

## MAKES YOU EAT



No doubt there are other good teas, but for strength, richness and real quality Blue Ribbon Ceylon stands alone.

Put up Black Mixed & Ceylon Green

## IF YOU WANT

## Preserving ... Kettles CHEAP

Go to Quinn & Patterson, they have a good assortment of these goods, and their prices are away down. They also have the best stock of

Lap Covers, Whips,  
Lawn Hose, Sprinklers  
And Ice Cream Freezers

## Quinn & Patterson

3 Doors East of Market.



## It would be Strange Indeed

If our new and elegant line of vehicles did not meet with great favor, and especially after learning the remarkably

low prices on the magnificent assortment.

One glance will show you why we are doing such a large business. Every rig we put out has been thoroughly tested at the factory and carefully selected by us; but our strongest claim for your business is the money-saving feature of buying of us.

See our lines of Buggies,  
Phaetons, Surreys, Run-  
abouts and Harness of all  
kinds. Rubber Tire Vehi-  
cles of all kinds.

Wm. Gray & Sons Co'y., Limited

## Pure Gold Jellies

Nothing can equal them for a table jelly and so easily made. We have them in all flavors.

10c per Pkg.,  
3 for 25c.

Upton's Jams, in jars 10c each.

Good Dried Apples, 3 lbs. for 25c.

Apricots, 15c per lb.

Dried Peaches, 2 lbs. for 25c.

Orange Marmalade, 10c per jar.

## S. E. Smith Grocer

Next Burt's Drug Store  
King St. East.

## Lime, Cement

—and—

## Cut Stone

We keep the best in stock at right prices.

JOHN H. OLDERSHAW

Thames Street, Next  
Police Station

## The Chatham Loan & Savings Co

Capital \$1,000,000

Money to Lend on Mortgages. Borrowers wishing to erect buildings, purchase property or pay off incumbrances, should apply personally and save expenses, secure best rates and other advantages. Money advanced on day of application. All letters promptly answered. Telephone connection.

**S. F. GARDINER  
Manager.**

## MONEY TO LEND

ON LAND MORTGAGE,  
ON CHATTEL MORTGAGE,  
OR ON NOTE. To buy property,  
To pay off mortgages. Very lowest rate,  
Pay when desired.

**J. W. WHITE,  
Barrister**  
Opp. Grand Opera House, Chatham