Aching Bones and Sore Joints Cured! All Rheumatic Tendencies Destroyed

Away Go the Crutches, Every Sufferer Made Well Quickly.

Old age is usually afflicted with rheumatism. Very few past fifty escape its tortures.

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The large 50 cent bottle is the most economical; trial size 25 cents. All dealers.

Stella Mordaunt:

—OR,—

The Cruise of the "Kingfisher."

CHAPTER XLII.

Lord Lisle, after taking Stella to her seat, went into the box and gave his account of his meeting with Rath at the hotel and his subsequent rescue by him on the Embankment. The evidence made a marked impression upon the crowd, for most persons are aware of the fact that a man who is capable of the cold-blooded murder of a woman must be a coward at heart, and this further proof of Rath's courage was a striking evidence to character.

But Ralph leant forward with his insidious whisper:

"The man's a savage—just a savage. I think that tells against him.'"

"I don't ask any questions of the witness," said Mr. Locke, the superintendent. "Lord Lisle has proved that the prisoner is hot-tempered—'

"No speech, please, Mr. Locke!" interrupted Mr. Bulpit, sharply.

By this time the court was growing dark, and there was a pause while the officers were lighting the gas; during this pause, Mr. Bulpit went to Stella; but before he could speak, she had turned to him with anxious eyes, and her trembling lips formed a question which her eyes put too plainly for need of words.

He raised his thick brows as he bent over her.

"I cannot tell, Miss Mordaunt; nothing but the whole truth can help us, and any reserve, any concealments, though they may not seem to be connected with the case—"

She understood in a moment, and darting a look at Rath, rose, and turning to the bench, said quickly:

"Please open the box, my lord; I—I wish it!"

There was a stir of excitement, the usual cry for silence, and Lord Hatherley looked with a thoughtful frown at the pale, beautiful face.

'The court is about to ask the prisoner if he desires to make any statement—"

Rath opened his lips, but Mr. Bulpit broke in:

"The prisoner makes no statement. He reserves his defence, my lord."

Rath made a movement with his hand.

"No," he said, quietly. "I have nothing to say. Why should I? Except that I never saw this poor woman that I found her stabbed to death, and that if they had not attacked and seized me, I could have tracked the murderer easily enough."

There was a "sensation" at this startling assertion; and in the excitement Ralph's sudden shrinking behind Lord Hatherley's chair passed unnoticed.

"All that they say is true," continued Rath; "but I am innocent."

Ralph bent forward.

"Let us get it over," he whispered huskily. "Commit him for trial!"

Lord Hatherley nodded, but was silent for a moment, fingering the box and looking at Stella, who still stood, her bosom heaving, her pale face quivering with emotion.

"Please open the box, my lord," she said. "It has nothing to do with the murder; but Mr. Bulpit—I—I— Oh, we only want you to know everything, and you will then see that he is innocent."

Mr. Bulpit gently pressed her into her seat.

"Miss Mordaunt is acting on my advice, my lord," he said, gravely.

Lord Hatherley inclined his head.

"Very good," he said; and he handed the tin case to the clerk.

The crowd pressed up close, and every eye fixed greedily on the clerk, as, with official slowness and dignity he cut the tape and broke the seals, and took out some closely folded papers.

"They are documents, my lord," he said.

"Read them," said Lord Hatherley, looking at Stella, who made an assenting gesture.

The clerk unfolded a paper, and looked it over.

"This appears to be a kind of—of statement, my lord—a statement that gravely concerns Miss Mordaunt."

"Read it," said Stella, almost inaudibly: and amidst breathless silence, the clerk read aloud:

"'This statement is to be handed to my child after my death. She is ignorant of her real name and parentage, and I desire that that ignorance shall remain unbroken until I have passed away. Her name is not Mordaunt. I am not a widow, but the wife of the most worthless of men, from whom I have fled with my child. I married him secretly, to learn, within a month of the marriage, that he had deserted me to return to the woman who should have been his wife. I have discovered that he has since married her. This bigamous marriage was committed in Australia. I have not sought redress for my wrongs; have suffered him to go unpunished. My child, if she should have reached womanhood, will understand why I have never mentioned her father's name, why I have kept the story of my great wrong buried in my bosom, and that it is for her sake that I have allowed the man who so cruelly wronged me and his unborn child to go his own way unpunished by me. 'Vengeance is mine,' saith the Lord; and in God's hands I leave him. My child will now understand why I have lived and moved as if under the weight of a heavy load. It has been a weight almost unendurable. When she reads this, I shall have gone where such weary ones as I find rest. If her father should be alive when she hears this story of his cruel desretion and crime, I charge her to forgive as I forgave—for the sinner it is never too late for repentance, and he may repent. I write this on the island on which we have been cast. In this box are my marriage certificate, the certificate of her birth, and such other evidence as will prove her his lawful daughter. If need be, she can claim her right to her father's name. I leave the decision to her.'"

The clerk paused, the crowd drew a long breath, not of satisfaction, but unsatisfied curiosity, and turned their eyes upon Stella, who sat like a stone, with Lord Lisle and Mr. Bulpit close beside her. She sat quite motionless, but her eyes were fixed on Rath, who was, by everybody else, quite forgotten.

"There is an addition to this statement, your worships," said the clerk. "It is written very indistinctly."

He drew a gas-branch nearer to him, and continued reading:

"'I have made a strange discovery. On this island is a young man who rescued us. His name is Rath Rayne. He has been here since a child, with his father. Last night—while arranging some books and papers which belong to him—we occupy his hut—I found an old portfolio. It was closed with a spring-lock, which came open as I held it. A paper fell out—'

"The writing ends abruptly here, my lord," said the clerk, gravely.

All eyes were turned on Rath, who stood calm and attentive as the clerk took some other papers from the case.

"These appear to be the certificates alluded to the statement," said the clerk. "I will hand them to your lordship."

Lord Hatherley took them and spread them open.

"It is a certificate of marriage between Laura Mordsley and Ralph Percival," he said.

There was a cry, a sharp cry of surprise and amazement, and the crowd gazed at Ralph the earl; for the name of Percival—the family name of the Rattons—was as familiar to each one as his own. Ralph flushed and turned to Lord Hatherley savagely.

"Haven't we had enough of this?" he said, with a sneer.

Mr. Bulpit rose, a strange look on his face.

"May I see—?"

"The marriage took place on July 2, 1876, at St. Jude's-St. James's, London; the witnesses are Harriet Coventry and William Workley."

With a swaying to and fro and a hushed cry, the crowd turned to Workley, who sat with his chin in his hands, his eyes fixed on Ralph with a look of moody indifference, as if nothing could move him.

"The certificate of the birth of Stella Percival is dated May, 1877, and she is described as the daughter of the Honourable Ralph Percival."

A cry went up from the crowd—a cry which the usher was powerless to silence. Here, seated in their midst, was the daughter of Ralph Percival, the father of the Earl of Ratton, who sat on the bench! In its confusion and bewilderment the people stared at each other.

Mr. Bulpit rose again. Two spots of hectic colour shone on his pale, wrinkled face, and his eyes flashed; for his acute legal mind had instantly grasped the full significance of the certificates, and his first impulse was to protect, to defend Ralph; for, though he disliked him, he was his client.

"My lord, I object—" he began; but Lord Hatherley held up his hand to stop him; then, with a confused air, he rose unsteadily.

"The court is adjourned," he said, with the agitation which was shared by all who looked at him—"is adjourned till to-morrow."

Instantly Rath was hurried from the dock. The bench rose and turned into the magistrates' room, and the crowd, talking excitedly, poured in a confused mass out into the open air. Stella, who had risen in the vain hope of speaking to Rath before he was borne from her sight, stood pale and trembling, surrounded by the Lisles, Bryan, and Mr. Bulpit.

Lord Lisle was the first to recover his presence of mind.

"Take her home," he said to his sister in a low voice. "Take her home! I will follow directly."

Lady Cecilia drew Stella's arm within hers, and led her out to the carriage which had drawn up, and the three men were left staring at each other.

"Great Heaven!" exclaimed Edward. "If—if these certificates, papers, are—are all right, she is Ralph Percival's daughter, and heiress, if not to the title, to all the Ratton money!"

Mr. Bulpit's face was like a stone mask.

'I cannot discuss the matter with you, Mr. Bryan; my client, Lord Ratton—"

"Lord Ratton!" exclaimed Lisle. "Why—why—good God!—if the other marriage was invalid, if it took place, as the statement stated, after that with Miss Mordaunt's mother—then—then—he is not the Earl of Ratton, but—but—"

There was no need to finish the sentence.

Mr. Bulpit's gaze was fixed right over the heads of the two men; and his lips were set tightly, as if he were so lost in self-communion as to be deaf to them.

"Good-evening," he said, moving away. "I have to see my client—"

"Which?" said Edward, rather angrily.

"Both," retorted the old man, sharply, as he turned and left them.

"He knows something more than the rest of us," said Edward. "I know the old man well; that look in his eyes— Let us go somewhere where we can think quietly, if only for a few minutes, Lisle."

"Ratton illegitimate!" exclaimed Lisle, under his breath. "Then—then who is the earl?"

"Who can tell! I don't know, and—forgive me, Lisle!—but I don't care. All this concerns Lord Ratton or whatever he is; but the more important fact for me still remains, that my friend is still under a charge for murder, and that I can see he is going to be committed! Beside that awful fact, nothing else has much interest for me. I wonder whether they will let me see him? Let us go outside, for Heaven's sake!"

(To be Continued.)

Peer as Fitter.

Lord Norbury to Work in Aeroplane Factory.

Lord Norbury has taken work at 7d. an hour as a fiter in an aeroplane factory in Surrey. He will begin his new occupation, in overalls, at 6 a.m. to-morow or the next day, and will work every day till 7 p.m. He will take his meals with the other workmen in the factory and will be in all respects on the same footing in the works as they.

Lord Norbury is fifty-two years old and has been induced to take this step by the feeling that every man should do what he can at this time to help his country. He has had a good knowledge of mechanics and internal combustion engines and hopes to be of use in accelerating the country's war output.

On the day that her husband takes to overalls Lady Norbury begins work in a soldiers' coffee canteen at Euston.

The earl is the fouth of that name. The first earl was Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas. The countess is a cousin of Lord Howard de Walden.

War Supplies From Far Japan.

25,000,000 Yen Worth of Arms Sold, Parliament Hears.

Tokio, June 29—Replying to a question in the Imperial Parliament, Lieut.-General Oka, the War Minister, stated that the Japanese had sold 25,000,000 yen worth or arms to one of the friendly countries in Europe, but that he was not in a position to give the exact number of the arms sold, as it concerned the military secrets of that country.

The army has also received an order from a friendly country for arms; and the authorities instructed the Taihei Company to supply the demand. Besides, 8,000,000 yen worth of wool and 7,000,000 yen worth of boots are to be sold to a certain country, and these orders will have been executed by October next.

THE LAZIEST MAN.

(From the Montreal Journal of Commerce.)

The following story was told at a recent dinner of the Pilgrim Publicity Association.

"A farmer had twenty employees on his farm, and as none of them was as energetic as the farmer thought he should be, he hit upon a plan which he believed would cure them of their lazy habits.

"'Men,' he said one morning, 'I have a nice, easy job for the laziest man on the farm. Will the laziest man step forward?' Instantly nineteen of the men stepped forward.

"'Why don't you step to the front with the rest?' inquired the farmer of the remaining one.

Telegram Fashion Plates.

The Home Dressmaker should keep a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Pattern Cuts. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

1314.—A COMFORTABLE PLAY GARMENT.

Child's Romjers.

This style is good for galatea, linen, linene, percale, gingham or chambrey. It is cut with the waist front and body portion combined, and with back portion in two sections, waist and body. The garment may be finished with a rolled collar, or with facings, and with sleeve in wrist or short length. The leg portions may be gathered or finished with straight lower edge. The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6, and 8 years. It requires 3¼ yards of 36 inch material for a 4 year size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

1333.—A UNIQUE AND PRETTY COSTUME.

Ladies' Costume, with or Without Bolero, and Panel Trimming, and with Two Styles of Sleeve.

Embroidered poplin was used for this style, combined with chiffon taffeta. The waist is simple and lovely with the cool comfortable square cut neck and bell sleeve. The sleeve in wrist length is equally stylish. The panel trimming may be attached to the bolero, and thus could be finished separately and made for wear over any dress. Lawn, organdie, dimity, repp, batiste, or linen, grenadine, voile, or gabardine are equally desirable. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 7⅝ yards of 44 inch material for the entire dress in a 36 inch size. Bolero and Panel Trimming in different material will require 2½ yards. The skirt measures about 2⅔ yards at the foot in a 26 inch size.

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Address in full:—

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