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SCOTT'S EMULSION

A very little, taken regularly, is far more beneficial than when taken by fits and starts. Scott's Emulsion is concentrated nourishment that contributes to strength and helps confirm the body in vigor and health.

The Heir of Rosedene

The Game-Keeper's Hut

CHAPTER XXIII. ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

Then came volley after volley, then a great roar of triumph, the rush and clatter of cavalry, the roar of artillery, the shrieks and the groans of the dying, and the dull thud of a regiment advancing, with the regular tread of heavy feet.

Edna, trembling in every limb, leaped forward, straining her eyes to see what had happened—which side had won.

In her anxiety she did not notice that the space round the carriage, which had been hitherto quite empty, had suddenly filled; did not notice that voices were talking round her until Edward More ran round to the other side of the carriage to his young wife.

Edna looked round and saw a small crowd pushing and struggling, and suddenly two or three soldiers—Carlisle she knew by their black serge jackets and red facings—came running out toward the carriage, headed by a tall figure, which Edna instantly recognized as that of her hero.

He paused almost within earshot, and gave some orders to the soldiers—there was a loud, ringing cheer in response—then, left alone, he came toward the carriage, evidently unconscious of its proximity.

Edna, leaning quite over the side of the carriage, felt her eyes drawn toward him with a strange and mysterious fascination.

He came closer and closer, walking with his head bent down and his hand to his forehead. Suddenly he looked up—there was a flash of fire from some torches, and he saw the carriage and the pale face of the girl leaning out of it.

He looked for one instant as if he had been shot, then he threw up his hand and staggered forward.

With a cry Edna opened the door and flew to him. He had not fallen, but stood leaning against the shafts, his hand to his head, his face held down.

Edna put her trembling hand upon his arm, forgetting everything in her pity, womanly pity and sympathy. He spoke to him.

"You are hurt—or wounded?" At the tones of her voice a shiver ran through the stalwart frame, and he seemed unable to reply; but at

last he muttered, hoarsely, his head still bent down: "Non, sehora, non!" But even as he spoke drops of blood fell upon Edna's hand, and she saw that his arm, which he held to his face, was red and wet.

"Oh, yes, yes!" she urged. "See, you are bleeding! Oh! and you cannot understand what I say! Is there no one to attend to you—no doctor? If I could only speak Spanish!" she cried, clasping her hands. "If you could only understand me! Look!"—pointing to the carriage—"will you come in there and wait until they fetch a doctor? You shake your head. If I could but make you understand!" she cried, piteously. "I am sure—I feel that you are dreadfully hurt!"

As she spoke she took her silk handkerchief from her neck and pressed it into his hand.

"Use this," she implored. "Let me wipe your face—oh, oh!" and she shuddered as the handkerchief turned to crimson in an instant. "You are fearfully wounded! I know it!" Again he shook his head as if he could understand her, and standing upright strove to move away, thrusting the handkerchief into the breast of his coat.

As he did so his face was half revealed in the murky glare, and Edna shrank back with a cry of pity and terror at the sight, for it looked scarcely human, so covered with blood and powder was it, the two eyes glaring at her with what she fancied was dying anguish.

Instinctively she put up her hands to catch his arm and support him, and as she did so his head fell forward, he staggered against the wheel, and fell at her feet, almost on her bosom, limp and lifeless.

Edna's tongue clove to the roof of her mouth; speechless and white as a ghost, she knelt down over him and strove to unfasten the neckcloth at his throat, her eyes fixed on the blood-stained face as if they were fascinated. A voice at her elbow seemed to come as if in a dream.

"Good God! what is it? What are you doing?"

Edna looked up and saw Capt. Morton bending over her.

"What are you doing?—who is this?—how came—Ah!" he cried, bending still lower and fixing his eyes on the blood-stained face as if he doubted the evidence of his own senses. Then he turned his eyes to Edna and grasped her by the shoulder.

As he did so the eyes beneath them opened and glared at them glassily.

"Come!" said the captain, hoarsely. "Come, Edna! not a moment is to be lost! Come, I implore you—Edna! Edna!"

Advertisement for The Wellington THE UNIVERSAL PIPE. Includes an illustration of a pipe and text describing its benefits and manufacturer W.D. & H.O. WILLS.

Dazed, like one in a dream, she allowed him to assist her to her feet; then she started, and half turned to the long, outstretched form, as if to return to it; but the captain's voice sounded in her ears: "No use!" and seemed to deafen and numb her. She allowed him to lead her away. She noticed that the carriage was empty, and that they passed it, and then they entered the inn, pushing through a crowd into the room prepared for them.

There she stood for a moment staring round about her, and then fell down at Aunt Martha's knees in a dead faint.

The captain bent over her for an instant, then looked up, and grasped Edward More's arm.

"Come with me," he whispered, hoarsely.

Edward More stared at the pale, set face, and hesitated. The captain clutched his arm, and drew him toward him.

"Come with me—not an instant is to be lost! Come, I say!" Speechless, and confused, Edward More allowed himself to be drawn into the crowded passage and into the room. Then he pulled up.

"Where are you going?—Explain—you can speak now—what is it, man?"

The captain stood looking at him for a moment, and then replied, huskily: "More, this is the devil's own work! Don't ask any questions—don't doubt the truth of what I tell you; I knew it all along, but I kept it from you. Cyril is in Spain!"

"What!" exclaimed Edward. "You have seen him?"

The captain nodded and looked curiously in the anxious face.

"Yes," he said, strangely, "I have seen him."

"Where—where?" gasped Edward. "Not five minutes ago," was the reply.

"Where?" "Come and see!" "Come and see! Do you mean to say that he—Cyril, is near us—out here?"

Without a word further the captain led him into the darkness of the night.

The air was thick with smoke and loaded with the cries of the wounded and dying. Beside the carriage lay a smoldering torch, which had fallen from the hands of a soldier who had held it while life lasted. The captain took it up and waved it into a flame; then, still holding his companion by the arm, he drew him to the spot where he had found Edna.

"More," he said, solemnly, "can you bear a shock?"

Edward More began to tremble. "Be a man! Look here at your feet."

Edward More looked down and uttered a low cry.

"What is it—who is it?" he asked. The captain went on one knee, and wiped from the upturned face some of the blood and blackened powder that disguised and concealed it.

As he did so Edward More started back, then fell on his knees.

"Good God!" he gasped. "It is Cyril!"

There was a moment's profound and awful silence, then came the question from the brother's ashen lips: "Is—is—he dead?"

The captain looked up; he had been feeling with his hand thrust inside the bosom of the outstretched form. "Yes," he said, solemnly; "he is dead. You are Sir Edward More—at last!"

Edward More gave a great gasp, as if for air.

"Heaven! is it possible!" he breathed. "It—it seems like a dream. That Cyril! I—I can't believe it. What is to be done?"

The captain rose to his feet, and waved the torch aloft.

"Done!" he repeated. "We must get him taken to the inn. Yes, that is it; come, Edward, or will you wait?"

"Not not!" shivered Edward. "Not wait! I will come with you."

"We must get help to carry him," muttered the captain, and started off at a run; Edward More followed at his side. In ten minutes they were back again with a stretcher and bearers; but neither were of much use, for there was no dead man to carry away; he had disappeared, together with the dead soldier who had lain near him.

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money in useless experiments. When you, or one of your family, are in need of a good ointment, buy Zam-Buk—the ointment that has been proved by thousands to be the best on the market. Zam-Buk cures when other treatments fail, and Zam-Buk cures are permanent.

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ZAM-BUK

that hand-to-hand fight before Bilbao. Christmas is very near, and promises to arrive with something of the old-fashioned state and grandeur. What has happened to the weather lately? Is all the snow used up; and is the manufactory of skates to become a lost art in England? There is a white rime upon the hedgerows and trees, and a pleasant hardness in the roads, which give back the sound of hoofs and stamping feet with a merry, hearty echo good to hear. You can tell it is freezing by the way in which the smoke rises from the tall chimneys of Rosedene, so straight and blue against the sky. You can tell also by other signs, not the least of them being the "distinctness with which the cock pheasants can be heard crying out merrily as they whizz through the preserves. Everything—smoke, trees, houses—stands out clear and sharp against the sky, and Rosedene looks as if it had been cut out of cardboard and stuck up on end, making a pretty and effective sight enough. At least so one person must think, for he stands, and has been standing for some minutes, notwithstanding the cold, gazing at the house with an interest that is rather curious, considering that he is part of the establishment, and should be quite familiar with the outlines of the grand old mansion. He is the game-keeper—the second in rank—and looks his calling, if one may judge from the familiar way in which he carries his gun, and his suit of well-worn velvet jacket, breeches and well-fitting gaiters. There is nothing at first sight very remarkable about the individual; but few persons, we take it, would pass him without a second glance, for, although stalwart, straight-limbed men are not a rarity in England, thank Heaven! such a stalwart, broad-chested figure as his attracts attention. With such a figure a handsome face should go, as a matter of course; but the game-keeper wears his felt hat well forward, which seems to conceal the upper part of his face, and a tawny beard and mustache shadow and generalize the lower. As he stands just on the border of the preserves, neither in nor out of the shrubbery, he can see the whole of the sweep of the terrace and entrance steps, and yet cannot be seen from them, a fact of which he seems fully aware, for when the door opens and a slim, graceful figure, clad in dark velvet, trimmed with fur, issues out—almost glidingly—on to the terrace, he does not move, but gazes straight before him with even increased intentness.

(To be Continued.)

Fashion Plates.

Fashion Plates.

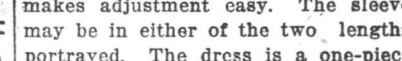
A SIMPLE, PRACTICAL, MODEL.



2359 The busy worker will readily appreciate the good features of this design. The front closing makes adjustment easy. The sleeve may be in either of the two lengths portrayed. The dress is a one-piece model, with the fulness confined under the belt.

The Pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 6 yards of 36-inch material. The skirt measures about 2 3/4 yards at the foot. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

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2320—This model will make a very pretty dress for "best" or party wear. One could use batiste, lawn, mull, organdy, cashmere, taffeta, or a combination of silk and velvet. The overblouse or jumper could be of contrasting material. The Pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 10 will require 2 3/4 yards of 44-inch material for the dress and 1 3/4 yard for the jumper. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

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Church

Revolutionary

Again in the Negotiating

SWISS COUNCIL PROHIBITS

BERLIN, Mar. 6.—The Swiss Federal Council issued an ordinance prohibiting "all unions, which would undermine discipline." All unions such unions or taking from them are liable to imprisonment, as well as all persons making false reports likely to compromise to disobey orders of public opinion.

FIGHTING IN BOHEMIA

VIENNA, Mar. 6.—There have been sanguinary engagements between Czechs and citizens in numerous parts of German Bohemia, according to reports received here.

CASUALTIES HEAVY

COPENHAGEN, Mar. 6.—Both the Spartacists and the government forces lost a large number of fighting on Wednesday, before police headquarters in the center of the city, according to a dispatch to the Politiken. The fight was finally ended by negotiations.

YPRES CASUALTIES

LONDON, Mar. 6.—(Via Reuter's Ottawa Agency) In the House of Commons today, in reply to a question by Mr. Whistler, Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill, Secretary of War, stated the total casualties of the Ypres salient from July 2, 1917, were as follows: British officers, 10,795; men, 207,833; Canadian officers, 496; men, 11,973; Australian officers, 1,289; men, 12,891.

BERLIN STRIKE A FAILURE

BERLIN, Mar. 6.—A leader of the Majority of the Independent Socialists, informed the Associated Press that so far the general strike in Berlin has failed and will not receive support which had been expected. It was stated that where work had been resumed, the opposition to the strike was overwhelming. The Independent Socialists, however, estimated that the general strike among the laboring classes of the city was among the best plants shut down by the general strike.

TONNAGE STILL SHORT

LONDON, Mar. 6.—(Via Reuter's Ottawa Agency) Sir John Deas who recently informed the House of Commons that the position of British shipping on the various inter-African routes for the distribution of food, is quoted by the Times as saying that it is extremely difficult to prevent a famine in Southeast Africa, Germany and Poland. The difficulty is due to the fact that the shipping, Great Britain is obliged to support France out of her own shipping and the position regarding arrivals of food and coal in causing the greatest anxiety. The Ministry of Shipping will be able to rectify the Italian situation, but it will be impossible to make further substantial available for other relief.

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