

Right at Last

"Oh, go on!" said the irrepresible Emily. "She won't bite, she isn't half so fierce as she looks!"

"I wonder," he said, "what is your idea of happiness, Miss Trevelyan?"

"I don't know," said Trevelyan, in a low voice, and more to herself than in answer to him.

"I think you are right," he said, after a moment. "There is someone who offers to teach us the art of always remembering what we want to learn is the power to forget."

"Well, I hope I shall forget this lunch," said Emily, practically.

"We must have another," soon to impress it upon your memory," he responded, gravely. "No more Muscles. It is very mild, quite a lady's wine. No? Well, then, we'll go outside and smoke a cigar while you ladies gossip."

He assisted the old gentleman on to the balcony, and in a well-sheltered corner full of the sun, which made the air more like that of May than January, and gave him a choice but mild Havana. Old Harwood was in the seventh heaven of contentment after his lunch, and smoked enjoyably, with his eyes closed in placid benevolence.

A minute or two afterwards Emily came to the window.

"Seems to me that you've got the best of it," she said, "this, dear, it's like summer here, do come out."

She stepped out on to the balcony, and leaning over the railing looked at the exquisite view stretching before her like a panorama.

Modan Royce took no notice of her for a minute, then he went in and brought her a glass of orange juice, which Emily had insisted upon because she would buy hers, and quietly put it over her shoulders.

"The weather is treacherous," he said, "leave this on. I am answerable for your safety, you know; Miss Trevelyan's health is too precious to be lightly risked."

Joan, without taking her eyes from the view, put the cloak on and thanked him, and then he went back to the old man and Emily, and left her to her thoughts.

"She was thinking of the night when she sat upon the kind of the world, and how Mr. Craddock had come out of the house and started her, and how the other one—the tall figure in the ulster—appeared beside her for the first time.

"Where was he now? Did he ever think of her, and—oh, how there a touch of regret and pity in his heart as he thought of the girl he had deceived and so nearly betrayed? She wondered.

She had been almost happy during the drive, and amused during the luncheon, but the past all came back to her, and she leaned on the railing and looked down at the valley basking in the January sun.

Emily looked up at him with her sharp, shrewd eyes.

"And keep us out of the way of Mr. Royce," she thought, but she smiled and nodded, and sat down with the book, as if she were innocently grateful.

Then, unthinkingly, she added: "But I don't know why that ought to make you sad, Mr. Royce; your life must have been a very happy one, a very successful one. My only informant is Emily," she went on, quickly, "and she regards you as a kind of character, who has but to wave a wand to obtain all you desire."

He smiled, and flew imperceptibly a step nearer.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"Miss Emily, like the world at large, knows very little of my life," Royce said, "and because I do not wear my heart upon my sleeve for daws to peck at, deems me a fortunate man. I daresay you would consider Miss Trevelyan, the ideal and goddess of the great British public, a particularly happy and to be envied person."

Joan flushed, then she laughed softly.

"I don't wear my heart on my sleeve," she said, significantly.

"Forgive me," he said, humbly, "I did not mean to intrude upon your secret sorrows, if you have any. And yet—"

He went on, his voice full of the subtle music of sympathy, his eyes dwelling on her face with a tender, reverential regard—"and yet, let me be candid; alas! I can't be anything else with you, can I? You are so young, not to intrude, but to lighten, if I could, anything that troubles you."

"Miss Trevelyan," he went on, "do you believe in sympathy at first sight? I did not, until a week ago, when I dropped into the Coronet to see the young lady whose beauty and grace, and—yes, promise of genius—had taken the world by storm. I went in expecting to be bored. You came upon the stage, and something—what was it—an electric spark, a magnetism not to be explained, sprang from your eyes and seized me. It was no mere admiration of your beauty."

"Oh, please!" said Joan.

"Listed to me, I will not flatter you, I could not. I am speaking the language of truth as simply as I know how. Well, the moment I saw you, it seemed to me that I had known you for years, though I had never seen you before. For good or evil, or joy or misery, my heart drifts nearer to yours, drawn by a force it cannot resist. Miss Trevelyan, will you accept my friendship, will you give me the privilege of helping you?"

Joan was silent a moment; the echo of his voice rang in her ears.

"You cannot help me," she murmured.

"Oh, do not say that!" he pleaded; "do not crush me with so decided a refusal. Tell me your sorrow, that I may try at least."

Joan turned her eyes upon him with troubled wonder and enquiry.

"There is only one way to forget unhappiness," she went on, softly, "the happiness. It is the elixir of life. It is the magic bowl of which a draught will drown even the memory of sorrow. It is the strain of heavenly music which die the soul for ever of the affliction of the past. Miss Trevelyan, I do, if I can teach you that happiness."

He came a step nearer, his hands were close to hers, his eyes looking down at her troubled ones.

Her heart seemed to stand still. It was the stroke and the Indian character.

"Ah, forgive me! I must speak out. My heart lies here before you! Miss Trevelyan, stay the cord that binds me to you is not friendship alone, but—love! Yes, I love you! Trust yourself to me, and I will teach you to forget this nameless grief! I will make your life one period of happiness! I will so watch over you and guard you that sorrow shall not even cast its shadow upon you! I do, I love you! I love you!"

He laid his hand upon hers and held it, and his soul seemed to burn her.

While and tremblingly kept her eyes upon him, her bosom heaving, her breath coming in little pants.

But for all his pleading and her own wavering she told him so much of her sad story as made him draw from her forehead a cold drop of sweat.

He lay on as if he might continue to her her friend, and she consented.

On such slight things great events turn.

Wondering in his simplest way one place—working in the park at Monte Carlo, the means of his troubles weighing like a load of lead upon his mind, Lord Villiers was startled by a loud shouting behind him and was just in time to stop a pair of runaway horses attached to a light lady's carriage containing Miss Mazurka, who now, in her

convalescence, was ordered this exercise by her physician.

Fortunately he was able to stop the frightened animals before they had broken into full speed, and before the occupant of the vehicle, further than a set of badly shattered nerves, sustained any injury.

After quieting the horses, and observing Miss Mazurka's condition, there being none but park guards about, in consequence of the early hour, Lord Villiers proposed that he drive the carriage to the lady's home.

Miss Mazurka, who knew her rescuer, gladly consented, and Stuart took a seat beside her and drove her to the hotel in which she was staying in private rooms with an old lady who was supposed by some to be her mother, and by others her aunt, but who was in reality a stranger whom the Mazurka had engaged to play the part of propriety.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The horses were fidgety and restless, and Stuart Villiers devoted the whole of his attention to them. His companion glanced up now and again at the handsome face, stern and cold and proud, set as if in granite, of the rescuer, and instead of chattering, as she would have done with any one else, sat silent and almost awed.

When he pulled up the horses at the hotel, he stepped out and helped her to alight, then raised his hat, and was going without a word, but she detained him rather timidly on the point of departure.

"It's awfully good of you!" she said, "and I'm very much obliged. If you hadn't stopped them and brought me home, I expect I should have been in the hospital by this time. Won't you come in and have a cup of coffee?"

Stuart Villiers was on the point of declining, but she looked so supplicatingly at him that, to save himself the trouble of refusing, he inclined his head and followed her up the stairs.

The apartment was small, but handsomely appointed, a fire was burning in the grate, and the old lady was sitting beside it knitting.

"My sleep-deg," said Miss Mazurka. "Aunt, we want some coffee. Come and sit down by the fire, while I take off my things, Lord Villiers."

As she spoke, she threw her jacket and hat into the nearest room, and came forward into the parlour.

A footman brought the coffee service and Miss Mazurka gave her guest a cup.

"I hope you haven't been losing much money, Miss Mazurka," he said, for the sake of saying something, and at the same time wondering within himself why he was so interested.

"Oh, I? I've won, if anything," she replied. "But I could afford to lose a little. I'm not poor. And it's amusement. Anything's an amusement that keeps one from thinking. I daresay you will laugh, but you don't know what it is to be a gamester's wife, and then to sink into nothing. That's what I've done, and I don't like it."

It was a long time since Stuart Villiers had laughed, and he did not laugh now.

"You remember me, my lord?" she went on, "I was one of the principal ladies at the Coronet."

"Yes, I remember," said Lord Villiers. "You slipped from a wire, if I remember."

"Yes, or else I was dropped down; I don't know which. They don't want me; they've got someone in my place. A girl, that's stopped into my shoes all before I'd got 'em off my feet. But there, you've seen her yourself, I daresay, my lord?"

Lord Villiers shook his head.

"No," he said; "I have not seen her. I left England some time ago."

"Trevelyan—Ida Trevelyan. Nobody knows who she is, or where she comes from. She was never on the stage before I met with my accident, and gave her the chance of slipping in. And now all London is raving about her."

"I have heard something about her, read it in the papers, no doubt," said Lord Villiers. "But why not go back to London? There are other theatres besides the Coronet?"

"No, not for me. I feel as if I should not do anywhere else. But to travel, I can't trust myself a word and back. My lord, I have been cruelly used. She pursued, and her lips came together still more tightly. "I hate the Coronet and all about it, but I hate one man worse than all the rest."

"Are you speaking of the manager?" said Lord Villiers, with a note of something of Mr. Giffard; if I can put matters straight—"

"No, no," she replied, hastily; "it's not Mr. Giffard. I've no complaint to make against him. No, it's a different kind of a man to Mr. Giffard. It was the manager I was going to marry, my lord. I'd have loved him! Yes! I'd have answered for him with my life. And now he has jilted me! Let me alone without a word—the girl he was going to marry his wife! I'd have loved her, I'd have loved her, I'd have loved her! But to travel, I can't trust myself a word and back. My lord, I have been cruelly used. She pursued, and her lips came together still more tightly. "I hate the Coronet and all about it, but I hate one man worse than all the rest."

"I know the gentleman," she said, with presence of mind. "Help me find him into the carriage, and I will take my home, and send the doctor, please."

She brought the English doctor, who stood beside the bed to which they had carried Stuart Villiers, and watched him in silence for a time, and administered restoratives; then he went out into the ante-room, where Miss Mazurka was waiting. She was quite pale with anxiety, and as unlike the cool and indolent Queen of the Fairies, as dissimilar to the Miss Mazurka of the Coronet, as could possibly be imagined.

"Well," she said, eagerly.

"He is very ill," said the doctor, gravely. "You are a friend of his household, I think?"

"Yes, yes," she assented, anxiously. "You don't think he is in any danger?"

"I'm afraid he is," he said, seriously. "It is a low fever of the gravest kind. He has been ill for some time; indeed, he has never quite recovered from the illness he tells me he had a short time ago."

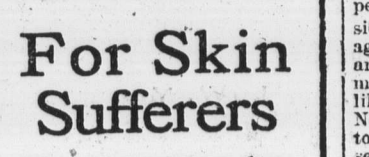
"And—what is to be done?" she demanded.

"He walked up and down the room. "I should advise that his friends be sent for," he replied; "but his lordship tells me he has no friends he wishes to see, in fact, forbid me to telegraph to England. I will go to the hospital and send a nurse."

"You needn't do that," she remarked, quietly, "for I am going to nurse him."

She slipped off her hat and jacket, and dispatched a servant to her hotel, and then went in quietly and naturally to the sick room.

"When the doctor came back with the necessary medicines, he found her installed in her self-elected office, attended



For Skin Sufferers

If you, or someone dear to you, have undergone the itching, burning, sleep-destroying torments of eczema or other cruel skin eruption and have suffered from its embarrassing, unsightly disfigurement; if you have tried all manner of treatment, no matter how harsh, to no avail, and have all but given up hope of cure, you can appreciate what it means to thousands of skin-tortured sufferers, from infancy to age, when the first warm bath with Cuticura Soap and gentle application of Cuticura Ointment brings instant relief, permits rest and sleep, and proves the first step in a speedy and successful treatment.

man would speak to a willful child, "don't attempt to drown your trouble at the green tables yonder. That is a fatal step, believe me."

She opened her eyes upon him.

"And yet, that's what you do, my lord," she said.

Lord Villiers drew his brows down, and smiled rather grimly.

"Oh, it," he said, "it does not matter to anybody, not even to myself, what becomes of me. Good night," and he left her.

He wandered about the little town until the dawn came, and then betook himself to his hotel to win a few hours' sleep and forgetfulness—if he could.

The next day he went to the saloon as usual and played and lost—as usual. He played on and lost until the hour for closing came; then, the observed of all observers, but quite unconscious of their curious scrutiny, he rose and walked out.

The room had been hot, but he had not noticed it while he had been in it; but, now he had got outside, he felt choked and stifled.

He walked through the gardens and along the smooth, well-kept road, that was more like a private than a public one, and had got in sight of his hotel, when the horses seemed to lean forward as if they were tipping over, the sky appeared falling and pressing on his head.

He put his hand to his forehead; it was dry and burning hot.

He knew what had happened to him. It was the local fever, and he had got it badly.



MRS. HELEN M. WIXSON.

When the women of Colorado want something they usually get it—like most other women. They wanted a woman at the head of the state school system, a woman of their own selection.

The Democratic convention ignored their wishes. The Republicans nominated Mrs. Helen M. Wixson for State superintendent of schools, and her election followed.

She is the daughter of an editor, and the wife of a merchant. Prominent in club and educational work, she plans a progressive administration of the schools. Her ideas include the selection of deputies and assistants from the best educators of the State, higher compensation for teachers, protection of school lands and greater recognition of teaching as a profession.

SHE PLAYED THE GREEN.

The attaché of a European embassy was very much attracted by a Western girl of great beauty and still greater wealth at a summer resort, and in order to interest her deeply he fell into the habit of discussing at length on the family tree, and telling her that ancestry was of great value to a man.

THE POSTMASTER JOINS THE ARMY.

Who are Shouting the Praises of Dodd's Kidney Pills in the West.

ARE YOUR BOWELS BAD

Statistics Show One Person in Four Is Constipated.

The bad part of bowel disorders is the fact that hardly every case shows considerable trouble from indigestion, belching gas, bloating, piles or some form of stomach misery. Oftener than not a pimply face, or rank breath, a sluggish constipated condition is the true cause of many a man's failure in life.

By aiding digestion and building up the weak muscles of the stomach and bowels, DR. HAMILTON'S PILLS completely overcome constipation and all forms of stomach illness.

"I was terribly run down with stomach trouble that arose through neglected constipation," writes Mrs. D. Quigley, from Washburn, O. "I simply couldn't half digest my food, I had dreadful headaches, piles and yellow, muddy skin. The effect of DR. HAMILTON'S PILLS was phenomenal. I have gained in weight, have a clear skin, no more headaches, I eat well, sleep well and enjoy all my meals."

There is no need to be in failing health when cure is so sure, so easy, by taking Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut, 25c per box, at all dealers. REFUSE A SUBSTITUTE, and order from The Catarthine Co., Kingston, Ont.

KING GEORGE'S CORONATION

Some of the Ancient Customs Which Survive to This Day.

The crowning of the King of England has usually been accomplished by what was regarded as the still more solemn rite of anointing with oil, which dates from the days of the ancient Hebrews. And in England, before the Norman conquest, the term used was "hallowing," or consecration, rather than that of coronation.

But from old records it seems that the ceremony was then performed at Winchester as in all essentials the same as that which now takes place in Westminster Abbey. Few people seem to be aware, says the Queen, that the coronation ceremony was the only religious rite of the Anglican Church which escaped the pruning policy of the Reformers. Hence its impressive ritual and gorgeous pageantry.

The last coronation at which every old world ceremony was duly performed was that of King George IV. At his crowning a coronation banquet took place, there was a procession of peers, the herbs strewn scattered flowers and the challenge of the champion of England was included in the ceremony. This was by no means certain, having regard to the constant changes of atmospheric pressure, with their marked effects upon the respiratory and circulatory processes which a journey through the air must entail.

LORD BROUGHAM'S ORATORY.

We have no orator in the least like Lord Brougham since the days of Brougham's public career. Every one of our nature could do so far as aptly, a manner and voice were combined she had done to prevent him from being a great orator, and yet a great orator he undoubtedly was.

THE POSTMASTER JOINS THE ARMY.

Who are Shouting the Praises of Dodd's Kidney Pills in the West.

A Neighbor Advised Him to Take Them for His Rheumatism and Gravel. They Cured Him.

West Cayuseburg, Sask., Jan. 2.—(Special)—Alexander McCarter, the postmaster here, has joined the great western army that has for its watchword, "When ailing, use Dodd's Kidney Pills." And like all others he has good and sufficient reasons.

AFTER SUFFERING TEN YEARS

Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

My husband, N. J., felt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had given me new life.

I suffered for ten years with serious female troubles, inflammation, ulceration, indigestion, nervousness, and could not sleep.

Doctors gave me their names and said my troubles were chronic. I was in despair, and did not care whether I lived or died.

When I read about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, so I began to take it, and am well again and relieved of all my suffering.

Write a special advice letter to Mrs. J. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free, and very helpful.

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