

A Love Affair

CHAPTER XX.

"How beautifully you dance," he said. "You ought to have a better partner."

"No, no," she murmured, allowing her head to rest on his breast for a moment.

"There is too much of the elephant in my movements," with a laugh, "but if you'll bear with me for a few minutes longer! Our first waltz, but not our last: you'll dance with me again, Constance?"

"Yes, yes," she responded in a low voice, "as often as I can. Ah, how happy I am!"

"I like to hear you say that," he said. "But there is some cause for it to-night, you vain girl. Do you know that I am quite tired of hearing your praises sung? I have been asking myself for the last hour or two what I have done to deserve as great a treasury as everybody tells me I have got."

"A treasure!" she murmured. "Such a poor thing as I am! Don't laugh at me, Wolfe."

"I never was more serious in my life," he retorted. "Surely they are not going to finish yet. We seem to have been dancing scarcely five minutes. Can you go around once more, or are you tired?"

"Wolfe, I can go on forever!" she replied, with a little clutch of his hand. "I thought you looked rather tired a little while ago, but you seem all right now."

"Ah, yes, I am all right," she said. "How could I be otherwise than all right with his strong arm around me, his breath stirring her hair, his voice in her ear."

"Who was that Mr. Fenton the duchess introduced me to?" he asked, presently.

"I have only just been introduced, to him," she replied, almost inaudibly. "Looks a clever sort of man," he said.

"I have heard people talking about him ever since he came in. I fancy he is going to stand for Berrington; I must ask the duke."

"What does it matter?" she said, with weary impatience. "Let us talk about ourselves." "Ourselves!" Very well. What about this next dance?"

"Impossible! I have given it away. The next, perhaps—no, that has gone. Ah, why didn't you write your name on every other line, Wolfe?"

"So I would if I had been more selfish," he returned, "but I know I am not first rate at waltzing, and I didn't want to spoil your evening, dearest, so I sacrificed myself."

Everything he said and did was eloquent of his love and consideration for her; and she was concealing something from him, deceiving him. Her heart ached and her face grew pale. He stopped in a moment.

"You are tired, Constance," he said. "Let us stop and go into the cool somewhere."

They meandered through the now crowded room, and gained one of the ferneries which adjoined the saloon, and he found her a seat.

"This is nice," he said, taking her fan from her and fanning her, his eyes dwelling on her face with all a lover's delight in her beauty and grace.

"Shall I get you an ice?" he asked her, bending over her and speaking in accents of living devotion. "Or is a cup of tea that your soul craves? The color has come back to your face again now."

"I want nothing, nothing but you!" she said, in a low voice, lifting her face to his with a look in her lovely eyes no man could resist. He bent lower and would have kissed her, but at that moment voices sounded quite close to them and the duke and Rawson Fenton entered the fernery.

The marquis drew back just in time, and renewed his fanning. He did not notice that the color had fled from her face again.

The three men stood looking at her, the marquis with a fond, proud light in his eyes. A gentleman came in and looked hurriedly with an anxious face, which cleared as his eyes fell upon her.

"Oh, Miss Grahame, I was afraid I had lost you. This is our dance, and I wouldn't miss it for ten worlds!"

She rose, faint and giddy as she was, only too glad to get away, and put her hand in his arm.

The dance seemed interminable, but it was over at last, and her partner, a young cavalry officer, led her to a seat. He had done his best to amuse and entertain her, and done it willingly; for, like most of the men in the room, he had gone down before this new beauty, this girl with the face of a Greek goddess and the simple, pleasant manner which made her charming as well as lovely; but he felt that something was wrong.

He was a man of the world, notwithstanding his youth, and instead of bothering her with small-talk, he sat silent and let her rest.

But her rest was a short one. Lady Ruth's red dress hovered in sight, and she came and sat down beside Constance.

soon matched her step. She was content to enjoy herself for a few minutes, but her brain was at work all the time, and presently she said:

"This is your first visit to the Towers, Mr. Fenton?"

"My first, Lady Ruth," he assented; "but I trust not my last."

"She paused a moment, then, looking him straight in the eyes, said, blandly: "Did you ever meet Miss Grahame before, Mr. Fenton?"

"No, unfortunately," he replied. "Don't you think it a very pretty name?"

"Very. Shall we have another turn?" "If you are sure I have your step."

"Perfectly," he answered. "Ah, Miss Grahame would be a better partner for you; I am too short," she said, carelessly. "Have you danced with her yet?"

"It was so unfortunate as to find her card full," he replied; and his voice had grown slow and guarded, for his acute intelligence had caught a strange significance in her light and easy chatter. What was she aiming at? He watched her face slowly.

"Really! Would you like to dance with her?" "That needs no answer, Lady Ruth."

"And you would be very grateful if I got a dance for you?" she asked, looking up at him.

"My gratitude would know no bounds," he replied, smiling. "Well, then, I will come to your aid. This next dance—it is a waltz, is it not?"

"Yes, it is."

"She has promised it to Lord Airlie, but he has gone home with his mother, who was tired. Go and tell her that he sent you as his substitute."

"Would that be fair, Lady Ruth?" he said, with a smile, but she saw his face suddenly flush.

"All is fair in love and war," she retorted. "Oh, if you are too scrupulous, I shall regret having helped you."

"I am the most unscrupulous of men," he said. "But—did Miss Grahame—how did you know this?"

"She showed me her card," she answered. "And you are very grateful, Mr. Fenton?"

"Very," he answered. "Do you doubt me?"

"Time will prove," she said. "There, go now and secure her before she is engaged. Put me in that seat, please."

"Will you give me this dance, Miss Grahame?"

"I am engaged," she replied, coldly, and turned her head away.

"To Lord Airlie, are you not?" he said. "Will you let me see your card?"

"She looked up, and her lips formed "No."

"I think this is it," he said, with perfect calmness. "Lord Airlie has been obliged to leave, and was good enough to yield to my prayer that I should take his place."

"Do you insist?" came from her white lips.

His eyes lighted up with a sudden flash of triumph, and he put his arm around her. A shudder ran through her at his touch, the lights seemed to flare and dance, the music to deafen her. She danced with him for a minute or two, half stunned and bewildered; then, as if she could endure no longer, she stopped and tore her hand from him.

"Why do you persecute me in this way?" fell from her lips.

"But you intimated from your silence that your future husband, all should regard you as meeting for the first time. I have respected your wish, that is all."

"What more do you want?" he said, obeying a pause. "Tell me, and I will obey you—if it is possible."

which he pointed, and saw a tall, thin figure standing up distinctly against the sky. It was a gentleman in shooting attire and carrying a gun. She recognized Rawson Fenton, far off as he was, and her heart sank.

But as the carriage reached the spot where he was standing leaning on his gun, evidently waiting for her approach, and she bowed politely, raised his hat and stepped into the road.

It would have been impossible to have driven on without attracting Arol's attention to her want of courtesy, and with tightly set lips she pulled the ponies up.

He came to the side of the carriage with a smile on his face, which was as pale as if he had spent the morning at his writing table instead of on the glorious moor.

"Good morning, Miss Grahame," he said. "I could not lose the opportunity of asking you how you were after last night's dissipation," and he held out the hand.

Constance just touched it with her gloved fingers, and murmured a conventional response, looking straight before her.

"Is this Lord Lancelbrook, of whom I have heard so much?" he said, smiling at Arol, whose large eyes took stock of him with frank seriousness.

"Yes," replied Constance, "this is Lord Lancelbrook," and her face flushed with a resentment at his persistence. "This is Mr. Rawson Fenton, Arol," she said, reluctantly.

"I hope you have had good sport, Mr. Fenton," said Arol, with all the Brakespear gravity, and anxious to be polite to a friend of dear Constance's.

"Thank you, yes, Lord Lancelbrook," he replied; "very good sport."

"What have you shot?" asked Arol. "Some plover and a rabbit or two. Would you like to see them? I left them in the hollow there; I'll go and fetch them."

"Oh, now, please don't trouble; I'll go," said Arol, eagerly; and he jumped out and ran to the spot to which Rawson Fenton had pointed.

Immediately he had got out of earshot, Rawson Fenton drew closer to the phaeton, and laying his hand on it, bent forward.

"I thought it likely that I might see this morning," he said in a low voice.

The color mounted to Constance's brow, and she glanced at him with a glance upon him. Did he dare to think that she had driven out on the chance and hope of seeing him?

"I wished to see you," he said, fully comprehending the flush and her look. "Last night it seemed to me that you were rather unwilling that I should become a guest of Lord Brakespear."

She remained silent.

"Ah! I was right," he said, his eyes fixed on hers keenly. "Well, I was desirous of telling you that you need have no such reluctance; to remind you that by no word or deed of mine will anyone learn that we were anything more than strangers till last night. I think you can trust me, Miss Grahame."

"I have nothing to trust to you," she said, coldly. "There shall be no such word between us, Mr. Fenton."

"I will not insist upon a word," he said, with a sinister smile. "All I wanted to say was, that you need be under no apprehension because I happen to spend a few hours under the same roof with you. That is all. I am a man of my word, and what I said last night I shall stand by. Don't let my presence make you unhappy, or even uneasy."

"Will you please tell Lord Lancelbrook that I am waiting, Mr. Fenton?" she said.

"He is coming," he answered, glancing over his shoulder, "and I have said all I wanted to say."

She drove on, and presently they reached Mrs. Marsh's. The marquis' horse was tied to the garden rail, and the marquis himself was leaning over, smoking a pipe and talking with an infantile Marsh. His smile as he turned to welcome Constance seemed to her like sunlight after rain—the dawn of a bright day after a murky night.

"Well, dearest," he said, coming and bending over her, his eyes full of love, dwelling upon her face. "Ah, you look all right now."

"Yes, I am all right now," she said, gently and the felt changed in his presence.

"You have come just in time," he remarked. "This little one was on the point of crying because I had not brought the 'body lady' with me; and going to the railing, he hauled the mite over and put him laughingly at Constance's feet."

"Hallo!" he exclaimed, picking something up from the bottom of the phaeton. "What's this—a plover's feather?"

Constance's face flushed as she bent over the child.

"Yes," replied Arol, busily engaged in hunting among the varied contents of his pocket for a sixpence for Master Marsh, which appeared to comprise everything from a piece of string to a donkey's shoe. "Yes; guess how we got it, Uncle Wolfe."

"Plew up and caught one by the tail!" suggested the marquis.

"Well, I've heard you call Constance an angel, but I never seen her fly," retorted Arol, extracting a sixpence from the indescribable heap in his lap. "No, you'd never guess—would he, Constance, dear? It was given to me—by Mr. Fenton."

HOW BANKS FIGURE INTEREST

(By Hollis W. Field.)

That ordinary man in ordinary business who occasionally has something to do with paying interest on bank loans, probably never in his business life has attempted to discover how the bank's process of figuring how much the interest is going to be.

At the best he recalls hazily those old wranglings with high school arithmetic processes in interest computations, gives it up promptly, and accepts the bank's figures without a murmur. Today that arithmetical formula for interest working is about as up-to-date and available as an ox yoke in a city livery stable. If every loan made by every bank in the country had to be figured according to the old arithmetical method, either the bank pay rolls would need enlarging tremendously, or half the borrowers would have to pay the maturity of a note in order to get a final statement.

As far as the ordinary bank is concerned, the mathematician getting up a textbook on arithmetic might as well leave out that section of the book devoted to interest computations. The school-boy who may have ambition to get into a bank career hasn't the slightest practical interest in that old section of the textbook under the impressive heading, "Interest and Time."

INTEREST ALL FIGURED OUT. Fact is, the modern banker has all the interest he bank ever may hope to collect figured out to fractions of a cent years into the future. Through the medium of interest tables practically any principal sum at any rate of interest for any length of time from one day up is figured for him at the mere turning to the figures in the tables, and set down to his hand. In the larger banks this set of interest tables comprises a formidable volume as to size, and always it will be found one of the thumbiest looking books that ever happened outside a public library building.

There is interest and there is interest, however, in banking. One kind of interest may be as little like another kind of interest as one grocery bill is unlike another. To the staid First National Bank of New York, for instance, the slow city of 10,000 population down in Illinois there is a particular style of interest in the neighborhood of Wall street, New York, which is likely to set such a bank by the ears for a week if it should be called upon for the hurried computation of an interest charge for the day.

This is the "street loan" through which the New York bank accommodates the broker who may be plunging in stocks of one kind or another.

This "street loan" ordinarily is for \$100,000 and is subject to calling in without notice. There are occasions when this kind of money is much in demand at which the interest rate may rise with demand. Then as suddenly the rate may drop several points. The \$100,000 loan may have been made to the broker on the first day of the month at 3 per cent, but within a week it may go up to 4 or 5 or 6 per cent, according to the demand. When within a month there are half a dozen of these interest rate changes in most irregular and uncertain fashion, the arithmetical figure of interest on the loan might expect to lose most of his hair in figuring the interest totals.

SYSTEM MEETS THE EMERGENCY. In this emergency some one has brought out a "system" for accurate computation of the interest with the least expenditure of brain force. While on the face of it the process is wholly arbitrary, it is readily understood in the following example:

This loan of \$100,000 is made on Dec. 1 and it is paid on Dec. 31. In that period the rates on call loans range from 2 1/2 per cent. to 10 per cent., with the interest to be computed for every day at which this certain rate holds. It tabulated form the statement is:

Table with columns: Date, Per Cent, Days, Cent, Product. Rows include Dec 1 to 5, Dec 5 to 7, Dec 7 to 15, Dec 15 to 21, Dec 21 to 26, Dec 26 to 31, Total product 102.5

So far, this table shows the number of days which, at a certain rate per cent, has governed, multiplied by the interest rate, and the product set aside in parallel columns for addition. This product assumes form of a whole number in each multiplication save in the fifth, where the multiplication of 3/4 by 5 gives the whole number and decimal 17.5. Making of the addition of the products, the total is seen to be 102.5 as an abstract number.

TOTAL BECOMES ABSTRACT NUMBER. Here another arbitrary process is taken up. Whatever this total may be it is set down for division as an abstract number, after which ciphers are added to make four decimal points following the whole number. In this case, with the figures 102.5, it is necessary to affix only three ciphers, making the dividend 102,500, which then is ready for division by the decimal 36. This is an abstract and arbitrary figure. Dividing this 102,500 by 36, and pointing off the decimal places in the quotient according to rules, the result is the compound number 284.72. So far this quotient naturally is an abstract number, but at this point the dollar mark is set in front of the figure of interest tables. Whatever the \$100,000 of the thirty-one days at these varying interest rates is shown to be \$284.72.

Just who evolved this system for monthly computations of call loan interest might be hard to discover, but it is accurate to a literal cent according to the standard interest tables. Whatever advantage the process has over the interest table scheme comes from the fact that most of these tables are figured on even rates of interest such as 3 or 4 or 5 or 6 per cent. With the half cent figures in the interest rate it is difficult to get the interest charge. Probably there

is mathematical reason for the demical 36 as a divisor, but after all it is no more arbitrary to the banker than are the interest figures which he finds made for him in his interest tables.

That average borrower of money in round figures of \$500 or \$1,000 or larger amounts at 5 or 6 per cent, for one or five years finds the figuring of his own interest an easy matter. But if he shall have a savings bank account to which he is adding money once or twice a month or more and occasionally withdrawing a little of it under pressure at odd times, he wouldn't attempt to make a guess of what his six months' interest is at 3 per cent.

SAVINGS BANK HAS SEVERAL METHODS. With the savings bank which has to figure these several credits at each Jan. 1 and July 1 interest methods are available. One of the simplest is that by which an average of the deposits for each of the six months is set for addition. Money deposited before the 10th of each month draws interest from the 1st of that month. In determining this average balance for the month deposits left prior to the 10th are figured into it.

In this way, taking the average for each month, the figures on the small account might run: For January, \$150; February, \$180; March, \$140; April, \$160; May, \$170, and June, \$180.

In the operation of figuring this interest the total of these monthly averages is \$980. With the interest at 3 per cent, on deposits, the accountant takes the arbitrary divisor of 4, which gives a quotient of 245. Putting the dollar mark in front and pointing off two decimal halves, the interest shows \$245.32 for the six months' period.

SHOE POLISH BRIGHT AND INSTANTANEOUS One application—two rubs—and your shoes are shined for three days. "2 in 1" softens the leather—keeps out moisture—won't stain the clothes—and emancipates you from bottles, mops, brushes and hard work. No substitute even half as good. 10c. and 25c. Tins

When you can buy good bread, why should you go to the trouble of baking. When the Quality of Mother's Bread has been proved to be the best, why should you not try it. Ewing Sole M'fr. A.M. EWING HAMILTON

TICKETS MOVING ON THE REEL FOR PICTURE SHOWS At GREATLY REDUCED PRICES. Baseball, Football and Other Games. Fairs, Concessions, Steamboat Excursions, Etc. Railroad Ticket Printers. TIMES PRINTING COMPANY Hamilton, Ontario

The Paper on Which "The Times" is Printed is Made by the Riordon Paper Mills, Limited at Merriton, Near St. Catharines. THEY ALSO MAKE BUILDING PAPER AND ARE THE LARGEST MAKERS OF SULPHITE PULP IN CANADA. Head office, Mark Fisher Building, Montreal, where all correspondence should be addressed.

Buy the Best. The best plated tableware made in "Community Silver" with a guarantee of 25 years' wear in ordinary household wear; handsome in design and finely finished. We sell it. F. CLARINC BOWL Jeweler 22 MacNab St. North

INSURANCE. F. W. GATES & BRO. DISTRICT AGENTS. Royal Insurance Co. Assets, including Capital \$45,000,000 OFFICE—33 JAMES STREET SOUTH. Telephone 1,448. WESTERN ASSURANCE CO. FIRE AND MARINE Phone 2584 W. O. TIDSWELL, Agent 75 James Street South

Stop taking liquid physic or big or little pills, that which makes you worse instead of curing. Cathartics don't cure—they irritate and weaken the bowels. CASCARETS make the bowels strong, tone the muscles so they crawl and work—when they do this they are healthy, producing right results. CASCARETS are a box for a week's treatment. All druggists. Biggest seller in the world. Million boxes a month.

RAILWAYS GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM HOMESEEKERS' EXCURSIONS TO WESTERN CANADA Via CHICAGO, June 1st and 15th. Via SARASOTA AND N. CO., May 31st and June 15th. (Steamer leaves Sarina 3.30 p.m.) Winnipeg and Return \$32.00 Edmonton and Return \$42.60 Proportionate rates to other points. Alaska, Yukon, Pacific Exposition SEATTLE Low rate for round trip: Daily until September 30th, 1909. Full information and tickets from Chas. E. Morgan, city ticket agent, W. G. Webster, depot agent.

VICTORIA DAY RETURN TICKETS Between all stations in Canada, east of Port Arthur, at SINGLE FARE GOOD GOING Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday, MAY 21, 22, 23, 24 Return limit Wednesday, May 26 Full information from Hamilton office, cor. James and King streets, W. J. Grant, agent.

T., H. & B. Ry. Victoria Day, May 24 Excursion tickets at one way FIRST CLASS FARE for the round trip, good going May 21st, 22nd, 23rd and 24th, good return on 1st and including May 26th. Further information on application to A. CRAIG, T. Agt. F. F. BACKUS, G.P.A. Phone 1590.

Forest, Stream and Seashore Write GENERAL PASSENGER DEPARTMENT INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY MONCTON, N. B. Enclosing ten cents for postage. FOREST, STREAM AND SEASHORE is a book of over 200 pages, illustrated in colors and half tones, giving well-written descriptions of the country contiguous to the line of railway in Quebec, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, replete with historical incidents, legend and folklore. It has also chapters on Prince Edward Island, the Magdalen Islands and Newfoundland and is worthy of a place in any library.

STEAMSHIPS White Star-Dominion Royal Mail Steamships. Laurent, triple screw; Megantic, twin screw. Largest and finest steamers on the St. Lawrence route. Latest production of the ship-builders and passenger elevator services. Four decks. Every detail of comfort and luxury of present day travel will be found on these steamers. MONTREAL-QUEBEC-LIVERPOOL. OTTAWA-Quebec-Sept. 18, Aug. 14 CANADA June 12, July 17, Aug. 21 LAURENTIC June 19, July 24, Aug. 28 DOMINION June 26, July 31, Sept. 4 MEGANTIC July 3, Aug. 7, Sept. 11 The popular steamer "GALANIA" is also again scheduled to carry three classes of passengers. While the fast steamer "OTTAWA" and the comfortable steamer "DOMINION" as one-class class steamers (called second class), are very attractive, at moderate rates. Third class carried on all steamers. No plans and rates at local agent's or company's office. W. J. Grant, 41 King Street East, Toronto.

ANCHOR LINE GLASGOW AND LONDONDERRY Sailing from New York Every Saturday New York to Glasgow via St. John's. "Colonia," "Galicia" and "Columbia" (Average passage 7 1/2 days). SALOON, \$67.50 TO \$125. SECOND CABIN, \$42.50 TO \$60. THIRD CLASS, \$27.50 AND \$37.75 For new illustrated book containing information, apply to HENDERSON BROTHERS, New York or W. J. Grant, James and King streets, Chas. E. Morgan, 11 James street north, or C. J. Jones, 6 James street south, Hamilton.

NORTHERN NAVIGATION CO. Grand Trunk Route SPRING LINES LAKE SUPERIOR DIVISION FOR S. S. Marie, Port Arthur, Fort William and Duluth. Leave Sarina 3.30 p.m. May 19, 22, 29, 31, June 5, 9, 12, 15. Sailings May 19, 19, 31, June 5 and 12 through to Duluth. Freight sailings in addition to above. GEORGIAN BAY AND MACKINAC DIVISION, For S. S. Marie and way ports. Leave Collingwood 1.30 p.m. and Owen Sound 11.45 p.m. Wednesdays and Saturdays. Careful handling and despatch guaranteed freight shippers. Tickets and information from all railway agents. H. H. Gildersleeve, C. H. Nicholson, Mgr., Collingwood. Traffic Mgr., Sarina

"Is the senator from Rhode Island in his seat?" "He is." "The Senate will come to order."