

PARTED BY GOLD

Let us introduce her as she lay one morning—near the Christmas pantomime time at the Signet—upon the velvet lounge, a French novel in her dainty hands, and a bunch of hothouse grapes close at her elbow—not to eat, your grand lady seldom eats these great things the poor envy so much, but because the expensive handful of fruit was pleasing to her sense of sight and bore a peculiar kind of gratification.

Lady Maud yawned—as well she might—dropped the yellow-covered roomination upon the floor and raised herself upon her elbow.

"Snowing, yes," she mused. "It always snows now. I hate winter and wish we had gone to Dottedhall, after all. But, no, that would not do. Dottedhall is too far from London, and, and—Jack—"

"My dear Maud," said Lady Pacewell, entering the room and breaking in upon Lady Maud's reflection, "are you not going out this morning? I have ordered the carriage. It is Friday, the day we call on Lady Bakedwell. We really must go, my dear, this week."

"It is a great bore, aunt. I wish Lady Bakedwell was not so deaf and so eloquent on her lumbago."

"My dear Maud," laughed Lady Pacewell, "well, my love, you shall please yourself. I must go, but do not mind going alone."

"That is a dear aunt, now, and say, please, I have the headache, which I have no doubt I shall have before you get there."

Lady Pacewell sighed.

"Really, it is very hard work; I never knew a winter season so crowded. Let me see," looking over a daintily bound memorandum book.

"This afternoon there is Madam Skaleek's matinee, and to-night Jack has promised to take us to the theatre."

"Oh, is it to-night?" said Lady Maud, indifferently, although a singular light came into her languid eyes.

"Yes, to-night, and I wonder where he will go. Well, I must start, my dear, and pray don't make your head ache over that book."

Scarcely had the carriage rolled away with great state and eclat than a resolute hand banged on the knocker.

Lady Maud arose with rather unusual abruptness, cast a glance at herself in the glass, arranged a silken bow at her throat, and fell back on the sofa, novel in hand, fully prepared.

"Ah, Jack, is it you?" she said in her sweetest voice, as the door was thrown back and a footman announced "Mr. Hamilton."

"But I might have guessed it. No one knows so hard as you."

"Oh, indeed!" said poor Jack, looking enormously big in the small and elegant room, and grandly handsome in the flush which his walk had bestowed upon him.

"And how do you do, my sweet cousin, this splendid morning?"

"Splendid!" and her large eyes opened most effectively. "I call it horrible. It snows. It is as cold as the Arctic regions."

"Cold!" he repeated, with a musical laugh that set the bronzes, china and other curiosities laughing to hear it.

IN MISERY FOR YEARS

Mrs. Courtney Tells How She Was Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Oskaloosa, Iowa.—"For years I was simply in misery from a weakness and awful pains—and nothing seemed to do me any good. A friend advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I did so and got relief right away. I can certainly recommend this valuable medicine to other women who suffer, for it has done such good work for me and I know it will help others if they will give it a fair trial."

—Mrs. LIZZIE COURTNEY, 308 8th Ave., West, Oskaloosa, Iowa.

Why will women drag along from day to day, year in and year out, suffering such misery as did Mrs. Courtney, when such letters as this are continually being published. Every woman who suffers from displacements, irregularities, inflammation, ulceration, backache, nervousness, or who is passing through the Change of Life should give this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a trial. For special advice write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. The results of its long experience is at your service.



"I think it is warm, at least it warms one's blood."

"Well, you look warm," she admitted, looking at him with the admiration in her eyes thinly concealed.

"Warm, of course," he said. "Ah, Maud, you should be out breathing heaven's pure air, not sitting here in this stifling, perfume-poisoned rabbit hutch—no disrespect to aunt—out getting the blood through your veins, and the diamonds into your eyes—not that they do not sparkle as it is, but, well, we will refine the gold and paint the lily."

"That's a long speech for you, Jack," said the beautiful lips—"a very long speech and with a compliment tagged on at the end of it, too; Jack you are improving."

"I'm glad you think so," he said, with his low mellow laugh; "there's plenty of room for it, Maud. But, come, chaffing apart; I have looked in to ask you where you would rather go to-night."

"And not to see me?" asked the lady with an arch glance.

"And to see you, of course!" he added. "You leave it to me? Well, very well. Where is aunt?"

"Gone scandal-mongering to Lady Bakedwell's for me. I am on sick leave."

"Hem, and reading for medicine; what have you got?"

He picked the yellow-covered novel up and looked at it hard.

ASTHMA
INSTANTLY RELIEVED WITH
ASTHMADOR
OR MONEY REFUNDED. ASK ANY DRUGGIST
or write Lyman-Knox Co., Montreal, P. Q. Price 60c.
Remember the name as it might not be seen again.

"Can't understand it. I don't know French; I wish I did."

"Wish you did?" repeated Lady Maud. "Well, no, Jack, you are quite clever enough. French would spoil you, make you conceited."

He laughed, and still laughing, arose.

"I must go," he said. "I am keeping you from your book, and a nap, I suppose, for ladies require a deal of sleep—and, no wonder, they dance while other people are in bed."

"Going so soon?" she said, and there was a slight touch of annoyance in the voice. She had paid the three compliments, and two were generally supposed to chain other men to her side.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"To Tattersall's and the club," he replied. "I am going to buy a horse."

"Another?" she said, raising her brows.

"Yes, extravagant, isn't it? But he is really cheap. Horseflesh is the only thing I'm not taken in with, Walton says."

"Walton?" she repeated, "who is he? I don't remember the name."

"Oh, a very good fellow. I met him last at Beaumont's, the night of aunt's drum."

Lady Maud nodded indifferently. It was a trick to assume great carelessness at the mention of anything that interested her.

Most ladies pride themselves on the trick and consider, perhaps wisely, the grandest accomplishment that of subduing and concealing all signs of emotion, great or small.

"Beaumont I know, the barrister. A handsome man, dark hair, I forget what eyes."

"So do I," said Jack, laughing, but at the next question the laugh died out rather suddenly.

"And why did you not come to the concert with me the other evening?"

"I—I was engaged," said Jack.

Lady Maud lowered her eyelids and turned an emerald ring upon her finger.

"You will spoil your digestion by those late dinners and card suppers, and distress aunt, who thinks so much of steadiness."

Poor Jack could not tell a silent falsehood, as it is called, any more than a spoken one. To let his beautiful cousin think he had been dining out when he had really been spilling his clothes behind the scenes of the Royal Signet would be a silent falsehood.

"I was not dining; this time your fear is thrown away, Maud; I was at the theatre."

"You are fond of the theatre lately," she said, with the air of condescending interest that makes it a flattery to inquire.

"No," he said, hesitating. He was conscious of a strange reluctance to tell this cold but beautiful woman of his trip to the East-end. "No, I am not; I went out of curiosity."

CUTICURA

Heals Skin Trouble With One Cake Soap and Two Boxes Ointment.

Terrible itching on back of neck. After three weeks got flaky and became sore. Was red and scratching caused sleepless nights. Got Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Itching not so bad after using them. Now healed. From signed statement of Mrs. William Quigley, Windsor, N. S.

If Cuticura did no more than soothe and heal eczemas, rashes, itchings and burnings, bringing speedy comfort to tortured, disfigured men, women and children it would be entitled to the highest praise. But it does more. By using the Soap exclusively for toilet purposes, allowing no other soap to touch your skin, you will in many cases prevent these distressing experiences. For Free Sample Each by Mail address post-card: "Cuticura, Dept. A, Boston, U. S. A." Sold everywhere.

a heart.

"That's good," he said. "Well, I mean it was a queer place to go to, right out of the way, you know."

"Where was it?" she asked, raising her eyes, and noting, while pretending not to note, his reluctance and hesitation.

"The Royal Signet, down East."

"Never heard of it," she said. "It must be very Oriental; and did you leave your watch?"

"No," he said, feeling a slight annoyance at her sublime air of contempt for the unfashionable portions of the world and its honest inhabitants.

"No, indeed, why should I? There are as many pick-pockets West as East—perhaps more. You see, it's unknown land to you, my dear Maud; you should take a voyage thither."

"No, thank you," she said. "I have a weakness for civilization. Savage life has no charms for me. I will leave the conquest, exploration, or annexation of the East to you, Jack, but hope you'll not go there again."

He laughed.

"Well," he said, buttoning his gloves, "I shall go nowhere if I stop here, shall I? Maud, be ready at half-past six. I shall be punctual."

His strong hand grasped her delicate one, and with a smile he had been, it had disturbed Lady Maud's serenity.

First she sprang up to watch him stride away through the park, his hand up to his hat at every corner in answer to the salutes of the keepers and ranger's men who all knew and were proud of him. Then she stood with one tiny foot upon the fender and

looked down into the coals as if she were extracting fire from them.

"There is mischief when he hesitates and hangs back. What is it, I wonder? Can he be going to his club. Yes, Jack could tell a falsehood; besides, it was when he mentioned that theatre, the Royal Signet at the East-end. Where is it, and what took him there, I wonder?"

Another knock and her eyes up to the glass again.

"Mr. Beaumont."

With a smile, Lady Maud held out her hand.

"Bravo men are still left in Britain," he said, with a gracious sweetness.

"This is the second knight I have found to brave the terrors of the cold and snow."

"Indeed," he said, having bent over her hand for full half a minute, and now raising his fine eyes to her face with a significant look of devotion and admiration. "Indeed! Who may the first be?"

"Mr. Hamilton," she replied. "He has only just gone."

"Ah," he said, and a slight shade crossed his brow which did not escape Lady Maud's quick eyes, as he intended it should not. "He is always before me."

"Yes," she replied, turning him off with the cold frigidity which Beau Fopton inveighed against. "And are you going to the club, too?"

"No," he said, "I must return to my chambers. I came to bring Lady Pacewell the tickets for Madam Shaleek's concert."

"Ah," said Lady Maud. "Have you got them for us?" How kind. And

Dr. Martel's Female Pills
Prescribed and recommended by Physicians. Sold for half a century in France and all other countries. Ask your druggist. — Accept no other.

are you going, too?"

She was gracious this morning, and he looked up gratefully.

"May I?" he asked.

She laughed the little happy, well-toned laugh.

"If you please. Put them on the table, please. What a pity you missed Mr. Hamilton."

"Yes," he said, but did not seem to regret it much. "I have not seen very much of him lately."

"No?" she asked. "How is that? I thought you were great friends. He told me he had dined or supped with you the other evening."

"Yes," said Beaumont, stroking his mustache, and speaking carelessly, but feeling his way and wondering whether it was a good time to make the first move in the game he was about to play.

"Yes, we were great friends, and are so still; but I do not see so much of him lately, excepting at the club and that sort of thing. I fancy Master Jack has something of a more pleasing nature on the cards."

"Yes," she said, in the same half-interested, wholly interrogative tone.

"Yes," he continued; "whether he is starting a horse for the Derby, has gone into experiments in chemistry, or is starting a new gunpowder plot, I can't say, but he is certainly seldom visible."

"Well, he will be visible to-night, and that is a good thing," said the beautiful woman. "He is to take his aunt to the theatre."

"The theatre," said Beaumont, quickly, "and which one?"

"Drury Lane, I suppose," replied Lady Maud, raising her eyes and fixing them with calm regard on his face. "Why did you ask so quickly?"

"Oh, I—I—really I had no reason that I know of, Oh, Drury Lane, eh?"

"And have you been to the theatre lately, Mr. Beaumont?" asked she, then added, quickly: "Oh, stay, yes, I had nearly forgotten; I have been lately—to such a queer one; you can't guess it!"

"Yes, I can," she said, with a charming smile. "Shall I?"

"If you can," he said.

"The Royal Signet."

"That's right," he said; "how did you know?"

"A little bird," she laughed, musically. "And pray what is there so attractive at the Royal Signet?" she asked. "Is it worth one's while to go and see it?"

"I know of no attraction that would be likely to please you," he said, with a slight emphasis on the last word. "Unless you like plenty of melodrama, pistol-firing and a strong smell of oranges."

"Thank you, no," she said, much amused. "And pray what attracts you gentlemen there? Who went with you?"

"I am curious, it is so strange."

"Is it not comical?" he said, laughing. "Only four of us, Jack, Walton, Fopton and I. And great fun it was. We went behind the scenes."

Lady Maud was beginning to understand. The poison was working, and the skillful schemer knew it.

"There was a most exciting drama, and an intensely interesting pirate. An extravaganza afterward that delighted dear old Jack above everything. We could hardly get him away. But, there, that reminds me of my musty chambers and the pile of parchment weeping and waiting for me. Good-morning. I may escort Lady Pacewell to the matinee? Goody-by for the present only then."

Lady Maud did not glide to the window to see the last of his back, but she returned to her study of the fire, and her brow grew blacker.

"Behind the scenes with ballet girls and second-rate actresses. Is he foolish enough for that? No, no, and yet his hesitation, his reluctance to mention it. I had to drag it out of him like extracting a tooth. If I were a man I could follow him and find out for myself, but I must live on such crumbs as he throws—nay, rather what I extract from him by dint of hard pumping. Oh, what a thing it is to be tied hand and foot. The Royal Signet, I will look at the paper."

She rang the bell and asked for the paper.

The footman waited until he had finished the article he was reading and then brought it up with an apology for the delay on account of its being mislaid.

"Now let me see; the names will be something. Every little helps. If I could but find out who she is, if he has indeed been caught by a pretty, painted face and padded form. Ah, here it is."

"The Royal Signet."

"Happy Couple, farce; The Pirate's Gorge, melodrama; and the Fairy of the Glen, extravaganza, in which Miss Annabelle Montague will appear."

"Annabelle Montague! Heavens! what a name! Can that be she, I wonder? Some painted woman twice his age. Oh, what it is to be tied hand and foot when so much is at stake."

The carriage returned and Lady Pacewell entered exhausted.

"Oh, my dear Maud, I am thoroughly worn out. Dear Lady Bakedwell was so very deaf and she insisted upon learning all about the Vernon affair. I declare, I am quite hoarse. What is that, the paper? What have you want-

How to Purify the Blood

Fifteen to thirty drops of Extract of Roots, commonly called Mother Selgel's Curative Syrup, may be taken in water with meals and at bedtime, for the cure of indigestion, constipation and bad blood. Persistence in this treatment will effect a cure in nearly every case. Get the genuine at druggists.

ed with that? Not reading it, surely, my dear?"

And her ladyship looked shocked.

Lady Maud laughed.

"No, aunt, it is too dry for me. I have been looking at the theatre lists—Jack has been here and says he will take us to-night."

"Ah, I met him. Dear Jack. But I hope he is going on all right, my dear Maud. He looked rather pale, I thought."

"Pale!" said Lady Maud; "he was perfectly rosy, disgustingly rosy, when he came here. The very picture of health."

"Well, perhaps it was the brougham window; Thomas never keeps them clean, and I'm sure it is so annoying, for one looks quite yellow to the people passing by. But Jack, my dear, I saw standing at Tattersall's talking to such a queer-looking man."

"That is nothing," said Lady Maud, with quiet scorn. "The greatest gentleman may book a bet, as they call it, or settle up with any disreputable person at any place."

"I'm very sorry to hear it," said Lady Pacewell, emphatically. "And Jack ought to know better. But, there, he is so easily led! Sometimes I think it is a pity that he came into the Pacewell money, my dear. And he wouldn't have done it if that strange, disreputable old uncle could have been found, you know. Jack is so careless, so good-natured, you can get him to do anything. Why—would you believe it, my dear?—Lady Fopton tells me Willie and some of them, Jack included, went down to some place at the East End of London and mixed with the acting and singing people? Is it not disgraceful? Really, I do not understand the gentlemen of the present day! Your father, my dear Maud, would never have done such a thing, I am sure. At the East End, too?"

(To be continued.)

Wire Splints for Wounds.

A new kind of surgical splint in which galvanized wire netting takes the place of wood has been put on the market, says the Popular Science Monthly. The steel entering into the construction of this woven wire splint is so tempered that it can be moulded by hand. Being galvanized, the wire is sterilized and at the same time welded into a single piece that cannot fray out at loose ends.

As it is porous, it allows a certain amount of evaporation and air circulation to the dressings beneath, which wood or plaster does not. The splint comes rolled like a bandage and is lighter and less bulky than wooden splints.

DO YOU WANT PINK CHEEKS?

They Can be Had by Keeping the Blood Rich, Red and Pure.

Every woman—every girl—wants pink cheeks. They mean not only beauty, but good health. When a woman's blood is scanty and anemic her color fades, she looks debilitated, is short of breath and her heart palpitates after slight exertion. Sometimes this trouble is accompanied by severe headaches, or pains in the back or sides. This condition is entirely due to weak, watery blood, and can only be cured by making the blood rich, red and pure.

For this purpose there is nothing can equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which act directly upon the blood, and in this way bring new health and strength to weak, ailing people. Mrs. Anderson, Hearst, Ont., says: "Before coming to Canada from England I was a sufferer from anemia for upwards of a year. I had been gradually getting paler and weaker. I did not realize that I was sick, but felt constantly tired and worn out. I had no ambition for anything, and grew so white that my brothers used to call me 'snowball.' At this stage my mother decided that she would get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which are a favorite medicine in England as well as in Canada. On the day I commenced taking them I fainted on getting out of bed and mother urged me to stay in bed for a few days. I really felt so weak that I was glad to take her advice. I looked more like a corpse than a living person. I remained in bed for a week, taking the pills regularly, and then I felt that I was able to get up, though, on however, I gained strength daily, and in a little more than a month I was feeling as well as ever I did. The color returned to my cheeks and lips, and my friends were all surprised at my rapid recovery. I took no medicine but Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, so that they deserve all the credit for my restoration to health."

You can get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills through any dealer in medicine or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.