

ALL FOR RICHES.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The Return of Frank Whitney.

"When the sight of your face first caused me to forget good breeding, and turn away from you to recover self-possession, you will remember that you told me that I should tell you of my lost friend whom you so closely resembled. Your mention of the jasmine carries me back to the time when I was with that sweet little friend, and we were all the world to each other. Shall I tell you of her now?"

Mrs. Grant's face was turned away from him as he spoke, and her voice was low and tremulous as she answered:

"Yes; tell me of her."

After a moment's pause, he went on:

"It seemed but a little while ago that I was engaged to be married to a beautiful young girl—a farmer's daughter. She was handsome, and I thought I loved her. I knew better when I saw her little sister, for into my very soul she came with her beauty and winsome ways. How I did love that child! and his voice softened as he continued, after a pause: 'She was blue-eyed and golden haired, just as you are, Evangeline, and her eyes would change from the fair sky blue of love to the dark purple of anger, just as your eyes flash and change; and what makes you seem so much like Goldie is that I have never seen eyes that could change like hers and yours. Her hair, too, was that soft, shining, golden beauty that makes yours so beautiful and admired; and her voice, ringing with merriment at one moment, and fluttering to the heart, low and tender with pity, or sobbing with grief the next, was so like your own. You are very, very like my Goldie, Evangeline.'

There was a pause, then Mrs. Grant's white hand fluttered down into Frank Whitney's, and her blue

eyes were veiled beneath drooping lids as she asked:

"How did you lose her, Frank?"

"She died."

"But she died loving you?"

"I hope so. Oh, Evangeline, if I knew that Goldie died loving me, and believing me true to her, I could be reconciled to her loss; but I went away. Major Grant has probably told you of our year of travel, after which I returned to a German university to pursue my studies. When we parted—Goldie and I—we exchanged the most solemn vows to be always true to each other, and I thought she was true to me, for she never could grieve—we were married."

"Married! did you say?" exclaimed Mrs. Grant, with a deep sigh.

"Yes, married. The wedding was a private one, however, and took place at the house of a clergyman in a village not many miles from the residence of Goldie's father. I have now the certificate upstairs in my trunk. For the first three months after I went away we corresponded regularly. Then I received no more letters from her, until Grant Whitney, my brother wrote to me that she was dead. From that time to this I have mourned for her, and, having her image in my heart, can you wonder that I started with surprise when I saw you, now that you know how exactly like her you seem?"

Mrs. Grant bowed her beautiful head, and in the moonlight, Frank saw a bright tear fall upon her hand. She did not answer, but he knew that she was weeping. Her tender sympathy was pleasant to him, and almost unconsciously his arm stole about her shoulders.

With a pitying sob, her head drooped upon his shoulder, and he would have been more than human if he had not kissed her face, wet with sympathetic tears; tears of sorrow for his grief. For one instant she rested in his arms, then she sprang to her feet, and, with a voice half hushed with emotion, said:

"Frank! Frank! remember that I am a wife! If I forget what is due the noble man whom I call husband, you must not! Let me go in now!"

"One moment, Evangeline. If we part thus, after what has passed, we shall always remember this scene with feelings of guilt, perhaps. I have not for one moment forgotten that you are the wife of one of the best of men and truest of friends. I have his full and free consent to treat you in every way as I would a dear sister. If I had confided the story of my sorrow to a dear sister, she would have given me the same sweet sympathy that you have done, and in all brotherly love and gratitude I should have kissed her. Receive the kiss as it was given, as from the spirit of brotherly love, not as the offspring of a guilty passion. We understand each other, Evangeline?"

She extended her hand, and he raised it to his lips, as he had done a hundred times before, and in the presence of her husband.

While they stood thus for one instant, a slight rustling of the jasmine attracted their attention, and immediately a woman stepped from its shadow and stood before them.

Still clasping Mrs. Grant's hand, Frank Whitney asked:

"Who are you that hides in the shrubbery to listen to conversation not intended for your ears?"

"It is only your brother's wife. I sat down in the cool shade of the jasmine, waiting for you to return from the city, and I think I must have fallen asleep. I have heard but very little of your conversation, although a stranger might make a story of what I did hear. I hope you will not feel offended if I caution you to be a little more guarded," replied Mrs. Whitney; and before they could detain her, she had entered the house.

"She is a crafty woman," uttered Frank.

"And my relentless enemy," replied Mrs. Grant.

"I would have explained to her if she had not hurried away."

"She deserves no explanation. I would not humble myself!" indignantly exclaimed Mrs. Grant, who felt angry that her rival should have heard the conversation between herself and Frank.

"There was no harm in what was said. I am sure my uncle would approve of our friendly interchange of sympathies," replied Frank.

While they were yet speaking, Mrs. Whitney came out upon the piazza with a great show of announcing her coming by a slight coughing, a rustling of her dress, and an exclamation. It was saying as plainly as actions could say:

"You see, I do not wish to intrude upon your privacy or surprise you in

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ALL DRUGGISTS

any little act of tenderness." After all this had been gone through with, she said meekly:

"The dinner has been waiting a long time. Shall we go in?"

After the dinner had been served, Mrs. Grant arose from the table, and, offering her hand to Frank Whitney, they went away to the low French window which opened to the floor.

The moonlight had been busy with the dew upon the leaves of the shrubbery without, and from it had manufactured diamonds worthy the admiration of a fairy princess.

"Let us sit here a while, Frank," said Mrs. Grant, loud enough for Mrs. Whitney to hear.

"With all pleasure, Evangeline!" he answered, drawing her chair into the moonlight and seating himself upon the low bench just outside the window.

Mrs. Whitney swept them a glance of mingled rage and defiance, and Mrs. Grant suddenly exclaimed:

"Do you know what I have been planning, Frank? I mean to have this old house completely remodeled before winter sets in. We are going to vacate the premises, and while your

uncle and I travel for a few weeks the workmen will complete the repairs. I mean to have all the rooms made larger and not have as many as there are now. Where there are two or three rooms now I propose to have only one. You know there are altogether too many rooms here for your uncle and his very diminutive wife. There will be only two of us here next winter, with the exception of company. Major Grant tells me that you are to remain with us until the springtime. I cannot imagine how I could pass the time if you were all to go away. I shall miss Grant and his family exceedingly."

Mrs. Grant Whitney was fairly white with rage. She knew quite well what all this colloquy meant, and she felt how powerless she was. If eyes could kill, then Mrs. Grant, sitting so innocently unconscious in her white muslin dress in the open window, would have fallen dead, for Mrs. Whitney's eyes shone with a wicked light. She had been listening to every word, and to cover her extreme chagrin she arose and left the room. Two hours later she stole into the dining room. There was no person there, and the windows were closed. She next went softly to the parlor. Frank Whitney and Mrs. Grant were there, sitting together in the bright moonlight. She went out as softly as she had come in, no word having been spoken. As she went up the stairs and closed the door of her own room, Frank Whitney said:

"That woman was a sister of my lost darling!"

Mrs. Grant replied:

"That woman was Goldie Mellen. Mrs. Whitney thought I must be her sister when I came here. There was some mystery about Goldie's death, I believe."

"I have never learned the particulars. In fact, I do not care to harrow up my heart by inquiring. She is dead. There is agony enough in the thought to last me a lifetime."

"Have you a picture of her?" asked Mrs. Grant.

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Hr. Grace Notes.

The sad news of the death of Mr. James Davis of Bell Island was received here by his aged mother on Wednesday. Deceased died on Tuesday after a very short illness, and leaves a widow, several small children to mourn his death. Mr. Davis was a son of the late Amaziah Davis of this town.

The C. of E. Missionary Meeting, took place in St. Paul's Hall last night. The speakers on the occasion were Rev. Law, who took Africa as his subject. Rev. Mr. Clench took Labrador for his topic; while our own Rev. Canon Noel took for his subject, "The home and foreign missions." A large congregation were present.

It is said that Mr. John McRae of Messrs. R. D. McRae & Sons has just purchased the beautiful residence and grounds known as "Greyhurst," the home of the late Dr. W. Allan. We congratulate Mr. McRae, and wish him and Mrs. M. much success in their new home.

A very high tide was experienced here on Thursday morning. In fact, it is said to be the highest seen here for a number of years.

Little Hilda Walsh, the 6-year old daughter of Mr. James Walsh of Cochrane Street, picked up a package containing \$15 near the H. G. Boot & Shoes Factory on Tuesday. It was soon found to belong to Mr. Wm. Tobin, who was pleased to get his money back.

The British Band are going to give our townspeople a treat on the 21st, in the form of another of their popular concerts.

The Jumble Sale in connection with King Edward Brigade takes place to-night in the British Hall.

Mr. Thomas O'Brien of Dawson City, B.C., is here on a visit to his sister and other friends. It is said Tom will be victorious in carrying off one of our fair daughters with him.

CORRESPONDENT.

Harbor Grace, Nov. 10, 1911.

Household Notes.

To take the soreness out of a soft, painful corn, try binding it up each night with baking soda, moistened with a little water.

The very short sash curtain is growing more popular for residences, though it was at first used only for physicians' offices.

If your soup is found too salty add a few slices of raw potatoes and cook a little longer. The potato will absorb the surplus salt.

It will save time if a frying pan or griddle is wiped with a piece of old newspaper to remove the surplus grease before it is washed.

Some people like the unsweetened juice of a pineapple added to mayonnaise, especially when the mayonnaise is used on fruit salad.

Coffee-pots and teapots in which borax water is boiled two or three times a week are purified and entirely freed from musty taste and odor.

When anything has burned in the double boiler, instead of replenishing the steamer part with hot water, use cold water for the same effect.

To warm over systems left from parties add a little milk and a little fresh seasoning and heat them in a small saucepan in a vessel of boiling water.

Vaseline rubbed into the eyebrows will make them grow heavier and darker. For the same reason it should never be rubbed anywhere else on the face.

Cut a couple of pieces about an inch long from an old garden hose and slip them over the faucets, and you will save many nicks in china and such things.

To remove the odor of fish or onions from pans wash in good suds; then place pan inverted over the flame of the gas range or put in hot oven for a few minutes.

Bites of insects as well as summer rashes will cease to give pain if bathed in borax water, and it is also quite efficacious in curing burns, scalds and wounds.

When without ice and desiring to make pies in warm weather, measure the required amount of lard and cold water and beat them together until the lard is cooled.

If you have not a fish kettle and strainer for boiling a fish whole try the expedient of placing the fish on a plate and putting the plate and all on a piece of cheesecloth.

Bicycle cement will repair holes in ice-bags, but should not be used for hot-water bottle. Nothing short of vulcanizing will repair the latter so as to resist hot water.

Never put tomato salad jelly to harden in a tin or iron vessel. The acid of the tomato acting on the tin gives a disagreeable taste, and the black pan is likely to leave a rim around the mould.

When the hands get hot and uncomfortably moist it is a good idea to wash them in hot water and then rinse them in cold water to which a desertspoonful of borax has been added.

Electric Restorer for Men Phosphoric acid restores the nerve in the body and restores the vitality of the system. It is a powerful restorative and is used in all cases of weakness, nervousness, and general debility. Price 25c a box, or two for 50c. Sent to any address. The Sarsaparil Drug Co., St. Catharines, Ont.

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To the Rev. R. J. Campbell of "The New Theology" fame.

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The Evening

By RUT

"Clean hath a million acres. Ne'er a one have I; Clean dwelleth in a palace. In a cottage, I; Clean hath a dozen fortunes. Not a penny I; Yet the poorer of the twain is Clean and not I. Clean, true, possesseth acres. But the landscape I; Half the charms to me it yieldeth. Money cannot buy."

—Charles Mackay.

For some reason it has come over me very strongly to-day how much this content and unhappiness might be avoided, we could only try to control and lessen it through the medium of our own things, the belief that the greatest happiness in life is in having many and costly possessions to call our own.

In other and far finer words if we could only realize that "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth."

How much sacrifice of everything that ought to make for real happiness we will undergo in order to have more and richer possessions.

A young couple about to be married think that if they only might have the guest room furnished in Circassian walnut and the dining room in mahogany they would be perfectly happy. And to do this, perhaps they accept assistance from the old folks which will mean a year or two of scrimping and self-denial on their part.

It is possible that the possession of a little nicer furniture than most of their competers have, can offset their own hearts' accusation of selfishness.

An ambitious wife spurs her husband on to tremendous effort in order that they may buy a beautiful house. It is possible that the possession of the beautiful home can give enough

Not Sisters

Now and again you see two women sitting down the street who look like sisters. You are astonished to learn that the mother and daughter, and you realize a woman at forty or forty-five ought to be at her finest and fairest. Why isn't it? The general health of woman is intimately associated with the local health of the essentially feminine organs; there can be no red cheeks and rosy form where there is female weakness.

Women who have suffered from this trouble have found prompt relief and cure in the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, organs of womanhood. It cleanses and reddens the cheeks.

No alcohol, or habit-forming drugs. Any sick woman may consult Dr. held as sacredly confidential, and any World's Dispensary Medical Association.

For afternoon tea toast seems to be better liked than almost anything else. It is thin and cut in round or diamond shaped patterns.

A delicious salad is made by paring large sweet peaches. Cut a section from the top of each and carefully remove the stone; fill the cavity with mayonnaise and serve in lettuce cups.