

"My Hands Trembled and I Could Not Sleep"

Mr. Thomas Honey, Brantford, Ont., writes—



"When I began taking Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, I was so nervous that when I picked up a cup of tea my hand would tremble like a leaf. I could not sleep well, could not remember things, and there were neuralgic pains through my body. After taking seven boxes of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, however, I am in perfect health."

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At the Mouth of the Treacherous Pit
STORY OF LOVE, INTRIGUE AND REVENGE

CHAPTER XXXIII

Lord Fielden was in no way daunted by the darkness of the night. If the moon or the stars had been shining, the woman, let her be whom she might, would never have ventured through the park. The darkness had favored her; it would also favor him, in finding her. He thought that the best thing to do first was to go down to the lodge and see if any person had been noticed there.

The people at the lodge had seen no one; they were quite certain that no strange woman had passed through the gates—in fact, no person could pass through them without their knowledge; nor did they believe that it was likely any person could get into the park by the other entrances.

Lord Fielden's suspicions increased. The woman had evidently gained access to the park in some secret manner; therefore her purpose could not have been legitimate or honest. It was idle to suppose that robbery had been the motive; consequently Harry was more convinced than ever that the stranger was some person who had read the advertisement about Lola de Ferras, and wanted to discover the reason for it. As the woman had not passed through the gates, it seemed probable that she might still be in the park. If he could but find her! He knew the grounds well himself that he would linger all night in the park rather than she should escape him.

More than an hour passed, and he was no nearer the object of his search. Oh! surely there was a sound at last—that of slow, creeping, stealthy footsteps came nearer. He must see who it was without alarming her, and so he began to noiselessly retrace his footsteps, only pausing now and then to see if the other stealthy footsteps faltered.

He reached the end of the grove and stood waiting. He was brave and fearless as a lion, but there was a queer sensation at his heart as the stranger drew nearer and nearer.

The footsteps grew more distinct now that the grove was past, and presently they sounded quite close to him. He put out his hands, and they grasped a woman's garments. The woman stopped with a faint low cry.

"Who are you?" he exclaimed; but there was no answer. It was too dark to see. He only knew that he clouted a tall figure that seemed frozen with fear. There was silence for a minute, and then the woman

struggled violently to free herself, all without a word.

"You shall not go," cried Lord Fielden, "until you have told me who you are! You need not struggle; you are not a strong woman, but I am a strong man. Such efforts to escape are useless. Tell me who you are and what is your business here, and then I will let you go."

She struggled with such violence to free herself from his grasp that the black cloak she wore was torn, her bonnet fell off, and with it something white and soft. She knew it was the wig which had so effectually disguised her, and with the knowledge came an access of despair; it made her so strong that this time she almost tore herself from her captor's grasp.

"No," he said, "I will not hurt you. I could bind you fast this moment if I liked; but I will not. If it pleases you, though, we will stand her until morning—until daylight dawns—so that I may see, if you will not tell me, who you are."

It was as much as he could do to hold the strange woman, but he kept her hands tightly grasped in his. How long a time passed in the terrible struggle he could not tell. He found presently that she was panting for breath, and that her strength was failing her, and that in a short time she must be still from sheer exhaustion. So it happened. After a few more efforts to free herself, she gave up struggling, and stood panting and trembling. Then came a long-drawn sigh, a low, piteous cry.

"For Heaven's sake, let me go!" she murmured.

"Tell me who you are and what you want," he said, "and you shall go the next moment."

"I am no one whom you know. I have been looking for work. I am a poor woman, and I have been to all the big houses to try to get some sewing. I came here to-day; but there was nothing for me to do. I was tired and hungry, and I fell asleep among the ferns in the park. I am only trying to find my way out of the park. I have done no harm. Let me go, for Heaven's sake!"

The woman's story might be true. He relaxed his hold.

"Tell me," he said "was it you who looked in at the dining-room window at the Manor and terrified a young lady?"

She was silent. He repeated the question.

"Yes," she said, "it was. I did not mean to frighten any one. I was cold

and hungry. The bright lights attracted me, and I looked in. I meant no harm—I did no harm. Let me go!"

That one word "attracted" proved fatal. She had spoken in a low, murmuring, hoarse voice, almost impossible to distinguish; but in that word he had recognized the never-to-be-mistaken roll of the French "r" which the people of no other nation can imitate.

He grasped her more closely.

"You are a Frenchwoman!" he cried. "You have perhaps come from that wicked woman herself!"

She struggled afresh with the strength of a man, uttering low, piteous cries; but in his strong grasp she was helpless as a child.

"You cannot escape," he said. "Your struggles are more vain than those of a bird in the fowler's net."

Just then a few rays of light broke through the clouds, they parted in majestic grandeur, rolling away in heavy masses of black and white vapor, leaving the moon sailing peacefully in the sky.

"Thank Heaven!" he cried. "Now I can see you!"

"Let me go," she wailed, piteously—"let me go!"

Resolutely she turned and bent her head, lest the moonlight should fall upon her face.

"I will kill myself if you try to look at me!" she cried.

"You cannot. Have you not the sense, woman, to know when you are conquered?"

She made a wild dash at him. It was her last hope. It was as though an ocean wave had hung itself against a rock—useless, vain, indeed injurious to herself. The last shred of disguise fell from her, and she stood revealed in the moonlight—which she cursed in her heart—a tall, stately woman, with a mass of black hair and dark, wild eyes, contrasting vividly with her white face; the false hair had been trampled under foot in the struggle. The moon now shone out more fully and clearly, that Lord Fielden could see every line of the stranger's face and figure.

In a moment it flashed across him who she was. This was no poor, common woman looking for work. She was rather like a queen of tragedy.

"I know you," he said. "You are the woman for whom I have been searching morning, noon and night, for whom I have sought all over Europe—you are Lola de Ferras!"

A low cry came from her lips, and Lord Fielden releasing his hold, she fell upon the ground, shuddering, trembling.

"You are Lola de Ferras," he repeated, "the woman who alone knows the secret of Sir Karl Allanmore's fate. You must come with me."

Her strength was gone. The mention of her name seemed to have paralyzed her. He raised her, and she made no resistance. He trampled the false hair under his feet.

"You will not want this again," he said. "You will have no more need for disguise. Come with me."

As he took her hands for the second time, his eyes fell upon her wedding-rings, and it startled him. Was she married, and to whom?

"Whether are you taking me?" she asked. "I will not go to the Manor House. Where are we going?"

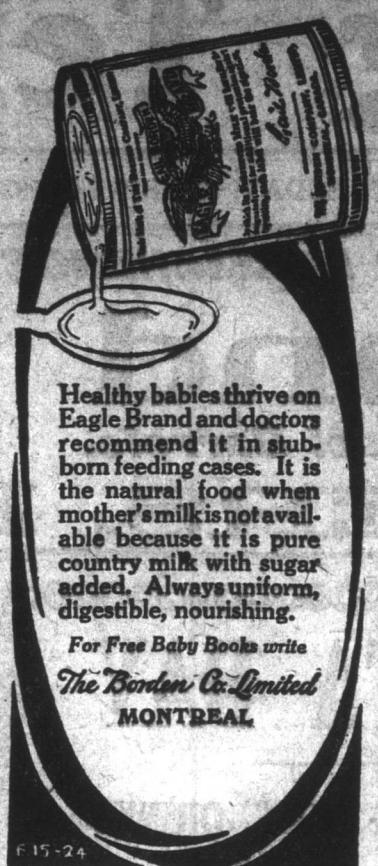
"To the keeper's cottage," he replied. "I shall detain you there until you solve the mystery of Sir Karl's absence for us."

"Then I shall die there!" she replied, with a triumphant laugh. "There are many clever inventions in this world, but I have not yet heard of one which can make a woman speak when she chooses to be silent."

"Nor have I," he agreed, gravely. "I shall leave it to your sense of honor to speak. I am quite aware that I cannot compel you."

"You can lock me up, shut me in prison—you can do anything and everything you will; but I am queen of the position, and I shall remain so."

They reached the keeper's cottage at last; and she stood in silence while the door was unfastened. Lord Fielden kept a keen watch upon her, knowing well that she would make her escape if it were possible, and that he was resolved she should not do.



Primitive Babyans Brave Volcano to Hold Island Home

Manila, June 28 (A.P.)—The most primitive people of the entire Philippine archipelago dwell on the island of Babuyan, some 60 miles north of Luzon, according to members of Governor General Wood's party who visited that group recently. The total population of the island is 77, composed of 14 married men, the same number of married women, 20 adult unmarried women, 25 children of both sexes and four old women.

Money is unknown among the people, with the exception of Bernardino Rosal, the head man, who treasures a few silver pesos as a reminder of his former life in Luzon. Rosal is priest, judge, legislator and executive all in one. He officiates at funerals, marriages and births and adjusts all tribal differences.

Dr. Pacifico Laygo, an assistant in the Philippine Health Service, who was a member of the governor general's party, landed on Babuyan Is-



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land and explored the volcano which recently was in eruption. "From the top of the mountain to the water's edge the once exuberant vegetation was burnt off and boulders, ashes and lava cover the mountain side," said Dr. Laygo. "A new crater appears to have formed from which steam is continuously rising. The advisability of transferring the inhabitants to the mainland of Luzon was discussed with the islanders, but they decided that they preferred to remain on Babuyan, although most of their corn and camote fields were destroyed by the eruption. They were terrified by the flow of rocks, ashes and steam from the volcano, but they could not be persuaded to leave, their only desire being to get to the northern end of the island where they believed they would be safe from future eruptions."

THE COSTLY CAR.

Choo-choo, choo-choo, little car, costly w a g o n that you are! Year by year you keep me broke, with my Sunday hat in soak. Says my wife, at divers times, "Why not save a w a y s o m e dimes? We are growing old, my dear, growing older every year, and a bundle would be nice, but we always lack the price. Go and see J. Henry Hank, he who runs the savings bank, and with him arrange to salt kopecks in his vault." "To that grat I do aspire, but the fiver needs a fire," I reply, with earnest mien, "and she's needing gasoline; she's developing a knob, and the way mechanics talk all her works are badly ballad—she must soon be overhauled." Says my wife, "I sorely need quite a bunch of chicken-feed" for my bonnet is a shame and my shoes have made me lame; and the cottage needs repairs, and we must have rocking chairs, and the fence is out of plumb, and we look as though we're come from a line of backwoods boob—"But the fiver needs new tubes," I exclaim with rising ire, "and the sparkplugs will not fire; I need greases to anoint Lizzie's universal joint, and the wheels have come unpacked and the differential's cracked, and it's useless to insist on a lot of coin. I wist!" Chug-chug, chug-chug, little car, what a greedy thing you are!

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Courts Dispose Quietly of Those Who Disturb

London, July 8. (A.P.)—In the central hall of the Law Courts there are staircases which wind round large pillars leading to corridors and galleries in which are various court rooms. Few people climbing them are aware that the huge pillars also contain specially built secret stairways for bringing down people who make themselves objectionable in court. They have been used on various occasions. Once when a man flourished a revolver in court reinforcements were hurried up by the spiral stairway and the man brought down in the same way. On other occasions disturbers who chained themselves to the gallery have been brought down quietly by the secret way.

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