

PARTED BY GOLD

CHAPTER VII.

Jack walked home through the snow, and slept the sleep of just. But he had his dreams, and they were all of fairies—fairies with pretty, oval faces and deep, childlike eyes, fairies with pretty, diffident voices, fairies whose family names were all Montague, and whom in his sleep he heard called Mary.

Such dreams should bear fruit; and Jack swallowed his chocolate and devoured his half pound of steak with the celerity of a city clerk.

He had remembered in his sleep, perhaps, that Beaumont had law relations with a West-end manager, and could perhaps obtain for him an engagement for Mr. Montague quicker than Mr. Shallop.

Mr. Beaumont's chambers were in Gray's Inn, and thither Jack's cab conveyed him, striking admiration to the hearts of the copying clerks and law stationers of the locality, who watched it draw up and deposit its owner on the pavement with visible envy and satisfaction.

Mr. Beaumont was in and received Jack cordially.

"Don't put your cigar out, old fellow, or I shall be offended. Sit down, it's the only comfortable chair, and I'll perch, like the vulture that I am, on this stool."

Then he listened with a smile to Jack's story, and saw that it was to his interest to help him.

"By Jove!" he said, "the very thing; how lucky you dropped in this morning, Jack. Here's a letter from Battledoor, the manager of the Thespian. He is looking for a walking gentleman, and all that sort of thing; but he's fearfully stingy, a regular screw; they say his company doesn't smell a meat dinner once a fortnight."

"Oh, that doesn't matter," said Jack. "I'll arrange that. Where's his address?"

"Oh, somewhere in St. John's Wood; they all live in St. John's Wood. Where is it?—let me see—oh, here you are."

And he handed Jack the manager's card.

Jack arose. "Not going already?" said Beaumont, reproachfully. "Oh, come, you know, wait until I can produce the legal sherry and biscuit, old fellow."

"No," said Jack, with a smile. "I won't stay. Beau, I'm red-hot over this affair, and I shall go sharp on to this fellow, and make terms. Ah, Beau, if you could have heard her voice, as she pleaded for him; if you could have seen the poor old fellow sitting so wearily and so sadly!"

"I should have shed tears, no doubt," said Beaumont, laughing. "It's a thousand pities, old fellow, that you left the bar; you'd have made a grand thing one day—with a woman to plead for."

Jack shook hands.

"There's no moving you, Beau," he said, with his good-humored laugh.

"Good-by,"

"Good-by, old Jack," said Beaumont. "Oh, by the way, how is Lady Paceywell?"

"Very well," replied Jack.

"And—Lady Maud?"

"Also very well," returned Jack. "You have not called there very lately, have you?"

"No—no," said Beaumont. "I really must soon. Good-by, old fellow."

And he shook hands again, and looked over the banisters as Jack ran down the stairs at the evident peril of his neck.

"There goes an idiot," muttered Mr. Beaumont, "raking in the mud for pebbles when a crown of beauty is over his head. I wonder whether I shall succeed in snatching it from him. Lady Maud must know of this mad freak of benevolence, and at once."

And he proceeded to wash his hands and prepare for a visit to the villa.

Meanwhile Jack's cab had dashed into the artistic wilds of St. John's Wood.

He found the manager of the Thespian, at the address on the card, and his elegant and unmistakable equipage, which the manager had seen through the blind of his dressing-room obtained him an interview.

He was shown into a gorgeous little drawing-room, all crimson, gold and statuary marble, and there entered to

him a personage in a dressing-gown to match—all crimson, purple, blue and yellow, with enormous tassels of bullion.

The owner of this piece of magnificence bowed and made his excuses.

"We theatrical gentlemen," said he, "reverse the maxim. Late to bed and later to rise, is our motto. I hope I have not kept you waiting too long."

"No," said Jack, with his pleasant smile, that won all dispositions. "And I must not keep you too long from your breakfast. My story is, you will be glad to hear, a short one."

And in as concise and agreeable form as he could put it, he made known the business of his visit.

"Would Mr. Battledoor make room for Mr. Horatius Montague and his beautiful daughter?"

"Or," added Jack, "Mr. Montague alone?"

The manager knitted his brow and put forth the usual excuses.

Jack smiled.

"I have this matter at heart," he said. "I am particularly anxious to serve Mr. Montague and do not mind expending a little filthy lucre to attain my purpose."

"Ay," said the manager, seeing his way more clearly, and thinking it best to be very candid. "You intend to pay half Mr. Montague's salary?"

"That's it," said Jack, delighted. "I am glad you put it so; I should have beaten about the bush for an hour. I will pay half the salary, but it must be a great one. You shall give him two-thirds of the usual one and I will double it. Of course the money must come from you."

"Just so," said the manager, "and the matter between us two in confidence."

"In strict confidence," said Jack, earnestly. "And Miss Montague?"

"Well, I will do the same in her case—two thirds," said the manager.

"Agreed," said Jack, conditionally.

"But," he hesitated—"how do you know they have talents enough for the Thespian? Have you seen them?"

The manager smiled shrewdly.

"Oh! my dear sir," he said, "the public find nothing but talent at the Thespian. The name carries all before it, and a man playing on our boards is half-marked. He, ha! But, as it happens, I have seen Montague and heard a deal lately about his daughter. We managers make it a business to keep a sharp lookout on debutantes; sometimes something worth having is picked up on the quiet."

"As now," said Jack, with a smile.

"Perhaps so," said the manager, candidly, and Jack parted from the florid dressing-gown well pleased with his success.

It was only natural that, having worked so hard, Jack should think of his reward.

And yet he was reluctant to take it, and stood on the pavement staring at his shabby and serviceable cab thoughtfully, stroking his moustache and trying to make up his mind.

But he got in without having done so, and it was not until he had been driving for some time and caught himself looking up at the names of the streets that he discovered he was looking for Harleight street.

He found it at last, a quiet little street, and pulled up at the corner, deciding, with good taste, not to stop the attractive vehicle at Mr. Montague's humble door.

"Mr. Montague is out, sir," said the servant.

"And Miss Montague?" asked Jack, his heart leaping at the hope of seeing gentle Mary alone.

"Which one, sir, if you please?"

"Which one," he repeated, "are there two—how many are there?"

"Two, sir," said the servant.

"Miss Mary," said Jack.

"She's out, sir; gone with Mr. Montague," said the maid, beginning to shiver, and wondering if the joint she had left at the fire would be quite a cinder when she got back.

"Well," said Jack, in desperation, "how long do you think they will be?"

"I don't know, sir. Would you be pleased to come in and wait, sir? Miss Pattle is in upstairs, please, sir, front door on your left and knock."

Jack climbed up the narrow but

lastly carpeted steps and halted before the first door on the left, but he hesitated before knocking.

In the first place it seemed a most extraordinary thing to walk in upon a young lady unannounced, and for the second he was not sure of the welcome.

Who was Miss Pattle? What might she not think of this seemingly unaccountable intrusion?

Because Mary was gentle and beautiful it did not follow that her sister should be as angelic, and Miss Pattle might rise like a dragon to defend Mr. Montague's castle (i. e., his house—"Every Englishman's"—etc.), and give him a sharp time of it.

While he was deciding, or rather procrastinating, a sweet, thin little voice called out:

"Who's that fidgeting outside?"

This turned the scale.

Jack, with evident trepidation, notwithstanding the sweetness of the voice, knocked timidly.

"Come in," said Pattle, and went in.

At first he could see nothing, and was stepping out again when the voice spoke again, and exclaiming:

"Well?" seemed to proceed from a little heap of shawls lying on the extreme corner of the sofa.

Jack advanced, hat in hand, and addressed the shawls:

"I am afraid you will think this a very rude intrusion, Miss—"

"Pattle," said the voice.

"Miss Montague," said Jack. "But I came to see Mr. Montague, and was told by the servant to step up here and wait."

"Well," said Pattle, extending the peephole and showing, with the gesture of a fairy throwing aside her veil, her beautiful face and golden hair, at which sight Jack almost started, and certainly felt a kind of reverence and pity, "well, and why don't you sit down?"

Jack sat down—conscious that the large, patient eyes were making an inventory of his every feature and the child-mind was drawing its conclusions therefrom—and looked at the fire.

There was a solemn silence for five minutes, broken by Pattle saying, with much petulance:

"Don't let the fire go out. Why don't you poke it? You're the nearest."

Jack poked the fire and smiled.

Perhaps he did not display much energy in the performance, for the sweet voice said, decisively:

"I am afraid you are very lazy."

"I am afraid I am," said Jack, laughing outright, but not loudly, since it

would have been an insult to the tiny little creature.

At his laugh Pattle sat up and threw the shawl from her head.

"Your name is Hamilton," she said naively.

"It is," he said. "But how did you guess?"

"That's right," he assented. "Jack Hamilton."

"You are very rich?"

"Well, yes, I am," he said. "I hope that doesn't weigh against me?"

"And you keep private carriages to place at the disposal of poor people who have not any of their own?"

Jack colored.

He was beaten at all points. There was no withstanding this little elf, and he lowered his flag immediately.

"You are quite right," he said, "excepting the matter of the carriages. I should want to be the General Omnibus Company to do that. But won't you tell me how you know?"

"I am," said Pattle, slowly. "Carry me to that chair, please."

Jack took her in his arms with a sensation almost of awe, and placed her in the great armchair.

Some of her wonderful hair clung to his shoulder and he had to take it off before he could release her, and in the act felt as if he were losing a blessing.

"Thank you," she said, softly. "You are very strong."

"I am, thank Heaven!" said Jack, devoutly.

"You carry me much better than any one ever did; did you ever carry any one before?"

"No," said Jack, "never."

"Oh!" said Pattle, thoughtfully; "I wonder you do it so well; it requires practice, father says. You came to see father. What do you want with him?"

Jack hesitated.

Pattle's eyes riddled him through and through, meanwhile.

"I think I can be of some service to him, Miss Montague."

"Don't call me Miss Montague," said Pattle. "Miss Montague—I'm too small for such a long name, it sounds ugly. Pattle is my name—Pattle. I suppose you know how to spell it?"

Jack nodded with a smile.

"P-a-t-t-y?"

"What a dunce you are!" said the child-woman. "P-a-t-t-i-e.—that's Pattle."

"It's a very pretty name," said Jack, taking the correction with humility.

"Prettier than Jack," said Pattle, shaking her head. "But you haven't told me what you want with my dear, yet. I'm afraid you are a sly thing. Artful, oh! very artful."

"I hope not," said Jack; "I sincerely hope not, Miss—"

"Then tell me," said she, and Jack, quite unable to resist her, told her something of the purport of his visit.

She listened with her face hidden, and when he had finished said, very softly:

"I like Jack, it's prettier than I thought."

"Come," he said, "I am glad of that. May I poke the fire again? I am afraid it will go out."

"Yes," she said, "and put some coals on, please. And so you are very rich; what do you do with all your money, now?"

"Spend it," said Jack, "and—with a sigh—"waste it, I am afraid."

"Oh!" she said, thoughtfully. "It must be very nice to be rich."

"You think so?" said Jack, drawing nearer the fire, and preparing to en-

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joy the discussion in his simple-hearted, good-natured way. What would you do if you had twenty thousand a year?"

"Twenty thousand shillings, do you mean?" she asked, still looking at the fire.

"No, pounds," he said, with a smile.

She turned her eyes to him.

"I don't know," she said. "But if I were very rich I'd buy a big house for my dear, and a carriage for him to ride in, and a fine easy-chair—a real easy-chair, you know, all padded and leather, with a spring in it to send you through the ceiling if you sit down too quick; and—and—grand clothes, gentlemen's clothes like yours, and diamonds studs like yours, and—and, oh! ever so many things."

"Yes?" he said, drawing her on.

"And for Mary, I'd buy a violet dress with rubies and pearls worked in the body, and a crown of diamonds, and a horse for her to ride, and plenty of books—Mary's very fond of books, and—and everything she wanted."

"And yourself, what would your highness procure for our own delight?" asked Jack.

"For me? Oh! let me see. Well, I don't want anything, I think. It would be a waste to buy anything you didn't want, you know."

"Oh! come, think of something," said Jack.

She thought hard.

"Well," she said, at last, reluctantly and slowly, "if I thought anything I think it would be a little wheel-chair, a snug little carriage, that my dear could push me into the parks with. I've never been there, you know, but I know what they are like. There's some trees there."

Jack turned his head aside, the two patient eyes were too much for him.

"Anything else?" he said.

"Yes," she said; "I'm afraid I'm greedy, but I should like a nosegay of flowers every morning."

"Do you like flowers?" said Jack.

"I love them," she replied, clasping her doll's hands together and staring at the fire. "I love them. My dear often brings me some—but, oh! Mary brought me the most beautiful bunch you ever saw in your life. I dare say you never saw such beauties. Mary brought them from the theatre; a little girl—as small as me—gave them to her!" And in a rapid voice she proceeded to describe Jack's bouquet.

"I never saw such flowers, never. My dear said he had, but that was long, long ago, he said. They are in my room where I can see them while I wake; poor dear, it's very lonely for them, but it's too hot in here."

Jack looked at the fire, and to change the subject he remarked that he thought it was going to snow and that he feared Mr. Montague would get wet.

"Snowing again," said Pattle, shuddering. "Do you like the snow?"

"Yes," said Jack, "sometimes."

"It's very cold," said she, "but I like to look at it."

"Do you?" said Jack. "Let me carry you to the window."

"Very well," she said. "But I'm dreadfully heavy. Don't you think you'll be tired, not being used to it, you know?"

"No," said Jack. "I'm sure I shan't."

And taking up the morsel tenderly—she weighed as little as a human being could weigh—he carried her to the window, drew the shawl's well around her, and pointed out the people as they passed, giving each a fictitious history, and feeling a glow of happiness suffuse his heart as the smile came into her face and the light into her eyes.

(To be continued.)

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LONG DESCENT.

Proud Pedigree of Common British Folk.

There is nothing so uncommon as may at first sight appear in the case of Mr. Thomas Measures, whose ownership and occupation of a farm at Masey (Northants), which has been in the Measures family for 612 years, was the subject of surprised comment in the announcement of his death the other day. Many people of unassuming position possess authentic pedigrees which our "great ones" might envy.

Only a few months ago there died in Roxburghshire a Mr. Thomas Bruce, who was the representative of a very old family, that of Bannockburn, the founder was settled in the time of Bruce. He went to Bannockburn as a harpist, to celebrate in song the victory which the English king anticipated by the minstrel fell into the hands of Bruce, who spared his life on condition that he made a song in Scotland's honor (and his business being business), and in return, says Border tradition, got a grant of Bannockburn.

Some years ago there was a farmer in the Shropshire parish of Coreley, near Tenbury, who had been connected with his farm for centuries—since the Conquest, it was said, and no one could deny it, for the beginning of the family connection is losing obscurity. A celebrated Kentish landowner, Mr. John Stow, the historian of London, was an ancestor picked up by Rufus and took it to his castle at Winchester. Further, the descendants may still be found in the New Forest district, and a couple of generations or so ago one of them owned a little property which had come down to him in the male line from Norman days—J. Plint, in Sheffield, Eng., independent.

Descendants may be traced of "Rebel Kett," of Edward VI.'s reign, and of Macdonalds (clansmen), who escaped the Glencoe Massacre of 1692, only a year or so ago, a descendant of the latter was the historian of London, was an ancestor picked up by Rufus and took it to his castle at Winchester. Further, the descendants may still be found in the New Forest district, and a couple of generations or so ago one of them owned a little property which had come down to him in the male line from Norman days—J. Plint, in Sheffield, Eng., independent.

Interest at the rate of five per cent. is charged on all these loans.

Returned soldiers who require further training will be given a course in practical farming. This will be outlined in a subsequent article.

Queer Epitaphs.

Queer epitaphs are frequently fakes; but the following really appears in a Salop churchyard: "Elizabeth, the wife of Richard Barklam, passed to eternity on Saturday, 21st of May, 1797, in the seventy-first year of her age. Richard Barklam, the Antepouse Uxorious, was interred here, 26th Jan., 1806, in his eighty-fourth year." What an antepouse uxorious may be is not explained.

Why He Would Not Build.

It is in a Jewish legend that Methusalem declined at the age of six hundred or so to go to the trouble of building a house because the Lord answered his question as to how much longer he had to live, and the patriarch decided that three hundred years was too short a time to warrant him in making the exertion. Undoubtedly Methusalem preferred his tent, and was ready to grasp at any excuse for sticking to it.

Ruby Glass.

Real ruby glass is most expensive, since it must be prepared with gold. It owes its color to the presence throughout its mass of particles of gold too small to be seen with the microscope. Only the ultra-microscope, which renders visible objects perceptible by means of their diffraction of these minute particles. With the ordinary microscope the glass appears as a uniform transparent mass, but the ultra-microscope shows that it is filled with points of light resembling stars on a black background. These points indicate the presence of the particles of gold to which the color of the glass is due.

How to Know Hemlock.

The occasional report in the papers of children or animals being poisoned by eating poisonous plants emphasizes the importance of being able to distinguish the dangerous ones in the case of hemlock itself, the most poisonous of all, this is not difficult. Notice first the dark green, much cut and divided leaves and the peculiar odor which botanists call fetid. But perhaps the most obvious thing and that which most easily distinguishes the hemlock from all other unbelittling plants is the stem. This is smooth, polished, slightly furrowed and of a green color blotched and spotted with purple. No other member of the order has a stem in the

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