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HONORE'S

"A clever escape," said Royden, with a quiet smile. Why, Mr. Keith, what credit you give the miserable young woman!" exclaimed Mrs. Trent. "We know hardly anything of the escape. How do you know it was clever?" "True, Mr. Haughton favored me

with a very few particulars," assented Royden, coolly. From that time Margaret Territ has been literally lost to the world," continued the rector; "and I feel sure that we can never know any further particulars of Gabriel Myddelton's es-

'Unless we some day hear them from Gabriel Myddelton himself."
"Oh, Mr. Keith," cried Theodora,
"please don't talk of such a thing. Come-we have stayed so long before this horrid portrait, and why talk so much about wicked felon?"
"I suppose," said Royden Keith, addressing Mr. Haughton, in a clear, marked tone, "that there is no doubt about Gabriel Myddelton's having been, as Miss Trent says, a wicked felon?

You would, doubtless, well investigate the facts,' "Supposing Gabriel Myddelton to be innocent," Mrs. Payte struck in, drowning Lawrence's scornful retort, "would he have old Myddelton's money?"

"Impossible, even if he came oack and acquitted himself. The money was "Phoebe," whispered Honore, as they

"Of course," replied Phoebe, carelessly; "who ever doubted it?"
"That's pretty," exclaimed Mrs. Payte, standing opposite a heavilyframed painting of a young girl and a pony; "and, I declare, it reminds me of our dinner! Why is that?"

"Because it is the same sweep of park, Mrs. Payte," exclaimed Honore. "This is the spot where we dined, and the pony and the girl stand just between where we were and the front of the mansion. Do you guess that is the portrait of Lady Lawrence when a girl? She was not 15 when she went to India, you know."

"I'd rather see a likeness taken later," spoke Mrs. Payte, curtly. "That tells nothing of what she would be

"We have a sketch of her taken lately," said Honore. "She is tall and stout, with smooth, black hair, and a placid, serious face." "I don't like that sort of old lady," objected Mrs. Payte, moving away impatiently, and leaving Honore to won-

der a little at the bad taste of this speech from one who was so essentially different. "It certainly is a beautiful park,"
Baid the little old lady, stopping before
one of the gallery windows. "What do

you intend to do, Mr. Haughton, if you inherit Abbotsmoor?" "Let it," replied Lawrence, promply. "And you, Miss Owen?"

"Certainly lee it," returned Phoebe, delighted to ec her guardian's an-"And you, Miss Trent?" "Pull it down," said Theodora, "and build a handsome and modern mansion, raised on terraces.

"Wise," assented the old lady, as she passed the question on. "You, Capt. Trent, doubtless agree with Miss "I suppose so," replied Hervey, lazi-

ly; "but I should soon cut down whole acres of the timber." "Wise, too. And you, Miss Craven?" "I never thought about it, but I should—restore it, I suppose," said Honore, smiling at the question; "re-

"And what?" inquired the old lady, sharply. "And try to make the old place, and even the old name, honored again." "Gabriel has rendered that impos-

sible," interposed Lawrence. "Quite impossible," assented Mrs. Payte, "and your idea is childish, Honore. I should have said, if I had een you, pull it all down, and leave not one stone upon another." "I declare, Honore," whispered Hervery, when the group was scattered again, "that little old creature has done nothing but grumble and make herself

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disagreeable all day. I shall tell her so,

They strolled for some time longer through the great gloomy rooms, admiring and finding fault, chattering and criticising. Theodora's sarcasm was excited very often by Honore's fresh delight over what she called trifles, and little Mrs. Payte popping always just into that very group where she did not seem to be wanted.

So closely had Lawrence Haughton followed Honore through that day, and so merry had she been, that it was a great surprise to Royden Keith, late on in the afternoon, to come upon her seated in one of the staircase windows alone, and with a wistful earnestness in her eyes as she looked out over the

"It is a beautiful estate, Miss Craven," he said, as he paused beside her, looking intentiy, and rather quizzically, down into her face. "Are you wishing it were yours?"
"No," she answered, in a tone as

grave as the beautiful young face; "I am only wondering how anyone could have lived here such a life as old Mr. Myddelton lived. And-"And?" he questioned, gently. "And wondering if such a life could

"Heaven forbid!" She looked up into his face anxiously, and he met the gaze with one of fearless confidence. "I have no fear," he said; "I see no cloud upon old Myddelton's home now, and no blight upon his wealth." Then she smiled, still looking up into

ever be led here again?'

CHAPTER X. He little thought when he set out, Of running such a rig.

such a quiet confidence in the other.

his face; and somehow it seemed as if

The tea-tables had been hurriedly carried in from the park to the great hall, and the guests had gathered there in haste; those, at least, whom the suddenly lowering clouds had warned in time.

"It was very lucky we were so near." said Theodora, looking down complacently upon her thin, crisp dress. "Very," assented Phoebe, with most heartfelt emphasis; "only it is a pity Honore's away." "Is Honore away?" asked Capt.

Trent, looking out upon the fast-falling rain. "What a bore for her!" "Dear me, dear me!" grumbled Mrs. Payte, moving restlessly about. "How silly of the child to run off in that way, with no waterproof, or galoshes, or umbrella!"

One or two laughed, recalling the picture of Honore, as they saw her last, in her pretty summer dress, and with the bright sunshine around her; but others were too much vexed to smile. "Where did you see her last, Phoebe?" inquired Lady Somerson, and everyone waited to hear the answer.

"I saw her last at one of the side en-ran off. Afterward he came back; and went to find her, but I don't think he has, Honore is so quick.'

"Miss Owen, if you will kindly tell me which are Miss Craven's shawls and umbrella," said Royden, turning over a pile of wraps which lay in the hall. "I will find her."
"I think," interposed Theodora, in a

raised, distinct tone, "that we can safely trust Honore to find her way here. She knows the park well, and you do not, Mr. Keith." But Royden answered lightly that he

was used to finding his way, and donclosed umbrella and the blue waterproof which Phoebe had given him, he started. He had a strong idea that Honore would be taking shelter in the oak on the outskirts of the park, and though he had no motive for the surmise, he was not mistaken. In the somber gloom within the hole of the great oak he saw the girl's bright face looking out, with a doubtful expression, as if the enjoyment of the position were somewhat questionable, but yet to be staunchly maintained. Royden, smiling at the wet figure in its heavy frame, handed her the cloak, and told her she might venture to the house in that and under the umbrella. "I am not coming," she said; "I am thoroughly soaked. I was wet through before I could reach this shelter, and I shall be scolded and laughed at." "Let me help you on with your

cloak," was Royden's only response, as he held it at the opening of the tree. No one will see anything but the cloak. May I come in?" "No," said Honore, drawing back. "I won't be seen. Go back to your tea, Mr. Keith; and presently, when you are all busy starting, I'll slip up and take my place; then I shall escape She stopped suddenly; but Royden guessed what she wished to avoid. It was not difficult for him to imagine

either Miss Haughton's corrections, Miss Trent's sneers, or Miss Owens' exclamations "Very well, I will wait for you here," he said, coolly. So, leaning against the tree in silence, he waited, while she grew uncomfortable in her snug retreat, and, from being amused at seeing him there in the rain, grew vexed, without understand-

ing that this vexation was another name for anxiety. "Your hat is spoiling, Mr. Keith,"

she said at last, with a sense of injury upon her. He took it off and examined it, while the rain fell heavily and slowly upon his uncovered head—such a handsome

A WONDERFUL CHANGE.

[To be Continued.]

Mr. R. Wheatley, of the Department of Militia, Ottawa, says in reference to Doan's Kidney Pills that they are the best Mr. Wheatley makes the follow-



ing statement: time with severe pains in my back over the kidneys, restless, headaches, sleepless and general debility also made life a burden. "Hearing of Doan's Kidney Pills I thought I would try them, seeing

that no other remedy had succeeded in my case. Well, from the first a wonderful change took place, and I continued to improve rapidly until, at the end of six weeks, I was

"I now eat well, sleep well, have no pain,

"Which will be making yourself much LIVE and Let LIVE.

the Dealers Have Abolished the Chairs.

[Detroit Free Press.] The bootblacks of the big cities appear to be after the free shine octopus with a sharp stick. In Cincinnati, they made the shoe dealers throw out the free chairs and in Chicago the dealchairs and given the bootblacks once re a chance to live.

The free chairs in shoe stores were a

of polish. Every buyer of a pair of shoes in the free shine stores had the opportunity of getting his shoes shined for nothing as long as they lasted. Many of the bootblacks laid up their kits and went into other business, the while cursing the big dealers that had taken away their means of livelihood For the shoe buyer it was a fairly good bargain when he bought a pair of cheap russets for \$3 50 and had wrapped up with them a guarantee that he should have free shines. In Chicago the abolition of the free that gaze, or the few words, had given chairs was accomplished by two young men, friends of the bootblacks, who went from store to store within the district bounded by the river, Con-gress street, the lake and Franklin street, and secured the agreement of the dealers to throw out the chairs. Thirty big stores agreed to quit the business. Signs now hang in the store windows, reading as follows: "On and after Dec. 15, 1897, the

> ued, at the earnest solicitation of 2,000 Chicago bootblacks and newsboys.Live and let live." Following this action the bootblacks organized a mutual protective association. Further, the little shiners will have a parade Thanksgiving Day, in

tising the firms that are in the new In Detroit, the bootblacks are grumbling about the free shine chairs in shoe stores. There is no organized movement looking towards their abolition, but the bootblacks are feeling the effects of the blow to their business. Free chairs do not decorate all the stores, but they are in many, both large and small. This is the way one of the barber shop knights of the brush sized up the local situation yes-

terday: "You bet your life it is hurting us. trances," explained Phoebe. "I knew Can't help it. Lots of the fellows have she was going about the park to—to had to quit. Can't find any customers. The din increased until the wild trihide from Lawrence, and Lawrence They go to the stores and get it done umph of the piper blended in the cheer came up just then and asked her where for nothing. Yes, it nurts the boys on as the Highlanders, reforming somemoved from before the picture, "Mr. came up just then and asked her where for nothing. Yes, it hurts the boys on as the Highlanders, reforming some-Keith is quite sure that Gabriel did would she go, and she said nowhere; the streets, and us fellows inside. They what, drove the enemy before them.

> "But they get their tips, don't they?" the proprietor sees it, the bootblack earned the Victoria Cross. looks for another job."

"The dealers have the cinch on us. Even when they are hurting our trade by free chairs, we have to go to them to buy our supplies of polish and brushes. That's what kills us. I wish some fellow would start out and work up a trade that would take the custom from

The Highland Heroes.

Stories of How Scottish Pipers Have Gone Into Battle at the Head of Their Comrades to Play Them to Victory.

The Ninety-second Gordon Highlanders, the "Gay Gordons," as they are lovingly known in the British army, have added one more honor to their battle-flag. Long ago it drooped with the weight of glory on it. Dargai Ridge and the men who swept over it are now known wherever the telegraph runs. Piper Findlater, who blew "Cock o' the In two days I had no more lawn; the North," shrill and clear, to an accompaniment of rattling musketry, and the ground. As previously mentioned, the weird screams of comrades, dying as norther is a desiccating wind, and it they charged, is probably lying invalid- dried the loose soil about the grass India. But his name, as a hero, has der, and thus usable to resist the sent a glow to the heart and a thrill hero's mantle.

No such stirring story of war as the taking of Dargai Ridge, told in the telegrams the other morning, has been penned about British soldiers for fifteen years. At that time the Highlanders and their pipers were also the men who did it. They took the trenches at Tel-el-Kebir, in Lower Egypt, in silence. Only the triumphant pibroch of the bagpipers urged them on. They are the only men who fight to music. In other regiments the bandsmen, on active service, become stretcher bearers and buglers. But wherever the "kilties" go the piper goes with them, and always in the forefront of the fight. The piper goes into battle with nothing to defend himself but a long "dirk" at his belt. He has been driven to such extremities as to use his instrument—as a bully might swing a chair—in self-defense. But his lack of arms never serves as excuse for lack of courage. He leads the men to battle. And so in the "piping times of peace" he has earned the right to strut and swagger like a peacock, as he always does when his pipes are skirling for

war over his shoulder. It was the Highlanders who made "the thin red line" in the Crimea. It was the Highlanders who went through blood and flood and fire to the relief of Lucknow in the Indian mutiny. It was their pipes that Jessie Brown, dying in "I suffered a the beleaguered Residency there, caught great deal for a long the echo of and cried "Dinna ye hear them! oh! dinna ye hear?" It was the Highlanders who, under Roberts, made the famous forced march from Cabul to Candahar in Afghanistan twenty years ago. It was the Highlanders who died to a man fighting the Boers on Majuba Hill. It was the Highlanders who held the square against the wild rush of the Arab hosts at El Teb on the Nile, and it was the Highland Brigade who stormed the trenches at Tel el Kebir and drove Arabi Pasha out of Egypt. And wherever the Highlanders fought the pipers went also, their wild music sounding high above the cheers of the charging men behind them. "Cock o' the North," "Blue Bonnets," "A Hundred Pipers an' a'," or "Pibroch o' Donald Dhu," it does not matter what the tune might be, the stirring strains were

up on the sands of Egypt over a de-cade ago. For half the night they had marched in silence. A hot, dusky, chok-lag night it was, under a sky of velvet were winking as if in tears for the brave men marching so resolutely to their death. Commands came in whispers. There was a feeling in the air that an immense crowd was in motion in the darkness on either hand. But no man knew just how much of the army was under way. The "sift, sift," of thousands of feet in loose sand, the choking cough, the stumble of men in the darkness, the clash of steel against steel, the muttered oath, the smell of perspiration from men keyed up to excitement-that was all the privates

could understand That and the fact that extra ammunition in the pouches tugging at the belts probably meant a battle. came the whispered command, and there was the rattle of gun butts on ers have on petition taken out their gravel as the regiments came to a standstill. Then there were more sounds the noises that always came from men getting ready to fight the next minute. serious blow to the young purveyors Belts were tightening. Helmets were being pushed firmly down. Ammunition belts were being swung clear. Then came the whispered order that the trenches of the Egyptians were right in front. They were to be carried with the bayonet. It was to be a surprise on the sleeping enemy. Tel-el-Kebir was to be captured. As the low order came, "fix bayonets," there was a prolonged rattle as thousands of long, slim slips of steel kissed the rifle muzzles came around. Then, whether from the came the "bang" of a single rifle.

and a "click" as every "locking ring" British ranks or from some Egyptian sentry who was awake is not known, fore the sound had died away the bugles blew the charge. There was a quick squeak or two, and the pipes were blazing the way with wild melody. The Highland Brigade was into battle again. Across the strip of sand went the silent, flying, kilted figures. They hesitated at the brink of the trenches. Imagine a street torn up for its entire width to a depth of eight or nine feet, free shining of shoes will be discontinwith the earth from the excavation heaped on the other side. what stopped the rush and the piping for a moment. The Forty-second Highlanders, the famous Black Watch, were the first to reach it.

Down into the hole went the piper, From the heap on the other side the which will be transparencies, adver- rifles were blazing and crackling all along the line. One of his comrades gave the piper "the foot" as a groom lifts a man to horseback, and he was on the slope. With the bullets "zipping" to his ears, and the flash from the rifles paling in the dawn, he calmly clambered up the steep embankment tuning his pipes. Already the screams of dying men were mingling with the music. Already he heard the rush and clatter as men and their accourrements fell back shrieking into the ditch. But he stood there, his back to the enemy and played and blew with might and main. The dirty, helmetless, swearing, sweating men in kilts swept past him. were cutting and slashing among the fugitives, and Arabi, crushed and "Tips? No, I should say not. The broken, was galloping toward Cairo, the proprietors won't let them have any pipes had done their work. The Higatips. If the boys get any, the custom- landers had fought one more battle to er has to slip it to him. And then, if their own music, and another piper had

That was the last time, until the Dargai Ridge was carried, on which the Highland piper had a chance to lead his men. De Neuville, the famous French battle painter, has put "Tel-ei-Kebir" on canvas. He shows the Highlanders swarming over the ditch. And, perched on top of the heap, blowing away with all his skill, he has painted the piper of the Forty-second Highlanders, showing his contempt for the enemy by turning his back on them. Angus Mackaye, in Pittsburg

HARD WINDS.

[Lippincott's.] When the Californian tells you that he has seen the wind blow so hard that it blew the grass out of the ground, you will smile in spite of yourself; it is so perfectly ridiculous. And yet it is true. I once plainted a lawn in March, sowing Kentucky blue grass. It came up beautifully and flourished until May, which is the month in which the norther is prevalent. I think it was the middle of the month, and the grass was about three inches high, when the norther came along. grass had been blown out of the ed in a field hospital in Northwestern roots until it was reduced to a powwind, which dispersed it. The roots to the hand of every manly man in the having no further hold in the ground, world. Once more the kilted soldiers gave way, and the wind carried off have been the forlorn hope. Once more the grass. This is how the wind blew the humble piper's plaid has proved the the grass out of the ground. It is a California yarn, but simple enough

> A man must always pay the debt of nature as he goes.



when explained.

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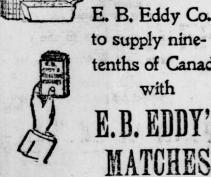
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