

THE DEAREST GIRL IN THE WORLD

"It's only me, Dorothy," she said.

"Dorothy Wynter, from Lenthill!" exclaimed the housekeeper. "Bless my eyes, what a shock I have had!" She took the bundle from Dorothy, but in her confusion she had taken the wrong one. She had taken the precious coat. After she had taken the right one, and paid her the few pennies, Dorothy turned to go, and met Lord Wedderburn.

She hurried to him and gave him the coat, and without a word, save "I thank you," she walked down the path homeward.

Lord Wedderburn had not time to recover himself until the housekeeper was near. He adjusted his glass and looked after the retreating figure bewildered.

The housekeeper was an old one at the castle, having been the only one there for many years.

"How that child did shock me!" she exclaimed. "Bless my eyes, what a fright. If she stepped from that old picture frame in the north garret, I shouldn't have been more surprised."

"What on earth does she mean by that?" asked Lord Wedderburn. "Simply this: All her life that child has had about as much care as a bundle of rags, not a hundredth part as much as your lordship's horses and dogs. There must be something amiss at Lenthill, or old Dame Wynter would never have sent her here. It's a downright shame and nothing more. With all that outrageous outfit she looks like a fine old Vandyke, and I mark it now, she is the living image of that old mysterious portrait of Sir George's in the north garret, and they do say Dorothy is not akin to Dame Wynter at all."

The happily unconscious Dorothy was tripping along towards the village, the snowy white of her ankles scarcely hid. She had now reached a small stream of water whose depths lay still and serene as a mirror. Dorothy peered over into the calm depths and all in a moment she knew why the castle people had acted so strangely towards her. In a moment she was bitterly humiliated and crestfallen. Raising up from her position, she straightened herself up proudly, then deliberately laid aside the bonnet, took off the dress and folded it carefully on the grass, placed the stockings, slippers, and bonnet therein and pinned them in a bundle. Thank heaven! she had her old clothes on. She took the offending bundle under her arm and once more set out for the village shop. She hurried along, and when almost there took out one of her bright coats for the shopkeeper. She asked for some two-pence worth and a very small hat was given her. The shopkeeper asked what else. In a moment Dorothy understood there was more money. So she bought him, hats, more tea, jelly, and several other delicacies and was astonished that she also received so much money back. She suddenly realized that then, were gold pieces, and how rich she felt, as she trudged home with all her packages. When she reached Lenthill she found her Granny very ill. She laid aside her bundles and went to her.

"Granny, what is tea, and hats, and jelly, all for you?" she asked and tried to make the tea and bread to make the tea.

"Who gave you all that?" she asked, and when told the young Lord, she raised herself in bed and her face was full of strange expressions. Dorothy told her in a straightforward manner everything.

"So you thought of me, my dear?" she sobbed, "but I have beaten you black and blue."

"Granny, don't say that!"

"Why didn't you spend it for yourself, or give it until I am gone?" she fully lapsed.

"Granny, I only wanted it for you. I knew you liked good tea and fresh bread." She said, handing her a cup of the same quality as at once.

"It is too late, too late!" she cried, sinking back on her pillows.

"Too late for what, Granny? You are not so bad as that, are you, Granny? You must live for me, for what should I do without you, Granny?" The words were full of love.

"The you mean that you forgive me, child? That you do wish me to live? Can't be that you are as desirous as all the rest?"

"I do mean it, Granny. I do mean it. If you don't believe me I'll pray right here and God will let me keep you."

She held her hand to her forehead, the bed, but she could not think what to say. "Dear God, spare me, Granny. Spare me, Granny. If she has been a little hard on me, it's because I needed it, for I am that unbecoming man!"

"She could think of nothing more. She could not refuse to give her own unworldliness, and she had said that. A few sense of her unworldliness had been explained. The old woman sank back exhausted. "Come to me, Dorothy," she said softly. "Now, kiss me once, and Dorothy bent over and kissed her once, twice, three times.

"It's too late now, Dorothy, for me to undo all, but there's a part I can undo. A part that will show you that I was not at all hard. I am not making up for all these wrongs Dorothy, but I can show you that I did kindly towards you when it was too late."

Dorothy was hesitating herself, trying to do the deed when there came a knock on the door. When she answered it, she found a young man with a long, thin nose and a high forehead, slow, measured and solemn. He asked for Dame Wynter.

"Granny is very ill, and I do not believe she will see strangers," answered Dorothy.

"I am no stranger," he said. "Tell Dame Wynter that John Broughman has come."

Dorothy took the message.

"Bring him in, thank God! Thank God! I was thinking how to manage, and John is the very person. Bring him in!"

Wynter's. A brother she had not seen for years, since she was a young girl, when he had left for Australia, being a young minister.

Dorothy left them alone and ran again to the village. She had company now and must do the honors alone. She ran over the path and was soon at the village shop. Here she bought her slender stock of provisions and returned before they missed her. She prepared the tea, and altogether it was an inviting repast.

John Broughman was in close conversation with the dame, but Dorothy knew herself to be the subject of their conversation.

She put aside the remnants of the evening meal at last, and went out for more wood. She did not have to go far, for the lord had said he would be offended if she did. She had not hurried, and found she was wanted. John Broughman was greatly excited.

"Go at once to the castle, and bring Lord Wedderburn. Say that Dame Wynter lies dying and wants him."

Dorothy bounded over the path with the fleetness of a deer. There was only one light shining. That came from a large library on the ground floor. The window was open and there sat Lord Wedderburn, reading. Dorothy hesitated one moment should she ring the great bell? No, she would just step through the open window and tell him. She was almost breathless, and when she reached him she fell on the floor at his feet. Poor Dorothy!

Lord Wedderburn picked her up tenderly in his arms. She could barely make him understand. She took his hand and drew him after her. When he did understand he quickened his speed.

"How fortunate I had not gone. I was preparing to leave for London on the midnight train—having telegraphed my coming."

He had plenty of time to go to both places. If he had only thought to have told Marston to pack his portmanteau. As it was he had left his lamp burning, and merely locked the window. He would be home before he was missed. When he reached Lenthill he was at once taken to the bedside of the dying woman. Dorothy and John Broughman remained outside.

What passed, no living person knew, save Lord Wedderburn and the dame who was dying. Lord Wedderburn went outside and sat on the stone steps. On his face there was a most peculiar expression. It was doubtful and quizzical by turns. He heard voices distinctly, but he could not move.

"Does Dorothy know this, and is she willing to do this?" he asked time and again, but could find no reply. The world is the same all over. There is the deceit, the scheming, and all, only under different garbs. There was Dorothy, as unbecoming as a flower and as seemingly innocent, and a mere child, too.

"I cannot do this, Granny—I cannot do this!" came in sobs through the windows. The lower voice he could not hear, but the words of the other were clear.

"Don't ask me, Granny. I cannot do this, and I want to please you. Don't you know he don't want me, Granny? He that grand and high, and me like a wood in his path!"

Lord Wedderburn was convinced Dorothy was an unwilling victim. This very thought gave him a sense of relief and pleasure. He did not listen for more. Dorothy was still sobbing, and he had wronged her. Why not marry Dorothy? She was only a child, it was true, but she at least was free of deceit and worldliness. If the train should fly the track and he be killed, there would be not one left but the Weston Homes. It would kill his mother to give up Castle Royal. He could do this much to make amends for all his past. This poor child would be thrown on the world a friendless pauper. Why not do some good with his vast riches. He had intended helping Dorothy, anyway. He had sat there some time thinking over it all, until some one touched his shoulder. He arose and followed him into the dying woman's room.

John Broughman was attending the dying woman, and Lord Wedderburn went after Dorothy.

A fire-blaze on the hearth and shed a flickering light over the room. There sat Dorothy on the floor, crying. Her golden head was buried in her lap, and she had not heard him enter the room. He gazed on her. She was clad in a satin gown that represented ages ago. It had originally been white, but was now yellowed with age. There were those same faded satin slippers. Her golden hair was pushed back from her face, and her eyes were scarlet from weeping. Lord Wedderburn went up to her.

"Come, Dorothy," he said as he said, but she arose instantly and obeyed him. There under the flickering candlelight, they were married by John Broughman, minister, in the presence of the dying woman.

"How like her mother!" the dying woman whispered. Then calling Dorothy to her, handed her the box of keys with their different colored strings, whispering something about money and boxes. They called Dorothy to her, kissed her tenderly many times. Then, made signs for them to kneel at her bedside, which they did.

"Some time you will know, Dorothy. I would alone, but it's too late, too late."

"What is it, you both?"

"They both said there, and ere they arose, death claimed Dame Wynter. They removed the lifeless hands from their heads tenderly. There was no more now to be done for life. As tragedy was done, but that of death was just beginning.

Lord Wedderburn was as mute as the pale face beside him. She must have entered deeply, yet no word escaped her. There was no sign save the death-like pallor.

Lord Wedderburn looked at his watch. What must he do? He had telegraphed his coming. It seemed a shame to desert Dorothy in her great trouble, yet to stay meant explanations he had not

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make yet. Yes, he must go for a few days, then he would come back and arrange matters conveniently. He called Dorothy aside and explained that he must go for a few days. Then he would come back and arrange matters for her.

If Dorothy heard his words she made no sign. He took out his watch and saw that he had yet time to catch the train.

He called John Broughman to the doorway and talked to him for a few minutes. Then he drew out his cheque-book and wrote a cheque for a large amount, which he handed to the minister, John Broughman. Whatever explanation he made seemed all right, for Broughman followed him to the doorway.

"Yes, yes, my Lord, I will attend to everything. I have your Lordship's permission to carry out the wishes of my sister as far as possible. I will communicate with your Lordship as soon as possible."

As he bade him goodbye, Lord Wedderburn pressed a roll of bank notes in his hand "for immediate expenses," he said. He had not forgotten Dorothy, but she was nowhere to be seen, so he started off. There before him was Dorothy.

"I want to tell you, my Lord, that it was not my fault that I am forced on you. I did not want to do it." Her words were full of agony, as well as her face.

He took both her hands in his own, pressed them gently and rushed down the path.

He had only a few minutes to catch the train. He entered the room where the lamp was still burning. The fire on the hearth had almost smothered out. He rang the bell for Marston, his man.

"We are late for that train. Can you pack my portmanteau in time?"

Marston left the room hurriedly. They rushed the station just as the train rolled up.

CHAPTER IV.

Lord Wedderburn went at once to his aunt, Lady Marchmont, whom he found in a state of great excitement.

"We were so afraid something serious had happened. You are earth, Reginald, did you keep us waiting so long?"

"Business which demanded my personal attention," he replied.

"Of what use are your agents, pray, if you are put to such inconveniences? I have kept Miss Staunton here, waiting all this time, until their visit to Scotland is really spoiled, but I have recompense for all this trouble; let me whisper to you what it is: you are safe now, she loves you."

Lord Wedderburn turned cold as marble. What evil fate had befallen him. He was speechless. All the pleasure died out of Lady Emily's face.

"Of all mortals you are certainly the strangest! Here I have been paying your way for you and when I have ended with success and tell you so, you are as cold as one of those statues and about as blank."

Lady Emily was indeed angry. Perhaps this was all right. Perhaps she had broken it too abruptly to him, and he had not expected such good fortune. She found excuse after excuse for him, for she loved him dearly. "Tonight we are to go to Marlborough House; to-morrow night to the Duke of Westmoreland's, and"

There was no sign that Lord Wedderburn was listening. He was staring straight before him, and as impassive as a stone.

"Have you been ill?" asked Lady Marchmont.

"No, not exactly ill, but rather depressed," he replied.

She eyed him narrowly. He was trying to conceal it from her. He had been ill, she felt sure. She had almost given him up in despair, when a thought came to her.

"I will go up and send Miss Staunton down. She will wish to see you."

"Not yet, aunt. Do not ask her to come now. I will feel better later. I need rest awhile."

There was the soft pleading in his voice that always touched her heart. This one person was her idol. She greatly feared he had taken the wrong course. Perhaps it would have been better if she had given him a hint of these things. It were bad policy to thrust success in the face of the young. They loved daring uncertainty.

He was going.

"Then you go with us tonight to Marlborough," she asked.

For the life of him he could not refuse. All his bravery banished like a flash and left him powerless to utter one word.

"Yes, I will come," he said, and then left.

He was ill and tired, and he listened to his rooms. Think as hard as he could he could find no way out of his difficulty. They had arisen like mountains on all sides and left him powerless. Fate had worked all this, and she must find a way out. He gave it up in despair.

Night came and found him in the same state. He got through his toilet somehow, and went through it all like a puppet worked by the will of another.

This was certainly at Lady Marchmont's. Miss Staunton greeted him cordially.

"Shall I tell you, my lord, how glad we are to see you?" she asked archly. Her face was radiant with happiness.

How beautiful she was! He had never before realized what a bright, beautiful woman she was.

She was clad in pure white. Her dress fell in graceful folds and was a mass of exquisite lace. Her toilet was simply perfect. The white dress recalled another to him—an old dress soiled and bedraggled and time-worn—the one worn by Dorothy.

He turned sick and faint.

"You are kind to think of me," he said. He had not thought how icy was his heart, but for the life of him he could say nothing else.

Miss Staunton eyed him strangely. There was that icy chill on his face, and she saw it. What had she done to displease him? Perhaps she had been too unreserved to have spoken to him that way. She drew herself up proudly and played with the tassels of her cloak. Fortunately, Lady Emily came in and relieved the awkward silence; but a look at each did not reassure her.

"If they are not a headache, I wonder where I will find one?" she thought, and smiled.

"We must be off," she said, and they started at once.

The conversation flagged most unmercifully, and there was many an awkward silence.

He mechanically went through one or two dances, then strolled into the conservatory alone, and remained a considerable time until several of his friends came in.

"In the dumps, Wedderburn?" asked one.

He answered icily, "No."

"I should not think you would court solitude, having brought the handsomest young lady in the room. You ought to thank me for my generosity, Wedderburn, when you know I brought Lady Alice Harborough."

"I do, certainly," he replied, with a smile, but it was only a ghost of a smile after all.

He rejoined the dancers, and seated himself beside the Marchioness Ely. Here he was safe for a time at least. The marchioness had not daughters of her own to marry off; hence, was honest and straightforward in a remarkable degree.

"Lovely girl, that," she remarked.

"Which one?" asked Lord Wedderburn.

"The one in white, Miss Staunton, and an American, too! Who would have thought she could be so utterly at home among us? Such a sweet face, too!"

Lord Wedderburn felt angry, but he felt perfectly well acquainted with the marchioness and knew her kind heart.

"What a lovely wife she will make some of our marriageable; Sir Philip Marden is a devoted admirer; shall I tell you what report says," she asked.

"It says that Lord Wedderburn is to marry the lively American heiress."

"Report has told me great honor, but for once it is mistaken. There was a respectful and honest ring in his voice. The marchioness eyed him suspiciously. He was certainly honest in what he did. Then there was some one in the way. Some Betty-noid maid, or some rural beauty had stolen his heart."

(To be Continued.)

Are You Droopy, Tired, Worn Out?

HERE IS GOOD ADVICE TO ALL WHO FEEL AS IF THEIR VIGOR AND LIFE HAD ALL OZZED AWAY.

This Condition Can be Quickly Cured by a Good Cleansing Medicine.

Your experience is probably some what familiar to that described by Mr. J. T. Fleming in the following letter from his home in Lebanon: "I think I must have the most sluggish sort of a liver. In the morning my mouth was bitter and that foul, soft feeling that tells you, 'No breakfast needed here this morning.' A cup of coffee would sort of brace me up, but in two hours I was disposed to quit work, all energy having oozed out of me. Supper was only my good meal, but I guess I didn't digest very well, for I dreamt to beat the band. A friend put me wise to Dr. Hamilton's Pills. I think they must have taken hold on my liver, perhaps my stomach, too, because the very start they made things go right. Look at me now, not sleepy in the daytime, but bustling for the mighty dollar and getting fun out of life every minute. That's what Dr. Hamilton's Pills have done for me—they have rebuilt and rejuvenated my entire system."

To keep free from headaches, to feel young and bright, to enjoy your meals, to sleep sound and look your best, nothing can help like Dr. Hamilton's Pills, 25¢ per box, five for \$1.00, at all druggists and stationers, or postpaid from The Catarochs Co., Buffalo, N. Y., and Kingston, Canada.

Being called to be, felt unexpectedly at the gathering and asked to respond informally to the toast, "The Ladies." Mr. Gilfers heaved and heaved, and began:

"My friends, all that I am, all that I have in the world, I owe to a woman—my wife."

Here he was interrupted by that lady herself, who arose and said:

"I told you when you put the property in my name you'd give it away the first time you opened your mouth."—Judge's Library.

My business is not to make myself, but make the absolute best of what God makes.—Browning.

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THE MOVIES.

Lizzie hurries home from work, from the store where she is clerk, and she eats her humble dinner in a hurry.

And her mother says: "Now, Lizzie, Undue haste unseemly is; Are you going out to-night, and what's your hurry?"

"To the movies, mother dear," she replies; "now never fear; That's where the melodrammer's cheap, For a nickel you may weep, And may laugh until you're sore; There are crosses and sighs galore."

At the movies.

"I'll see handsome Claude de Vere Win his sweetheart, Maybelle dear, In spite of every villain's insinuations; I'll see cowboys, very pretty, Yes, they pose in Jersey City; Oh, I can't resist the movies' fascinations."

"To the movies, mother dear, Willie's with me, never fear; That's where true love always wins, Where the bad repeat their sins; Hope they have a comic fillum, With a chaste scene—pleases William— At the movies."



SWAT THAT FLY

(Exchange)

Now summer's here, Cast up your eyes, And swat that fly, The roosting fly, Wherever you find Him, swat him not, But hit the claws, That swat, swat, swat.

If twenty times As big, he'd be As big as man's Head, and you'd be As big as straw, To hit the claws, Before we know.

A million germs He freely brings As on our food he Crawls and sings, 'Tis time we learned Our foolish lot, And swat our bugs, With swat, swat, swat.

Pray, say no more Of man's advance Until he leaves A trail of swat, No longer with False ego sigh, But hit the claws, And swat the fly.



MAXIE AND MINNIE.

(Buckeye Union and Advertiser.)

Gazing at a group of nine children gathered about a small stool, says the "Newtown Telegram," an old lady called one of the little girls.

"Are all of these children your brothers and sisters?" she asked.

"Yes, mum," replied the youngster.

"What is the largest one named?"

"Maxie, mum."

"And what do you call the smaller one?"

"Minnie, mum."

THE LITTLE DUTCH PRINCESS.

Her Small Playmates—Audience With the Prime Minister.

Today the Princess Juliana, heiress to the Dutch throne, attains the age of 3 and her birthday will be the occasion of many festivities throughout Holland.

The Queen of Holland lives the greater part of the year at her country seat of the Loo, near Apeldoorn, in Gelderland. There the Princess spends the whole day in the royal park, where she has her little baby house, her poultry yard with the fowls she feeds with her own hands, her dog, two ponies and a deer.

Every day at the Loo as well as at the Hague some children are invited to play with her in order to mitigate as much as possible the double loneliness of her position as the future queen and an only child.

The Queen likes to invite various children by turns, so that the Princess may learn at any early age to be friendly to all sorts of people and not to show too great a preference for a chosen few. These little three-year-olds are quite free in their games, and often treat their royal hostess with scant respect.

One of them, proud of her dainty patent leather shoes, said to the Princess: "I think my shoes much prettier than yours." Whereupon little Juliana looked ruefully at her strong laced up boots, saying, "And yet these are my very best."

A few days before the court left the Hague the Princess was taken for a walk in the Scheveningen woods. It had rained during the night, and for the first time it dawned upon her young mind how delightful it is to walk in the puddles, and especially to stamp one's foot in them till the drops fly about.

This performance was witnessed by some admiring juvenile subjects, whose parents will no longer be able to admonish them with the saying so common in Dutch nurseries: "Juliana never does this" or "Juliana always does that." Their paragon has proved to be only human after all.

During an audience which the Prime Minister, Mr. Heisenkerk, had with the Queen a few days ago the Princess was sent for. When the nurse came to take her out for a drive the Queen said: "Now say 'Good-by, your excellency.'"

She could not be made to repeat those words, but as soon as the footman had opened the door so that her retreat was safe, she cried out: "Good-by, curly head," which allusion to Mr. Heisenkerk's flowing mane was much appreciated by those present.—From the London Daily Mail.

Every Indian Had an Umbrella.

One of the incidents of the early days in Great Bend that cause a great deal of merriment among the white residents was the time the Indians bought all the parasols and umbrellas that were for sale in the town.

This happened along in the '70s, and was on a rainy day. The Indians were on their way south and came through the town of South Bend. They saw a number of men and women on the streets with umbrellas, and being plentifully supplied with money and a desire to own one of the handy contrivances, they got busy.

The funny part of it was that they made no distinction between toy parasols, silk ones and the serviceable linen ones. It was not long until the entire visible supply of all the stores had been purchased. Then the fun began.

Some of the toy parasols were made of cloth that was highly colored, and as soon as the water hit them the coloring matter began to mix with the water and drip down upon the Indians' clothes. They mimicked this not in the least, and were seen going southward whooping and seemingly in the very best of spirits.—Great Bend Tribune.

WHY MONEY IS CHEAP.

(Judge's Library.)

"I want you to tell me what this paper makes you say in its market report that money is cheap," said Mrs. McPee to her husband, who like all husbands, is supposed to be an economist.

"Money is cheap because the printing press is so busy printing the money," he replied, and that was all.

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