

SIR WILLIAM'S WILL

She looked from right to left, as if she would have escaped the question if she could; but his eyes were fixed on her with an intentness, an earnestness that seemed to command her heart, and—traitorous heart!—it yielded.

"Why, yes," she said, in a low voice, which, for all her efforts, quavered, and with a smile that flickered pathetically. "I—shall be glad—you have always been so kind—so—so—careful of me—us, my sister—"

He nodded. "Yes, put it that way," he said, with a short breath. "Then, if luck go with me, I'll come to you—but I can wait. Can wait"—he laughed slowly, mockingly—"for wealth and fame and the rest of it, you know!" She moved away from him without a word, and he stood, his eyes still fixed on her; then he started, as if from a dream, and said: "Your horse?"

"At the stable," she said, just glancing at him. "But don't trouble. One of the men—"

He walked beside her, and almost in silence they reached the stables. He got the horse—she noticed how carefully he examined the girths and the fastenings—and held his hand and knee for her. His strong hands lifted her, as if she were a feather, into the saddle, and he stood for a moment looking up at her, as he arranged the reins in her hands.

"Thank you, thank you," she murmured, her eyes downcast. "I—I am late, I must ride fast. Good-by!" "Good-by," he responded, in his deep voice; and the music of it rang in her ears, and seemed to be echoed by the pines as she rode between them.

Jack stood looking after her, his face pale, his lips set. Yes; he could wait until the time of grace set forth in the will had passed; then he would go to her and say: "I am Wilfred Carton. I have renounced my claim to the estates and the money, they are yours; I love you; will you marry me?"

A voice from the beach started him, and he turned, to see Lord Stanton coming up the beach.

"What luck?" he called out, and the words sounded like a good omen in Jack's ears. "I was afraid I should miss you, I say, Douglas, the specifications have come down, and I want you to go over them at once. Will you come up to the Towers to-night?"

Jack nodded. "Yes, I'll come," he said, absently omitting the "Lord Stanton."

The lad looked at him. "I say, you look rather off color, Douglas," he said, and he laid his hand in a very friendly way on Jack's broad shoulder. "You haven't looked the thing for some time past. You've been sticking to the work too hard, and want a change, that's what's the matter. Why not take a holiday, go up to London, and have a bit of a spree, do the theatres and the music-halls, eh?"

It did not strike him as strange that he should speak as if to an equal; and Jack nodded.

"Pray I might," he said, thoughtfully.

"That's right!" said Lord Stanton.

"And, by the way, I put a cheque in my pocket, thinking I might see you—rather fortunate coincidence, wasn't it?"

He shyly slipped a cheque in Jack's hand, and went on talking quickly; but Jack, after glancing at the cheque, broke in with:

"Oh, but this is too much, Lord Stanton!"

The boy laughed; then faced him resolutely.

"Yes, I thought that was the kind of rot you'd say," he declared. "Too much! Why, it's only on account; you don't suppose I meant it as full payment? You juggle! and I've scored no end by employing you instead of a regular Johnny. Now, look here!" as Jack opened his mouth to expostulate.

"I can be as darned obstinate as you can, Douglas; and I tell you straight that I shall be awfully offended if you make any fuss about the coin."

Jack nodded. "It's too much—but very well, I'll be up to-night."

"I'd ask you to come now, but the Miss Bramleys and Mr. Hesketh Carton are dining with us."

"I'll come some other night, to-morrow," said Jack quickly.

"No, no!" said Stanton eagerly. "I want you to go over those papers. I'll

come to you in the library—there's the phaeton; and, by George! I'm late."

He ran to meet the phaeton, and Jack turned into the cottage to receive Mrs. Westaway's reproaches. But he seemed more cheerful, more like his old self, that evening, and while he had his tea, he took Polly on his knee and told her stories until she clapped her hands and buried her laughing face against his heart.

"I'm so glad you're better, Mr. Jack," she said, stroking his face. "And I've been and told Miss Clytie you was ever so bad!"

He changed his well-worn riding-suit for one of blue serge, lit his pipe, and walked over to the Towers. As Polly had said, he was better. The glorious light of hope had cast a beam across his brooding heart and lightened it. Of course, she had not understood what he was driving at; but she had not been offended; had not turned away haughtily from his request. Why, it had almost seemed as if she had promised to wait for him! Ridiculous, of course, but he hugged the delusion, and pictures, delicious pictures, of a possible future unrolled in his mind, in the starlit night, in which the sighing of the pine branches seemed to imitate the music of her voice.

That beautiful girl his! His! He stopped to stare before him, breathless with the thought.

He had timed himself to arrive at

an hour when the dinner should be well over, and Lord Stanton free to come to him, and as he approached the house he saw through the windows of the great drawing-room a scene which had once been familiar enough.

He paused in the screen of the laurels and looked in wistfully. The softly shaded lights showed him the women in their rich frocks, the men in the severe regulation evening dress; Lady Mervyn in black velvet, with priceless lace and diamonds. Mollie in her white cashmere with her ruddy hair tied in a pigtail, and—yes; there was Clytie in black lace that made the clear ivory of her neck like the driven snow on which the faint dawn is shining. How lovely she was, and—ah, how much better!—how lovable!

But for his folly, and the fierce passion which was skin to madness, that had wrecked his life, he might be there, by her side, a welcome guest, free to love, to woo her. With a sigh, he was turning away, when he saw the tall, slight figure of Hesketh Carton leave Lord Stanton and approach Clytie. Jack stopped unconsciously and watched them. He saw Hesketh bend over Clytie and speak to her—it was some request, evidently, for she, after a moment's hesitation, rose, and they passed into the adjoining conservatory.

Jack moved away; but he had to pass the conservatory, and, though he turned his face aside, and, setting his teeth, endeavored to walk on, his resolution failed him, and he looked in.

They were standing in front of a bank of chrysanthemums, and Hesketh Carton—his cousin, as Jack mechanically reflected—was talking to her, bending over with an expression in his face which sent the blood to Jack's face and made his heart beat fiercely. Clytie was listening at first with just conventional attention; but he saw Hesketh suddenly draw closer, bend still lower over her, and take her hand.

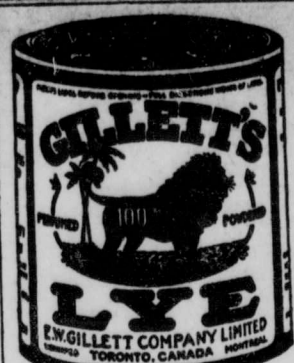
He was almost too blinded by the sudden passion to see that her face had grown crimson and then pale; his eyes were fixed on Hesketh's face, and his rapidly, yet smoothly moving lips; and, with a stifled exclamation, an oath wrung from him in his agony, he turned and fled—for it was light—into the darkness.

Fool, fool that he was! He had been too honorable to declare himself, to tell of his love, had beaten about to her to wait—and Hesketh Carton had stepped in before him and won her!

His passion, the jealousy, which had been so swift to leap to a conclusion, tore at him like a wild beast. He flung himself into the shrubbery, and forced his way through like some wild animal in a fury, and found himself upon the road, down which he stumbled like a man half-blind.

Luck! He had called upon it, and it had answered him promptly enough—made a mock of him.

Yes, he had lost her. And serve



him right! Such men as he, such fools as he, deserved just such jacks as had been dealt out to him. For hours he wandered about the woods, now stopping to stare before him and try and ease the anguish, the despair, that crushed his heart, but ever driven on again in his flight from thought, from the realization of his loss.

It was nearly dawn when he reached the cottage, and he was calmer now, and moved as one spurred by a plan of action.

With some difficulty he wrote a short note to Lord Stanton, saying that he was off, not for a holiday, but for good; then he went up to his room and packed a few clothes into a bag and stole down again. Softly as he moved, Polly, who was awake, heard him, and called to him. He went into the tiny room, and she sat up, rubbing his eyes.

"Is that you, Mr. Jack?" she said, yawning. "What are you doing? It's velly late, isn't it? Where are you going with that bag?"

"I'm going on—a little journey, Polly," he said. "Don't make a row and wake your mother. Tell her I am obliged to go. She'll find some money on the kitchen table."

The child put her arm around his neck and peered sleepily up at him.

"How curious your voice sounds," she said, "and you're all white and shaking. You're bad again, I know. And what are you doing in the middle of the night?"

"Business, Polly," he said, his throat dry and aching.

"You're comin' back?" she said, anxiously.

"Yes, I'm coming back," he said, forcing the falsehood. "There, lie down and go by-by again."

He drew the clothes about her and kissed her; with a little sigh of content she closed her eyes, and Jack, a lump in his parched throat, stole from the room and out of the house.

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Heating the House.

The proper temperature for various rooms of the home are as follows: The living room should be 70 degrees, no more. It does not become close, but the doors should be kept closed into the hall. The dining room and kitchen should be heated to 65 degrees. Most kitchens rise higher than that. The bedrooms should be heated out at all, except for the little time that the occupants use them for dressing. The bathroom should be made as warm as you choose and the halls should be given no special heat, as we are always exercising when we are going through them.

A Coated Tongue? What it Means

A bad breath, coated tongue, bad taste in the mouth, languor and debility, are uneasy signs that the liver is out of order. PROF. HENRI PIERCE says: "The liver is an organ secondary in importance only to the heart."



We can manufacture poisons within our own bodies which are as deadly as a snake's venom. The liver acts as a guard over our well-being, sifting out the cinders and ashes from the general circulation.

A blockage in the intestines piles a heavy burden upon the liver. If the intestines are choked or clogged up, the circulation of the blood becomes poisoned and the system becomes loaded with toxic waste, and we suffer from headache, yellow-coated tongue, bad taste in mouth, nausea, or gas, acid dyspepsia, languor, debility, yellow skin or eyes. At such times one should take castor oil or a pleasant laxative. Such a one is made of May-apple, leaves of aloe and jalap, put into ready-to-use form by Doctor Pierce, nearly fifty years ago, and sold for 25 cents by all druggists as Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.

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The majority of mothers nowadays overdo, there are so many demands upon their time and strength; the result is invariably a weakened, run-down, nervous condition with headaches, back-ache, irritability and depression—and soon more serious ailments develop. It is at such periods in life that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will restore a normal healthy condition, as it did to Mrs. Worthine.