

Sweet Miss Margery

It was in one of these moments that Margery had seen him beneath the trees, bending his handsome head to gaze into Vane's eyes. The action meant nothing to him—Vane was his cousin, his confidant, his friend. Had his gaze but wandered to the carriage drawn beside the rails, and rested on the sweet face pallid and drawn by the agony of pain that had come to her, he would have forgotten his cousin's existence, and rushed, with a madness of joy, a delirium of happiness, to Margery's side. But Margery was unseeing, the cousins paced by slowly, and the image of that face, that form with the right arm still hung in a sling, those eager eyes, was graven on her memory in characters the clearness of which tortured her and the steadfastness of which nothing could remove.

CHAPTER XIX.

"Man's love is like the restless waves, Ever at rise and fall; The only love a woman craves It must be all in all. Ask me no more if I regret— You need not care to know;

"A woman's heart does not forget— Bid me good-bye, and go. You do not love me—no. Bid me good-bye, and go. Good-bye, good-bye—'tis better so; Bid me, good-bye, and go.

Margery moved dreamily; she opened her eyes. A flood of glorious sunshine filled the room. She felt strangely weak; her hands were almost numb, her head was heavy; she could do nothing but lie back and rest—rest, and listen to the sound of a rich voice singing, somewhat near, a plaintive sighing song—

"You do not love me—no. Bid me good-bye, and go. Good-bye, good-bye—'tis better so; Bid me, good-bye, and go."

Margery moved again. This time her eyes wandered round the room; it was strange to her. Where was she? What place was this?

While a look of perplexity and pain was dawning on her pure pale face, some one bent over her. "Miladi is better?" "Where am I?" asked Margery, faintly. "Miladi has been ill," replied the quiet soothing voice—"very ill. She is by the sea now. Does not miladi hear the waves?"

A faint rippling sound was borne in on the silence, mingling with the song without. "The sea!" murmured Margery, vaguely. "Where? Am I dreaming?" "Miladi does not forget me! I am Pauline."

"Pauline!" repeated the girl, striving to dispel the dense cloud that shrouded her memory. "Yes, miladi. I dressed you for your marriage, and at morning," Pauline spoke slowly. "Can miladi not remember now?" she added, softly.

Margery looked at her strangely and intently. "I can remember nothing—I seem to be in a dream."

She put up her left hand to push back the clusters of her hair, and as it fell again to the silken coverlet she gazed at it intently. It looked frail and white, and on the third finger was a ring—a plain wide band of gold.

The maid touched her hand. "It is miladi's wedding ring," she said, divining the thoughts of wonder and the speculation that were filling Margery's mind.

"My wedding-ring!" echoed the girl, still wondering. "Am I married, then?" Pauline looked at her mistress in alarm. Her frightened fingers touched her brain. She almost feared.

"Miladi will remember," she whispered, tenderly. "She was married one morning so early, by Lady Enid's death-bed, but she is better now. Miladi must think—must try to remember now for miladi's sake."

"By Lady Enid's death-bed!" whispered Margery; then the cloud vanished suddenly from her memory, and, with bitter pain, she remembered all.

Pauline stood by, distressed, yet relieved, as her mistress put her two thin hands to her face and the great tears rolled through the slender fingers—the weeping might agitate for a time, but it would do good in the end. For three weeks Margery had lain between life and death. Her overwrought mind and body had given way suddenly beneath the shock of Lady Enid's death; she had been so tired, so shaken by her former trouble and despair, that the excitement of her marriage, the supreme agony when she realized that the sweet friend and sister had passed away, were too much for her, and she sunk beneath the weight.

Nugent, Earl of Court, sat and watched beside her couch. He saw the struggle that took place between the terrible fever and Margery's delicate yet wealthy constitution, not daring to give words to his fears. She knew nothing during those days—her lustreous eyes met his unmeaningly. She was his wife, the treasured bequest of his dying sister; but all his devotion, his tenderness, the greatness of his new passion for her, was unknown—her mind was a blank.

When the fever passed away she grew better in body, but the vacant look lingered in her eyes, and her memory had not returned. The doctors spoke hopefully, and ordered a change of air, and so they removed her to the seaside, and waited for the moment to come when the dark cloud which obscured her mind would lift, and she would be the Margery of old. For a week there was no improvement, but on this day nature seemed to wake from its trance, and when Pauline spoke, as she had spoken many times before, the veil fell, and Margery's memory came back to her.

Presently the tears stopped her hands fell to her side, and she raised herself feebly into a sitting position. She was

not in bed, but, dressed in a loose white silk gown, resting on a couch. She looked round, critically taking in the costly appointments of the room. Pauline watched her curiously, and noted each sign of pleasure that flitted across the lovely, pale face. "It is beautiful," Margery declared after a time; "and the sea is there"—pointing to the large bay-window through which the sunlight streamed. "I will look at it, Pauline; I have never seen the sea."

The maid passed her arm round the slender figure, and guided it to the window, pushing forward a large luxurious chair as they reached it, into which Margery sunk, with a sigh of fatigue. She closed her eyes for one minute, then opened them on a picture of such view, such wondrous, startling beauty that her pulses thrilled with the momentary delight.

It was the sea—the sea, the sea, the open sea—the blue, the fresh, the ever free! Everything was forgotten in that moment's supreme pleasure. She had conjured up visions of the ocean, fed by pictures she had seen; but no canvas could ever portray the boundless dignity, the majesty, the rippling beauty of the sea as it appeared to Margery on that October afternoon.

Margery gazed and gazed her wondering grew greater as she looked, and her mind flew back to the afternoon when Sir Enid had spoken of the sea, dwelling on its beauties so lovingly that she thought she had realized it in all its grandeur and majesty. Now she knew that not even his tongue could convey a true idea of its mightiness. She sat very silent, watching the rolling waves; the song without had ceased, and Pauline had retired to the further end of the room. Suddenly the weird sadness of the sea's music struck a chord in her heart. It seemed to be singing a dirge, and her mind woke again to its load of sorrow. For the first time the real facts of her marriage came home to her. A look of despair gathered in her eyes, her thin white hands were pressed to her lips. Enid, dear, sweet Enid, was gone. The brief friendship, strong as though it had been cemented by years, was broken, and she was alone, alone with her husband, a man whom she had pitied, respected, liked, but a man whom she could never love, to whom she must ever wear a mask, for love was dead within her to all but one, and for that one it lived as strongly as yore. What had she done? Bound herself for life, given a sacred vow, while every pulse in her thrilled for that other man, despite his cruelty and his humiliating insults! Oh, that she had spoken openly to Lady Enid! This marriage, then, would never have taken place. But her silence had produced this result: the sister's tenderness, the friend's affection, had prompted the dead woman to speak her wish, and at such a moment Margery had yielded. She did not regret her marriage to Enid. The thought that her marriage had been a dream of pleasure, it was for her husband's sake she sorrowed, and for her own. Could aught but misery follow such a hasty union? Would not they both repent in bitterness and despair?

Margery rose slowly from her seat, feeling weak and wretched. The spirit of the sea, entrancing at first, had brought with it a host of sad thoughts that destroyed its beauty and made her shudder at its music.

Pauline had retired quietly from the room. Margery did not notice her absence; and as she regained her feet and put one hand on the chair to steady herself, she said faintly, with half a smile— "You must help me, Pauline, Pauline. I am foolish, but—"

A hand clasped hers—not Pauline's, but a firm, strong hand. It was her husband's.

Lord Court drew the slender white-robed figure gently to his arms. "It is not Pauline, my darling; it is I. Nay, do not look so frightened. You are still very weak, my poor one! Pauline came to bring me the good news that you had recovered your memory, and I hastened to you at once—my wife—my sweet one!"

Margery rested quietly in his arms—she had not strength to move—but a tumult of thoughts surged in her brain. Now she must speak, must tell this man of her weakness, of her love. It must be done now in the beginning of their married life; she must not delay. It would be so difficult afterward. And he must know the truth—know that for Enid's sake she had uttered words that should never have been spoken, that would be as emptiness in her eyes.

"I wish to speak," she murmured faintly; but the words did not reach her husband's ears. She was nervously excited, and her strength was already spent.

The earl drew her still closer to his breast. "Let me hold you in my arms for one instant, my wife," he said tenderly and gravely; "it comes as such a blessed happiness after weeks of misery and suspense that I have endured. Margery, my darling, ours was a strange marriage; but it was tenderly blessed by the smile of one we both loved. Ah, Enid could read the heart well! She saw into the very depths of mine; she knew that its sterile ground had brought forth a pure, a holy plant—my love for you! She saw the misery of the past banished from my life by the tender influence of that love, and she realized that life might once more be made bright and beautiful to me—that earthly trust, faith and happiness might yet be mine; and so she gave you, darling, to me, to fill the void her flight would make, to lead me by your sweetness, your tenderness, to things better and purer, like your own pure self."

A pang of remorse pierced Margery's heart. Could she speak, and at one word blast this new found happiness, these heaven-inspired hopes? No, she had not the courage. She must bury the past. Henceforth Margery Daw, with all that appertained to her, was

banished, and Margery, Countess of Court, lived in her stead, strong in the determination to keep her vows and prove herself worthy of the devotion of her husband.

She raised her pale lovely face to his, and a steadfast light shone in her great blue eyes. "By heaven's help," she responded faintly and clearly, "I will do it!"

Lord Court bent his head, and pressed his lips to hers; then, lifting her tenderly, he bore her to the couch, and laid her once more on the pillows. "You are a very frail Margery," he said kindly, contemplating her as she lay back wearily; "but now you must make great efforts to get well, and you shall soon go out and feel the sea breeze on your cheeks—perhaps they will bring a little color to them."

"I am always pale," she whispered in reply. "How long have I been ill?" "A month now. Ah, I had almost begun to despair—you were so long recovering."

"And—end?" "Is at her old home at last," said the earl, in a constrained voice. "We carried her down and laid her in the old church yard. She always wished to be buried there."

"I must go down to see the grave," murmured Margery. "When you are able, you shall, my darling. Court Manor is waiting for its mistress. Ah, Margery, little did I think years ago that I should so gladly return to my home, all pain and bitterness rooted out of my heart forever, and in their place the sweet fragrance of love and happiness, brought me by a spirit of peace and purity—my wife!"

Margery moved her head restlessly on the silken pillow; his deep tenderness and devotion touched her wounded heart with healing gentleness, yet her burden was none the less, for she could never repay such great love, she could never give him what he gave, that pride and pride in her heart. Her husband's tender words only brought back with a sudden rush the memory of the great chasm between them. She drew her hand slowly from his, with the touch of his lips still clinging to it.

"You know," she whispered, meeting his gaze with her great starlike eyes—"you know—Enid told you that I am quite alone in the world—a wair, a stray?"

"Yes, I know it, my darling." "And you care for me just the same?" "I love you," he answered, smiling; "I love you from the first. My pride only binds you still closer to me; henceforth I must be mother, father, brother, sister, husband, all in one. Do not hold a thought in your heart that such a circumstance could make any difference. Remember—"

"For unto every lord his own lady is All ladies and all beauties and all mysteries, The breathing multiple of roses passionate, Of perfect pearls, of birds with happy melody. A poet sang that, Margery, and it is the very echo of my heart."

"You are very good," she murmured gently; and then, bending to touch her cheek with his lips, Lord Court went slowly from the room.

Margery lay silent, his words ringing in her ears, and again and again she told herself that she could not destroy this man's new-found peace, his life's happiness. She must strive to crush all love and memory from her heart, turn her face from the past, with all its store of sweetness and bitterness, and look upon the future, where the path of duty lay straight before her. Loyalty and honor demanded the sacrifice, and she would obey them.

"I shall go my ways, tread out my measure, Fill the days of my daily breath With fugitive things not good to treasure— Do as the world doth, say as it saith, But, if we had loved each other, Oh, sweet!"

CHAPTER XX.

Days glided on, and Margery grew gradually stronger. October was nearing its close, but still the sunshine was warm and genial, and the wind from the sea soft and gentle. It was quite a finishing villa where the Earl and Countess of Court were staying, a rambling quaint three-cornered manor, inhabited by healthy, strong limbed fisher folk. Lord Court had brought his wife down to Wavenmouth by the advice of two London physicians, and when the first week of anxiety was passed, and he saw signs of returning health on her sweet face, he was thankful beyond words. The village people were honored and awe-struck by the presence of an earl and countess in their midst; they had few grand visitors at Wavenmouth. An artist now and then paid the place a visit—indeed, there was one staying there when Margery arrived. He sketched the ruddy faced children and made his way to the mothers' hearts by his sweet clear voice and gentle manners.

Margery learned afterward that the song she had heard so clearly that afternoon when she woke to remembrance had come from the artist's lips; but she never saw the singer—he quitted the village soon afterward, and left the children and maidens lamenting, a Lord Court brought a low easy carriage down with them, and drove his wife about the picturesque village, watching with a throbbing pleasure the interest dawn in her face. Wavenmouth was so quiet, so peaceful, so completely in keeping with her desire for rest, that Margery loved the place.

She was still far from strong, and the sea breezes brought a sense of relief and freshness to her spirit. She was fighting a hard battle with herself, striving with all her might to crush out her old love and turn to her husband, whose depths of goodness and generosity she was learning to know better each day. But as she grew stronger her struggle was more bitter; her thoughts would fly to Hurstley, to the dead Mary Morris whose memory she held so dear, and then to that other who was, despite all her efforts, so inextricably bound up with her existence.

Baby's Rash Became a Mass of Humor

Parents Decided He Could Not Be Cured. "Cuticura" Soon Made His Skin Perfectly Clear.

A Toronto man, Mr. Robert Mann, of 7584 Queen St. East, says: "Our boy was born in Toronto on Oct. 13, 1908, and when three months old a slight rash appeared on his face and neck. What appeared to be a water blister would form. When it broke, matter would issue, and starting new blisters until his entire face, head and shoulders were a mass of scabs and you could not see a particle of clear skin. We decided that we could do for him and tried Cuticura. My wife advised remedy without avail, indeed some of them only added to his suffering and one in particular, the Remedy, almost put the infant into convulsions. The family doctor prescribed for him. This did not do any good, so we took him to a hospital. He was treated as an acute case, and he got worse, if anything. We then called in another doctor and inside of a week he was, to all appearances, cured and the doctor said his work was done. But the very next day it broke out as bad as ever. It could not be cured and must run its course and so we just kept him bandaged to his side to prevent his scratching himself. Cuticura Remedies were recommended. We started using them in May, 1909, and soon the cure was complete. Cuticura made his skin perfectly clear and he is entirely free from the skin disease." (Signed) Robert Mann, May 3, 1910.

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The earl, totally ignorant of the secret in his wife's breast, revealed in his new found happiness, rejoiced in the possession of his treasure. Day by day he was drawn closer to this girl whose sweetness had been sung by the lips of his dead sister. It was so great a change to him after those four years of ceaseless pain, disgust, and darkness. Often in those days he had tried to escape from the remembrance of his wife's mistake; but he could find no relief till that evening when he stood in the doorway listening to the sweet, clear, girlish voice ringing through the room, and then suddenly misery and despair vanished and hope revived—hope that afterward became a sweet reality.

"Not by appointment do we meet Delight and Joy— They heed not our expectancy; But round some corner in the streets of life They clasp us with a smile."

And now Margery was his wife—his very own; there was none to claim her, none to share the treasure of her love. Was not this blessing too great? His earnest eyes, dark with tenderness, were never tired of watching her lovely unconscious face as she sat buried in her memories of the past, the look of unutterable sadness that had touched him now caused but by the recollection of her childhood's history, her mother's death.

(To be Continued.) NO ESKIMO WIDOWERS. At Least None of Long Standing, for They Remarry at Once.

In civilization it is said that a wife does not always add to her husband's happiness or render his life more supportable, but up on the barren grounds the woe of wives would be better than none.

There, among the heathen tribes, if a man's wife dies—provided he is not a polygamist, in which case, says the Wide-World, there is less need for hurry—he often marries again within the week.

Even the Christian Eskimo widowers are with difficulty persuaded by the Moravian missionaries to allow six weeks to elapse between the death and remarriage. On the very day after the six weeks have elapsed the hunter presents himself with a new bride and asks that the marriage service may be speedily read.

The reason is not far to seek. It is said in civilization that "a woman's work is never done," and far more is that true of the helpmate of the Eskimo and the semi-savage, the woman of the barren grounds or of the ice edge. She makes and breaks camp, cooks, cuts up and carries to camp her husband's kill; she dresses the skins of deer and seal. She is responsible for the fashioning of footgear and clothes; on a journey she often paddles the canoe and in portages she carries the heavy load. In fact, it is easier to write down the duties not expected of a squaw than those which by immemorial custom she must perform.

The Root of Neuralgic Headache. Is an irritable condition of the nerves caused by cold. Relief comes quickly from Nerviline, the great pain reliever of to-day. "I consider Nerviline a magical remedy for neuralgia," writes Mrs. E. G. Harris, of Baltimore. "But I never worry if Nerviline is in the house. A few applications never yet failed to kill the pain. I can also recommend Nerviline for stiffness, rheumatism and muscular pains." In use nearly fifty years; try Nerviline yourself.

A GREAT SPECTACLE. "In the Andes, half a thousand feet higher than Pike's Peak, is to be found the Peruvian Garden of the Gods, admired by every traveller fortunate enough to visit it," writes William V. Alford, F. R. G. S., in the September Century, in an article entitled "The Garden of the Gods of the Alps." "It is a forest of rocks. The rocks are piled up at a distance of ten miles. The traveller who enters the error of thinking that a forest as he sees it for the first time, and forgets that he is no longer in the world, Serro de Pasco, perched, like a tower on the great peak, like the Andes."

The Garden of the Gods in Colorado boasts of a few rocks that are not only they are few in number, and the area which they cover is not large. The Andean garden covers nearly a hundred times the ground, and in beauty and interest surpasses the Northern Hemisphere.

GOOD WORD FOR THE DOGS.

Little Danger in New York Streets, An Expert Says.

Apocryphal of the suggestion that all street dogs be gathered in and killed in order to lessen the danger of rabies, a man who has for thirty-three years worked with and for dogs told an inquirer the other day that speaking generally the average dog met in the street at this time of the year is healthier than the dogs that have been housed most of the winter in steam heated apartments.

"I am not speaking of homeless dogs weakened by lack of food. There are few of these at large in New York. The dogs I refer to are those which in certain localities in New York run at large the year around. The number of these dogs increases when warm weather strikes us."

"You don't see these dogs in the Fifth Avenue districts. Nevertheless they are for the most part respectable family dogs each with a home of some sort, and they fall in with the habits of the neighborhood in which they live."

Always go near Fifth Avenue above Fifty-ninth street? Well, I'll wager my pet dog, which money couldn't buy, that he has never seen a group of children who live in those houses playing tag or skipping a rope on the sidewalks. Do east of Fifth Avenue, though, and every block has dozens of children playing tag on the streets. Where the children play they live near Fifth Avenue. I don't know if they don't play out of doors at all.

The dogs belonging to these families are riding in automobiles or walking about the end of a leash in the park or around the block. This I know. I know too, that about this time of the year these dogs are feverish and have along with them the signs of rabies. Indigestion from overfeeding and pampering and are as snappy and snarley as can be. Every veterinary in town gets calls of extra work in the spring from cases of this sort.

Third Avenue the dogs play in the streets with the children and when there are no children around they play by themselves. When they are one to take them for a walk at the end of a leash they take a walk by themselves. There are many cases of dogs who stay on the block where they live or within sight of the house of their owner. To be sure, all these dogs and carry them them off would put whole neighborhoods in mourning."

With a possible exception now and then, there is not the least need of doing this. These dogs are not only in good physical condition, they are good tempered with pretty sound nerves. Their bringing up has not made them flabby. They seldom get cross unless chained up too long.

"As a matter of fact, not of theory, let me state as he will never bother any one. The only exception is a dog who may be suffering, who is running about in a dazed way, and who is being pursued. Let any one get in his way and that person will probably be attacked. But such cases are very rare, so rare that they go on record when they do occur, and I believe the figures show that highly bred dogs are often the victims of rabies than mongrels."

Another thing that many persons who are not well acquainted with dogs don't know is this: Let a stranger speak to a dog in a sharp tone and put out his hand to take hold of him and the animal will cower, and if he can will turn and beat it. If he can't run he is likely to be killed at the spot. It is seen perfectly good tempered dogs do that to a new employee get at kennel work. On the other hand let the stranger adopt a friendly tone and the same animal after looking him over would walk up to him to be petted.

As for the sick dogs at large, there are nearly five of them in New York. Since the opening of the free dispensary in Lafayette street there is no excuse for any dog being sick. Any dog not to have been fixed up, and homeless dogs are soon put out of the way.

Or dogs so there is not a section of New York where any one might not walk with perfect safety. This is a fact.—New York Sun.

ECZEMA IS CAUSED BY IMPURE BLOOD

Cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Because They Make Pure Blood.

Ask any doctor and he will tell you that eczema is caused by impurities in the blood; that nothing can cure it that does not reach the blood directly, and that outward applications are worthless and a waste of money. The reason why Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have always been so successful in curing this most annoying trouble is because they act directly on the blood, reaching the root of the trouble and driving out all impurities. They banish eczema, salt rheum, and unsightly pimples, and eruptions, relieve the irritation and itching and give perfect health. Mrs. E. H. Pulling, of Milstone, S. S., says: "I was afflicted with a blood and skin disease which the doctor called eczema, but which did not yield in the least to his treatment. I was covered with sores and in very bad shape. A friend advised me to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and after using eight or nine boxes I was completely cured. I can strongly recommend the Pills to anyone suffering from that trouble."

A medicine that can make new red blood will cure not only skin troubles, but also anaemia, rheumatism, neuralgia, indigestion and a host of other troubles simply because these troubles are the result of bad blood. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make new blood and under their use blood and nerve troubles disappear. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

SIX FOOLS A LAWYER. He Was a Black Sheep, But Not as Bad as the Prosecutor Thought.

There is a Sikh out in Victoria, B. C., where Sikhs are almost as popular as Japanese in San Francisco, who got himself out of a serious predicament by a clever ruse. He was up against the law, and as he was something of a black sheep even among the Sikhs it looked as if it would go hard with him. He had had a bad record in Hong Kong and this was known to other Sikhs and to the prosecuting lawyer. The Sikh arranged to have an unfriendly Sikh informed that for a crime in Hong Kong he had been branded on the left arm. The unfriendly Sikh, says the New York Sun, lost no time in passing the information to the prosecutor. The lawyer held the information until he wanted to make a telling point at the trial. Then he pointed an accusing finger at the Sikh and called out sternly: "Pull up the sleeve on your left arm and let the court see the brand placed there by Hong Kong justice." The Sikh obeyed. His arm was without blemish. The unfriendly Sikh and the lawyer did not know that branding criminals is not in fashion in Hong Kong. The point was so telling that the accused Sikh got off.

FALL SKIN SORES

When troubled with fall rashes, eczema, or any skin disease apply Zam-Buk! Surprising how quickly it eases the smarting and stinging! Also cures cuts, burns, sores and piles. Zam-Buk is made from pure herbal essences. No animal fats—no mineral poisons. Finest healer! Druggists and Stores Everywhere.

THE BOATMAN

"I am not going to be tricked and played with any longer," exclaimed Ziebold. "You know how much money your father owes me—£3,000."

She said, "Now, pay it to me, or promise to marry me, or I'll ruin you and your father together. But if you consent—I have his notes of hand in my pocket—you shall tear them up here and now. Consent," he said again, and Rawdon could see how the girl shuddered and hesitated.

She clasped her hands and looked round wildly, as if the indifferent sea might help her, or as if from the distant shore or the untroubled sky succor might come to her. And then her glance fell on the young boatman, and she read in his burning eyes how longed to aid her.

"Oh," she exclaimed, startled, and at the same instant the boat struck and splashed and was still.

"Oh, oh, oh!" roared Ziebold, "we've struck on the sunken rocks—we are sinking, we are drowning. Help, help, help!" he screamed, jumping up and waving his arms frantically.

"Sit still," said Rawdon to Violet quickly, "tuck your feet up so that they won't get wet, and trust me—there is not the least danger if you keep cool."

She gave him a quick look and seemed to make up her mind to trust and to obey him.

Ziebold was still screaming and shouting and Rawdon said to him also: "Be quiet—sit still." The millionaire took no notice, but leaped frantically over the side of the boat to wave to the shore. Rawdon put his hand on the gunwale and depressed it farther. With that action Mr. Ziebold lost his balance and went over, disappearing into the sea with a mighty splash!

"Oh, he'll drown!" exclaimed Violet. But Ziebold appeared, splashing wildly, and Rawdon told out the end of an oar to him. Ziebold caught it wildly.

"Help—murder—help!" he screamed. Rawdon tilted the oar a little and Ziebold promptly disappeared again.

"Oh—oh—oh—help!" he gasped, and just then caught sight of a cork but Rawdon had picked up from the stern-sheets. "Oh, give me that, throw me that, before you sink!" shouted Ziebold, splashing at the end of the oar rather like a big fish in a landing net.

"Well," said Rawdon, appearing to hesitate. "I meant it for the lady and there is only the one." "Never mind her," gasped Ziebold. "I'll give you £100 for it—£200."

"Two hundred pounds is a long price," said Rawdon gravely, "but there's no hurry. The boat is quite steady on the rock, and the water is not rising any more. Well, you shall have the belt for £1,000, and cheap at the price."

"You impudent!" began Ziebold, but Rawdon tilted the oar and once again the millionaire disappeared. He came up gasping. "All right," he stammered out through the sea water that half choked him, "you shall have your £1,000."

"Lifebuoys are a rising market," explained Rawdon. "Tell me how much you want," groaned Ziebold. "I'm becoming exhausted."

"I don't want anything, returned Rawdon, "but I dare say I could guarantee success for £3,000," he added significantly.

"You have me in a cleft stick, groaned Ziebold, "take what you like, only put me into the boat."

Rawdon did so, but first took care to get the notes of hand for £3,000 of which Ziebold had been intending to make such unworthy use. He gave them to Violet and bade her tear them up. A little frightened and subdued at what had happened, she did as he directed her. Then, and not until then, he drew the shivering Ziebold into the boat, where all three waited with patience of varying degree till the tide went down sufficiently to leave bare the long reef on the extremity of which Rawdon had so dexterously beached the boat.

"Why did the water come into the boat if nothing had happened?" Violet asked suddenly. "I knocked the plug out," Rawdon answered.

"And what did you do it for?" she asked. And probably the explanations Rawdon had to offer were satisfactory, for at any rate, only a few months later she permitted him to lead her to the altar, there to change her name and to give him the right to protect her all the rest of his life.

Proved in Mount Forest. Every doctor in this town tried his best to relieve Mrs. J. Withom, of Asthma; none succeeded. For years she states, "I was a dreadful sufferer; nothing gave relief. At times I found it necessary to have all the doors and windows open to get my breath. Then in despair I heard of 'Catharzone.' I used it and now am perfectly cured." This proves beyond doubt that any case of Asthma is curable with Catharzone. No remedy so pleasant, none so absolutely certain to thoroughly cure. Try 'Catharzone' yourself. It's guaranteed.