BY MRS. C. N. WILLIAMSON, Author of "The Barn Stormers," "For-Dark House," "Queen Sweetheart," "The House by the Lock," etc.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS:

The tale opens at the Duke of Clarence's handsome, but looking as if he had just come from the Wild West, is waiting to see the manager. He is noticed by Winifred Gray, a rising young actress, and also by Lionel Macaire, a millionaire and friend of the manager's, but of repulsive appearance and infamous character. The stranger, whose name is Hope Newcome, introdunes himself as a friend of "F. E. Z.," and the initials strangely affect not only the manager, Mr. Anderson, but also Macaire. Newcome, who announces that he has come to England for the purpose of "finding something," asks Anderson for an engagement, but the manager, prompted by millionaire friend, finds an excuse for refusing. During the performance that evening Winifred Gray is sent for to the boudoir, where she sees Macaire. The millionaire informs her that he has now a controlling interest in the theatre, and offers her an engagement as Rosalind. Winifred, who has been playing small parts, is at first dazzled by the offer, but on a declaration of love from Macaire she rejects the millionaire's advances with loathing. Macaire allows her to go for the noment, but declares that he will break her to his will. The same night Hope New come, still lounging at the stage door, sees a stranger of powerful physique mount the Winifred's cab beside the driver. Newcome orders him down, and a struggle takes place. Newcome soon disposes of his opponent, and receives the thanks of the young actress, who, however, hardly realizes the danger she has escaped. Next evidently with great regret on the part of coming production, and that if she prefers to leave the company at once she will receive salary for the next fortnight. Winifred sees she has no option but to go, and she knows also from what quarter the blow falls, for, as she leaves the manager's room, Macaire enters with an unmistakable expression on his face. She visits al: the theatrical agents and managers in vain for weeks, and is aware that strong influences are working against her.

CHAPTER XIII. A Question of Costume.

Winifred had left London in the morn ing, and at two the first reading rehearsal was appointed at the Brighton theatre. She found cheap lodgings—not in the same house with Miss Sinclair, for whose companionship she had no fancy-lunched on bread and milk, that her five guineas might last the longer, and ar rived promptly at the theatre.

The stage manager and prompter we already at the little table on which lay all the parts for distribution. The former rose with more punctiliousness than most provincial managers show as Winifred drew near, and a tall, slightly dissipatedlooking man, who had been talking with him and the prompter, advanced to meet

"Miss Gray, I think?" asked the tall man. "Ah, yes, have had the pleasure of seeing you act in London. I am Mr. Wantage. Glad to meet you, and to have secured you for my production."

Thereupon he proceeded to introduce the stage manager, whose name was Jef-but Winifred did not say so. When she asked, with a certain eagerness, freys, and Winifred was given her part, she wrote to her mother in the even-her eyes on Winifred's face. Perhaps By this time the company was assembling, she did not mention her new trou- she had lingered over her letters when ing, and the girl could not help noticing bles. was treated from the rest. It was as if she had been a prin- then the requirements of the part question and hearing the answer. cess among peasants, and she was at a might be gently broken to her, and loss to understand the way in which she the best made of them. After all, crowd grouped round something which was distinguished, since the fact that she | Winifred could not obtain permission was engaged to play a leading part was to go to town on Saturday, but a tele- for a new poster?" hardly enough alone to account for it. gram was waiting for her after the puzzle. Once he had been what is called been buffeted in the battle of life. His eves, and his flashy clothing was ostentatiously new. He gave the impression of a person who had been down in the world, hand, and a meeting of the eyes which Mazeppa." having coming so suddenly up again as said as much as words; but it was to be almost disconcerted by his own good

effected Winifred opened her part with curiosity, and began to skim over the salary once more. where she had been sitting to the stage manager, and as soon as he had finished giving certain directions to the prompter she attracted his attention.

answered. For an instant Winifred could not could not possibly play a male part, when time that the animal was rehearsed she remembered how completely she was on the stage. bound. "It isn't in my line at all." (Miss

lized while speaking them.) "Mr. Wantage thinks it in your line," replied the stage manager. "You're 'spe-

"Oh, is there a 'great scene'?" she

reason why it shouldn't be so again." ancient per'od. Plenty of time to discuss strous of being rid of his burden, then that later. Now, we really must call the galloped off the stage again.

Rosalind, when she had dressed in long leggings, the drapery of a cloak constantfigure or forming a caused her embarrassment at first, alall a sweet, wholesome-minded girl's not reassured. odel to shield her even in disguise, made

genuinely apeing a man. cept go through with it. cept go through with it. Not only was the contract signed, but she had accepted loathed necessity in silence, with

The ought to have thought less of the adintage she would reap and more abou e part; then she would have asked more questions. But even so, Winifred did not ee, if she had known the truth from the begining, how she could have acted dif-It was for her mother's very life-perhaps her brother's life too-and tune's Sport," "Lady Mary of the she must not think of herself and her own, scruples. Many good, modest women dressed in male attire on the stage, and no one thought the less of them nor did they lose their own self-respect-which was even more import

theatre, by the stage-door of which a young man, powerful, and remarkably guessed what she was feeling. But as guessed what she was feeling. But as the rehearsal went on she wondered playing Lady Kitty. more and more at the choice of "Mazeppa" as an attraction to open at pantomime time in a town like Bright-

fashioned. "What do you think of it?" asked the man destined to play the tyrant, who dooms Mazeppa to a ghastly fate. He spoke in a confidential undertone, such as one "pro." uses to another when the eccentricities of the management are to be discussed. They were not "on," but were waiting in the wings, and nobody was near enough to hear the words.

"I don't know what to think of it," responded Winifred. "If it has a chance it will be your big scene that will save it."

"You mean the one with you?"
"No-oh, dear no. I mean when you ome on strapped to the horse. They say the house used to rise to Ada Isaacs Menken." "I-have to come on-strapped to a

"Don't tell me you didn't know

"I didn't. Oh, I can't do it. I should be too frightened. They must leave out that scene."

"I expect they'd sooner leave out all the rest of the play. Why, that is 'Mazeppa'-all it's worth being put on for. They'll get a reliable 'gee' for the manager, told that she is not suitable you, of course. But there'll have to be for the role she is to assume in a forth- rehearsals. Fact is, Miss Gray"-and he chuckled a little-"we're all rather looking forward to that scene."

Somehow Winifred was angry. He and there was a look and an emphasis which she disliked though she could

was "backing" him-a great lover of Winifred that every reserved seat in Byron-had a horse which he was go- the house was already sold. Miss Gray understand horses?

experience. He did not think that she tip-toe over each other's shoulders. was a coward, but if she had known There had been no poster in that what she would be required to do as place before, and Winifred wondered was a coward, but if she had known Mazeppa she would have thought vaguely what it could be which appartwice before taking the part.

"I hope you don't accuse me of un-fairness in my treatment of you?" asked Mr. Wantage. "Every request there is anything else-"Only to escape from that scene, if

Oh, it won't be half as bad as you think. And it will be the success of your life. All England will be talking,

about you." There was little consolation in that,

Marmaduke Wantage, too, was a long hours of suspense during re-tile. Ouce he had been what is called hearsal to say that all was well. The was red; there were bags under his London, and was allowed to see Mrs. was only a gentle pressure of the knowing that, as she had left herself

lines before the rehearsal. Then came a shock. She hurried from the wings said about the horse for some days. Then, one morning, it was announced had kept back the picture until the that the animal had arrived in last moment, suspecting how she Brighton, but he was to be accus- would feel, and not wishing to be tomed to the stage by his groom, who troubled by objections. But she did would rehearse him several times princtly most give Miss Sinclair the satisfaction. vately before Miss Gray need try the of seeing her annoyance. "Mazeppa was a man, you know," he scene. Would she care to see the

creature meanwhile? At first she refused, for the thought shotted me in those wretched bloomspeak, but by an effort she controlled of what she must be prepared to do herself. "I didn't know," she returned. was hateful. But after a day or two of what she must be prepared to do ers of mine at rehearsal." "No doubt it was stupid of me, but I a kind of nervous curiosity triumphed, never read the poem or heard anyone and she informed Mr. Jeffrey that she is certainly striking." speak of it, except casually. I—I would like to be present when the "Is the dress pretty? ' She was about to say that she others were out of the theatre the next

So she sat in a box and watched the Julia Sinclair's very words, as she rea- queer scene with an unpleasant fas-

The footlights were lit that the horse might I should have thought the effect, and then Winifred heard a larger person would look it better; but the echoing ring of hoofs on wood. I've no doubt you'll act charmingly." His the horse was in the wings, being got the echoing ring of hoofs on wood. costume had not come yet. There had eyes glanced over her face and figure. ready for his entrance. Suddenly he to town, who would be back with it in "And in your great scene you will be per- dashed on at a gallop, and with a his hands an hour before it was needthump of the heart she saw that a ed. slim young man, almost a boy, was strapped across the creature's back, "Yes. It was a big sensation once. No with his head hanging down. The horse went through various evolu-"And the costume? You'll find that tions, such as rearing with his rider Picturesque, you know- and flinging up his hind legs as if de- for the less the audience looked at her

rst one."

Winifred felt cold all over. She had

Saloped on the stage again, scene.

This was Mazeppa's "great" scene.

Just as she was ready to go out for her first scene someone knocked at never played a part in maie attire save would be called upon to do. It seemed the door and handed in a parcel. even more horrifying than her fancy

had painted it. After that day the girl looked for background. Even that costume had ward with shuddering to her own first caused her embarrassment at first, alrehearsal with the formidable animals hough Rosalind being really a girl, with He was said to be gentle, yet she was

But, at last the dreaded momen it less distasteful to an actress than came. In cycling "bloomers"-since a skirt was Yet there was nothing to be done ex- strapped to the horse's back as the salary in advance for the weeks of white, set lips—for she was not a girl one sample, by mail, postpaid, rehearsal. It was partly her own fault. to indulge in hysterical outcries. The

groom ran by the horse's side at first, then retired to the wings, and before she realized what had happened the ordeal was over for the day.

By this time the company had been rehearsing for several weeks. They had all been measured for their costumes, which were to be supplied by the management, and would be ready in time for a dress rehearsal.

Brighton was placarded with huge colored posters, and Winifred's name was to be seen on every boarding in large letters. She was "starred," and, of course as Mr. Wantage pointed out, So Winifred read her lines, and it would do her a great deal of good in the profession. To be a "star" in his opinion, a step up even from On the day of the dress rehearsal all

was suppressed excitement at the theatre. The costumes had come, and on at the beginning of the twentieth century. It was said to be a "new version," but it was clumsy and oldformed. "Your things for the great scene were forgotten when the rest were sent off from the costumer's in town," Mr. Wantage said; "but I have telegraphed, and they'll be here in time for the night, without fail. If anything's happened, they'll have to set to work and finish a new rigout." "Why, I didn't suppose I was to have another costume for my exclaimed Winifred. "Surely it isn't necessary-and won't even be realistic? You see, I'm a prisoner, con-demned to die. Is it likely I would

> "I'm afraid we're rather bound by convention for that scene," replied Wantage, not looking the girl in the eyes. "It slipped my mind to say anything about dressing it, as that was taken for granted. Exactly the same costume has been provided for you, and made from your measure-ments, as Ada Isaacs Menken wore when she made her great hit in the part."

Winifred said no more. The cosumes which had already arrived were modest as well as magnificent, and she must take it for granted that this other, copied from the dress of the once-famous actress, would be equally satisfactory.

At last the night of the first per formance came, and Winifred, cheered was not a gentleman, she told herself, by favorable news of her mother, set out from her quiet lodgings for the

After the rehearsal Mr. Wantage but this would not matter to the man-It was raining, a cold, sleety rain, called her aside. The gentleman who agement, as Mr. Wantage had told

ing to lend for the big scene. It had As she came near to the theatre she been bought from a circus, and was a saw that, despite the rain, a large and docile beast, and would crowd was collected. "People must be arrive in a few days with its groom, waiting for the pit doors to open." she and there must be rehearsals. Did thought. As she approached on her way to the stage entrance, however, She had ridden when a child, and she found that they were not forming again sometimes in the park since she a line, but were huddled round a poshad lived in London; that was her sole | ter at which everyone was staring on

ently interested so many people at once. She would have liked to draw close and see for herself, as she knew that, you have made has been granted, and if it were a picture, it must represent some scene in the play. But it was not good form for one of the actresses to mingle with a crowd in the street "That's the one thing that isn't pos- in front of the theatre, so she went sible. Everything depends upon that, on, on the other side of the street,

only crossing to reach the stage door. Miss Julia Sinclair stood near the entrance, reading letters, for it was early still. she learnt that Miss Grev had not vet

When the invalid was well again, arrived, in the hope of asking this "No," said Winifred. "But I saw alooked like one. Isn't it rather late "Better late than never for such a

operation had been successfully per-formed. On Bunday she did go to you missed it. It shows Mazeppa on the horse. And it has your name un-Gray, though not to speak. There derneath in red and black letters six inches high-'Miss Winifred Gray as

Winifred was annoyed, for though hard for the girl to go away again, she had grown fond of Selim, the clever and beautiful "trick" horse, she hated After an introduction or two had been so little money, she could not afford the scene almost as much as ever, and another visit until she began receiving would have preferred not to be identified with it on a special poster. With To her relief, nothing further was a quick flash of intuition she was "It must be a fancy portrait." she

said, quietly, "unless some "Well, it isn't much of a likeness.

rejoined Miss Sinclair, "but the effect "Is the dress pretty?" Winifred asked, already moving away towards her dressing-room-for she had not her

own maid to help her now, and must not waste too much time. Miss Sinclair laughed out, a queen ittle giggle. "Lovely!" she answered. "Lovely!

Further on there was Mr. Wantage who had been waiting for her. The been a hitch. But he had sent a man

Winifred was not particularly con cerned. She did not see the crucial necessity for an extra dress. could quite well go through the horrid scene in one she had worn previously during those moments the better she would be pleased.

"You costume's come at last," said a



The Surest Remedy is Allen's

Lung Balsam It never fails to cure a SIMPLE

all BRONCHIAL TROU-BLES. Large Bottles \$1.00. Medium Size 50c. Small or Trial Size 25c. Endorsed by all who have tried it.

COLD, HEAVY COLD, and

voice, and Winifred took the box that was hastily handed to her But she could not wait to open it then. Tossing the parcel on to a chair she hurried away, and was only just

in time. Out in front was a sea of faces. The house was packed. Winifred only saw this vaguely, but as she appeared upon the stage someone moved in the oscenium box and let fall a rose, which dropped close to her feet. Involuntarily the girl looked up, and met the eyes of Lionel Macaire.

> CHAPTER XIV. The Secret Out.

Winifred did not know how she got through the scene. It was only mehave an extra suit of clothes for the chanically that she spoke her lines. For her there was but one man in the audience; the man who had done his best to ruin her life and drive her out of the sole profession in which she was fitted to make a living. "He heard that I was to play in this, and so he came." she said to herself. "He hoped that the sight of him would make me break down. But I shan't-I shan't.' She felt if only she could escape to the quiet of her own dressing-room and think for a moment that she might steady her nerves again; and when at last she was liberated by her first exit speech she hurried almost blindly from the stage. But Mr. Wantage blocked the way. "Our back-

er wishes to be introduced to you, Miss Gray," he said, stopping her in the comparative dusk of the wings. Her eyes were still dazzled by the shimmer of the footlights, and she only saw, for an instant, that there was another man with the manager. "Of course, you must have heard of Mr. Macaire," he went on. And at the sound of that name the eyes of her mind were opened. As by a lightning flash in dead of night all that had puzzled her, and that had lain hidden in comforting darkness, was made

Without speaking she broke away, and fled to her dressing-room. She pushed the door shut, and, locking it in the same instant, stood still, panting, her forehead damp under the

stage make-up. "How's the piece going, miss?" asked a meek voice, and hearing it, Winifred started. It was the "dresser employed in the theatre who assisted such ladies as had no maids of their own, and had helped Winifred to get into her costume for the first act. The girl had forgotten her existence, but instantly she controlled herself as well

"Going?" she repeated vaguely, for the woman's question had scarcely conveyed an idea to her mind. "Oh-I'm ill! I don't know what shall do."

"Have a drop of brandy, miss. I'll send out for you," suggested the dresser, accustomed to such emergen-"You'll be all right." "No. no." exclaimed Winifred " don't want anything. And-I shan't need you. You can go and help some-body else."

plenty as wants me," answered the woman. "But I thought I'd be here feady, as I'd been tendin' so much to the others at first. There's your new costume, miss, out of the box. I thought you'd like to have it put out

and save our time." She pointed, and Winifred saw something pale and pink and glimmering hanging over the back of a chair. For a few seconds after the dresser had softly unlocked the door and departed she stood looking at the delicately tinted, formless mass, half dizzidly; then she sprang forward and snatched

it up in both hands. What she held was a complete suit of silk fleshings, made to cover the entire body; and Winifred dropped it to the floor with a little choking cry of disgust; as if the thing had been snake and writhed under the touch of her fingers. Then she covered her face with her hands and stood quiver-

'Mazeppa, ple-ease!" the call boy shouted. Winifred did not hear. Five minutes passed, and she had not moved. She was thinking-thinking, when a thundering knock at the door tore away the dark veil of thought in which her spirit had wrap-

"Miss Gray, what's the matter! Good gracious, they're waiting for you

on the stage." It was the voice of Jeffrey, the stage manager. "I can't go on with the part," she inswered, brokenly. "Something has

happened. I've been cheated-de-"Nonsense!" he ejaculated, desperately, and pushed open the door, "Who would have thought you were one of the hysterical kind? Come on, Miss Gray; you've got to come on."

"I can't," she panted. "I can't." His answer was to catch her round the waist and pull her out through the open door, "You must be mad," he stuttered. "I'll have to force you. You've got to play. Make a row afterwards if you must. Do you want to ruin us all-Wantage, and every man and woman in the company? along; I tell you the stage is waiting." Roughly he pushed her into the proper entrance. Again she was blind. giddy, distracted. Everything swam

round her for a moment, and then she knew that she had been sent staggering on to the stage, every eye in the house upon her, site a long mirror, and upon her own kill her mother. All the actress in her nature reflection there her gaze was fixed and mastered shame and despair. She found herself answering her cues, saywith horror. ing her lines, going through the ste-rotyped stage husiness. There were

two selves that fought together-one raging with a wild rebellion against the vile plot which had trapped her; another that was like a cold, unfeeling plece of stage mechanism wound up to do a certain thing, and insisting upon doing it though the world rocked. So the end of the act came, and

there was applause from the audience you to get ready for your big scene. and the clapping of a pair of hands because time pressed and you weren't

stage by some one of the actors who to you by some friend outside. Bet-saw that she was scarcely conscious ter open it now you're awake again. of what she did. He held her as the and maybe there'll be a word of comapplause went on, growing louder, and fort." supported her before the curtain in response to a "call." Whether the old-fashioned play were

to be a success or not, the audience was taking it kindly. Out in front they were talking of a certain poster. and wondering if it were possible the real scene and costume would resemble it, when Mazeppa should appear bound to the horse.

Behind the curtain, Mazeppa was

being carried in a dead faint to her dressing room. Marmaduke Wantage-called to conboth in a state bordering upon desper-

"She's shamming—the little fiend!" Jeffrey hissed. "She'd go to any lengths to get out of it. Better not have kept so dark about the What's to be done now?" "Tell the dresser to get the things

on to her somehow, while she's unconscious, and take everything else away. Then you'll have her on the horse and the stage before she knows what's happened to her" answered Wantage, furiously, his face darkly flushed.

He was not in his "backer's" secrets. but he had some suspicion that he had been beckened from his obscurity for a very special reason. There were other men whose names and reputation would have been of far more value to the revival of this ancient play than his; and, high salary or low salary, it was all one to Mr. Macaire, if he chose to amuse himself by paying a huge bribe to buy off a pantomime at the Thespian Theatre of Brighton, and put on a musty old piece which everyone else had forgotten thirty or forty years ago.

After a while Wantage had begun shrewdly to guess that there was method of some sort in the millionaire's seeming madness, and presently to realize that the whole production was but a gigantic bait to lure one pretty little fish.

But that discovery mattered nothing o him. He had got his chance to be n the swim again, and he was earning more money in a few weeks than he had been able to beg or borrow during days?" the years in which he had been down under the deep waters. Marmaduke Wantage was utterly unscrupulous where he had any advantage to gain for himself. Lionel Macaire had chosen his man well. And now Wantage was determined that his patron's mysterious scheme, whatever it might never been quite sure), should not fail in the very moment of fruition.

He had obeyed instructions to the letter in his treatment of Miss Graywhat he had told her and what he had kept from her; and he was certain that if she did not go obediently through her part on this night before the crowded house out there he would be the scapegoat in the millionaire's eyes.

"All the better if she's fainting." he ing his lips. "The horse plays the men, Wantage and Jeffreys, would let scene, not Mazeppa."

"This is going to make a scandal, and you and I won't be the whiter for it, where so won't be the whiter for it, was save as when at his bride, who was given away here brother, Mr. Charles Peppett, was

right," said Wantage, threateningly.
"You don't want to make an enemy of Macaire, do you? He would be a winnered felt physically weak. Her with festions of mechan, who a winnered felt physically weak. Her with festions of mechan, who a winnered felt physically weak. Her with festions of mechan, who a winnered felt physically weak. Her with festions of mechan, who a winnered felt physically weak. Her with festions of mechan, who a winnered felt physically weak. Her with festions of mechan, who a winnered felt physically weak. Her with festions of mechan, who a winnered felt physically weak. Her with festions of mechan, who a winnered felt physically weak. Her with festions of mechan, who a winnered felt physically weak. Her with festions of mechan, who a winnered felt physically weak. Her with festions of mechan, who a winnered felt physically weak. Her with festions of mechan, who a winnered felt physically weak. Her with festions of mechan, who a winnered felt physically weak. Her with festions of mechan, who a winnered felt physically weak. Her with festions of mechan, who a winnered felt physically weak. Her with festions of mechan, who a winnered felt physically weak. Her with festions of mechan, who a winnered felt physically weak. Her with festions of mechanical physical p

membered his wife and children. After all the girl was a fool.

ess in Lionel Macaire's confidence begin once more. She had had nothing bouquets of pink and white carnations. than Wantage, being gignorant that to eat that day but bread and cocoa. the actress and the millionaire had ever met before to-night, and he supposed, in scorn, that the girl had seen fit to faint merely because she did not wish to wear a certain kind of garment. It was her business to do what was required of her, and he would see that it was done, with her will or without it.

The dresser was summoned, and told that Miss Grav must be got ready for the next scene. As she had fainted, and could not help herself, she must be treated as if she were an infant And no time must be lost, as the next cene was the most important one in

the play. A sovereign was slipped into the A sovereign was slipped into the dresser's palm, and she promised that, whether Miss Gray woke up or not, she should be ready when she was wanted, so far as clothing was concerned. Then she locked the door, and stolidly set about her task.

Tor, a time Winifered's hody was as a substant of the dispersion of the stage showstorm. "When you are asked for my again, until the tiny white squares fell to the floor in a fluttering shower, like a minature stage showstorm. "When you are asked for my again, until the tiny white squares fell to the floor in a fluttering shower, like a minature stage showstorm. "When you are asked for my again, until the tiny white squares fell to the floor in a fluttering shower, like a minature stage showstorm. "When you are asked for my again, until the tiny white squares fell to the floor in a fluttering shower, like a minature stage showstorm. "When you are asked for my again, until the tiny white squares fell to the floor in a fluttering shower, like a minature stage showstorm. "When you are asked for my again, until the tiny white squares fell to the floor in a fluttering shower, like a minature stage showstorm. "When you are asked for my again, until the tiny white squares fell to the floor in a fluttering shower, like a minature stage showstorm. It is a fluttering shower, like a minature stage showstorm. It is a fluttering shower, like a minature stage showstorm. It is a fluttering shower, like a minature stage showstorm. It is a fluttering shower, like a minature stage showstorm. It is a fluttering shower with the floor in a fluttering shower, like a minature stage showstorm. It is a fluttering shower with the floor in a fluttering shower, like a minature stage showstorm. It is a fluttering shower with the floor in a fluttering shower, like a minature stage showstorm. It is a fluttering shower with the floor in a fluttering shower. It is a fluttering shower with the floor in a fluttering shower. It is a fluttering shower. It is a fluttering shower with the floor in a fluttering sh For a time Winifred's body was as

limp in her hands as if the girl had been dead, but as the work progressed a perceptible shuddering thrilled

ooking critically down at the dark

tap at the door. The woman rose, and They'd make you pay a lot of damages. ppening it an inch or two, peeped out. Hundreds and hundreds of pounds, may-"Here's a note for Miss Gray," whis- be." ered Mr. Wantage. "Give it to her "I couldn't pay." desperately retorted mmediately if she regains her con- Winifred. "I would have no money." sciousness before it's time for her next scene. In that case there'll be an said the old woman, far more intent on answer. If she has to go on as she is, persuading her charge to be sensible than you can hand the letter back to me." He pushed an envelope addressed in pencil through the narrow opening and in her ignorance could offer no contradic the dresser took it. Then, turning tion. back to her charge, she saw that the young actress' eyes were wide open. The girl was lying on a sofa, oppo-

"I thought it was a dream-but it's

Learn Veterinary Dentistry \$2000 a year. We teach you at he in three months of your spare time by illustrated less tures and grant dieloms with degree. Particulars free. The Detroit Veterinary Dental College, Detroit, Milos

able to do anything for yourself. And Winifred was half carried off the here's a letter that's just been sent in ter open it now you're awake again,

> "A word of comfort!" the girl echoed bitterly. "There's no such thing for

> me." But she took the letter, and with hands that were cold and trembling

tore the envelope. "My darling," she read, the words hastily scrawled in pencil, "they tell me that you object to go through the scene that is coming-you will know what I mean. If you can care for me at all you will feel free to follow the dictates of your own heart. Then, you will know that I am thinking sultation-and the stage manager were Forget that you owe a penny; forget the contract you have signed. The debt shall be cancelled, the contract torn to pieces. What is a miserable hundred pounds of salary, what are the thousands spent upon the revival scene, and have had your row out of this play—what is anything in this with her beforehand. Cat! Idiot! world when weighed against a tear or smile of yours?

"If you can care for me, you will be glad that I am thinking this, and there will be nothing on earth that you cannot take from me, or let me do for you. But if you still hate me as you once thought you did, if I am and if the whalers are imprisoned still 'horrible,' and you 'loathe me.' then I know you cannot avoid remembering the money you have accented the contract you have signed, and you, being an honorable girl, will feel that you must earn the one and carry out | American whalers have been caught in the other.

"Send me a line, or even a word, to face the hardships of a winter in the make me happy, and the curtain may north. However, the natives can furring down and the audience be sent nish enough meat to keep the whalers away for all I care, though enough well supplied during the long winter noney has been spent on scenery, cos- months. tumes, and rent, to keep a dozen poor it has been all for you, to make you a li will only accompany the first patrol star, though I fear me much that my and expect to be back in Vancouver efforts to advance my love have not again next April. yet been appreciated. Still, the world yet been appreciated. Still, the world appreciates them at something like their full value. One or two newspapers have got hold of the fact that my money is behind this company, and is supplied to the natives by the whalour friends are saying-which is the ers. We have never experienced any truth-that I am doing it all for you. trouble, and have always found things Since this is being said, therefore, why all right in the Far North, not let me do a thousand times more of or you—relieve you of every anxiety dians do not enter into competition both for this evening and all future

The letter was not signed, but well did Winifred know who had written it; and the keen, poisoned dagger-point in every line went home, draw-Sergt. Fitzgerald and Constable ing heart's blood.

Under the velvet glove was the hand of iron, with talons that pinched her be (exactly what it really was he had very soul. How he reminded her of her obligations. How he dangled temptation before her eyes—escape from the net in which his machine tions had first enmeshed her, and his millions for her little fingers to dip into at will. How he emphasized his arguments by his stealthy hint that, since the world knew of his admiration and would at all events, believe it reciprocated, there was the less rea-

Only a word, which she could deny went on, when Jeffrey was silent, bit- afterwards, and those two horrible her alone. There would be no more mony took place in St. "By Jove, I haven't the heart for it. It's too steep!" exclaimed the other. "By Jove, I haven't the heart for it. It's too steep!" exclaimed the other. "By Jove, I haven't the heart for it. It's too steep!" exclaimed the other. "By Jove, I haven't the heart for it. It's too steep!" exclaimed the other. "By Jove, I haven't the heart for it. It's too steep!" exclaimed the other. "By Jove, I haven't the heart for it. It's too steep!" exclaimed the other. "By Jove, I haven't the heart for it. It's too steep!" exclaimed the other. "By Jove, I haven't the heart for it. It's too steep!" exclaimed the other. "By Jove, I haven't the heart for it. It's too steep!" exclaimed the other. "By Jove, I haven't the heart for it. It's too steep!" exclaimed the other. "By Jove, I haven't the heart for it. It's too steep!" exclaimed the other. "By Jove, I haven't the heart for it. It's too steep!" exclaimed the other. "By Jove, I haven't the heart for it. It's too steep!" exclaimed the other. "By Jove, I haven't the heart for it. It's too steep!" exclaimed the other. "By Jove, I haven't the heart for it. It's too steep!" exclaimed the other. "By Jove, I haven't the heart for it. It's too steep!" exclaimed the other. "By Jove, I haven't the heart for it. It's too steep!" exclaimed the other. "By Jove, I haven't the heart for it. It's too steep!" exclaimed the other. "By Jove, I haven't the heart for it." It's too steep!" exclaimed the other. "By Jove, I haven't the heart for it. It's too steep!" exclaimed the other. "By Jove, I haven't the heart for it. It's too steep!" exclaimed the other. "By Jove, I haven't the heart for it." It's too steep!" exclaimed the other. "By Jove, I haven't the heart for it." It's too steep!" exclaimed the other it. It's

his feet. d man."

"You're stage manager, and it's your Winifred felt physically weak. Her with festoons of mechlin, with a wedding Jeffrey, who was another man with with her. She would be carried out, taffetta, with black pan a past, and a dilapidated present, re- bound on Selim's back, and all those hat, and held a bouquet of white crysanterrible eyes in the audience would see thmums. The groom was supported by her-like that. And she might faint. Mr. T. D. A. Purves. The little flower As good women as she had appeared in the sort of costume or lack of it —which she affected to abhor, and been half-starving herself to make the daughter of Mr. Stanley Earle, in dresses would so appear again. He was even five guineas last until salary should of pink silk and poke bonnets, and carried

Mrs. Peppett, mother of the bride, wore gray silk eolian over taffetta heliotrope Supposing she sent Lional Macaire the with heliotrope velvet picture hat. The ushers were Messrs. W. D. McKay, W. message he wanted? Somehow she could hide herself afterwards; and she would work hard-oh, so hard, until she could pay back every penny of his money which she had had and spent—a hundred pounds, as he reminded her. Surely if ever it were right to do evil that good might come it would be right now. "The gentleman said there'd be an an-

suggested the dresser. "Tell him-" began Winifred; but her L. W. Johnston, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. voice died away. Then her eyes lightened, and her drooping head was suddenly Hoyt, Mr. and Mrs. W. Vooght, Mr. and Mrs. S. lifted. This is my answer!" she ex-claimed, and tore the letter into pieces, folding it again, and tearing again, until W. Lawlor, Mrs. O. B. Saunders, Mrs. have put on me, and dress myself to go tram, W. McCallum and Dr. Carruthers. home. And I would rather be alone to The groom's present to the bride was

"Oh, miss, you must play the scene, through the delicate limbs, and the you know," urged the woman. "And it's to the bosom rose and fell with a sobbing so close new. When they sent me in to pins. you, there was but half an hour first, and The dresser paused for an instant, I worked as fast as I could. Only think, the other ladies and gentlemen are on the ing to herself before I'm done with this," was her thought. "I wonder what'll happen then?"

As she are a few and inst think how her it is a few and inst think how her it is a few and inst think how her it. line of curled lashes. "She'll be com- stage now. They'll soon be ready for wedding trip to the groom's home in what'll happen then?"

As she wondered there was a gentle be to be sued for breach of contract.

> "Then they could put you in prison," upon accuracy of statement. She really did believe what she said, and the girl

> They could put her in prison! Perhaps that was what Lionel Macaire had been working for all through. It would surely

At the thought of the dear little loving voman, who was thinking of her now true, after all. What have you—been doing to me?" she gasped.

"There, there, ducky," cooled the old woman, "nothing at all but helping and squeezed it. With a sob she broke into a storm of the storm into a storm of crying. "Oh, mother, mother," she sobbed. Shall I, who love you so, be the one to kill you? Will no one help, will no one save us from this horror?"

WILL DELIVER MAIL. Northwest Mounted Policemen Start

Out on Long Journey.

Among the passengers who left for the north on the steamer Amur Tue day night was Sergt. S. Fitzgerald the Royal Northwest Mounted Po He was accompanied by Consta Walker. They are en route to son, and after outfitting at that will leave for Fort Macpherson, lies about 500 miles northeast of son, where they will join the patrol and proceed to Herschel I Sergt. Fitzgerald expects to Dawson about December 10th Fort Macpherson. The trip cupy about 25 days. To the Vanc News-Advertiser Sergt. Fitzger stated that he and Constable W would take the mail which is b sent to the imprisoned American whe ers from Dawson to Fort Macphe

and it would be taken from there Herschel Island by the police patrol "I do not think that the have been caught in the ice near Her schel Island," said Sergt. Fitzgerald "They always manage to get out fore the freeze-in, and I am of the fir opinion that they have been caught the ice in the vicinity of Point row. Our patrol, which will consis seven men, will go to Herschel Island the ice in that vicinity, we will be able to deliver mail to Walker and myself will outfit selves at Dawson, and will travel h dog team to Fort Macpherson. If the the ice off Point Barrow they must

"This winter two patrols will leave families in comfort for a year. And Fort Macpherson for Herschel Island.

with the Americans in the whaling industry," concluded Sergt. Fitzgerald. "There are large numbers of Ameri-Walker were stationed at Fort Macpherson for two years, in fact Sergt. Fitzgerald was a member of the patrol which established the Mounted Police post at that point two years ago.

MARRIED AT SYDNEY.

Daughter of Well Known Mariner Begins Matrimonial Voyage. A recent issue of the Sydney (Cape Breton) Record contains particulars of the marriage of Miss Sussie Peppett, daughter of Capt. J. W. Peppett, well known mariner of the city, and Mr. Randolph Bollings, of Richmond, Vir-Steel Company, Sydney mines. The cere-

Carruthers. Special wedding hymns were playing the wedding march. After the ceremony a reception was held at the home of the bride's parents, corner of Peppett and Pierce streets. Among those who attended were: Dr. and Mrs. J. W. McLean, Dr. and Mrs.

a beautiful pearl brooch and pendent, to the bridesmaid a pearl crescent, and to the flower girls pearl and gold safety After the reception Mr. and Mrs. Bollings left in as pecial car for Sydney, whence then proceed this morning on 8 Richmond. The bride's going away gown was of red broadcloth with hat to match, and blue fox furs.

a theatrical company which is playing at a Boston theatre, died Wednesday. She submitted to an operation for deafness at a hospital last week, but rejoined her company Monday, insisting that she was well enough to resume her work. She had to return to the hospital yesterday, however, where her condition soon became serious, and death ensued Wednesday.



VOL53.

ARE SUS

Fear that Resi

of Macedon

WHY TURKS

New York, who for 15 y the governm Turkey and that country mercial instit city on Wed Wilhelm. M of several wo ing the prese the Ottoman is staying at last evening "I have li and, with the occasions, I jects of the

or Jew or T to complain present situ more especi comparison. "It is imp realize the the Sultan might even right, wheth by the power tion will br These refor ent people ily, but it is

is almost o

"No doubt Perhaps one really since Turkey and think, intento serve as donia from on the cont come into fe the Empire. "Macedon different re bodies. Greeks, Tur gree, and t succeed in aspirations plished a ve mains to b pean financ ceed to the "One gre Turkish go -and all mi ness of th proper will Turkey. I were any reform sch Macedonia

combined "One is to the a power to w trary, the empire has lieve will a of all pro from any

DRESD

Formed Pa

ment, the

end in ref

New Yor patch to th Hamburg thieves hav tion of Dre sent to Pr cessful rot cently whi burg, ston chests for t The police of the plat consignr with the r

> King of confessed ! consignm that the v Phoenix, minan ore week were B. C. Cop Rawhide.

land and

tion and

smelter. 19,234 tons This wee 16.087 tons tons; for