

THE ST. JOHN EVENING TIMES, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1904.

Hemming, The Adventurer. By THEODORE ROBERTS.

(Continued) CHAPTER VII. An Elderly Champion. While Herbert Hemming tried to ease the bitterness of his heart and forget the injustice that had been done him, in new scenes and amid new companions, Miss Travers suffered all day long. Her lover had scarcely left the house before misgivings tore her. Now, alone and shaken with grief, she saw upon what treacherous foundation she had accused an honorable man of — she hardly knew what. Why had he listened to her? Why had he not laughed, and kissed away her awful, hysterical foolishness? Then she remembered how she had repulsed his caresses, and there in the narrow, heavily furnished drawing-room she leaned her head upon her arms and prayed. Half an hour later she was startled by the ringing of the door-bell, and hastened to her own room. The caller was an elderly bachelor brother of her mother's — a man with a small income, a taste for bridge, and tongue and ears for gossip. His visits were always welcome to Mrs. Travers. Mrs. Travers was a stout lady much given to family prayers, scandal, and disputes with servants. As the widow of a bishop she felt that she filled, in the being of the nation, a somewhat similar position to that occupied by Westminster Abbey. She doted on all these in temper and spiritual authority, almost to the inclusion of curates and subalterns. — if they had expectations. Once upon a time, seeing nothing larger in sight for her daughter, she had been Herbert Hemming's motherly friend. Then she had heard from Mr. Penthouse who was poor and dissipated, and might some day become a baronet) that Hemming's fortune was not nearly so large as people supposed. At first she had watched the change in her niece, with vague alarm, but a suspicion of more eligible suitors in the which her pleasing nephew brought to her, of Hemming's double life, inflamed her righteous anger against the quiet, certain. Had her daughter's love been the master of five thousand a year she would have admonished Penthouse to keep silence concerning the affairs of his superior. As it was, she thought her righteous indignation quite genuine, for few people of her kind know the full extent of their respectable weaknesses. Then had come news through her daughter, of Hemming's retirement from the army and entrance into journalism. Molly had mentioned it, very quietly, one morn-

ing at breakfast. Then had come Hemming himself, and with vast satisfaction she had heard him leave the house without any bright laughter at the door. And just as she had determined to descend and soothe Molly with words of pious comfort, her brother had arrived. Mrs. Travers heard Molly go to her room and close the door. She decided that charity would keep her there. Now, alone and shaken with grief, she saw upon what treacherous foundation she had accused an honorable man of — she hardly knew what. Why had he listened to her? Why had he not laughed, and kissed away her awful, hysterical foolishness? Then she remembered how she had repulsed his caresses, and there in the narrow, heavily furnished drawing-room she leaned her head upon her arms and prayed. Half an hour later she was startled by the ringing of the door-bell, and hastened to her own room. The caller was an elderly bachelor brother of her mother's — a man with a small income, a taste for bridge, and tongue and ears for gossip. His visits were always welcome to Mrs. Travers. Mrs. Travers was a stout lady much given to family prayers, scandal, and disputes with servants. As the widow of a bishop she felt that she filled, in the being of the nation, a somewhat similar position to that occupied by Westminster Abbey. She doted on all these in temper and spiritual authority, almost to the inclusion of curates and subalterns. — if they had expectations. Once upon a time, seeing nothing larger in sight for her daughter, she had been Herbert Hemming's motherly friend. Then she had heard from Mr. Penthouse who was poor and dissipated, and might some day become a baronet) that Hemming's fortune was not nearly so large as people supposed. At first she had watched the change in her niece, with vague alarm, but a suspicion of more eligible suitors in the which her pleasing nephew brought to her, of Hemming's double life, inflamed her righteous anger against the quiet, certain. Had her daughter's love been the master of five thousand a year she would have admonished Penthouse to keep silence concerning the affairs of his superior. As it was, she thought her righteous indignation quite genuine, for few people of her kind know the full extent of their respectable weaknesses. Then had come news through her daughter, of Hemming's retirement from the army and entrance into journalism. Molly had mentioned it, very quietly, one morn-

getting the bit in its teeth by this time, and his mind was turning toward the quiet of his club, and a nip of something before dinner. "You have your choice between Major O'Grady's story and Harry Penthouse's," said the lady. "And I choose O'Grady's," replied the gentleman, "because I know Penthouse and I know Herbert. Herbert is a good soldier and a good sort, and Harry is a damned overgrown, overpaid cad." He stole away without farewell, abashed and surprised at his own heat and breach of etiquette. After her brother's departure Mrs. Travers sought her daughter. She wanted to know all the particulars of Hemming's visit. "It is all over between us," sobbed the girl, and beyond that she could learn nothing. Having failed to receive information, she immediately began to impart some, and told what Mr. Pollin had heard from Major O'Grady. Molly, who lay on the bed, kept her face buried in the pillow, and showed no signs of hearing anything. At last her mother left her, after saying that she would send her dinner up to her. The bewildered woman had never felt quite so put about since the death of the lord bishop. Could it be, she wondered, that she had made a mistake in encouraging Harry Penthouse's work tearing down Molly's belief in Hemming? Even her dinner did not altogether reassure her troubled spirit. Several days later Miss Travers wrote to Hemming. It contained only a line or two. It begged his forgiveness. It called him to return and let her show her love. She sent it to his old address in Dublin, and in the corner wrote "Please forward." Now it happened that Private Malloy, who had once been Captain Hemming's orderly, was sent one day, by a sergeant, for the officers' mail. He thought himself a sly man, did Mr. Malloy, and when he found a letter addressed to his late beloved master in a familiar handwriting, he decided that it was from "one of them dunnin' Jews," and carefully separated it from the pile. Later he burned it. "One good turn deserves another," said he, watching the thin paper flame and fade. Penthouse returned to his regiment without calling again on Molly and Mrs. Travers. Somehow, after the beating he had received, he did not feel like showing his face anywhere in town. Day after day Molly waited for an answer to her letter. By this time she had heard, from Captain Anderson (who had acted nervously during his short call), of Hemming's intention of going immediately to Greece. So for two weeks she waited hopefully. Then the horrible fear that she had hurt him, grew upon her. But for more than a month every brick football on the pavement and every ring at the door-bell set her heart burning and left it throbbing with pain. When she drove with her mother she scanned the faces of the men in the street, and often and often she changed colour at sight of a thin, alert face or broad, gallant shoulders in the crowd. Captain Anderson was at Aldershot when he received his friend's let-

THIS WOMAN SLEPT EIGHTEEN YEARS.

Remarkable Case of Parisian Uoman Who Has Had Long Rest. Paris, Oct. 6.—The remarkable case of a woman named Gessine, who has slept for eighteen years, is related. She was born in a small town in the north of Germany in 1866, and until seven years old enjoyed good health. Then she had a fall which hurt her head. She began to have spells of sleep lasting for months, from which she was aroused only to relapse into longer periods of unconsciousness. Finally, in 1886, she fell into a sleep which was not broken until a few months ago, when she again awoke in the full possession of her senses. She remembered distinctly facts which happened before her sleep, and asked all about her brothers and sisters as if she had been asleep only one night. She was, however, too feeble to raise herself, and had to learn again a little child how to walk. She has improved greatly since, and is again able to do light work. Her case is exciting great interest in the medical world, and is being made the subject of a special investigation by Dr. Paul Farez, professor at the School of Psychological Studies.

YORKSHIRE BAR.

Ale and 4 C per glass Porter 4 or tankard. Highest Award Colonial and Indian Exhibition, London, ENGLAND, 1886. European Plan, 20 Mill St, J. RHEA



BANDITS ACTIVE.

London, Oct. 6.—A despatch to the Post from Mukden says that about 4,000 combined Japanese and Manchurian bandits are active on the Russian right flank, about 20 miles south of Simliniting. The bandits have been formed into regular troops. There are outpost fights daily.

CAN'T FLIRT IN CHURCH.

Stewards and Detectives Engaged to Prevent Love-making in English Cathedral. London, Oct. 6.—The Dean of Norwich last Sunday devoted his sermon to a protest against the prevailing habit of young people using the cathedral during holy service as a place to carry on love-making and flirtations. Seventy stewards and one detective have now been enrolled for the purpose of preventing flirting in the nave. Any young people who look frivolous are compelled to take front seats. If they continue a whispering flirtation they are politely shown out of the sacred building.

Summer Places Wanted

MORE and more each year summer sojourners from the States are seeking out the cool spots in Canada, and patronizing well-managed hotels and pleasantly located boarding places. Each season thousands from all over the United States turn to the advertising columns of the Boston Transcript, where so many announcements of summer places are published. If you desire to reach the well-to-do people and attract them to your place, insert a well-wooded advertisement in the Boston Transcript. Full information, rates, sample copies and advice cheerfully given on request. BOSTON TRANSCRIPT CO 324 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

Fruit-A-Tives

Look out for these "purely vegetable" medicines. Aconite, Belladonna, Digitalis, Morphine, Strychnine—all violent poisons—are vegetable. You see the term means nothing, as regards safety. Apples, oranges, figs and prunes make them. The juices are combined by our secret process, which intensifies their medicinal action, and pressed into tablets. These are "FRUIT-A-TIVES"—nature's tonic and laxative—the only certain cure for indigestion, Headache, Constipation, Liver and Kidney Troubles. They look like fruit—taste like fruit—smell like fruit—ARE fruit. 3c a box. At druggists everywhere. FRUITATIVES, Limited, OTTAWA.

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Used by the masses, who, unsolicited, certify to its worth. Tones the Stomach and Stirs the Liver to Healthy Action.

EFFERVESCENT

Is Nature's Remedy for Tired, Fagged-out and Run-down Men or Women. If taken regularly contributes to Perfect Health, Makes Life Worth Living.

SALT

ALL DRUGGISTS