A Millionairess;

— or, —

Countess Westerleigh.

CHAPTER I.

"'Mine is an eventful history,' as the terrible old bore on the stage always says when he begins to reel off his story. If I haven't told you already, it is because I have too much regard for you; and yet I could tell it to you in almost a dozen words."

"I'll give you fifteen," said Tyers, getting into a more comfortable attitude, but one in which he could still see Tempest's face, or the sea, without moving his head.

"Here you are, then," said Vane: "My father was second son of the Earl of Westleigh. Got that?"

Tyers nodded, and delicately knocked the ash from his cigarette with the nail of his long first finger.

"So you are 'of the nobility!'" he said, slowly. "I had a suspicion that such was the case. Isn't it rather strange that, being an Englishman, Tempest, you haven't remarked 'I am the grandson of an earl?' We have known each other nearly four months you know."

Vane Tempest stared at him with frank and amused surprise.

"Haven't I mentioned it?" he said. "Well, come to think of it, I don't know why I should have done so. There doesn't seem anything extraordinary enough in it to knock me down, after all."

"You are so used to it that you don't notice it, as the man said of his wooden leg," remarked Tyers, softly, languidly.

Tempest laughed.

"I dare say. Anyway, there it is. My father came down here when he was a young man, to hunt or fish—I don't know which—and fell in love with my mother."

"Also the granddaughter of an earl, I suppose?" said Tyers.

"No," replied Tempest, rather curtly; "she was the daughter of a small farmer. My father married her very much against the wish of his family and of hers."

"Of hers?" murumred Tyers.

"Yes," said Vane, his eyes growing thoughtful as they rested on the sea. "I don't understand it. My father died when I was too young to comprehend how the matter lay. But I know this: that her people had set their hearts upon her marrying some one in their own set, and they never saw her after her mariage with my father."

"Singular!" commented Tyers. "Small farmers are not as a rule opposed to their daughters marrying with the sons of earls."

Vane Tempest nodded.

"Yes; but these people are peculiar. The smallest of them are as proud— Did you notice the way the man who keeps this bit of a cottage—inn, whatever you call it—bowed us in last night?"

"Yes," said Tyers; "it was the air of a prince receiving kings."

"Exactly. How well you put things Sen!"

"I'm sorry I can't return the compliment," remarked Tyers, with a smile. "You agreed to tell me your story in twelve words, and—well, we have scarcely got to your birth yet."

"When my mother and father died," he went on, "I went to live with my gradfather, the earl. Then Eton, Oxford—and London, in chambers. I had some money of my own, and my grandfather allowed me a little more while he lived. But I ran through my own coin—I think it took me three years—the earl died, and I was clean stone-broke, and thinking of enlisting or driving a hansom cab, when lo and behold! there walks into my chambers one day what I took at first for a sheriff's officer with the necessary but inoffensive writ, but who proved to be my uncle's lawyer ——"

"Hold on," said Tyers, "your uncle?"

"Yes, my mother's brother. See?"

"Go on; but be as sparing of the characters as you can, for both our sakes. My brain is beginning to reel already."

"I'm nearly through," said Vane, laughingly. "This lawyer fellow informed me that I had an uncle down here in the wild west—that, in addition to being an uncle, he was a millionaire."

"Pardon me. You distinctly told me that your mother's people were all small farmers."

"Right. But they owned their land, and this uncle found tin, or copper, or both, underneath his. See?"

"No; but it strikes me I shall have to do something for a living unless my respected but mysterious uncle behaves with unexpected liberality."

He took out a pipe and filled it, and Senley Tyers produced a cigarette and smoked slowly, sending the smoke through his nostrils, and looking over the thin clouds at Tempest as he lay along the wall, with his hands folded under his head.

"It is very strange that you should be here for the first time in your life, Vane," he said slowly and languidly, but still in the tone which invites confidence; "encourages the topics," as the Spaniards say.

"Isn't it?" responded Tempest cheerfully.

He could not see his companion's face and the dark eyes which were watching him with thoughtful intentness.

"I see," said Tyers, lighting another cigarette. "Well, had this uncle sent to offer you half his ill-gotten, or well-gotten gold?"

"Scarcely; but he was brick enough to offer me an allowance of a thousand a year."

"Which you gratefully accepted?"

"Very gratefully," assented Vane, rather gravely. "There were two conditions."

"Oh!"

(To be Continued.)

22 Miners Perish.

IN COLLIERY BLAZE.

Glasgow, August 4. — Twenty-two coal miners perished in the fire which broke out yesterday in the Mavisl Valley pit of the Cadder colliery near here. Their bodies were recovered today.

Only one man escaped alive of the shift of miners in the pit at the time of the fire. A widow lost three of her sons.

The rescuing parties passed through a severe ordeal owing to the intense heat and poisonous gases. Many of them were brought to the surface unconscious.

Wife and Family Perished.

Quebec, August 4.—Seven people, Mrs. Joseph Paquet, her five children, and a woman living with the family, whose name is not yet known, were burned to death this morning at 3 o'clock at St. John Parish, Island of Orleans, some 15 miles east of Quebec.

The disaster was caused by the explosion of a lamp in the home of Joseph Paquet, river pilot, which set fire to the house that soon was a mass of flames. Joseph Paquet and one child escaped.

One in a Thousand,

BUT TRUE TO THE LAST

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE 'TIMES' ADVERTISEMENT.

"I wonder how I shall live through the long years of the future. Will new interests rise up and take away the present bitterness of life? The knowledge of one that will come in time creeps into my heart, and causes it to stand still for an instant, then flutter on again with renewed rapidity. There will be Adrian's child, probably the heir of his name, the last of his race. I must hide myself jealously, or it will be taken from me. It is true, my husband is tired of me—nay, worse than that, he has never loved me at all; but his heir—he will not be indifferent or careless of what befalls him!

Once it occurs to me that, if it be a boy, his birth may draw us closer together. There are few wounds which an open grave or a child's wee fingers will not heal. With the grave all things seem ended. One thinks, as I did, when Theo was left a widow, that the great strife will soon be over, that our time here is so short, so fleeting, that it is but useless folly to waste it in bickerings and petty quarrels; one feels that the great troubles of life, those which no power of ours can avert, are enough to bear without adding to them by our own small or great selfishness, or our own irritable, dissatisfied cravings after something we cannot have or do. I say it is thus that many wounds are healed; thus might the grievous sore which existed between Theo and myself have been removed; but she would not. Yet even more powerful is the influence of a tiny child, a wee thing all your own, whose future depends so largely upon your example, your well or ill doing. The most careless hearts cannot but feel the solemnity of the charge which has been given to them and experience a longing to make themselves better and purer. Ah, yes! In my sad heart a hope springs up, frail and fragile as a tiny plant in springtime, which a breath may wither and destroy, yet, even in this early day, bearing fair promise of a goodly harvest, for, although Theo may have Arrian's passionate fancy, I shall be the mother of his child, and, if Heaven wills it so, the heir of his old name of which he is so proud. I think that will give me a superiority over Theo which she will find it difficult to surmount.

When I have had my dinner, the waiter asks me if I would like to see an English paper. In answer to my eager "Yes," he brings me yesterday's 'Times.' I take it with an avidity the like of which I am sure I never honored a newspaper with in the whole course of my eighteen years, and the very first words that my eyes fall upon is "Audrey." How very strange! Still, there it is, in large letters. For a moment I cannot force myself to read what follows it; then the mist celars away from my eyes. The advertisement runs thus:

"Audrey.—Return home at once. All will be forgotten and forgiven.—A."

I fling the unoffending paper down, in a frenzy of disgust and anger. "Forgotten and forgiven?" What, I should like to know, has Adrian to forgive? Is it I who have wronged him, who have made his life utterly wretched, who have wrecked his peace and happiness, and set the whole community talking? He will forget the amount of provocation I have had, the misery I have endured, the shame, the hourly heartache, the injustice, the slights, and the open pity others have given me. Oh, yes, he will forget all those, and he will forgive me for having dared to free myself from such a bondage, for having forestalled him in his intention to "end this misery"—he will forgive me that. Very generous, Sir Adrian Charteris—very generous, very forgiving—but hardly the terms upon which I should care to go back again and take my proper position! Doubtless, my husband will get a fair share of pity, and I a most undue amount of blame. I fancy I can hear some censorious matron—one who, knowing nothing of temptation herself, is extra hard upon those who succumb to it, one whose romance of life has been of the smoothest and most tranquil kind—I can hear the placid voice, see the shocked air with which my delinquencies are enumerated.

"A mere child, my dear, and only four months married; and, really, Sir Adrian is a man any woman ought to have been happy with; yet she disappeared, and not a trace of her could be found; and now poor Adrian is heartbroken."

Oh, yes, they are sure to speak of Adrian as being heartbroken! Well, well, idle gossip will not affect me. I shall not be there to see the cold looks or hear the blaming tongues. I shall never be anything in English society any more. Then a sense of utter isolation and desolation creeps upon me, and I bury my face in my hands and burst into an uncomfortable passion of tearless sobs.

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It is always better to prevent serious diseases of the nerves. There are many warnings, such as sleeplessness, irritability, headaches and nervous indigestion.

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Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, 6 for $2.50, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

Cobourg, Ont., Aug. 4.—Robert Aull, jr., the young man from St. Louis, whose marriage to a Toronto young lady on Friday of last week has occasioned much sensational talk, came up here this morning before Police Magistrate F. D. Boggs to answer to the charge of issuing a worthless cheque on the Mercantile Trust Co. of St. Louis. He was committed to trial before the County Judge.

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Miss E. L. Beck, New Burn, Lunenburg Co., Nova Scotia, Canada; Miss S. A. Beaton, North East Habon, Inverness Co., Cape Breton, Nova Scotia, Canada.

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Cloth, 35c.; 37c. post paid. Illust'd.
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How to Repair Household Articles.
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Photographic Cameras and accessories.
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How to Knot and Splice Ropes and Cordage.
Upholstery and how to begin the work

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The Home Dressmaker should keep a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Pattern Cuts. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

9667.—A SIMPLE STYLISH DESIGN

Ladies' House Dress.

Suitable for gingham, galatea, chambrey, lawn, or percale, this model may also be developed in ratine, linen or linene, for more dressy wear. The fronts are cut low and a shawl collar finishes the neck. The skirt has a hem tuck at the centre back. The Pattern is cut in 6 Sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. It requires 5 yards of 44 inch material for a 36 inch size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

9675.—A SIMPLE UP - TO - DATE STYLE.

Ladies Blouse Waist, with or without Chemisette, and with long or shorter sleeve, and two styles of cuff. (To be slipped over the head).

This practical model is suitable for lawn, madras, gingham, voile, crepe, ratine, linen, or silk. The garment is to be slipped over the head and laced in closing at the centre front. A chemisette in low neck outline, or finished with a standing collar may be arranged under the waist when worn. The sleeve in full length has a turn back cuff while the shorter sleeve shows a shaped cuff cut with overlapping point. The Pattern is cut in 6 Sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. It requires 3 yards of 44 inch material for a 36 inch size.

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Pemberton's .. .. .White Motley.
Jepson's .. The Determined Twins.
Paternoster's .. .. Lords of Devil's .. .. .Paradise.
Everett Green's, The Price of Friend- .. .. .ship.
Hewlett's .. .. .Love of Proserpine.
Praed's .. .. .The Mystery Woman.
Woodroffe's .. .. .The Rat-Trap.
Forman's .. .. Harvest Moon.
Hunt's .. .. .. .Celebrity's Daughter.
Prichard's .. .. .. .Cahusac Mystery.
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