

HOW SHE WON.

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

"I swear solemnly," he says, "that I have never told a single soul."
 "How do you know yourself?"
 "Why, bless you, I guessed at once! I saw you were in earnest and so withdrew directly."

Colonel Dare smiles a little at the self-satisfied air with which it is implied that had Graver not withdrawn his chance would have been nil.
 "Go now, there's a good fellow!" he says, imploringly. "If you are seen it will awaken suspicion. If Lady Leigh saw you—"

"There she is!" exclaims the Heathen Chinese excitedly, and rushing to the window.
 By chance, she raises her eyes, and sees him.
 "It's all up," declares Colonel Dare, gloomily.

"Now, why should it be?" questioned Mr. Meade drawlingly, withdrawing from the window as she passes out of sight. "It'll do you all the good in the world to let her know you have a friend who goes to a decent tailor. Besides it is not a case, I suppose, of 'no followers allowed?'"
 The other does not answer, and Mr. Meade goes on.
 "By Jove! she's a fine woman. I don't wonder at your not wishing to leave."

"I wish you'd go!" ejaculates Colonel Dare crossly.
 Seeing that he is really in earnest and his patience thoroughly exhausted, the Honorable Graver Meade departs with a good-natured grin and the unshaken belief that had he chosen to enter the lists he would certainly have been successful.

"Dare's a good fellow, but no sort of a lady's man," he says to himself, complacently, as he walks to the park gates, where a hired fly is waiting. "Still, he may win the day—for want of a worthier rival."

The day has been very hot, getting cooler as the afternoon goes on, and at five o'clock, when the tutor sallies forth, a fresh breeze has sprung up, and it is so delightful that he pauses before reaching the summer-house and bares his forehead to it.

Little Rollo puts out his head and waves him away—the preparations are not yet complete. At that moment too, Lady Leigh comes from the house, and Colonel Dare goes back to meet her.

"The entertainment is not ready—we are to wait," he begins, smiling, and feeling a strange pleasure in thus linking her name with his.
 "I thought I was very punctual; my watch must be wrong," she answers, drawing it from her belt. "See—it is five o'clock exactly."

Colonel Dare consults his and shows it to her.
 "I think yours must be wrong; ladies' watches generally are, are they not? By mine we are still ten minutes before the hour."

"What a lovely watch!"
 She has sat down on the old rustic seat where once before they sat together in the moonlight, and now stretches out her hand for the handsome old heirloom which Colonel Dare instantly regrets bringing to light. That it was his mother's last gift is his only reason for wearing anything so remarkable and so cumbersome. He loosens the chain and gives the watch to her without a word.

"I never saw anything so quaint before," Mr. Dare. "Did you buy it abroad? It looks like foreign workmanship."
 "Dare said it came from abroad in the first instance, but cannot say for certain. It belonged to an ancestor of mine, I believe."

"An ancestor!" she echoes, in somewhat dreamy surprise scarcely conscious of the rudeness that might be implied.
 "Yes. Even a tutor, you know, has parents and grandparents, though he cannot always give them a name, much less boast about them," is the bitter reply.

It cannot but be nettled at the fact that she takes it for granted he is beneath her in every way, although he would not for a moment risk discovery by having it otherwise.
 "And the crest is that of your family!" she goes on, uncomfortably, feeling her mistake, but not liking to make it worse by apologizing.

Deeply set in the thick embossed gold, in delicate colored enamels are his quarterings and crest, beneath them a scroll with the haughty motto, "Dare all." Her former suspicions grow stronger as she reads it.
 "The name is the same, certainly," he answers evasively, slipping the watch into his pocket.

"The motto is more fitted for a soldier than a scholar," she remarks, looking searchingly into his eyes.
 "I trust courage is not confined to one class alone. Can you not imagine that others as well as soldiers might be willing to dare anything to gain their cause?"

She changes the subject quickly, half dividing his meaning, made clearer by the emphasis with which he speaks.
 "You had a visitor this morning?"
 "Yes."

"A friend?"
 "Er—a patron," he answers confusedly, and with a humility that is rather overacted.
 The clear gray eyes are still looking straight into his, and he feels ashamed of the duplicity he is practicing on her; but one step leads to another, one falsehood to more deceit, and he cannot well go back now.

He is relieved when Rollo comes out to tell them tea is ready, and hurries them away.
 Lord Leigh will make a good host when he becomes a man. It is very pretty to see him now doing the honors of his impromptu feast, his eyes dancing and his cheeks glowing as he runs from one to the other trying to tempt them with the dainties he has

prepared. Tabitha forgets to make herself useful, so busy is she watching her young master and listening to his prattling talk.

It is a pretty, home-like scene, the mother so proud and happy in her son's delight and the faithful old servant looking as pleased as they. It is a thousand pities that the grim old professor is not more in accordance with the scene, a thousand pities that one so lovely as Lady Leigh should only have so unlovable a lover, if lover he can be called whose feelings are still closely locked as a secret within his breast.

She herself seems to regret nothing. She is leaning back in a low lounging chair, the soft folds of her muslin gown lying lightly on the ground, and a delicate china tea-cup in her hand. Colonel Dare often thinks of her as he saw her then, her haughtiness all submerged in the love she bears her child, her eyes half dim with tender tears, and on her lips so sweet a smile that she might be a girl commencing life, instead of a woman whom sorrow has made unutterably bitter and so sore at heart that at times she has only one wish—to end it.

Soon the pretty tea table is partly dismantled and in disorder. Great raids have been made on the glowing heans of strawberries, raspberries, and red and white currants, while some of the huge hunches of cake which Rollo had cut, judging other people's appetites by his own, have also disappeared. Tabitha has been dismissed with her apron full of the sweetmeats she has helped to make, and Colonel Dare, rising from his seat, goes and stands beside Lady Leigh.

"How still it is!"
 "Too still. An evening like this always gives me a presentiment of ill."

He looks down in some surprise at the slight tremor in her voice.
 "What ill could happen to you here? You are away from the world, and our interests must necessarily be so few."

"Yes, I know," she answers, hastily; "but one cannot always be responsible for one's foolish thoughts."
 "No."

The single syllable is said with such tragic emphasis that she is obliged to laugh, and Rollo, jumping on to her knee to ask her what the joke is, turns the conversation.

They linger chatting until it grows dusk, and then go, leaving Rollo behind. Together they stroll away to the house in sober silence, through which a certain sweetness is stealing. At the door they part, Lady Leigh holding out her hand and smiling a gracious farewell.

At once she repairs to the drawing-room, and takes up some work—silk handkerchiefs, for Rollo's next birthday present, which have been neglected in the afternoon's idleness, and must be finished at an early date. He goes to the library, and looks about through the open windows, thinking over the day's events.

CHAPTER VII.

Lady Leigh tires of her work when one small handkerchief is hemmed, and puts the handkerchief into a basket on the table.

A storm is gathering; already there have been several vivid flashes of lightning and thunder peals, and with the natural instinct that prompts one in all times of possible danger to be near those one loves, Lady Leigh goes swiftly to the nursery to see with her own eyes if her son is safe and sleeping.

But he is not there. Tabitha is standing at the window, and turns round sharply with an angry rebuke on her lips for the delinquent as the door opens. Then, when she sees Lady Leigh her countenance falls.

"Where is Rollo?" asks his mother, with a gasp in her voice.
 "Indeed I do not know, my lady; I thought he was with you—or Mr. Dare," she adds, quickly, as another hope presents itself.

Lady Leigh does not stop to argue. She is gone before Tabitha can give words to the fear that is haunting her, flying down the broad oak stairs, and bursting into the tutor's room with scant ceremony.

"Mr. Dare, where is Rollo?" she cries, excitedly, seeing in a moment that he is not there.
 The tutor is sitting at the table writing when she comes in, and looks up in some bewilderment.
 "Is he not in the house?"
 "No."

"Then I will look for him."
 He snatches up his hat quickly, but stops for a moment at the door.
 "Do not be alarmed," he says, gently; "I expect I shall find him in the summer-house, quite safe, but afraid to come out because of the storm."
 "Only bring him back!" she waits; "remember, he is my all."

"I will," he answers, earnestly; and the simple promise, spoken at such a moment becomes solemn as a vow.

The summer-house is some distance off, but before he is half way there, Colonel Dare has guessed the fearful truth. A curling ring of smoke and leaping tongues of flame speak plainly enough, and with it, if more were needed is the stifling smell of burning wood and paint.

With a great cry he rushes forward, and by the time he has reached the spot a small crowd has gathered, consisting of people who were passing down the road, and have been the first to see the lurid light.

"It's only a summer-house," says one with an accent of something that sounds like disappointment.
 But at that moment Colonel Dare comes into the midst of them, and his first words cause a thrill of horror to run through the little group.

"There is a child inside there. You must help me to get him out!"
 As one who is accustomed to com-

mand, he orders them about, and while one man runs for a ladder he sends others for water buckets, a garden hose and blankets.

And now a little white face appears at a window, in the upper story, and the women burst into tears, and even the men are strangely silent as the pitiful cry breaks out:
 "Mother! Mother!"

"Rollo, my darling, I am here!"
 It is Lady Leigh herself who has followed, but the answer is more like the cry of some animal in pain than a woman's voice. She staggers forward and holds out her arms.

"Rollo, come!"
 In his horrible fright the child might have obeyed her and been dashed to pieces on the ground, but his tutor interferes with a firm voice.

"Stay there, Rollo, my boy; I am coming to help you. There is no fear; I will save you, I promise."
 Then he motions to Tabitha, who is also there, to come forward.

"Take your mistress away," he commands sternly, "she only unnerves us by reasoning. The child at last knows of my will, and I will bring the boy safe to her directly!"

Then, without waiting to see that his orders are obeyed, he runs back to help with the ladder and place it firmly against the wall. It is the lower part of the house only that is on fire as yet, but through the rungs of the ladder, now it is erected, the flames dart and give an appearance of greater danger than there really is.

Colonel Dare ascends the ladder quickly, not heeding, indeed scarcely knowing of the burns he receives at each step.

But when he has clambered in at the window the real danger begins, for Rollo obstinately refuses to move. Perhaps it is the effect of having lived with women, only, or perhaps in a child cowardice is natural at such a time; but in any case it is so, and he screams with terror when his weak preserver attempts to draw him forward.

Threats and gentleness alike are unavailing, and it is useless to think of trying to carry a struggling boy down that rickety ladder. Colonel Dare breathes an inward prayer, and as though in speedy answer to it, the already smouldering door bursts into a blaze, and effects what no mere words but in any case it is so, and he screams with terror when his weak preserver attempts to draw him forward.

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As the tutor had conjectured, it was from fear of the storm he had lingered first, and then when it grew dark and still, and no one came to fetch him, he had discovered a box of matches, and, lighting one, was striving, boy-like, to make some impromptu light. Suddenly a flame burst out behind him, between him and the door; he had thrown the lighted match away and it had fallen upon a heap of shavings, which smoldered for a few minutes, then burst into flame. In his unreasoning terror he had fled upstairs and waited in agonizing suspense, not knowing which would find him first—his friends or the ever-encroaching flames.

Living his fear all over again in thought, he now lies, flushed and silent, starting at every noise and hardly hearing his mother's voice, as, with gentle lullabies, she tries to sing him to slumber.

"I dare not—I dare not!" he moans, tossing to and fro.
 "My darling, there is nothing to dread. I will watch by your side all night."

The assurance does not satisfy him. He is working himself rapidly into a fever, only every now and then, like a cool touch on his forehead, there falls the sound of the firm, encouraging words whispered in his ear when he and his tutor were risking their terrible descent.

"Call Mr. Dare!" he cries at last, in despair.
 "Why do you want him, my child?"
 "If he were here I should not be afraid."

At her mistress's command, Tabitha goes in search of the tutor, coming back a few minutes later with a displeased frown on her face.
 "Is he coming?" asks Lady Leigh.
 "No, my lady."

"And why not?" asks her mistress, haughtily, indignant at the disregard of her summons.
 "He said he was lying down, and would be glad if your ladyship would excuse him."

"Did you see him?"
 "No, my lady, the door was locked."
 "Perhaps he is ill."

"I don't think it is that. He was walking up and down."
 Lady Leigh turns again to her child.
 "Mr. Dare cannot come, my darling," she says gently, "but I promise you I will not leave you here."

And with this at first he tries to be content; but by and by the old longing comes back stronger than ever, and he calls for his tutor so frequently that Lady Leigh can bear it no longer.
 "Yes, go for him again," she says, in answer to Tabitha's look of inquiry.

But again the request is useless. The tutor will not come, and Tabitha's eyes sparkle with wrath as she gives the answer that is set. But Lady Leigh is too anxious to be angry.
 "I will go myself," she says.
 To Be Continued.

Suffering Vanquished.

A NOVA SCOTIAN FARMER TELLS HOW HE REGAINED HEALTH.

Had Suffered From Acute Rheumatism and General Debility—Scarcely Able to Do the Lightest Work.

From the Acadien, Wolfville, N.S.

One of the most prosperous and intelligent farmers of the village of Granwick, N.S., is Mr. Edward Manning. Anyone intimate with Mr. Manning knows him as a man of strong integrity and veracity, so that every confidence can be placed in the information which he gave a reporter of the Acadien, for publication the other day. During a very pleasant interview he gave the following statements of his severe suffering and recovery:

"Two years ago last September," said Mr. Manning, "I was taken with an acute attack of rheumatism. I had not been feeling well for some time previous to that date, having been troubled with sleeplessness and general debility. My constitution seemed completely run down. Beginning in the small of my back the pain soon passed into my hip, where it remained without intermission, and I became a terrible sufferer. All winter long I was scarcely able to do any work and it was only with the utmost suffering that I managed to hobble to the barn each day to do my chores. I appealed to medical men for help but they failed to bring any relief. At last I decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and with their use a complete and lasting cure. I had not used quite three boxes when I began to feel decidedly better. I continued using them until twelve boxes had been consumed, when my complete recovery warranted me in discontinuing their use. I have never felt better than since that time. My health seems to have improved in every way. During the past summer I worked very hard but have felt no bad effects. The gratitude I feel to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, none but those who have suffered as I have and been cured, can appreciate."

An analysis shows that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of whatever nature. Sold by all dealers or sent prepaid at 50c. a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the R. D. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Health Department.

DO NOT WORRY.

Women as a rule, with less of the actual cares and burdens of life, do the most of the worrying. Men, who are the breadwinners of the world, are too busy in the struggle for the dollars and the long look ahead over the world of large affairs, to vex their brains over the hundred petty details which a woman, with her tendency to magnify little things, worries incessantly.

This genius for detail, which has fitted woman for the delicate tasks of home-making, motherhood, the careful dispensing of her husband's income and the many demands of society, rises up before her in the midnight hours of night in the gruesome form of worry. And it is worry, bred of this genius of small things, that causes half of the ailments in the life of the average woman. Too many of her ailments are purely imagination, and are the direct result of brooding over her many duties and allowing her mind to cultivate a sort of self-pity.

Scientists have decided that worry will kill, and not only that, but they have gone further and discovered just how it kills. Women should awaken to a realization of this fact and if they have responsibilities, and a desire to live, they should harken to the voice of wisdom and cease from worry. Cultivate a cheerful spirit; let the unnecessary household duties go; take more time for rest and pleasure; join some social club; learn to ride a wheel or do other things that help to keep a woman young.

Worrying is one of the most injurious habits one can encourage. It is almost as fatal in its way as dipomania or the morphine habit. If indulged in it injures, beyond repair, certain cells of the brain, and the brain being the nutritive center of the body, gradually other organs become weakened and finally some disease of these organs or combination of them, arises and death is the result.

Insidiously, like many other diseases, worry creeps upon the brain in the form of a single, constant, never lost idea, and, as the constant dropping of water over a period of years will finally wear away stones, so does worry gradually, imperceptibly perhaps, from the less surely, destroy the brain cells and leave them in a condition unfit to perform their necessary duties. Occasional worry the brain can cope with, but the constant dwelling upon one side of a disquieting nature the cells of the brain are not proof against.

Some time ago there was a consensus of opinion given in a leading newspaper, as to the average number of years the average professional woman could stand the strain of work and care, without breaking down, and it was remarkable how universal was the opinion that physically, woman had as much endurance for the strain of professional life as man, but that mentally, the strain was too great, and after a few years she gave out, either temporarily or permanently, from sheer worry. This shows again the evil effects of woman's genius for detail.

However, the business woman of today is learning, as one of the many profitable lessons to be learned from her brethren, that a great deal of the delicate handwork and headwork, which she did in other generations, is now being done for her by machinery, or in the factory and on wholesale plans, labor-saving devices of all kinds have been patented and put upon the market and she need not take so much thought for the morrow, domestically, as was necessary fifty years ago. She can sacrifice detail to broad-thoughtedness, in a great many instances, with benefit, in proportion as women are shirking small follies, overlooking small ideas and small unessential things along the line, and most of all small worries, are they becoming healthier and happier specimens of humanity. It has been wisely said that:
 Half our trials are our own inventions, and, how often from pleasures deterred,
 Have we shrank from the vague apprehension,
 Of evils that never occurred.

DEEP BREATHING.

S. Ciccolina advocates special daily attention to deep breathing as a means whereby almost every person can induce a vast improvement in general health, besides a permanent development of lung power. The method recommended is to breathe from the abdomen entirely; to exhale by the compression of the muscles overlying the stomach, and to inhale by expansion or inflation of the stomach. The ribs should be motionless during the acts of inhalation and exhalation. The inhalation—through the nose—should be slow and deep, and the air is to be held for a few seconds, which can be done after a little practice. It is then forced into the upper chest by contracting the abdomen, drawn back into the abdomen by expansion of the stomach, and finally exhaled rapidly through the mouth. This rapid exhalation has the effect of greatly expanding the chest, and the whole process, if practiced at first for a few minutes, then gradually longer until it can be kept up for an hour, should be persevered in until it becomes second nature. It is quite a potent cure for nervousness, even consumption, hysteria and many allied pathological conditions. Care should be taken that the air breathed is perfectly pure, and if the practice is maintained indoors, the windows of the room should be kept open.