

WISER
 and have a Glass of ICED
DAIWA
 CEYLON TEA
 When you feel warm a small piece of
 lemon will add to the flavor.
 Lead Packets Only. 40c, 50c and 60c per lb. At All Grocers.

Won at Last

She could not read; her uncle's words had sent her thoughts back to that first vivid dream of her real life, when she had drunk so deeply of pleasure and of pain.

St. John Lisle was within a few miles. She might possibly meet him in her rambles or her drives with her uncle, and how should she feel if they stood face to face? Her heart answered, "Slightly curious, but quite unmoved." Yet, to her infinite satisfaction, she felt a profound conviction that Lisle could never again stir in her emotion of any kind. She might even be amused with his cool, crisp talk, if he deigned to bestow any of it on her; she had even forgiven herself her weak erudition, and could smile at her youthful folly in accepting Lisle's veiled attentions and ardent though indefinite expressions of admiration, as meaning anything real. It was all so completely past—though little more than three years had elapsed since they had met and parted—that she felt as if she could meet exactly as though they had never met before. The man she had loved so shyly and warmly had vanished, with the actual St. John Lisle she was barely acquainted.

Then the scenes which preceded Mrs. Newburgh's death arrayed themselves distinctly before her. How glad she was that her poor grandmother had had the comforting conviction that her beloved Mona would be provided for by a happy marriage; yet to procure that assurance poor a young girl had been lapped in luxury for a few short weeks, and then thrown aside when no longer needed.

"I almost wish I could have loved him," she murmured; "he was, and no doubt is, a really good fellow. But it was impossible, even if he had had the sort of manner and bearing that were so imposing in Captain Lisle. I could not have loved him then. Why is it that attractive outward seeming is so seldom a sign of inward and spiritual grace? There is no use in asking such questions, and I am losing a chance of reading."

She applied herself diligently to her book. In truth she had but little time to herself. When Uncle Sandy was in the house he kept her constantly with him, reading about or writing the letters she was required to dictate or, worst of all, going over his accounts, for although he "couldn't be fished" for household accounts, he kept his affairs rigidly in order, his proudest achievement and deepest delight being to effect large savings out of the sum he permitted himself to spend annually—that was so much clear gain. Then there was the direction of the small household—the providing for its needs. Her greatest relaxation came when she sat with Kenneth, which latter was a rare indulgence; her trust enjoyment writing and hearing from Mme. Debrisay.

The delight of Kenneth when he heard of the success which had attended Mona's sudden inspiration suggesting the invitation to Mary Black can not be easily described. His dark eyes were aglow with pleasure from the time he heard of it. His gratitude to his benefactor was unbounded. He was indistinguishable in his efforts to oblige every one. He managed to secure the services of a wandering tuner—he drove a wonderfully successful bargain in the purchase of some sheep—and otherwise distinguished himself. At length the happy day arrived when he was to go to Kirkcoun to meet the expected visitor, who was to reach there at half past one. Mona had made all due preparation for her guest, and set down to read, the Times to Uncle Sandy in the drawing room. They had not long been thus employed when the sound of wheels upon the gravel attracted their attention.

"It canna be Kenneth, ye?" said Uncle Sandy, glancing at the clock.

"No, he has hardly reached Kirkcoun yet," returned Mona.

"There is a gentleman wants to speak to you," said the little bell, coming into the room in the neat cap Mona insisted on her wearing.

"Aweel, put him in the museum," replied her master.

"Eh, but he's just behind me," cried the girl stepping back, whereupon a gentleman in shooting dress walked in his cap in his hand—a distinguished-looking man, with an ombrowed face, rather light eyes and thick moustache.

"You will, I hope, excuse—" he was beginning in the clear haughty voice Mona remembered so well, when his eyes were arrested, growing suddenly silent with surprise.

Mona laid aside her paper and rising, advanced quietly, saying, as she did so—

"How do you do, Captain Lisle?"

"Miss Jocelyn," he exclaimed, taking the hand she offered, and evidently more moved than she was.

"Lisle?" cried Mr. Craig.

"I used to know Captain Lisle," returned Mona, smiling and looking steadily at him.

"I had the pleasure of meeting Miss Jocelyn in London some years ago."

"There's no Miss Jocelyn here," interrupted Uncle Sandy, impatiently. "This is my niece—my poor brother's daughter—Miss Craig."

"Ho, ho, this? Do you know Sir St. John?"

"Oh, indeed, forgive the mistake."

So paused, and for a few short seconds

she, a good bit of trouble. I'm a gude frait body, as you see; and now, we'll be having dinner in a quarter of an hour, stay and tak' a bite. The boy shall put up your horse. You'll be late for lunch at the Lodge."

"Thank you," said Lisle, frankly and graciously. "I shall be most happy, his eyes seeking Mona's with a laughing glance.

"Just rin oot, dearie," said her uncle, "and tell Jamie to put the horse in the stable. The gig can bide in the yard."

"Pray, Miss—Miss Craig, allow me. I could not think of allowing you to be sent to—"

"You had better let me go. Probably Jamie would not attend to your orders," interrupted Mona.

She went away to deliver the message, and Lisle followed her.

"Is Donald at the stables?" she asked.

"Maxer him attend to the horse. I am afraid of trusting your smart turnout in Jamie's rude hands," she said to Lisle.

"He cannot do much. What a trump your uncle is to take me to stay!"

"And how very much bored you will be before the midday meal is over."

"I am ready to risk that."

Mona turned to re-enter the drawing-room.

"Are there not gardens or ferneries or something to look at?" asked Lisle, insinuatingly.

"Yes, we have very good gardens. Would you like to see them?"

"Certainly, about all things."

"Very well, then, Captain—I mean Sir St. John Lisle would like to see the gardens."

"I'll be proud to show them," said Uncle Sandy leaning over the arm of his chair to pick up his stick, which as usual had fallen on the carpet.

"I will stay to receive Miss Black, who must soon be here," said Mona, gently, as she took her work and resumed her seat by the window.

Lisle cast a backward glance at her as he left the room—a glance she did not pretend to see. As soon as she was alone her hand dropped into her lap, and her speaking face, which had worn so bright and amused an aspect, while she remembered the sharp pain, the corroding mortification that had eaten into her soul, and for which she had to thank the pleasant-mannered, distinguished-looking man who had just left her.

"All's well that ends well," she murmured, resting herself. "It's not now, and not even then, that I did not see little. I will never avoid him, or seem unfriendly, but I defy him to flirt with me if I do not choose. I hope he is enjoying his ramble with Uncle Sandy."

Here the sound of wheels upon the gravel drew her to the entrance in time to see the phaeton drive up, wherein sat Kenneth triumphant, and Mary Black beside him.

Mona welcomed her cordially. It was refreshing to meet the honest eyes, to hear the frank, unsophisticated voice of the simple, natural Highland lassie.

"I am so glad to see you," Uncle Sandy had gone out into the garden with a gentleman, so I will show you your room at once. She is looking blooming, Kenneth—better than when we met in Glasgow."

"How so glad to see you a bit alone before I meet Mr. Craig," said Mary, as she followed Mona down the long passage to her room; "I am very frightened of him."

"But you must not be so," said the young housekeeper, who like those least who fear him most.

"It was so good of you to ask me, Kenneth told me all about it, and Mother bid me present her best compliments to you."

Then they talked a little about the prevailing fashion of morning frocks; after which it was time to go to the drawing room, which they hardly reached before the bell rang.

Mona could hardly repress a smile when Uncle Sandy appeared, followed by his guest. Lisle looked rather grave, but an air of self-satisfaction about him, which spoke volumes as to the amount of boring his victim had endured.

"And this is Miss Black? I am well pleased to welcome her to Craigdarroch. Any friend of mine, especially a nice, intelligent woman, is always welcome here. I will come up to see you, and I proceeded to ask a blessing of portentous length.

The midday meal proceeded very successfully. To Mona's surprise, Lisle made himself very pleasant, listening to all Uncle Sandy said with interest, and just enough difference of opinion to stimulate the old man to triumphant argument. He seemed to enjoy the very simple food set before him, and discussed fishing with Kenneth, inviting him to spend a day on the river's side, occasionally sending a half-admiring, half-defiant glance to Mona, which she returned with a smile that made Mary blush painfully. Seeing that he kindly left her alone. Directly to Mona he said very little, but he inquired if she would accept of that period of time up to her. Finally, he was, he said, reluctantly obliged to take leave, and the whole party went out to see him start.

"I suppose I may give your love to Lady Finistoun, Miss Craig. She will be here to-morrow, I dare say, when she knows who is in her neighborhood. Many thanks for your hospitality, Mr. Craig. I will come up again as soon as I have seen McGregor. Adieu."

A wave of the hand, an uplifting of his hat, he touched his spirited horse with the whip, and in another moment he was out of sight round the curve of the drive.

"What a style there was about him," Mona could not help saying to herself. "What cool self-possession and certainty of his own position. Strength is always attractive in a man. I almost wish I had never found him out," she thought.

"A varra reasonable, wise-like young man, for aie in his position, and willing to hear truth from the lips of a thoughtful body. But he has his temper, I'll be bound. He was just another sort o' man the day I went to meet him—short-spoken and scornful-like. But I daursay he saw saw that Sandy Craig could hold his ain with a body like that. Ah, lad, he changed his tune the day! Come along, my bonnie bairn! Kenneth and me are going to our books, so Mona will take you round the gardens and the grounds, forbye the dairy."

CHAPTER XIX.

Mona felt younger and more like her old self after this meeting with Lisle than she had done since her grandmother's death. The encounter had proved to her how completely she had cast off the old feeling of regret and pain at her disenchantment, and showed her that she was stronger than of old. Still Lisle in a way interested her. His manners,

Five Fortunes Made in Acting

STAGE STARS WHO LEAVE AS MUCH AS \$100,000 ARE FEW

The fact that few actors and managers leave behind them any fortune appears to be just as true in other countries as it is here. A statistician has recently figured out some interesting details as to the estates left by distinguished players and managers in England. Henry Irving left only \$100,000 and much of that was realized from the sale of his pictures and other works of art. The fact that Ellen Terry had a benefit the other day shows how much she has saved from a century of work. Unlike Sir Henry she never had any share of losses to bear.

William Terriss, who was murdered five years ago, in London, was 50 at the time of his death, and left \$100,000. He had been in all that period an actor under salary and had made few if any ventures of his own. Dan Leno, who was only 45 at the time of his death, got the biggest salary ever paid to any actor in England, and Oscar Hammerstein gave him \$150,000 in real money during his stay at the Olympia. Yet he left behind him only \$54,000.

Wilson Barrett, who had known many ups and downs in his career, found great prosperity in "The Sign of the Cross," during the latter years of his life, but none of the plays that he attempted after that time ever made any money for him. Probably the \$50,000 that he left behind him came altogether from the royalties that he received from that play. It has been acted in this country for six years and is to go on tour again.

Augustus Harris, who had Covent Garden and Drury Lane, died in the early '40s, and was so much involved financially that in spite of all his great enterprises he left an estate of only \$118,000. Lady Martin, who was Helen Faucit, had earned in her professional career \$135,000. The circus managers seem to be as prosperous in England as they are here. The famous Frederick Hengler left \$288,000, which is a larger sum than any manager or actor in England left, but seems small in comparison with the \$3,000,000 left behind by James Bailey, and the great Barnum fortune.

Some of the American fortunes have turned out just as small. It was thought always that the late Fanny Davenport was a rich woman. She had acted for years with great success and been a great popular favorite. Yet she left practically nothing. That was in a measure due to the failure of several productions made just before her death.

Henry E. Abbey died a poor man, although he had handled millions. Maurice Grau, on the other hand, retired from business worth \$400,000, part of which was made from successful speculation. The rest of his fortune was earned during the last ten years of his managerial career.

Augustin Daly had been through several years of very bad luck just before he died, but his season was profitable because "The Great Ruby" turned out by a lucky fluke to be a great financial success. Yet he left very little. His books, his contract for certain musical farces from England and his interest in Daly's Theatre in London turned out to be about all that he possessed. Yet he had been for years in harness and had spent thousands and thousands of dollars.

A. M. Palmer was practically a pensioner on the bounty of Charles Frothingham when he died as manager of the Herald Square Theatre. Al Hayman is said to be the richest manager to-day. Frank Sanger, who died three years ago, left a fortune of \$200,000. He left, also, many valuable interests in play. He figured very little, however, in the affairs of the theatre, and earned most of his money through his ownership of certain plays. "The Sign of the Cross" was one of these. Lester Wallack died, of course, penniless.

Lotta Crabtree, who gave \$1,000 for a programme at the benefit for the San Francisco sufferers, is said to be the richest actress in this country, and her fortune has been estimated at sums varying from \$800,000 to \$1,000,000. Much of it is in real estate. In that way the largest theatrical fortunes have been made.

Sol Smith Russell, who died three years ago, was the richest actor in the profession with the exception of Joseph Murphy. Russell, who was accepted in every city in the country but New York, invested his earnings in real estate in Minneapolis and St. Paul. He sold much of that property at a great advance and later put his money into Washington real estate with an equally successful result. He left more than \$500,000.

Joseph Murphy made a fortune out of his Irish plays, especially "The Kerry Cross," and kept the money. Some of his colleagues say he still has the first dollar he earned in the business. He invested it all in real estate in different cities and to-day has more money than any of his profession.

Maggie Mitchell owns a large block of real estate on the upper West Side and has built several apartment houses there which represent a very comfortable fortune. She also owns other parcels scattered throughout the city. William Florence left his wife \$100,000, and half as much more was disposed of by his will.

Daniel Bandmann, when he died last

WHY GIRLS ARE PALE

They Need the Rich Red Blood Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Actually Make.

Three years ago Miss Ellen Roberts, who holds the position of secretary in one of the leading stores in Halifax, N. S., was a pale, delicate looking young woman, who when lived at home with her parents at Amherst, N. S. She complained of general weakness and loss of appetite. Her food was not enjoyed, and she grew thinner day by day until she looked almost a shadow. Her cheeks were sunken, all trace of color had left her face, and her friends feared she was going into a decline. "I had no energy," says Miss Roberts, "and suffered so much from the headaches and dizziness and other symptoms of anemia that I felt I did not care whether I lived or died. One day, however, when reading our local paper I read a testimonial given by a young girl in favor of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and as her symptoms were almost identical with my own I determined to try this medicine. Before I had used the second box I began to find benefit, and I continued taking the pills until I had used seven or eight boxes, by which time I was fully restored to health." To-day Miss Roberts looks as though she had never been ill a day in her life, and she has no hesitation in saying that her present good health is due to health to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Bad blood is the cause of all common diseases like anaemia, headaches, paleness, general weakness, heart palpitation, neuralgia, indigestion, and the special ailments that only women suffer from. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure these common ailments, because they make rich, red, health-giving blood, bracing the jangled nerves and giving strength to every organ in the body. Do not take any pills without the name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" on the wrapper around each box. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

THIS DUMMY CAN FIGHT.

Mechanical Prize Fighter Keeps a Live Boxer Busy.

A mechanical prize fighter, designed to serve as boxing partner for the professional pugilist, has been invented by a New Britain, Conn., man, according to the Scientific American, this machine is really a formidable fighter, and has already gained quite an enviable reputation in the many encounters it has had with local talent. Not only does it deliver straight leads and counters, but it varies these with an occasional upper cut and its blows are retained with a speed and power that are the envy of the professional boxer. The machine does not "telegraph," that is, it does not give a warning of a coming blow by a preliminary backward jerk, which is so common to all but the best of boxers. Nor can the opponent escape these blows by side stepping, because the automaton will follow him. At each side of the opponent is a trap door, connected with the base of the machine in such a way that when he steps on one or other of these doors the machine will swing around toward him. The arms of the mechanical boxer are fitted with spring plungers which are connected with crank handles turned by machinery. Separate crankshafts are used for the right and left arms, and they carry pulleys between which an idle pulley is mounted. The arms are connected with the main driving pulley by a belt which is shifted from side to side, bringing first one and then the other of the boxing arms into action. The belt-shifter is operated by an irregular cam at the bottom of the machine and gives no indication as to which fist is about to strike. Aside from this, the body of the boxer is arranged to swing backward or forward under the control of an irregular cam, so that the blows will land in different places on the opponent. For instance, a backward swing of the body will deliver an uppercut. The machine is driven by an electric motor, and can be made to rain blows as rapidly as the best boxer can receive them, or it may be operated slowly for the instruction of the novice. As the machine is fitted with spring arms and gloves, an agile opponent can ward off the blows and thus protect himself.

Indiana Supreme Court has upheld the constitutionality of the act requiring manufacturing and mining companies and firms to pay their employees semi-monthly in lawful money.

Why Thunder Sours Milk.

To many persons the curdling of milk in a thunderstorm is a mysterious and unintelligible phenomenon. Yet the whole process really is simple and natural.

Milk, like most other substances, contains millions of bacteria. The milk bacteria that in a day or two, under natural conditions, would cause the fluid to sour are peculiarly susceptible to electricity. Electricity ionizes and invigorates them, affecting them as alcohol, cocaine or strychnine affects men. Under the current's influence they fall to work with amazing energy and instead of taking a couple of days to sour the milk they accomplish the task completely in half an hour.

It is not the thunder in a storm that sours milk; it is the electricity in the air that does it. With an electric battery it is easy, on the same principle, to sour the fresh milk. A strong current excites the microbes to supermicrobic exertions and in a few minutes they do a job that under ordinary conditions would take them a couple of days.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

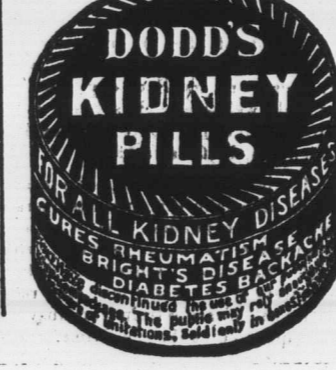
An Emigrant From Greece.

"Stranger," we are told, comes from the Greek "ex," or "out of." "Ex" means out, from, or away, the same word as the Latin "ex," whence comes "extra," "Tham come, affecting the Latin "extraneous," which means outside. The old French word from this, "estranger," means an outsider, but "estranger" gave us the word "stranger," by dropping the "e," and "stranger," by dropping the "e."—St. Nicholas.

Hunt for Chorus Girls.

(Boston Herald.)

The annual hunt is now being carried on in New York and Philadelphia for chorus girls. There seems to be quite an unusual shortage in the supply and search is made among stenographers, church singers, maids, curts and bookkeepers. Nothing is said about the old ladies' homes, but they are probably emptied first.



T
H
I
S
O
R
I
G
I
N
A
L
D
O
C
U
M
E
N
T
I
S
I
N
V
E
R
Y
P
O
O
R
C
O
N
D
I
T
I
O
N