

Danesbury House.

Lord Temple made a movement as if he would have raised his head, and his eyes sought Sir Robert's face. The latter read the anxious expression. He leaned over and said, "I understand, he said, 'I'll be off now. Keep your mind easy; by the time you arrive at home, she will be expecting you. This will be all right, I can see, only keep tranquil.'"

Sir Robert's face grew leisurely to Lady Temple; he did not hurry, for he thought she would not be up, and he did not care to disturb her. He was leaning over the window, looking at her in vain, now giving way to the terrors of imaginative fear. With a gasp, he saw her coming down the stairs, and he rushed down, just as she was starting on her way. She was leaning over the window, looking at her in vain, now giving way to the terrors of imaginative fear. With a gasp, he saw her coming down the stairs, and he rushed down, just as she was starting on her way.

"What have you to tell me?" she murmured. "What is it that has happened?" "Dear Lady Temple," he said, feelingly, "it is not so bad as you are fearing. I am a doctor, and I can tell you that it is not so bad as you are fearing. I am a doctor, and I can tell you that it is not so bad as you are fearing."

"I have never been in bed all night," she murmured. "I have been watching in the night, and I can tell you that it is not so bad as you are fearing. I am a doctor, and I can tell you that it is not so bad as you are fearing."

"I will go and watch for them, and come in with them," said Sir Robert, "perhaps I may be of use. You will calm yourself, my dear, I can tell you that it is not so bad as you are fearing. I am a doctor, and I can tell you that it is not so bad as you are fearing."

"Give me the address," said Sir Robert. "I will dispatch a messenger instantly." The Danesbury family was at breakfast that same morning, when Mrs. Danesbury happened to raise her head. "Who is this coming to the house?" she exclaimed. "A man in a blue uniform, sir. He has got on a sort of uniform."

"What is the matter?" said Sir Robert. "It is a porter from the telegraph office," he observed. "He must be bringing a message. About that iron, no doubt," cried Mr. Danesbury. "But why do they send here, instead of to the factory?"

"The servant entered with a dispatch in his hand, and handed it according to its address—Arthur Danesbury, Esq., Danesbury House, East, London." "Now, I wonder what this is," thought Arthur, as he read. He glanced at the paper, and then went to the window to open the dispatch. His back turned to the breakfast-table, an unpleasant fear had crossed his mind that something was wrong with Robert. From fears of some kind or other relating to Robert he was rarely free.

"Sir Robert says to Arthur, Danesbury, Esquire—An accident has happened to Lord Temple. Lady Temple wishes for you here. Love no time."

"What in the world is it, Arthur?" cried out William. "You are a long while staying in it." Arthur turned round, as if in amaze, keeping the dispatch in his closed hand. Mr. Danesbury looked at him. "It is unpleasant news, sir. Something is wrong."

"Unpleasant news!" shrieked out Mrs. Danesbury. "Robert is ill! I know he is! or else the regiment is ordered abroad?" "It is nothing about Robert," answered Arthur to Mrs. Danesbury, again turning to address his father. "Something is amiss with Lord Temple. They wish me to go."

"Does he telegraph?" asked Mrs. Danesbury. "He does not," said Sir Robert. "There it is," he added, handing the ominous words to his father, now that he had, in a degree, prevailed him.

"What can it be?" asked Mrs. Danesbury, in concern. "You will lose no time, of course, Arthur." "I shall start immediately, by the express train."

When Arthur reached home, he made the very best of speed to Lord Temple's that a London cab could make. Sir Robert was leaving the house, when he saw a cab stop there, and a remarkably noble-looking man, with fine features, and blue eyes that quite fascinated him, stepped out of the cab. "What is it?" inquired Arthur, knowing that the man who spoke to Sir Robert was the same who had been in the cab.

"What is it?" inquired Arthur, knowing that the man who spoke to Sir Robert was the same who had been in the cab. "He has been wounded in a duel. I trust you may not have to say killed. But symptoms, I fear, are less favorable than they were earlier in the day."

"A duel?" uttered Arthur, doubting whether he heard aright. "A duel, did you say?" "With Colonel Groves," returned Sir Robert.

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Robert. "A dispute occurred in the night, in a house where they were, and they went out at daybreak and fought."

"A duel!" Arthur could not help repeating, unable to realize the extraordinary thing that he was saying. "Could Lord Temple have been in his senses?"

"Only partially so. He had taken too much wine. They all had, and there was a regular drunken brawl. Groves was cool and sober; he had not been of the drinking party."

"How is my sister? Do you know how she bears it?"

"Poor lady! my heart aches for her. She told me this morning, that she would be calm before her husband."

"Perfect quiet, whispered Isabel, as a caution to her brother. 'Perfect quiet,' the medical man says it is the only chance."

"That I had been like you, Arthur?" he breathed, "that I had been like you a water-drinker?"

"Lady Temple leaned over him, the tears falling. 'Reginald, you know you must be silent.'"

"I am not full of wine this would never have occurred," he continued, unheeding the injunction. "Arthur, if I get well, I will forewear drink forever."

"You must not," whispered Arthur, "that you may get well."

"Ay, ay, and by God's help redeem the past."

Then he lay without speaking, and they sat by him in silence. In a little while the medical men came in, two of the most eminent surgeons in London. Arthur followed them from the room when they went out again.

"Is there any chance of his life?" he inquired. "I beg you will tell me. I am the brother of Lady Temple."

"The chances are slight," was the answer. "We fear internal hemorrhage."

The day went on to the evening, and the abiding Viscount Temple's life went with it. The doctors were in and out at intervals, but they could do nothing. Isabel had been reading to him out of St. John's Gospel, and he had listened with closed eyes and folded hands. When it grew dark one of the attendants entered with a light, placed it on the table, and went out again.

"No," faintly cried Lord Temple. "His wife thought he meant to object to the light, as no doubt he did, and she took it herself from the room. In that moment he put out his hand; Arthur understood the movement, and bent over him."

"I am—going, Arthur. I feel it. Oh, my wasted life! Thus he cut off in his midst! Arthur, who will take care of her and of her child? I leave them to you. If it be a boy, tell him his father's fate—that it may be a warning."

Arthur Danesbury did not answer, save by a deep pressure of the hand. It said all. His sister returned, and he moved lower, to give her place by her husband. Lord Temple drew her face down to that it might rest on his.

"Isabel—my darling—it is nearly over," she would not scream she did not fear; but her heart beat wildly with the sickness of despair, and a cold perspiration broke out over her head and face.

(To be continued.)

Why have Americans been over-worked during the past year or two? Because the McKinley Bill prevented the Canadian men from assisting them, and the Americans still continued to require the same number of eggs. Why has the Pure Gold Manufacturing Company had such an increase in their business? Because the whole Dominion is becoming alive to the superior merits of the Pure Gold Baking Powder and Flavoring Extracts.

"A penny for your thoughts, my dear," he said in coaxing tone. "It means an awful sorrow, dear. You're of my own town."

Unfolded Misery—What a Well-Known Commercial Traveler Suffered, and How He Was Cured—Gentlemen—About five years ago I began to be troubled with dyspepsia, and for three years suffered untold misery, from this terrible complaint. About that time, I was traveling for Messrs. Walter Woods & Co., Hamilton, and was treated by some of the best physicians in the country, but all to no purpose. I continued to grow worse, one day I was induced to try a bottle of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, and to my great surprise and joy, I soon began to improve. I continued using this medicine, and when the third bottle was finished I found I was entirely cured; and as a year has elapsed since then, I feel confident that the cure is complete and permanent. To all afflicted with this distressing complaint I heartily recommend Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, believing that the persistent use of it will cure any case of dyspepsia. (Signed.) T. S. McIVER.

The Prince and Princess of Wales will embark on the British royal yacht Osborne at Marseilles about the middle of January, and will visit Naples, Palermo, Corfu and Athens, returning to the Riviera in time to be present during the carnival.

A man's wife should always be the same especially to her husband; but if she is weak and nervous, and uses Carter's Iron Pills, she cannot be, for they will make her "strong" like a different person. At least so they say, and their husbands say so too.

The national debt of Europe amounts to a total which is equivalent to \$55 for each inhabitant of the continent.

SAML OF POSEN'S STORY.

Events on the Night of the Shooting Clearly Related.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 6.—Attorney Geo. A. Knight, addressing the jury in the Curcio case, outlined what the defense would attempt to prove, and said it would be shown that much of the testimony of the prosecution is absolutely false. Concerning John Cann, of Humboldt county, who testified to seeing the shooting of Officer Grant, counsel said: "We will show that Cann could not have stood where he says he did on that night or he would have been seen by others." He also challenged other statements made by the witness.

M. E. Curtis, the defendant in the case, then took the stand in his own behalf. He related his story just as he did on the first trial and accounted for his whereabouts on the night of the homicide up to the time of the shooting. He went to the Grand Opera House to meet Mrs. Curtis, but the performance was over and he started for the Tivoli Theater barroom. He met a man near Fifth and Mission streets who asked him for a light. Curtis found it was too late to go to the Tivoli and started for a Howard street car. He said good night to the stranger and had got about half a block down Sixth street when he became impressed with the idea that some one was following him. He half turned around, when suddenly he was struck by some blunt weapon, and in a half dazed condition fell to the sidewalk. His assailant jumped upon him and a struggle of a minute or so ensued. "The next thing I know," said Curtis, "I was that I was jerked to my feet and placed under arrest and a pair of nippers snatched over my wrist. I protested that I had been assaulted by the other man whom the officer had also arrested."

Curtis then related the course taken toward the police station and how he suddenly heard a shot fired near his head. He was terribly frightened and fled. The fright and the blow on his head affected him so seriously he had no clear recollection of anything that occurred until three or four hours after the shooting. He claimed that he has to this day suffered pains in the back of his head, due to the blow he received that night. When arrested he was black and blue all over his body. He had \$240 on his person when he was knocked down, but has never seen the money since. He did not know that he had been robbed until all the money that was returned to him by the police was \$5 cents. He thought for some time that the police had the money, but his attorneys discovered that the police did not have it.

They say it is dangerous to go into the water after a hearty meal. But who expects to find a hearty meal in the water?

SHILOH'S CURE. Cures Consumption, Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Sold by all Druggists on a Guarantee. For a Large Size, Back or Chest Shiloh's Perous Plaster will give great satisfaction.—25 cents.

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ALWAYS TRUE. RHEUMATISM.—Col. DAVID WYLIE, Brockville, Ont., says: "I suffered intensely with rheumatism in my ankles. Could not stand; rubbed them with ST. JACOB'S OIL. In the morning I walked without pain."

NEURALGIA.—Mr. JAMES BONNER, 128 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont., writes: "St. Jacob's Oil is the only remedy that relieved me of neuralgia, and it effectively cured me."

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RAILWAY TIME TABLES.

GRAND TRUNK—Southern Division. CORRECTED NOV. 14, 1892.

MAIN LINE—Going East		
	ARRIVE	DEPART
*Limited Express (A).....	8:35 a.m.	8:45 a.m.
Mail.....		9:00 a.m.
Atlantic Express (A).....	12:05 p.m.	12:15 p.m.
Day Express.....	10:50 a.m.	2:50 p.m.
*St. Louis Express (A) (M).....	4:50 p.m.	4:55 p.m.
Mixed—No. 50 Freight (C).....	5:45 p.m.	5:50 p.m.
	11:40 p.m.	11:40 p.m.