



"KYRA,"

The Ward of the Earl of Vering.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Conclusion.
The gray dawn broke with sullen reluctance, and the wind, that had been howling round the house all night, as if in tormenting mockery of the lithe, motionless figure stretched out so peacefully upon the bed, had sunk into a grim, threatening murmur.

Lights were still burning upstairs and down, and many feet were continually passing to and fro in a hushed, noiseless manner; the whole household was awe-stricken and overwhelmed. Two doctors had arrived; one a famous physician, who had held many a wrestling bout with grim death, and come off the victor. He had gone in his self-possessed, placid manner, straight to the silent room, and had there examined the form that lay so exquisitely and horribly like a piece of statuary. And he had sent word to the stricken man, waiting below, that death had not taken full possession as yet—that she still lived—as yet. It was poor comfort, but it was some, and surely the man of mysterious skill would have given one, if he could have done so, truthfully in face of the awful agony which darkened the face of the man awaiting him in the library.

"Is there any hope?" Percy had asked, hoarsely.

"While there is life, my lord, you can help me to frame my answer if you would compose yourself sufficiently to tell me how this happened, to the most minute detail."

Then Percy had stepped out from the darkest shadow of the darkened room, and told the two all that there was to tell.

"Poison!" said the great doctor, quietly. "Where is the dagger?"

Percy drew it from his bosom without a flush or a shade of hesitation, and handed it to him.

"Hem," said the doctor; "if you had sent to Dr. Maywell instead of for me, it would have been fortunate; he understands savage poisons. Send for him at once, and say that I am here."

A messenger was dispatched on the instant, and the two doctors left the room, the smaller one murmuring as he did so:

"It will go hard with his lordship, if this turns out as we expect, doctor."

So the night passed, and the dawn turned into day, and still the exquisite form was marble to all the efforts of science to change it into life.

About eight a carriage brought the expert in poisons, Dr. Maywell, and in a grim, hushed silence they took him upstairs. He was a little, absent man, with only one object in life—the discovery of new poisons and their antidotes, and he passed by the grim awful misery of Percy, and the hushed terror of Lillian Devigne, with complaisant unconcern.

But when he bent over the still form when his small, white hand touched the little red wound in the sweet, soft skin, his manner was full of an intense, absorbed interest.

"Where is the instrument—the knife?"

"Don't Forget—that when constipation, biliousness or indigestion is neglected, it may cause a serious illness. Act upon the first symptom—keep your digestive organs in good order by the timely use of BEECHAM'S PILLS"

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—the dagger?" he asked. "They told him it was downstage, and that Lord Vering would not part with it out of his sight."

The doctor stood talking with his brethren, and while he was doing so, Charlie and Lady Mary arrived. Charlie turned sick, for the moment, at the hushed, funeral look of the place, and passed into the library, and held Percy's hand in silence.

No word was possible for a minute before that white, haggard face, tightly set lips, and hollow eyes.

"Tell me the worst, Percel!" at last whispered Charlie. "Is she—"

"No!" said Percy, shuddering at the unspoken word. "She lies up there—my darling, just out of heaven. Oh, my God, Charlie, the punishment is more than I can bear! Who is that?" he added, as Lady Mary came noiselessly in.

"Mary, my wife," said Charlie.

"Kyra's sister," added Lady Mary, softly and tearfully, and, without a word, she gilded upstairs to take the place beside the bed, which she never left till the time came.

"You can't tell me all now," said Charlie, taking his hand. "Don't cry, dear Percy; but let me stay here with you," and he drew aside to the window, out of sight of the white and pained face.

Presently the door opened, and Dr. Maywell came in.

"Where is the dagger?" he asked, sharply.

Charlie started and drew near as Percy took out the dagger and handed it to the weird-like little man.

He took it, turned up the gas, and bent his keen, gray eyes on the blade. Then scraped it with a little, sharp instrument; then called for a glass of water, and—swiftly cut the water with the extreme point of the dagger twice or thrice.

Percy looked on with hungry, hollow eyes; Charlie with awe struggling with amazement.

Then the little man took a drop of the water and examined it with a pocket microscope, and looked up suddenly with what might have been mistaken for an expression of amazed disappointment.

The animalculae are all alive; this thing isn't poisoned!"

Charlie rushed forward all aglow.

"Who the devil said it was?" he exclaimed, with a mad thrill of joyful hope. "Let me look at it, doctor; yes, it is the same dagger; it is rusty enough now, but I cleaned it as bright as a new shilling with oil and sand-paper just before I left the world. Why, you don't mean to say that you thought Kyra had poisoned herself with it? Look out doctor, My God!"

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The woman who simply orders coffee deserves whatever she gets

The woman who orders SEAL BRAND



deserves the Best & gets it.

In 1/2, 1 and 2 pound cans. Whole—ground—pulverized—also Fine Ground for Perculators.

WHEN LOVE

Came Too Late.

CHAPTER I.

Something of a Mystery.

"I nearly forgot you were in the room, my dear Miss Olivia," he said, with a smile. "Yes, like the Jew who regretted he hadn't asked more. Yes, yes! He accepted, and at once: 'If you will have the draft deed made out, I'll sign it,' he said, quietly."

"Dear me, how very sudden and prompt!" murmured Miss Amelia. "Y—es," said the old man; "but we lawyers are not accustomed to such suddenness, and I—er—I felt it my duty to ask him for the name of his legal adviser, to whom I might send the draft, and—er—for references."

"Of course," assented Miss Amelia. The girl held her hands above the keys and turned half round, as if absently waiting for the sequel.

"Well, my dear Miss Amelia, I was very much surprised, indeed, by his response to my very natural request. 'Send the draft to me at the George Inn, where I am staying,' he said, quite quietly and indifferently. Oh, quite! His manner was perfect, though—er—rather haughty and reserved, perhaps. 'Send the draft to the George. As to the references, I need not trouble you with them, as I am quite willing to pay any deposit—or the whole amount, if you like, here and now.'"

"Now, really!" exclaimed Miss Amelia, in a subdued murmur.

Olivia struck the chord softly, and smiled.

"Of course, such a proceeding was quite unusual and—er—unbusiness-like," continued Mr. Sparrow; "but it was scarcely one I could object to. I was the vendor, he the purchaser, and—er—in short, I declined to accept any money, and sent the draft to the George the next morning. It came back in an hour, the deeds were engrossed that afternoon, duly signed, and the money paid."

"By check?" murmured Miss Amelia, with some shrewdness.

Mr. Sparrow nodded approvingly.

"No, my dear Miss Amelia, for if it had been a check I should probably, as it no doubt occurred to you, have been able to learn something of Mr. Faradeane through his bankers. The money was paid in gold and notes, which are, to all intents and purposes, untraceable." Thank you; one more cup. Two pieces of sugar. Thank you. In gold and notes. So far, I think you will admit, the proceedings were—er—slightly mysterious."

"Charmingly so," assented Miss Amelia.

"And they are nothing to what follows," said Mr. Sparrow, with a knowing nod. "Having obtained pos-

session of The Dell, Mr. Faradeane has had it put in repair throughout, and is now actually residing there!"

"There was only one thing more mysterious he could have been guilty of," said Olivia, with a smile. "He could have let it!"

"Wait a moment, my dear Miss Olivia," said Mr. Sparrow. "There is nothing mysterious in his living at The Dell, but the manner of his living. In the first place, he is living there with only one servant—a man-servant; in the next, no woman is permitted to pass the gate, I must give it as a fact. Old Mrs. Williams, from the farm, was stopped by the man-servant as she was entering the gate with some eggs and butter, and informed, quite civilly, but firmly, that no female would be permitted to enter the premises, and that for the future she must leave her basket outside."

"Good gra—" gasped Miss Amelia.

"More than that," continued Mr. Sparrow, in a state of mild excitement; "Mrs. Williams tells me that the place is barricaded as if for a siege, and that a large mastiff is prowling—loose, actually loose!—about the place, day and night."

"Great Heav—" Miss Amelia tried to ejaculate, but Mr. Sparrow, thoroughly warmed to his work, rushed on:

"I've heard, too, from several people, that lights are seen burning in the windows nearly the whole night through. Indeed, the people in the village—of course it's very foolish—declare that Mr. Faradeane never goes to bed. Several people have seen him walking up and down The Dell lane at the most unearthly hours. Now, Miss Olivia, what do you think of the affair?" and the little man leaned back with an air of satisfaction.

Olivia laughed thoughtfully.

"Yes, it is rather mysterious," she admitted, to his palpable delight. "Do you think that he is a coiner, or simply a gentleman suffering from the pangs of a guilty conscience?"

Mr. Sparrow could not see the twinkle in the dark eyes, and as the sweet voice was perfectly grave, took the question seriously.

"Well, I must confess that the thought did—er—cross my mind; I mean in respect to coining; one reads such—er—extraordinary stories."

"Ah, yes!" breathed Miss Amelia, with a delighted little gasp. "Good gracious! fancy a coiner in Hawk-wood! Of course, you have hinted your suspicions to Smallbone?"

Smallbone was the village policeman, who, if having nothing to do from one year's end to the other can produce happiness, should have been in a continual state of felicity.

"Well—er—no," said Mr. Sparrow.

"Perhaps it occurred to Mr. Sparrow, aunt, that even coiners are not so utterly imbecile as to set about their work by attracting the attention of all their neighbors," said Olivia.

"Ahem! That is true! That is very true," remarked Mr. Sparrow, with a little cough. "And I confess that the counterfeit coinage theory scarcely holds good. Mr. Faradeane does not give one the idea of—that class of criminal."

(To be Continued.)

A candlestick, equipped with candle and matchbox, should be in every bedroom. There are times when electric lights go out, and with these precautions confusion is avoided.

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Address in full:—

Name

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AN ATTRACTIVE NEGLIGEE.



1760—This smart style is lovely for any of the pretty inexpensive crepes, lawns, organdies or voiles. It is also nice for silk, batiste and all lingerie fabrics. The fullness of waist and skirt is gathered at raised waistline. The sleeve is cut in one with the body of the waist. In blue and white or lavender and white, with trimming of white or soft color, the design will be quite becoming. The Pattern is cut in 3 sizes: Small, Medium and Large. It requires 6 1/2 yards of 44 inch material for a Medium size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

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1604—Ladies' Apron with or without Belt. Gingham, seersucker, percale, lawn, saten, drill or alpaca may be used for this model. It is made with a boxplait at the center front, under which the closing may be finished. The full pocket is a new and desirable feature. The Pattern is cut in 3 sizes: Small Medium and Large. It requires 4 1/2 yards of 36 inch material for a Medium size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

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Ladies' White and Coloured Voile Dresses that were \$6.50 and \$7.00, are now priced down to . . . \$4.90

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If brown boots have gotten very stained and greasy, cover them with French chalk and leave for twenty-four hours, then wipe off and polish with brown boot polish.

A refreshing drink for a hot day is cocoa, prepared in the usual way and placed on the ice. When it is cold, put into a tall glass and cover with whipped cream.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DIS-

War News.

Messages Received Previous to 9 A.M.

OFFICIAL.

LONDON, July 24.

The Governor, St. John's:

In the Somme sector, the enemy achieved little by heavy counter attacks, except very severe losses, only recovering part of Fourreaux Wood and part of the village of Longueval. Our attack was resumed yesterday. Fighting was intensely violent. A large portion of Pozieres was captured, and further gains and prisoners were taken. Progress was also made in Fourreaux Wood and in the direction of Guillemont.

The French made progress north and south of the Somme, capturing 3,000 prisoners.

Round Verdun there were some slight French successes.

On Sunday night our light forces engaged six enemy destroyers. The enemy ships were repeatedly hit, but reached the Belgian coast.

The Russians have won further victory in Volhynia, capturing 14,000 prisoners. They are advancing rapidly toward Erzincan in the Caucasus.

Italians have captured various mountain positions and numerous prisoners.

In Egypt a Turkish force has advanced towards Kabila.

Further important successes are reported from East Africa.

ST. PIERRE BULLETIN.

PARIS, July 24.

On the Somme front it was quiet at night with bad weather still prevailing. North of the Aisne recon-

nottering parties penetrated the German trenches near Vailly and brought back some prisoners. On the right bank of the Meuse last night during a small action in the vicinity of Chappelle St. Etienne we captured about 30 prisoners. According to latest information we have captured over 800 prisoners in this sector during the past ten days.

Last night a German aeroplane dropped bombs on Luneville, wounding one person. Sub-Lieut. Chapuis brought down his 8th German aeroplane near Fresnes-en-Woivre. Another German machine was attacked and smashed near Vauxfort, during the night of the 22nd to 23rd; and on the 23rd our armoured aeroplanes dropped 8 bombs on Conflans station, 40 on the military establishments near Vignuelles, and 25 on Dieuze aerodrome, barracks.

EMPEROR WILLIAM TALKS TO WOUNDED SOLDIERS.

NEW YORK, July 24.

Emperor William, during his recent trip to the front somewhere in the rear of Peronne, on the Somme front, says a despatch by wireless from Berne, made a speech to the German wounded soldiers which is attracting much attention in Germany. He is quoted as saying, "It is the most poignant grief of my life that I am unable to take more active part in this war. It is my earnest desire to take my place in the trenches to deal such blows as my age and strength would permit. If I could take my place with the youngest of you, promise I would leave my mark on the enemy, but the inscrutable Almighty

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