

HOW SHE WON.

CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

She looks so fair and fragile sitting there, the faintest flickering on her sweet face, that Colonel Dare's heart beats in such sympathy as he has never before accorded to any living woman. Surely, he thinks, Lord Leigh must have been a worse man even than rumor has made him to have ill-treated her. She looks so young, too—scarcely three-and-twenty, though in the Peerage her age is put down as twenty-seven and she became a wife, a mere child when she became a wife. Little Rollo is coiled up in her lap now, having faithfully deserted his own friend; and mother and son make a picture which any painter, however spoiled by fame, might be proud to portray.

"Have I interrupted you?" she asks, presently. "You were telling Rollo some stories. Won't you go on with them?"

For a moment he feels aggrieved, that, like Othello, he cannot strive to win this other Desdemona with stories of his prowess. He has been the hero of many a warlike anecdote and not for nothing was the V. C. awarded him when the mutiny was at an end.

"Tell us about India," says the boy, eagerly, edging closer to his mother, and composing himself to listen comfortably.

"India! Have you ever been in India, Mr. Dare?"

She stops in some confusion, remembering that he has been in her house a week, and yet she does not know his name.

"My name is Dare," he puts in quickly, trying to evade the question, and not noticing until he has spoken that in the hurry of the moment he has forgotten to give the false name he had invented for the occasion. However, the subject is successfully changed.

"You will think me sadly unbusinesslike," she begins, with a half smile, "but—"

"But ladies are never expected to be amateur detectives," he finishes for her.

"Detectives!" she echoes, with a little startled cry.

"Lawyers, if you like the term better. It is the same thing."

"Oh, no. Lawyers transact business detectives discover fraud."

It is his turn to start now and turn pale, and she, noticing it, adds, quickly: "It was your word, not mine. I did not mean anything by it."

"Would you like to write to an address I can give you, and ask for a reference?"

She shakes her head, with a little sweet, sad smile.

"I may have been wrong in not doing so at first, but there is no longer any occasion. I have heard and seen enough to trust you thoroughly."

The tutor's eyes droop, and he feels more abashed at the confidence she has expressed than he would have done had she discovered all and overwhelmed him with reproaches.

"Mother, ask him to tell the story," persisted little Rollo.

Lady Leigh, however, shakes her head, and does not urge the request. Perhaps she feels that she has condescended sufficiently for once in coming there at all, and does not wish to awaken the familiarity that breeds contempt. Or perhaps she, too, is thinking of Desdemona and Othello, and knows to what such story telling might lead.

And yet this tall, thin, professor-looking man is surely old and ugly enough for there to be an utter immunity from danger. Half laughing at the fears that had arisen, she lifts Rollo from her lap and rises to her feet.

"It is getting late, and Rollo, it will be your bedtime soon."

The boy pouts, and would rebel, but Colonel Dare, whose first lesson to his pupil had—military-like—been obedience is there, so he only looks his discontent.

"My boy, those who have been taught to obey learn soonest how to command," is the grave admonition he receives, and then the speaker stoops and kisses the child, so that all sternness is taken out of the rebuke.

Lady Leigh holds out her hand impulsively.

"If I could believe there was good in any man, I should believe it of you," she says quietly.

Then, ashamed of her words, she turns to leave the room. But the tutor so far forgets himself as to follow her and take hold of the handle of the door.

"Believe that there is good in every man," he says gently, "and that only in some the evil predominates."

"Prove your words. Train my boy so that in the future I may never have cause to blush for him, and I will bless and pray for you as long as I live!" she exclaims, excitedly.

"Indeed, it will not be so difficult a task. Rollo is a dear little fellow, and I think he will grow up a noble man, fit for the high station he is destined to fill."

lady to make her cry so this afternoon?" asks Tabitha, sternly, when she brings in dinner that evening, standing before the tutor, gaunt and grim.

"Lady Leigh! Was she crying?"

"Of course she was, or I would not have mentioned it. But there—don't fash yourself; I dare say it was none of your doing—a little mollified by his evident distress."

"Indeed, I hope not. Heaven knows, I would not willingly add to her suffering."

The words are so low she does not hear them.

"Likely enough she was worrying about the boy," she goes on, musingly. She turns to the sideboard to cut some bread, and so does not notice the undue excitement he is betraying. Then, as she comes back to the table, she sees for the first time how pale he is, and with the privilege of an old servant, comments upon it at once.

"You are not looking well yourself, sir," she says, with some concern.

"It is nothing. I have a little headache, perhaps. Want of fresh air, I suppose," he answers lightly.

"There's a park. Why don't you walk out sometimes?"

"Would Lady Leigh care about that? There would always be the chance of our meeting, and I do not wish to be an annoyance to her."

"I forgot that," says Tabitha, but inwardly resolved to speak to her lady on the subject at once.

Colonel Dare is just putting down the lamp preparatory to retiring for the night, when the good-natured but blunt-spoken woman servant puts her head in at the door.

"My lady hopes you will walk in the grounds as often as you feel inclined, and there's a library downstairs, if you care to go sometimes."

The tutor gives a pleased smile as the door closes behind her. No longer shut up in his own suite of rooms, he may possibly, by a little maneuvering, manage to see her again. This concession gained, it will depend upon himself whether he wins the day or loses it by the very means he has adopted to succeed. The deceit which has given him so much pain may in the end cause his greater discomfiture.

CHAPTER IV.

It is some days before Colonel Dare sees Lady Leigh again. Whether it is that she guesses at what time he will be out, and so avoids him, or whether she has ceased to care for outdoor exercise, it is difficult to determine, but certain it is that neither in the park nor on the stairs does he meet her.

Not the less does he think of her, however, and Rollo forms a strong link between them, the little fellow repeating to each what the other has said in childish ignorance of the interest that one at least takes in the recital.

It is evening when chance brings them together again. The tutor is walking up and down before the house, looking a little wistfully at the window, where a subdued light is shining, as he smokes his after-dinner cigarette.

His gaze is still directed upward, when a slight shock runs through his frame, and he finds that Lady Leigh is almost in his arms. Coming suddenly round the corner of the house, she had not seen him until too late. For so elderly and staid-looking a man, he is singularly confused by this encounter, and by the half-amused smile that flickers on her lips as she notes what it is which so attracts his gaze.

Hastily flinging away the cigarette, he raises his hat and murmurs some inarticulate apology.

"You were looking at the stars, Mr. Dare?"

"Yes, I was looking at the stars."

Lady Leigh smiles a little consciously; she is too beautiful not to know of her beauty, and to guess at least a part of his presumption, yet too gracious not to forgive it.

She has wrapped a shawl round her and come out directly her solitary meal is ended.

In the clear moonlight Colonel Dare can note the soft, silken robe, the glitter of jewels, and the gleam of the snow-white throat and arms. In spite of sorrow, even of despair, she has retained sufficient womanliness to love pretty things for their own sake, and to care to look well even if there is no one to admire her.

"What a lovely night!" she says sighing.

Colonel Dare acquiesces, and, turning round, walks by her side.

"Tabitha tells me that you have been keeping in all this time for fear of annoying me," she says again, presently; "I am very sorry that you should have done so."

"Is it a false report, then, that represents you as being wedded to seclusion, so averse to meeting—"

"No; it is true. Mr. Dare, if you knew my story, you would not wonder that I should hate all men for the sake of one."

He does not answer, being amazed at the audacity of his own question and the warmth of her reply; but, somehow, she seems to know his silence is from sympathy, not coldness, and does not resent it.

They have come to a rustic seat, and Lady Leigh, with a gesture of fatigue, sinks down on it and motions her companion to do the same. Nothing loath, he complies.

"It is the anniversary of my wedding day," she says, presently, in a dreamy voice, only half aloud. "It is nearly seven years since I came to this gloomy prison."

"You do not like the place," he asks, in some surprise.

"Other places are worse. Here at least I am free from the insults of pitying contempt and curiosity."

"And you fled here in your trouble?" he hazards, half doubtfully, as though fearing to give her pain.

"Yes, it was the first time I had seen my husband's home. Leigh Park was too full a retreat for him—even during our honeymoon. He had not been here since he was a boy. He left his mother to die alone."

Always impulsive in words or deeds, Lady Leigh's lips are opened now by the unexpected encounter; her confidence is won by the tutor's gentle voice and evident admiration for herself, and perhaps not a little by the half-clerical garb he has adopted—women are so prone to religious influence—besides, to-night the past seems so near that she feels she must speak. She goes on after a pause.

"I was nineteen when I married, perhaps younger than my years, and before I had been a wife three months my husband told me, with cruel candor, that he had never loved me, only married me from pique. With equal frankness, he informed me of the name of the woman for whom alone he cared, and half begged, half commanded me to invite her to our house. But why do I tell you all this?"

"Because you know I sympathize, and because it is good sometimes to unburden one's heart, lest it should become over-full and break."

The shawl has fallen back from her head in her excitement, and the moonlight streams over her uncovered hair, encircling it like a halo. Her eyes are glittering and hard, but she smiles a smile so bitter sweet that it is more pitiful than tears.

"If my heart had been breakable it would have broken long ago," she answers sadly. "I was too hardened from the first. Six months after our marriage we were separated; he to follow the attachment to which he had so long been a slave, and I to wander about the Continent striving in vain to hide myself from the sight of men. Nearly every town I visited contained somebody I had known before. The best-informed and least censorious pitied me as the woman whose husband had left her without a given reason; others, not so merciful, condemned me as a faithless wife—for my case had not yet entered the public, and where there is mystery the woman is always blamed. Oh! it was very, very hard to bear."

"You have indeed suffered," he whispers gently, and it is well that his eyes are hidden by spectacles, for they are burning with an indignation which might have betrayed his secret.

"The worst was yet to come. It was at Rome. In the papers I had seen that there with her husband, always admired and sought after. And further down the column I read of Lord Leigh's presence in the city. I meant to leave at once, but that same afternoon I met them driving. He lifted his hat with a defiant, mocking smile, and she—out me dead; I, the innocent, injured wife, and she, the guilty woman, only countenanced by the world because her husband was still with her, blind or callous to what she had done, and she—out me dead."

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AFFAIRS IN THE SOUDAN.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE GREAT MARCH TO KHARTOUM.

Preparing to Occupy Gen. Gordon's Old Charge—An Instance of the Effects of Modern Artillery—The Dervishes are Sure to be Scattered.

The British newspapers are now receiving despatches almost daily from their correspondents with the columns under General Gatacre and Sir Herbert Kitchener.

The force under the latter which leads the advance is principally composed of Egyptian troops officered by Britishers.

The following from the correspondent of the Daily Chronicle dated Wady Halfa gives an interesting glimpse of the situation and the probable course of events:

Long before this can reach you the decision of the Government of Downing street will have been made public concerning the principle of help to the Government of Egypt in this coming campaign, though the amount may not be made known until later. But it is more clear than ever that help must be found outside Egyptian resources if the Khalifa Abdullahi is to be beaten out of Khartoum. And I should not wonder if England is asked to find a million for this purpose. I could tell what it is necessary to find the million for, but it has not been my habit to blurt out official secrets unless it is for the public good that they should be made known. And here it is not in the public interest that there should be any statement of the Sirdar's plans, much as some of us might like to summarize them for the benefit of our readers.

And really there is cause for saying that a general's intentions are not and should not be

PUBLIC PROPERTY.

There is especial cause for saying so in the present instance. There are plenty of people in Egypt who make it their business to supply the Dervishes with information of purposed Anglo-Egyptian movements. Abdullahi gets the Cairo and Alexandria Arabic papers which watch the European and especially the British Press very carefully in the interest of the man whom they regard as an arch-heretic and yet as a Mussulman who stands infinitely superior to all Christians.

Let me give you an instance. Last year it was announced on good enough authority that Sir H. Kitchener had been advised from London not to advance beyond Berber. When he sent the gunboats under Colin Keppel up beyond Metemneh, almost before the course of peaceful post could have taken the papers containing the semi-official announcement as far as Khartoum, the Khalifa exclaimed in intense surprise and indignation: "Why the fellow is disobeying the orders he has received!" The amusement this created when Slatin Pasha's and Colonel Wingate's spies sent in the report, was tempered a good deal by the consideration that the enemy is wonderfully well informed, and that if the difficulty of the operations in future is not to be enormously increased—if, in fact, an extra risk is not to be run by the soldiers of the Khedive and of the Queen—a limit must be put to the publication of information likely to be useful to the astute gentlemen at Omdurman. Many of us have been inclined to scout the possibility of barbarians like the Mahdists being able to get or to make use of such information. But the fact remains that they do get it, and that it is very valuable to them occasionally in enabling them to avoid an impending blow or to pause in the delivery of one likely to rebound on themselves.

EFFECTS OF MODERN ARTILLERY.

That visit of the gunboats to Metemneh has produced a piece of evidence of the effect of modern shell fire on earthworks, which has not yet, to my knowledge, been made public. Commander Keppel has reported that after he had passed beyond Metemneh he determined in returning to lead his little squadron of three. The Dervishes fired on him vigorously, and he more vigorously replied. His shell in a very few rounds so smashed up the embankments of the Dervish forts that they could not stand the leading gunboat for the clouds of dust, or stand to their weapons under the iron hail. The consequence was that the second and third gunboats not only had no need to fire, but actually could not effectually fire by reason of the invisibility of anything on which they could have laid their guns. I think that incident will bring home very forcibly to thinking men what is the power of modern artillery, even in the case of guns of small calibre. By the way, it may be mentioned that, in view of the operations at High Nile, two more naval lieutenants have been applied for. I can only recommend my young friends in blue and gold not to speak all at once.

It is the more unnecessary to complain of silence on the part of the staff in this campaign, because, in the first place, the general lines of the operations have long been by the necessity of the case, obvious. They are limited by natural obstacles, and facilitated in turn, by the operations of nature. The obstacles have been and are being overcome; every advantage is being and will be taken of the

NATURAL ADVANTAGES.

In the second place, the very details of the plans are made no secret to those who undertake to preserve discretion concerning them—to understand them for guidance, and not make such use of them as may be advantageous to the

enemy. Under due reserve, then, I may say that The Daily Chronicle has already on more than one occasion told the home-staying reader all that would really interest him as regards Khartoum, and that Sir H. Kitchener holds the Khalifa and the Dervishes in the hollow of his hand, bar a few isolated raids of no importance. Strategically, he must fight one, or at the most three, losing battles if he fights at all on a big scale. Michaelmas Day will see Khartoum once more under British rulers, whether the flag be the crescent and star or the Union Jack. Even allowing the widest conceivable margin for delays and casualties, there never was a series of operations contemplated of which the result could be more easily foreseen. Rumors reach me from Berber about the increasing signs of hostility among the 15,000 inhabitants of that six-mile-long city. At first the sympathisers with the "English" appeared to far outnumber the admirers of the Khalifa. Now I am told of officers being insulted in the streets, and that they are advised never to go out without their revolvers. One officer goes so far as to say, "Berber is a volcano."

HEART DISEASE.

A TROUBLE NO LONGER REGARDED AS INCURABLE.

An Orangeville Lady Who Had Suffered Severely Speaks of Her Illness and Tells How She Found a Cure.

From the Sun, Orangeville, Ont.

A remarkable case recently came under the notice of our reporter, and for the benefit it may be to some of our readers, we are going to tell them about it. In the south ward of this town lives Mrs. John Hubbard, a lady much esteemed by those who know her. Mrs. Hubbard has been a great sufferer from heart trouble, and ultimately became so bad that it would not have surprised her friends to have heard of her death. But a change has come and she is once more rejoicing in good health. When our reporter called upon Mrs. Hubbard and made his mission known she said she would be delighted to tell him of her "miraculous cure" as she styled it. "Of course no one thought I would get better. I thought myself I could not last long, for at times it seemed as if my heart was going to burst. Oh, the dreadful sensations, the awful pains and weakness together with a peculiar feeling of distress, all warned me that my life was in danger. I consulted a doctor but he could do absolutely nothing for me. My friends saw me gradually sinking, and many an hour's anxiety I caused them. My strength waned, my nerves were shattered; I could not walk; for every step caused my heart to palpitate violently. It is utterly impossible to fully describe my condition. One day a friend brought me a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and told me to use them, but I said there was no use—they could do no good. To this my benefactor replied, that if they did not they at least could do no harm, so to please her I took the box of pills. Then I procured another box and began to feel that they were doing me good. I took in all eight boxes and now I feel strong and hearty; each day doing my housework without fatigue or weariness. For anyone who suffers from weakness of the heart, I believe there is no remedy so sure or that will bring such speedy results as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Had I only used these wonderful pills at first I would have been spared months of intense suffering. Mrs. Hubbard but re-echoes the experience of scores of sufferers, and what she says should bring hope to many who imagine there is no relief for them in this world. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have saved more lives than we will ever know of."

A YUKON FINANCIER.

"Big Aleck" Macdonald Took Great Risks and Finally Won.

The "Napoleon of Finance" of the region, and certainly the richest man there, is a brawny Scotchman known as "Big Aleck" Macdonald. He managed to make a large clean-up on his claim—said to be \$90,000—and invested every dollar of it in other claims—part payment down, the remainder when the water came in the spring. Everyone about the camp knew of Macdonald's speculations, and all were wondering whether he would become a bankrupt or a millionaire. The water did not come down early in 1897, and in some instances the cleanup on the claims he had bought on speculation came so close to the day of payment that, as the story goes, the gold was paid over "before it was dry." The death of two brothers to whom he owed \$40,000 on a claim is said to have been his financial salvation, because the time of payment of a debt to a decedent's estate is extended one year by law, the gold commissioner acting as judge of probate for the time being. Macdonald is probably owner of an interest in about twenty-odd claims, bought on his mining knowledge and his wonderful nerve. He paid enormous interest on the money he borrowed, took tremendous risks, and finally won. In some instances during the winter of 1897-98 money was loaned at 10 per cent. for ten days.

WANTED A CHANCE.

A Scottish preacher, who found his vocation going to sleep one Sunday before he fairly began, suddenly stopped and exclaimed:

Brethren, it's nae fair; gie a mon half a chance. Wait till I get a lang, and then if I nae worth listening to, gang to sleep, but dinna gang before I get commenced. Gie a mon a chance!

She—He married beneath him. He—Well all men have ta, don't they?