

HER HUMBLE LOVER

Hector Warren looks at him steadily, and a faint smile curves his lips. "My exertions were very slight," he says, "and not worth consideration. But I am sorry that Mrs. Podswell should have suffered so much anxiety."

"My wife has weak nerves, and—ahem!—is much better now," says the doctor, apologetically. "Much better," says the martyr. "I am afraid I was rather hasty this morning. But—with a thin, cold snore—you must make allowances for an invalid, Mr. Warren."

He inclines his head, and goes up to the table for his cup of tea. "Sugar?" says Signa, without raising her eyes.

"Please," he says. "It is only a word, but how different is the tone to that which he used a moment ago!"

"Thank you. I hope and trust you are none the worse for this morning's adventure?"

"It" says Signa. "That question would come better from me!" and she smiles up at him.

He laughs. "Beyond a rather better appetite than usual, which enables me to thoroughly enjoy Mrs. Thompson's mutton chops as I never appreciated mutton chops before, I have felt no effects, and shall not. But I ought to be candid," he says, leaning against the wall in the easy attitude which Signa knows so well by this time. "It was only to offer my apologies, and to gain Mr. and Mrs. Podswell's forgiveness, that I came here to-night"—and he smiles—"I came hoping to gain a little information."

"Information?" "He nods, and takes a letter from his pocket; it is inclosed in one of the small square envelopes of the period, and has an immense coat of arms upon it."

"I found this on my table when I reached home. It is an invitation to dinner from Lady Rookwell."

Signa smiles. "That is very nice," she says. "But I don't see—"

"On what point I want information? Well, I wanted to know whether Mrs. Podswell and—he hesitates just a second—"you were going?"

Signa colors and brushes a crumb from the lace on her sleeve.

"I'm sorry I cannot give it to you," she says, laughing softly. "I don't know," and she looks across at her aunt.

He is silent for a moment. Then he says, with a smile of humor, "I wonder whether she would be very much shocked if I asked her?"

"You can put that to the experiment," says Signa, trying to speak lightly, and hide the subtle pleasure which his anxiety to know whether she is going gives her.

"I think I will," he rejoins, and he actually goes up to the sofa with the note in his hand.

"I was just telling Miss Grenville," he says, in his quiet voice, "that Lady Rookwell has been kind enough to send me an invitation, and that she mentions that she has asked the doctor, you and Miss Grenville, I hope you think of going, Mrs. Podswell."

Aunt Podswell looks up at him covertly. There is always something about this man that awes her, and makes her embarrassed and awkward, just as it does the doctor.

"Yes, we have had an invitation, but I haven't spoken to Mr. Podswell yet; my nerves—I don't know."

"Ahem!—I told Lady Rookwell, whom I met this afternoon, that I hoped you would be well enough; and Signa, of course, will accompany us if we go," says the doctor. "Are you going, Mr. Warren?"

"Certainly—yes," he answers, as if there had never been any doubt of it. "It is very kind of her ladyship to remember a stranger."

Then the doctor coughs, and rubs his chin, keeping his small eyes fixed on Hector Warren's boots.

"I—or—should decline any invitation other than Lady Rookwell's; for a neighbor of ours, Mr. Brown, of Riddley, is dead, but her ladyship calls it quite a family dinner, quite quiet; and—with an unctuous sigh—"I am sure poor Mr. Brown, if he could express his thoughts, would wish that I should go."

Which is somewhere near the truth, as Mr. Brown and the doctor had never been such friends that Mr. Brown should care whether the doctor went or stayed away.

"He was the wife of Riddley," goes on Uncle Podswell, frowning his brows mockingly. "And of I wish Lord Delamere were in England. That—ahem!—parish is near my own, and most a part of my blood it has often been remarked that it would be well if it should become merged in it. I should feel it my duty, my negative duty, to put the case to him."

A curious smile shows in Hector Warren's eyes for a moment, then he inclines his head slightly.

"You might write to Delamere's agents, you know," he suggests.

"The doctor glances solemnly, as the thought occurs to him that this Hector Warren must be pretty intimate with his lordship to speak of him without his title, as he always does."

"I would rather communicate my ideas to his lordship direct. Have you any idea where he is?"

And he raises his eyes for a moment with an anxious look. He wants the living of Riddley very badly indeed; very badly.

"I were to tell you Paris, or Cairo, or Rome—by the way, he would not be very likely to be at Rome now, would he?—or Switzerland, your letter might not find him."

"That is very true," assents the doctor. "I'm sorry you can't tell me, but

I'm very much obliged all the same. If his lordship should write to you, perhaps you will give me his address."

"If Delamere writes to me, I certainly will," replies Hector Warren, emphatically.

"Thank you, thank you very much," says the doctor, effusively.

Then Hector Warren goes back to the tea-table.

"It is all right," he says, not bending down or speaking particularly low, yet managing that his voice shall reach Signa only. "Mr. Podswell and you are going, I shall write an acceptance to-night. And now I suppose I must go," he adds, rather reluctantly. "I feel that I ought not to have intruded."

Signa glances at the heavy black marble clock, and her eyes say, "It is not late yet;" but he holds out his hand, and when she puts hers into it, his fingers close over and press it tightly.

"Good-night," he says, in a low voice; "we shall meet again at—Phillippi; that is, Lady Rookwell's!"

"Good-night, Mr. Podswell," he says, as he shakes hands with the doctor. "I hope you may get your living," and once again the curious smile curves his lips.

"Ahem!—I am sure I am very much obliged to you!" says the doctor, shaking his hand up and down as if it were a pump handle. "Very much obliged to you, indeed."

CHAPTER XII.

"Upon my word, it is very good of you to come," says Lady Rookwell.

It is the evening of the dinner-party at the Villa, as Lady Rookwell's dainty little house is called, and notwithstanding her declaration that it is to be "quite a quiet, family affair," the drawing-room is pretty well crowded.

Her ladyship is dressed in black satin, with here and there a diamond ornament glittering on the rich soft stuff, but her keen eyes almost outvie the diamonds as she puts them on Hector Warren, with a smile that is half-sarcastic, half-good-humored. There is a sudden silence in the room as her ladyship's musically clear voice makes the little speech of welcome, and those who have not yet seen this mysterious man-from-nowhere, M. Hector Warren, look round at him curiously.

"Very good," repeats her ladyship. "I'm afraid you'll find it rather dull. Dinner-parties always are. I don't know why people should ever come to them, or why they ever give them."

A smile goes round the room at this speech, which would be considered extremely rude and inopportune if any one but Lady Rookwell had made it, and every ear is strained to catch the reply which Hector Warren will make to this awkward and embarrassing sentiment. But he is not at all embarrassed.

"For the same reason that makes us unfortunate men wear tall hats on special occasions," he says. "But there are exceptions to every rule; and some men like tall hats, and I am sure that any one would be happy to be one of your ladyship's dinner-party."

"Hem!" says her ladyship, showing her teeth. "Very pretty said. You'll find some friends here you receive some new-comers."

He looks round the room, not brilliantly but comfortably lighted with wax candles, and nods to the captain and Mr. Jenks, and to Dr. Plumble, but he goes up to Sir Frederic, who is standing leaning against the wall with a mixture of awkward shyness and haughty displeasure that sits comically on his face; goes up to him and holds out his hand.

"How do you do, Sir Frederic?" he says, in his calmest, easiest manner.

Sir Frederic crimsoned, and for a moment he stares at the impassive face as if he meant to blurt out something savage; but the cool impassiveness of the dark eyes, the easy, assured manner, are too much for him, and he holds out his big hand grudgingly, and muttering a "Good-evening," sullenly stalks away.

Hector Warren, however, does not look at all embarrassed by his cool reception, which all present have noticed, of course, but turns to Dr. Plumble as calmly and naturally as usual.

While the doctor is holding forth on the chances of the coming partridge season, there is a sudden cessation of the hum and chatter in the room, and Hector Warren, looking up, sees that the doctor's party has entered.

"Dear me," says the doctor, beneath his voice, and with a little sideways nod of appreciation, "what a beautiful girl she is! looks more beautiful than ever to-night."

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"Are you alluding to Miss Grenville?" asks Hector Warren, with the faintest of smiles.

"Bless my soul, yes," says the little doctor, with a chuckle; "there is no one else to rouse up the enthusiasm of an old man, Mr. Warren. I thought her very pretty the first time I saw her, but, gad! she has improved even these last few days; there is more light in her eyes and that delicate color in her face. Wonderful air, Northwell, wonderful!" and with a nod of satisfaction the doctor blows his nose with the sound of a trumpet, after the fashion of country doctors all the world over.

Perhaps the sound attracts Signa's attention, for she looks that way, and sees not only the doctor, but the stalwart figure standing beside him, and the faint color, which the doctor so much admires, grows suddenly rosier, but for what reason the doctor, much puzzled, cannot divine, as he goes up to pay his respects.

But though there is a general crowding round the beautiful young creature, whose appearance has caused such a sudden sensation of admiration and curiosity, Hector Warren stays and waits. Sir Frederic, whose face has gone from pale to red, and from red to pale again, shuffles his big feet for a moment, then, like a moth drawn to the candle, he goes up to her.

Those who happen to be looking at him can see the sudden pallor and hear the constrained tones of his voice, which discover the emotion that he is struggling with, but Signa does not notice his manner. She had thought him shy and awkward when she had seen him first, and as calmly and pleasantly as if he were—say Lady Rookwell herself—she gives him her hand and welcomes him with that faint smile in the gray eyes, and about the delicate lips, that render her beauty, for the moment, sheer loveliness.

Hector Warren, standing with his hand resting on a chair back, waits until the greetings are over and dinner is announced, then he approaches her in a manner so quiet and unobtrusive that he is not noticed.

She looks at him as he bends his head before her, and gives him her hand, but with nothing of the smile which turned Sir Frederic's brain; indeed, her face is rather pale, and her eyes seem to droop heavily under the regard of his dark ones, and her breath comes with a faintly-drawn sigh as his hand grasps her so gently and yet so firmly.

"I thought you were never coming!" he says, in a low voice, but not so low but Lady Rookwell hears him.

"So did I," says her ladyship, "and if I had kept up another quarter of an hour, my dear, I should have hated you for the rest of my life, pretty as you are. I am old enough to dislike having my dinner spoiled because a young fellow can't get her hair right or a flower won't fit itself properly."

Signa laughs softly. "I don't want you to hate me, Lady Rookwell," she says. "It wasn't my hair, and the only flower I wear Archie stuck in as we passed out of the gate. I hope he has done it nicely!" And she bends her head to display a couple of ox-eyed daisies resting on the dark, silken hair.

The gesture, so natural and unaffected, has so much grace about it that Lady Rookwell's keen eyes soften, and she pats the white arm nearest her with her fan.

"It is of no use trying to frighten you, my dear," she says. "But some day you will find that I am a dreadful old ogre, and that I shall eat you up, pretty as you are."

"I am not afraid," said Signa, laughing.

Then Lady Rookwell looks up at Hector Warren with a curious smile, considers a moment, and just as he is thinking that she is going to tell him to take Signa in to dinner, she grins sardonically and beckons to Sir Frederic, who has been standing just within ear-shot with a look of suppressed impatience and anger on his face.

"Sir Frederic, will you take Miss Grenville in?" she says. "Mr. Warren, please take care of Lady Bumbleby."

The faintest, slightest shadow falls on Signa's face, and her eyes half lift themselves to Hector Warren's as Sir Frederic comes forward eagerly, but Hector Warren doesn't show a sign of the disappointment that he feels, and certainly Lady Rookwell does not hear the "Confound her!" which just breathes from his lips.

Lady Bumbleby is fat, fair, and considerably above forty, and she looks rather surprised at having this handsome, distinguished-looking cavalier allotted to her; but Hector Warren's manner is as pleasant, respectful and reverential as if she were the belle of the room.

By chance or intention, Sir Frederic and Signa are placed exactly opposite Hector Warren and Lady Bumbleby. The doctor takes one end of the table, Lady Rookwell the other. Imagine a room and a social atmosphere the opposite those of the rectory, and you have Lady Rookwell's dinner-party. There is no better hostess than her the soup has disappeared everybody seems happy and talkative, everybody with one exception, and that is poor Sir Frederic. Never does a man appear to less advantage than when he is in love, and Sir Frederic is very much in love, indeed. To have Signa near him, to feel her soft drapery flutter against his sleeve, to hear her voice, to feel her violet eyes resting on his face, are such exquisite delights that, like most who fall in love, he loses his head, and whether his brain, at the best of times, is as shy, awkward, and a bad talker. To-night he feels as if he could find nothing on earth to say, although he would give the world to be eloquent and witty, if only for half an hour.

He does try. He says that it is a fine day after the storm, and then colors at the awkward allusion to her adventure, but Signa does not notice it, and agrees that it is a fine day.

"Do you like lock or champagne with your soup?" he asks.

"Lock, I think," says Signa, absently, for at the same moment Lady Bumbleby ripples and shakes with laughter at something that Hector Warren has said, and Signa has been straining her ears to catch the something. "No, water, please," she corrects herself hastily, "I beg your pardon!"

"I was only saying that they have taken a great deal of salmon lately," explains poor Sir Frederic.

Then Signa tries to concentrate her attention upon him, but Hector Warren's musical voice—not grave now, but light and bright with a touch of humor in it, comes across the table, and she cannot shut it out.

What has come to him to-night? Not only is Lady Bumbleby laughing, but Captain Jenks' "Ha ha!" is heard chiming in, and presently Lady Rookwell leans forward and grins approvingly.

"I wonder what Mr. Warren is saying to make them all laugh so?" says Signa, ignorant that Sir Frederic is glaring with suppressed anger across the table.

"I don't know," he says, sulkily. "Some tom-foolery or other. Some men can put on the cap and bells at a moment's notice and wear them easily."

Signa glances at him with genuine surprise.

"Oh, do you think that Mr. Warren is that sort of man?" she says, with faint wonder. "He always seems so grave—and yet—" then she stops, remembering his face and voice in the cave.

"I don't think about him," says Sir Frederic, trying to speak with easy, contemptuous indifference, in which attempt he fails utterly. "I don't admire the dinner-table wit. I detest your 'funny man'."

Signa smiles at the idea of calling Hector Warren a "funny man," and Sir Frederic, seeing the smile, reddens angrily and bends over his plate in silence. The doctor's dirge-like voice can be heard at the other end of the table now and again, and Captain Jenks' subdued growl strikes in occasionally, but the clear, musical voice of Hector Warren is the plainest heard, for the reason that all those near him are eager to catch what he says.

MAGIC BAKING POWDER
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(To be continued.)

His Part.

Nearly every member of a Tulsa man's family performs on some kind of an instrument.

An old Iowa neighbor, who was visiting at his home, remarked that it must be a source of great pleasure to him. The father made no reply.

"Really," continued the Iowa man, "it is remarkable. Your youngest son is a cornetist, both your daughters are pianists and your wife is a violinist. Now, what are you?"

"I," replied the old man. "I am a pessimist!"—Life.

A TALK ON RHEUMATISM

Telling How to Actually Cure This Painful Malady.

This article is for the man or woman who suffers from rheumatism who wants to be cured, not merely relieved—but actually cured. The most rheumatic sufferer can hope for in rubbing something on the tender, aching joint, is a little relief. No lotion or liniment ever did or can make a cure. The rheumatic poison is rooted in the blood. Therefore rheumatism can only be cured when this poisonous acid is driven out of the blood. Any doctor will tell you this is true. If you want something that will go right to the root of the trouble in the blood, take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They make new, rich blood, which drives out the poisonous acid and cures rheumatism to stay cured. The truth of these statements has been proved in thousands of cases throughout Canada, and the following cure is a striking instance. Mrs. F. M. Simpson, R. R. No. 1, Bienville, Ont., says: "For a long time I was confined to my bed, and actually crippled with rheumatism. The trouble first located in my ankle—which was much swollen. I thought it might be a sprain, but the doctor said it was rheumatism and advised me to go to bed so that the trouble would not be aggravated. I did as directed, but instead of getting better, it spread first to my right knee, then to my left knee, and then to my arms. The limbs were much swollen, and if I moved them caused considerable pain. I seemed to grow weaker in other respects, and fell off in weight from 156 to 119 pounds. I had no appetite and seemed to lose interest in everything. One day, while reading a paper, I came across the case of a rheumatic sufferer cured by using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I decided to try them and sent for three boxes. By the time these were gone I had certainly begun to improve, and with help was able to get up. Continuing the use of the pills I was first able to go about with the use of a crutch, which, after I discarded for a cane, and then through the use of the pills I was able to throw aside the cane as well, and go about as briskly as I had ever done. I feel that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have been a blessing to me, and I strongly recommend them to other similar sufferers."

You can procure these pills through any dealer in medicine or get them by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams-Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

RIGHT MUST TRIUMPH.

(Rochester Post-Express.)

If justice comes to wreck, said the philosopher Kant, human life will have no worth. This statement bears intrinsic evidence of truth and the mind accepts it as such. A state of society in which injustice permanently prevailed would be intolerable. It would be no privilege to live therein, and life would have no value.

Surveying the past with such knowledge of it as we have, we find no epoch in which injustice did not exist. We find no time when the selfishness of power and the passions and malevolence of man did not make many lives as miserable as heartless inhumanity could make them. Nor is there an era known in history, when subjugated peoples somewhere in the world were not oppressed. We can never be sure, however, how much the discipline of servitude profited a particular people. The Israelites, to take the most familiar instance, learned all that Egyptian civilization had to teach in much less time than their oppressors learned it. And is it not apparent that our negroes have been civilized much more quickly than if slavery had not brought them here?

As for individual suffering, there is never in any age a lack of that, and there are as many cases to-day as ever of what seems upon the surface of it to be injustice. Neither innocence of evil-doing nor excellence of intentions can guarantee anybody happiness or freedom from disease or length of days. Yet we know so little about the evolutionary process and see only so small a segment of life that we are not warranted in condemning the creative plan. We must assume, although we do not understand it fully, that it is just to the last degree.

Surveying the world and contracting our own times with former times is it not manifest that injustice and cruelty on a great scale, to subject peoples, races, states, is steadily lessening? Is it not now the exception to the rule that weaker peoples are exploited and oppressed? Turkey is barbarous; and no alien race as far as known is reconciled to German rule. But generally speaking, civilized nations treat their dependencies kindly, justly, as we have treated our Filipinos, improve their conditions, and win their loyalty as both England and Russia have won

A SICKLY WIFE NO FIT MATE FOR ANY MAN

GIRLS AND WOMEN SHOULD LOOK WELL TO THEIR HEALTH AND STRENGTH.

Never before was physical health and vigor so highly esteemed and so eagerly sought for as to-day.

No man finds happiness in a sickly wife, and the woman who wishes to enjoy the pleasures of life should spare no effort to maintain perfect health.

Is your daughter growing up strong and ruddy? Has she strength to drink in greedily all the pleasures that youth so zealously seeks—or is she compelled to use the street car instead of enjoying the delightful exercise of walking—does she after the ball arise refreshed and vigorous, or is she exhausted, indifferent, and perhaps irritable?

When strength and vigor can be so easily maintained by Ferrozone, when the glow of health is so quickly brought to the cheeks and elasticity to the step, it is plainly a mother's duty to see that Ferrozone is on hand to assist her daughter back to health.

Upon the wake of Ferrozone quickly follows a stream of rich, nourishing blood which imparts that power and surplus energy so earnestly desired by those in ill-health.

Stop and think what this means for your daughter—certainly a great deal, and it can be accomplished by Ferrozone.

Every growing girl and young woman derives enormous benefit in many ways from this nutritive, vitalizing tonic.

It is specially suited for young women and is a guarantee of health and regularity as long as it is used.

Ferrozone is free from alcohol and perfectly safe to use. Prepared in the form of a chocolate-coated tablet and sold in 50c boxes, or six for \$2.50, at all dealers, or direct from The Cattarhozone Co., Kingston, Ont.

Coming of the Alarm Watch.

The alarm watch has come, a product of war's necessities. Military movements must now be timed so exactly with a view to co-ordination that care is taken that the watches of the officers concerned agree to the second. It is necessary that they be worn at the instant when the time