

SOLITARY ISLAND A NOVEL BY REV. JOHN TALBOT SMITH

CHAPTER XV.—Continued.

"Your speech of last night," said she, "does not seem to have agreed with you. You are very pale."

"Sporting with that lawyer below, the—the witch! He making faces at her an' she softening him with music. He that has no more heart than a stone. It's a gizzard he has!



FATHER KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC Proclaims its Merits.

It is with gratitude and heartfelt thanks I pen these lines: My wife had lost all control of her nerves and could only speak at times, and was in a very low condition generally.

A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases and a Sample Bottle of the medicine FREE. Prepared by the REV. FATHER KOENIG, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1870, and now by the

KOENIG MED. CO., CHICAGO, ILL. Sold by Druggists at \$1.00 per bottle, 6 for \$5.00. Agents in Canada—THE LYMAN BROS. & CO., LTD., TORONTO; THE WINGATE CHEMICAL CO., LTD., MONTREAL.

it, and then he's a poet an' couldn't help falling in love with such a little beauty. No, I don't think he did say anything. I needn't mind going to Mrs. Brown's?"

Madame Lynch was not a little disturbed at first by Peter's manner and information, but on reflection concluded that Paul's love for Frances was a fiction, nor did she apprehend any further trouble from the irascible and contradictory boarder with whom she had so peculiar an interview.

A certain evening of the preceding week was occupying her attention, for an event was to take place in her parlors of so exclusive and novel a nature that the world of society was ruffled with expectation.

The event was the production of an original comedy in two acts, which a genius, as madame assured her friends, had written for her special benefit, and which would receive its first and last production in her parlors. Moreover, the genius himself was to be present.

The genius was no other than Paul Rossiter, who, entirely ignorant of the furor his comedy and himself were creating, had just finished surveying his graceful form as it appeared to him in the light of a new, splendidly-fitting dress-suit.

Fortune had smiled on him one day in the shape of a request from madame and Frances that he write them a comedy, for ingenuity was at a loss to invent some form of entertainment for that winter which would be worthy the fame of a De Ponsobly Lynch; and Frances had conceived, while her mother executed, the idea of having the attic poet write a comedy, and then exhibit him to their friends as its author and the lion of the hour.

"Write a comedy?" said Paul cheerfully; "if it will please you I'll write a dozen of them. But you must know that I never had any experience in the elaborate work of the stage, and you must tell me exactly what you require."

"O! I can do that," said Frances, "and I will make many suggestions as you work. I'm always good at suggestions."

Therefore it happened that Paul and Frances were in each other's company so often, he writing, she suggesting, that Peter's face became the most cheerful object in the whole house, and that other face which so long haunted Paul's dreams began to fade, as every dream must fade before the reality of the living woman's beautiful presence.

Mr. F. A. Laballe, Montreal, Que., writes us as follows: "I desire to thank you for your wonderful cure. Burdock Blood Bitters. Three years ago I had a very severe attack of Dyspepsia. I tried five of the best doctors I could find but they could do me no good. I was advised by a friend to try Burdock Blood Bitters and to my great surprise, after taking two bottles, I was so perfectly cured that I have not had a sign of Dyspepsia since. I cannot praise it too highly to all sufferers. In my experience it is the best I ever used. Write for the B.L.B. B. I have a substitute for Burdock Blood Bitters. There is nothing 'just as good.'"

"It's the chief feature of our reception," said madame, "and the flowers alone cost that much. You do not know your own merits, Mr. Rossiter."

Mr. Rossiter at once invested in a dress suit, and surveyed himself with contemptuous delight in the small mirror of his room. At last he was to enter society from the garret.

There was a really distinguished audience present, and in the back seats sat Peter and Florian, the latter curiously reading the programme, and smiling to discover for the first time that the lion of the evening, the author of the play, the impersonator of a minor part, was Paul Rossiter. All concerned had kept the secret well, for he had felt curious to see this new star which was rising in the society constellation De Ponsobly Lynch.

Florian admitted that he had not. "Ye don't know as much about him as I thought," said he. "He makes enough money, I think, to pay his board here, but no more; an' he's that stiff an' correct he won't go to the publishers who'd pay him well, if they are a little less respectable than Corcoran an' his kind. Then he supports a half-dozen poor families. An' between them all he has to do without many things an' eat poor food."

Florian, retiring to his room after a sentimental conversation with Frances, was honored with a visit from Peter. He had learned from experience how to deal with this excitable personage, and was no more than sociable in a distant, sleepy way, which would not understand the manoeuvres of coughs and hints, and glances at the wine closet.

"Parties and balls!" said Peter, with contempt. "What would a man be doing at such places without money? An' a b'y that has to live in a garret an' can't afford candles an' wood, an' eat with the crowd in cheap eating-houses, d'ye s'pose he's goin' to run to balls, even if he wanted to, which he doesn't."

Florian listened in some amazement and doubt. "Do I understand you to say, Peter, that he is too poor to buy candles, and takes his meals at poor restaurants?"

"Have ye seen him at the table in



SURPRISE PURE HARD SOAP

Through all the summer heats Paul was enclosed in the attic, and nothing could draw him from it, nor could any obtain admission into its sacred precincts save the theatrical manager, who came to read the manuscript, to make suggestions, to amend and criticize. Peter pleaded in vain at the locked door, and heartily cursed the Fraulein, who came daily to the room and went through performances and sang songs that threw Paul into convulsions of merriment.

From this Peter rambled on into a lengthy description of Paul's troubles with a view to exciting Florian's sympathy in the poet's behalf, and the instantaneous presentation of more brandy on his own, but Florian had learned quite enough for his purpose, and was not responsive.

"Divil a heart he has!" Peter went off muttering. "It's a gizzard an' Paul'll stay in the garret for all he cares."

There was a shade of self-reproach in Florian's thoughts that night, and some humiliation. Why had he not looked a little more closely into Paul's affairs, and where was his boasted penetration, that he had to be told of the many motive-springs in his friend's disposition? He now recalled the absence of Paul from the regular meals, and the fact that he had never been invited to visit the distant garret; he remembered to have seen a queer specimen of childhood often climbing the stairs to the garret and inquiring solely for Herr Paul and he had faint glimpses of Paul and beggars appearing and disappearing in poor quarters of the city.

It required a stern retirement of two days and frequent visits to the streets of the poor before Paul could thoroughly recover from his first draught of popularity, and at the end of that time, having thrown off the intoxication, he was able to receive with proper coolness the visits and the propositions of a theatrical manager, whose card the servant presented one afternoon as he sat reading in Florian's rooms, with the Fraulein playing on the floor. Mr. Aubrey had heard of the young gentleman's ability in play-writing, the whole city was speaking of his late comedy, and would it please him to write a play suitable for production at his theatre next season. Paul hesitated and considered. He hardly understood the extent of his good fortune, and it confused him so much that he hid his nervousness under a show of experienced deliberation. Mr. Aubrey meanwhile poured forth his reasons and persuasions. Finally the poet consented to write a melodrama in his best style, and Aubrey agreed to pay him five hundred dollars for it, and allow him a fair percentage of the receipts.

"O Fraulein!" said he, when the great personage had gone, "do you guess what good luck has befallen me? The mother shall go down

to the sea this summer, and all sorts of things shall find their way from St. Nicholas' hands this coming Christmas. We are getting rich, Fraulein."

That day he resumed his old place at madame's table, and his looks of gratitude towards her were so fervent and marked as to inspire her with distrust of the young man who could look so emphatically at a woman old enough to be his mother. Deeper into the retirement of the attic plunged the poet, his whole soul wrapped up in this new literary venture, and not even Frances could induce him to join the usual evening circle, or accept one of the numerous invitations that were offered him. Revolving all sorts of ideas in his head as to what would make the groundwork of his play, he saw rising again in the rose-colored light of dreams the face of the girl in the yacht, and felt a sudden twinge of pain that he had forgotten her so long. By degrees a novel thought shaped itself in his mind, and what it was the play itself will disclose.

Paul was enclosed in the attic, and nothing could draw him from it, nor could any obtain admission into its sacred precincts save the theatrical manager, who came to read the manuscript, to make suggestions, to amend and criticize. Peter pleaded in vain at the locked door, and heartily cursed the Fraulein, who came daily to the room and went through performances and sang songs that threw Paul into convulsions of merriment.

The curtain rising put an end to the conversation, and all glanced eagerly at the stage. The scenery was very fine, and represented a rocky enclosure deep in the woods, with a background of watery vistas seen through innumerable islands. A gasp of astonishment Florian gave as he looked at this well-known representation, and his wonder knew no bounds when from a hut at one side came a living representation of Scott the hermit, leading a little girl who played and danced about him. Paul was the hermit and the child was the Fraulein, who, nothing daunted, was filled with delight at her position, and enjoyed the sight of the audience and the bright lights immensely. She sang and danced and capered as the hermit bade, exactly as she would have done in Paul's own room, and with as much childish grace and abandon, and although the immense applause of the surprised and delighted audience frightened her at first, a word from him reassured her. It was evident from this moment that the Fraulein alone had assured the success of the drama.

When the heroine of the piece came on, after a time, Frances observed that Florian started and, leaning forward with pale face and set mouth, seemed fairly to devour her features, and only when she spoke did he resume his old position with a heavy sigh. The actress was a fair model of Ruth herself, and only her voice could dispel the illusion. Florian did not notice how the hermit's eyes were fixed on him as the great personage had gone, "do you guess what good luck has befallen me? The mother shall go down

"We shall all the better be able to judge it," said madame; "and it will be more pleasant; indeed, I am more curious to see how his acting will please a general audience than to see the play. He was so successful as the sailor."

"This drama is to be full of surprises," said Frances, "and Mr. Rossiter so intended, I must think; he was so very reticent about its incidents."

"We shall all the better be able to judge it," said madame; "and it will be more pleasant; indeed, I am more curious to see how his acting will please a general audience than to see the play. He was so successful as the sailor."

"We shall all the better be able to judge it," said madame; "and it will be more pleasant; indeed, I am more curious to see how his acting will please a general audience than to see the play. He was so successful as the sailor."

Various small advertisements on the left margin, including 'SOLITARY ISLAND', 'FATHER KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC', and 'SURPRISE PURE HARD SOAP'.

(To be continued.)