

Righted in Time

the countess say, in a voice which sounded hollow and weak with trouble and weariness.

"God knows!" said Royce, and Madge knew that he was pacing to and fro as he had paced in the balland tro as he had paced in the ball-room; could picture his pale, har-assed face as plainly as if she saw it. "God knows! I feel confused, bewil-dered, and miserable!" he added with a groan. "Mother, I ought not to have come here! It a fatal one! I might mistake, have known that—that some of them would find us out, and-and bring this upon you. Forgive me mother! Ever since I was born I have been a trouble to you, and have disgraced the old Forgive me mother! Ever

"Yes," said the countess, as if she were communing with herself rather

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than speaking to him, "it is disgrace

"And I have brought it upon you!"

he said bitterly.
She turned her head slightly, almost as if she did not understand; then she put her hand to her brow. 'You mean-" she said confused-

"I mean that fellow's presence here here to-night," he said. "I might have known that he would come after Madge and want money. I might have known! But I did not think; I thought of nothing but my own hap-

"It is the way with all of us," she said almost absently.

"No," he said with deep emotion:

"it is not your way, mother; you have always thought of others—" She arose with a strange gesture of

denial, then sank into the chair again.
"It is I who am to blame," he went

"Yes," she assented wearily, "you have been to blame also. God works in a mysterious way. It was fated that you should do what you have done; that you should bring down the edifice built upon sand—upon sand! I am punished."

"You, mother?" he said, as if he did "You, mother?" he said, as if he did not understand her. Then after a pause. "What have you done, except think and act for my welfare? And how have I rewarded you? But, there, what is the use of talking? The question is, what are we to do?"

The countess remained silent. It seemed as if she was too engrossed by her own thoughts to understand all he said.

he said. There is only one thing to do," he went on after a moment of silence.
"Madge and I must leave here. We ought never to have come; I see clearly enough now. We ought to have gone away, abroad somewhere;

have gone away, abroad somewhere; anywhere where we weren't known, and where this couldn't have happened. Pood Madge! Poor Madge!"

"Everything has gone wrong. A curse has rested upon me and the house since—" She stopped and drew a heavy breath. "And yet all seemed so smooth and straight. My lease and God knows I planned and plans—and God knows I planned and schemed for your happiness, not my own!—my plans were going to their ends as if Providence had blessed

"Mother!" he cried.
"Yes," she said in her persistent
way, "she loved you—she loven you
still; I know it! I see it plainly every day. It is not only I who am wretched! I watch her face; I know by the look on it, Ly the tone of her voice

"For Gcd's sake be silent; say no hoarsely.

"it is the truth." she said dully, "It is the truth," she said dully, stubbornly; "you have been and are bind not to have seen it! I meant you to marry her. You would have been rich, you would have been rich, you would have been happy, and my great sin would not have borne its fruit."

Royce went up to her and laid his hand heavily on her shoulder.

"What are you saying, mother?" he demanded hoarsely. "Your sin—"
She started and looked at him for a moment like one in a dream; then she put her hand to her brow.

she put her hand to her brow.
"What have I said?" she exclinmed
in a trembling voice. "Why do you
come here and drive me to despair?

Then sne seemed to recognize him and her head dropped again.
"What were you crying, Royce?"
she said. "I—I am upset and bewildered; I don't know what I am
saying!"

"My poor mother!" he said, with a strong man's pity. "God forgive me for bringing all this upon you; but there shall be an end of it from tonight; we shall go away, Madge and I."

She arose and seemed to struggle for her usual self-possession.

"Go on." she said in a constrained voice. "I remember all now. Go voice. "I remember on and tell your plans."

"We will go away," he repeated.
"It will be best for all of us, especially for poor Madge: she would

TO-DAY

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ever be happy here. I see that now I ought to have foreseen it from the first, but I did not. We will go abroad to one of the colonies. I am strong and can work."

The countess, one more calm and collected, looked before her thoughtfully.

fully.
"Yes," she said, "it will be the best.

Poor girl!"
"Yes, I pity her, and I do not wonder at it. I will not blame you for

marrying her; no man placed as you were could have resisted her. But it was a mad thing to do. Mad! Yes, you must go." She sighed heav!'y. "You must go. But there will be no need for work or poverty; I will give you money. Seymour must. give

you money. Seymour must give you—"
Royce started, and the blood flew to his hitherto white face.
"No," he said, "no! a penny from Seymour And, mother—" he paused as if reluctant to continue; then he forced himself to go on. "Mother, Seymour vants watching. You did not see him in the card room, and did not hear what that man Jake said." "What—what did he say?" she breathed.
"Enough to show me—all of us—that Seymour is—not what he pretends to be," he replied. "He is a lie and a fraud! God forgive me for speaking so of my brother, but it is the truth."

The countess shuddered.
"Yes," she said slowly, painfully; "he is your brother—your brother. You say—"
"That—that he wants watching," said Royce."

said Royce."

"I-I have brought disgrace the old name, but he will bring a worse shame on it if he is not prevented. He is the sort of man to gamble away every penny—"He stop-ped, and put his hand to his brow. "But I can't think of him now, mo-ther. It is of Madge and her future I must speak. We will go to-morrow. I know what she feels, and I know that she will not want to see you any of you —again. We will pack up to-night and be off early to-morrow. There must be some spot in the world where pelple can't point at us and —"

His voice broke. Madge heard the counters morn.

countess moan.

"I shall never see you again! Oh, my boy, my boy!" broke from her. Madge watted no longer. White to the lips, with an agony worse than death, she feit her way along the world with the lips. wall of the room and sped swiftly, noiselessly, along the corridor and

lown the stairs. down the stairs.

No one was in the hall. The servants, even the porter were congregated in the servants' hall discussing with feverish excitement the events of the night; and she went straight to the great door, and opening it, passed

out into the night.

It was dark and a keen wind was whistling through the leafless trees. It seemed to her to be singing in a mocking voice, "Irene loved you; she loves you still!"

loves you still!"

Madge fastened her shawl around her and stood for a moment, posed, as it were, upon the broad step. Whither should she go? The answer breathed by the same inner voice, seemed to whisper despairingly—"Anywhere from this place, anywhere!"

Obeying it, as before, she passed down the steps, and swiftly crossing the lawn—across the light thrown from the windows of the still lighted rooms—was swallowed up in the darkness.

CHAPTER XXXIV. CHAPTER XXXIV.

She went swiftly, with the shawl drawn closely around her head, along the drive, its wonted smoothness cut up by the carriages, passed the gates and into the high road. She paused a mement or two to gain breath and looked around her. As she did so, the clock of the Towers struck five. In another hour or two, she reflected, workmen would be about and she would be seen. She must hasten on, but whither? At that omen if any idea at all found room in her bewildered mind it was that of going to her own people. If she walked long enough, if she could only manage to avoid recognition, she must in time come across a band of gypsies. Whether they belonged to her own tribe or not, she knew that they would succor, and, if necessary, hide her.

She hurried on and for a time, supported by the excitamnt, was not sensible of fatigue; but presently she hecame conscious of it. Her feet seemed to be of lead, her head ached, her eyes burned. She knew that she could not go much further. Suddenly she found herself off the road and upon the grass. She hooked around confusion so the weather they have son flores Cometing and saw she was on flores Cometing and saw she was on flores Cometing the search and seed to me the search was the weather the could can be a supported and seed the way of the road and upon the grass. She hooked around confusion for the road and upon the grass. She went swiftly, with the shawl

the graes. She looked around confus-edly and saw she was on Gorse Com-mon. As she looked a fain light attracted her attention, and she realized, after a moment or two, that it was from Martha Rooper's cottage. It was from Martha Hooper's cottage. It seemed like a beacon—not to warn but to welcome; and it occurred to her that she might rest there for a short time, perhaps until the night had fallen again. The woman had evidently known what sorrow was, and would sympathize with her and hide her. It was true that there was some secret understanding between her and the countess, but Madge reflected that she could show Martha Hooper that she, Madge, was flying from Monk Towers to save the countess from further humiliation, and that would induce Mrs. Hooper to help her in her flight.

She made her way across the com-

She made her way across the common and, nearly fainting now with the exhaustion produced by the reaction of excitement, she leaned against the door and knocked.

Two or three minutes passed—minutes that seemed an age to Madge—and she was asking herself whether she should have strength to keep from falling upon the step, when Martha Hooper's nervous voice was heard from behind the floor:

"Who is it? Is it you—Jake?" she saked in trembling tones.

"Who is it? Is it you—Jake? She asked in trembling tones.

Madge moistened her lips; she was almost incapable of speech.

"It is I," she said at last.

Mrs. Hooper opened the door, then shrank back and uttered a cry of

"Who is it?" she righted. "Idon't know you! I've nothing to "It is I-Mrs. Landon!" said poor

Madge. "Let me come in, I—"

Martha Hooper uttered a cry of astonishment and nervous apprehension, and, drawing her in, closed the

"It is you, ma'am!" she gasped as Madre sank onto a chair. "Oh what has happened? Why are you dressed like that? You are ill."
"I—I am tired," said Madge faintly.

Martha Hooper ran for a glass of water, and brought it to her and stood by as Madge drank it, wringing

"What has happened, ma'am?" she repeated. "Has—has he been there? Oh tell me quick! My poor heart!"



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and she put her hands to her side.

and she put her hands to her side.

"I am in great trouble, Mrs. Hooper," said Madge faintly. "I—I have left the Towers."

"Left the Towers! Your" gasped Martha. "Why have you done that?"

"I don't think I can tell you," said Madge with a heavy sigh. "And yet with will goop know that?"

All you will soon know the truth. All the world will know it! I have left the Towers and—my husband, be-cause I have brought shame and dis-trace upon him—upon all of them." cause I have brought sname and dis-grace upon him—upon all of them."

She spoke with the awful calmness of resignation and despair. Why should she not tell this woman the truth? All the county knew it—were probably discussing it at this

'Shame, disgrace!" echoed Martha Hooper.
"Yes," said Madge. "You know hut it will

perhaps you do not; but it will be known before daylight that I am a gypsy.' "A gypsy!" the woman looked at

Madge's brown dress and red shawl.
"A gypsy! I thought you were play acting. Yes, you look like a gypsy in those clothes!"

"I am a gypsy," said Madge sadly.
"It was in a gypsy camp that Jack—that my husband first saw me—and" her voice broke-"loved me. I-1 did not know the harm I was doing in letting him marry me. How could I have known?" She was not so much speaking to the pale, frightened woman before her as communing with herself. "Then I came to the Tow ers and—and I tried to be like the others, to be a lady and-and worthy of him; and to-night"—her voice broke—"to-night I thought I had done Then, just when I had forgotten what I had been, a man came into the midst of them all and told them all what I was!" Her eyes were dry and hot, and yet as if the unshed tears burning in them. "Poor Jake!" she breathed with a heavy sigh. "He did not know the harm he was doing-"Jake!"

(To be continued.)

father's original name, Kebing for example, is dropped, and frequently forgotten unless there are other fathers of Tijans. In that case the father is known as Tama Tijan Kebing, father of Tijan, formerly Kebing.

If Tijan dies, then Tama Tijan's name becomes Oyong Kebing (meaning "Kebing the Bereft," providing Tijan was the oldest child). If a younger child dies, the father becomes Akam Kebing; if his wife dies, he becomes Aban Kebing. If he becomes a grandfather, his name will be Laki Kebing. Laki is distinct vely an honorary title, like its equivalent, datu, among the Malays. With those people datu is superior to the title hadil, borne by one who has m. e the nilgrimage to Mecca. Datu, literally grandfather, is equivalent to elder with us. with us.
Among the Kayane it is a breach of

manners to ask a Lan what his name is. If a white man cos so through ignorance the man vill turn to a bystander and ask that the stranger who does not know the customs, may be informed. If a man tells his own name the evil spirits will hear him and can more readily do him harm.

seeds and become a great source of annoyance to the farmers. The plant, when grown, is about twenty incheshigh, with light green leaves and green flowers crowded together in clusters. If all the seeds that are carried about by the wind were to find favorable surroundings and grow to maturity in a surprisingly shortime the earth would be overwhelmed with certain forms of plant life. It has been estimated, for instance, that a single front of a certain fern turns loose to the wind four thousand mil-A strange family had recently mov-ed into the neighborhoo. Robert had made the acquaintance of the small son and had learned from him tha son and had learned from him tam the man we only the boy's stepfath er, and in explanation to me, Robert said: "It ain't James' own daddy mamms', he's 'us' a second-handed one."—Chicago Tribune. a single front of a certain fern turns toose to the wind four thousand million spores. Each spore floats with the slightest breeze and will produce a whole plant if conditions are favorable. These are enough to cover two million acres of land. Few of us realize the productivity of the common mushroom. One thousand acres could be covered by the spores of one single fungus.

The important part played by the

She Feels She Owes Her Life to Them

nothing for me.
"A friend told me of Dodd's Kidney Pills and of their great value. I tried one box and they helped me. I have now taken three boxes and they

have now taken three boxes and they have done me so much good I feel I owe my life to them."

Diabetes is one of the most advanced and dangerous forms of Kidney trouble. A remedy that will releve Diabetes will act much more quickly on minor kidney ills. Ask your neighbors if Dodd's Kidney Pills are not the sovereign remedy for all forms of

Wife—Is that you, Henry? Hub—Yes, dear. Wife—Oh, I'm so g'ad. I'm always afraid there's a man in the house till

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Queer Borneo Names.

It must be a matter of difficulty for a member of the true of Rayans or Borneo to keep track of his name. Among these people, when a child is born, it receives the name of some repulsive object or is simply called "it," so that, not having a distinctive name, the evil spirits cannot identify it and cause it harm! When the child is two or three or

four years old they name it, say, Tijan. The father is thereafter known as Tama Tijan—Tama meaning "the and the mother is known as Inai Tijan—mother of Tijan. Th

Not many years ago a fertile region of country was suddenly devastated by the eruption of a voicano. Every vestige of its plant life was destroyed by motion lava and hot ashes. To-day this region is almost thickly covered with a new growth of vegetation. There are many ways by which the seeds of plants are carried great distances to spring into new life where conditions are favorable. seeds of plants are carried great distances to spring into new lite where conditions are favorable. It has even been suggested that perhaps the germs of life may be carried about into stellar regions by the Dressure of light. It is a well-known fact that particles having a certain area in proportion to their mass can be driven through a vacuum by the pressure of light alone. Among the most curious methods of seed distribution are those of seeds which are carried through the air on wings, such as the maple, which has two wings, and the catalpa, the elm, the ash and the pine. These seeds do not flap their wings like birds, but depend altogether upon the force of the wind to carry them along. Other floating seeds are the milkweed, thistle and dandelion. The milkweed seeds are concealed in a pod which breaks open and exposes them to the wind. Up they go through the air, each seed carried by a ball of silky down, the threads of which are so frail and diaphanous that one is hardly prepared for their appearance under the microscope. Bach thread turns out to be a separate tube ribbed with dark veinlike streaks arranged in an irregular manner. When a milkweed pod bursts open it is much like a miniature aero meet in which scores of white craft coar up into the morning wind. One may marvel at the economical arrangement of the tubes of down, so frail do they seem to carry the heavy looking seed. Any one crossing the Great Plains in the autumn will notice the stacks of dry-looking weeds piled up on one side of the fences. When we know that the wind drives them there it is easy to see which way the wind blows in such regions as Kansas and Southern Nebraska. They are the celebrated tumbleweed family. As they tumble about they scatter their PAINS SO BAD STAYED IN BED

Young Mrs. Beecroft Had Miserable Time Until She Took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Hamilton, Ont.—"I have suffered for three years from a female trouble and consequent weakness, pain and irregularity which kept me in bed four or five days each month. I nearly went crazy with pains in my back, and for about a week at a time I could not do my work. I saw Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound advertised in the Hamilton Spectator and I took it. Now I have no pain and am quite regular unless I overwork or stay on my feet from early morning until late at night. I keep house and do all my own work without any trouble. I have recommended the Compound to several friends."—Mrs. EMILY BEBCROFT, 269 Victoria Ave. N., Hamilton, Ontario.

For forty years women have been telling how Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has restored their heelth when suffering with female ills. This accounts for the enormous demand for it from coast to coast. If you are troubled with any ailment peculiar to women why don't you try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound? It is made from native roots and herbs and contains no narcotics or harmful drugs. For special advice women are asked to write the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. The result of forty years experience is at your service.

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eeds and become a great source

Certain tropical plants and ferns would be found in the frigid zones if the earth's atmosphere possessed a sufficient amount of carbon dioxide to

then disappear.
Nature seeks other means than that

Nature seeks other means than that of the wind to carry seed from place to place. Whoever tramps through the autumn woods must needs extrictly himself from patches in which ticks and burrs have made life miserable for him. All over his clothes will be sticking the hairy, two-jointed pods or seed vessels of the tick.

THOUGHT IT WAS SUICIDE

Capsules

r's Rheumstie bring certain

Makeshift, As It Were.

WHAT MISS EAGLE SAYS OF DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

single fungus.

The important part played by the weather as a means of preventing the too rapid development of the plant life of the world can be realized only when we consider the vast number of seeds produced. If conditions of the atmosphere favored a more even temperature all over the earth as was atmosphere favored a more even temperature all over the earth, as was probably the condition in the early history of the planet, there would be fewer varieties of plant life, because the more rapidly producing plants would crowd out the others.

Certain transactions. Ormsby lady who suffered from Dia-betes for five years tells of the benefit she received from Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Ormsby, Ont., April 12.—(Special)—
"I feel I owe my life to Dodd's Kidney
Pills." This strong statement comes
from the lips of Miss Gertrude Eagle,
a well known and highly respected resident of this place. And Miss Eagle
gives her reasons for speaking out in sufficient amount of carbon dioxide to raise its mean temperature a few degrees. The globular form of the earth is responsible for the uneven temperature of different parts of its surface. The effectivness of temperature upon the growth and development of plant life is readily demonstrated upon the slopes of high mountains, where certain plants seem to flourish almost up to a fixed line and then disappear. terms that none can fail to under

"I have been suffering from Diabetes for dive years," she states. "I tried the doctors but they could do

the sovereign remedy for all forms of kidney trouble.

AMBIGUOUS. (Boston Transcript.)

A prominent merchant was discovered a few days ago brandishing a razor at midnight. His wife called for assistance, but found her Hubby was only paring his corns. Far better not to risk blood poisoning—use Putnam's Corn Entractor, 25c at all druggists. Japan's Delightful Climate. Japan is considered, because of its felightful climate, the playground of

the East. Residents of other countries of the far East Indies, the Phillippines, and the Straits settlements flock to Japan in the hot summer months to enjoy its mountain resorts. Owing to the large tourist business some of these resorts ::esent all the

QUITE SUPERFLUOUS.

(London magments.) "Now, what pockets would you like me to put in, sir?"
"Don't bother about pockets—I shan't have any use for them when I've paid for the smit!"

AFTER GRIP or FLU WINTER COLDS

BAD BEOOD You are pale, thin, weak—with little vitality. Your liver is sluggish and the bad, blood sauses your stomach muscles to less their elasticity and become flabby and weak—then indigestion.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, made from wild roots and barks, and free from alcohol or narcotics, is the great and powerful blood purifier of to-day. Ingredients printed on wrapper. This tonic, in liquid or taket form, is just what you need to give you vim, vigor and vitality.

Take the 'Discovery' as directed and it will search out impure and poisonous matter throughout the system and eliminate it through the natural channels.

You can procure a trial package

You can procure a trial package of the tablets by sending 10c. to the Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., or branch Laboratory in Bridgeburg, Ontario.

SINTALUTA, SASK.—"I have taken Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for liver trouble, and found it excellent, and would not be without it. I suffered from congestion of the liver about six years ago and I always say that this medicine cured me. I have also given it to my family for colds and it cured them in a very short time. We must have used about 4 dozen bottles of the 'Discovery'."

—Mrs. ENOCH MITCHELL.

KITCHNER, ONT.—"I had become all run-down, was weak and nervous. My blood was bad also. I took the 'Golden Medical Discovery' and was completely restored to good health. I am always recommending this medicine to my friends, many of whom have had equally, as good results."—Mrs. Eph. Kettyles, 64 Breithaupt Street.

