

The Rose and Lily Dagger

A TALE OF WOMAN'S LOVE AND WOMAN'S PERFDY

The blind man put his hand to his brow. "I heard a voice, a man's voice, Nairne, I thought," he hesitated. "I thought he called out—as a man would call if he were in danger."

"What is that, Nairne?" he asked. "Why do you question me?" responded the marquis sternly. "What else did you hear?"

Luigi hesitated. "I—I think I heard Miss Delaine pass."

The marquis gripped his arm. "Come away," he said.

CHAPTER XXII. The two men walked toward the house in silence. Luigi knew by the marquis' voice and manner that something had happened; the sharp, short cry of agony which had smitten his acute ears just before the marquis came up seemed still to ring ominously in them. The clouds had gathered thickly during the last few minutes, and it was evident that a storm was approaching, but now and again the moon pierced through and fell aslant the path.

At one of these moments the marquis saw some object lying just in front of them on the gravel. He stooped and picked it up, still retaining the blind man's arm. It was the rose and lily dagger. As his fingers touched it he started; the thing was wet—and not with dew, as he had at first supposed.

Luigi turned his sightless eyes to him with troubled questioning; but he did not repeat the words. The marquis held the dagger in his hand for a few moments, then he slipped it into his pocket. His face could not have grown more white or haggard, but there was a new expression in it, and a strange one for the Marquis of Nairne's face to wear; it was one of dread and fear.

They reached the door in the tower, and the marquis unlocked it. Something appeared to be wrong with the lock or key, for he did not open the door without some difficulty.

When they entered the small hall he arrested Luigi's progress for a moment by a pressure of his arm, listened. Then he led the way to the library, and, guiding Luigi to a chair, went to the window and looked out at the night—dark now as pitch—with a vacant, troubled gaze.

Luigi Zanti was the first to speak; and his words came as if he found silence intolerable. "What—what has happened, Nairne?" he asked lifting his face in the direction of the marquis. "I know that something is wrong. I can hear it in the tone of your voice, feel it in your manner."

"We must be ready to-morrow morning, Luigi," said the marquis, in a husky voice. "Leave—leave to-morrow!" exclaimed the Italian. "You cannot mean it! And—and—your guests! What of them, Nairne?"

"I care nothing for them," said the marquis, almost inaudibly. "Lady Scott will be here for the first time to-morrow morning. I—I don't understand," exclaimed Luigi, trembling. "If you can tell me what has happened, for God's sake, do, Nairne! This suspense—I feel it in my heart, and that the sound of your voice—so strange and altered—terrifies me with vague dread. Where are we going?"

"I do not know," responded the marquis, wearily. "It does not matter. Out of England; the further the better; though one cannot escape the consequences of one's life-long habit. I have been a fool, an arrant fool!" And he laughed bitterly.

Luigi Zanti drew his trembling hand across his brow. "You must tell me, Nairne," he said. "You have said too much to leave me in ignorance. Why do you say this? and why are you leaving the castle so suddenly? Are the major and Elaine going with us?"

The marquis let the curtain fall, and, leaning against the window, looked at the anxious face. "The major and Miss Delaine are certainly not going with us," said Luigi. "Miss Delaine—why do you speak of her in that way?"

"It is the way in which a gentleman should speak of a lady with whom—" He broke off with a groan. "My God, do not know what I am saying! I can scarcely put the meaning to your words or mine! I feel as if I were going mad!"

In passionate language he described his first meeting with Elaine on the bridge, when he was a witness of what he now believed, in the light of present circumstances, to have been only a lovers' quarrel.

"From that moment I am convinced it was her intention to discard her old lover, and strive to win the marquisate," Elaine declared. "I had forgotten the fellow until last night; and if anyone had told me that she, Elaine, my sweet, innocent, pure-souled Elaine, my girl angel—would steal out to meet him in the darkness of the night—"

"The blind man sprang to his feet, his white face quivering, his sightless eyes staring. "It is a lie! a cruel lie!" he panted. "The marquis regarded him with a self-contemptuous smile. "My poor, deluded Luigi, it is the truth! I myself saw them."

"You—you saw them?" breathed Luigi. "Yes," the marquis said grimly. "I saw them. When I left you I walked unthinkingly toward the bridge. They did not hear me, I suppose. I saw them quite plainly. She was standing leaning against the rail, her hands clasped piteously. He was addressing some entreaty to her; I could see his face. It was the face of a man half dead with despair! Just the face a man wears whose sweet-heart has jilted him for another man—a better match! I could not hear their words; if I had heard, I should have turned and left them. But their faces, their attitudes were significant enough. He was urging her to give me up, to go back to him; that was plain. Something else was plain, and that was that he had some hold on her. I guessed that; but presently the guess became conviction. The young fellow produced a letter, which Luigi covered his face with his hands and listened breathlessly.

"It was a letter of hers, no doubt; and no doubt a compromising one. Perhaps he was holding it over her head as a threat. They came in terms at last, I suppose. At any rate, he gave her the letter reluctantly, and she seemed overwhelmed by joy and relief. He wanted it back, and she refused. He saw that by relinquishing the letter he had lost all hold on her—but she refused. I could stay no longer. It cost me something not to break in upon them and confront her. Yes, it cost me something. He leaned his head upon his hands in silence for a moment, then he went on in a weary voice. But I pitied her; yes, I pitied her. I saw in her face so distinctly—the hideous comedy. Heaven knows what pressure may have been put upon her; what indignities she had to jilt him. You cannot understand, you don't know the charming customs of the marriage market in this our Christian England, Luigi! Why, if I were worse than I am, the vilest of vile, old decrepit, deformed in mind and body, there are fathers—yes, and mothers—who would sell me their girl for a wife! You cannot, but I can understand the kind of pressure that your father would use. It is not all her fault; she is not wholly and solely to blame. No! Let me cherish some remnant of my great love and reverence for her. No doubt she is a false one! I cannot think her wholly false and mercenary. My beautiful—His voice broke, and he strode to the window and turned his back to the silent listener, as if to hide the emotion even from Luigi's sightless eyes.

Luigi raised his head. He seemed to have been completely overwhelmed. "I have listened to you, Nairne," he said, almost inaudibly; "but still, yes, still I cannot believe her guilty of the treachery you charge her with. There must be some mistake, some misapprehension. It is a terrible enigma."

"It is all too plain, alas! I have told you what I have seen; explain it away if you can. God knows I would be glad to have you clear her! I would give you all I possess to wipe out the remembrance of the scene; I would give half the years remaining to me to believe her innocent, to put her back in my heart as she seemed to me an hour—only an hour—ago. Come, what is your explanation, Luigi?"

The blind man shook his head. "I do not know, I cannot think of any, and yet—forgive me, Nairne—my faith in her is greater than yours."

WEAK AND FAINTING People.

The Sad Plight of Anaemic People. They Have Headaches and Backaches—Are Languid and Unable to Sustain Exertion.

(From the Sun, Orangeville, Ont.) You can always tell anaemic men and women. They are pale, weak and languid. They have headaches and backaches. They can't eat—or they can't digest what little they do eat. And it all comes from poor blood and unstrung nerves. Banish anaemia at once by sending your blood through your nose with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Thousands of grateful women have said that these pills have restored them after all other means tried have failed. Mrs. Joseph McIlroy, of Orangeville, Ont., was a great sufferer for several years, and spent much money looking for a cure. To a reporter of the Sun Mrs. McIlroy said: "Several years ago my health gave out completely. I was so weak that I could not do my housework. If I went upstairs my heart would palpitate violently, and some days the pills have done me more good than any other medicine I ever discovered. They supply new, rich, red blood, and so strengthen every part of the body. They are equally suitable for the young and old, children, and cure not only anaemia, but decline, consumption, indigestion, rheumatism, St. Vitus' dance, and the special ailments which all anaemics feel. I have been cured of all these ailments, and have had through any druggist, or will be sent post paid at 50c a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Look for the full name on every box, so that no worthless substitute may be palmed off on you."

"Do not touch me!" she said, almost inaudibly, in a kind of dull whisper. "He looked at her. "Are you afraid of me?" he said, hoarsely. "Afraid?" The word dropped from her lips as if she were dead. "Yes," she said, "you look, you speak as if you were. You have no cause to be afraid of me. I see that you are aware that I know all."

"You must know, you know that I am near you, that I saw you with my own eyes. She put her hand to her brow, but made no response. "Yes," he said in a low voice. "I know all. It is all well. It is better so. It saves us both so much! What do you expect me to say? Do you think that I was blaming you? No! In the fault, the blame, is all mine! I might have known that you know that I loved you, that I love you still."

She shuddered and turned from him, but he could not help but that she sank from the expression of his face. "Do not be afraid," he said. "It is the last time you will hear it from my lips. To speak of my love to you now would only be to insult you."

A sob shook her frame. "Do not cry," he said with labored breath. "You have not been to blame. I could have wished that you had trusted me."

"Trusted!" she panted, eyeing him half fearfully, as if fascinated. "Have I not—"

He shook his head sadly. "My poor child! Why did you not come to me and tell me all? No! For her lips had parted, "not now. It is too late now, now that I know all. There is nothing left to say. Elaine, save that I beg your forgiveness—"

She covered her face with her hands and sank on to the couch. "And give you my promise that I will never, if I can help it, cross your path again. To-morrow I shall leave the castle; but before I go I will do what I can to help you to the happiness which I came so near to deserting you. I will let me be your friend still, Elaine, for the sake of—of those few happy days!"

She lay, her face upon her arms, panting. Every word he said to her she took like a confession of guilt. She knew that she ought to hate, loathe him; that his part was to rise and confront him, if not with reproaches, with the dignity of outraged womanhood. And yet she could only hide her face and weep, and let his voice rack her heartstrings!

(To be Continued.) Delicious Ice Cream. The simplest and most delicious ice cream is made by first whipping the required amount of cream, freezing slightly, and then adding fruit juice, which has been sweetened. Remember that the sugar in the fruit juice, must be sufficient to sweeten the entire mixture. Finish the freezing after pouring in the juice. A little fresh fruit may be added towards the last.—Eve. Post.

THE PRODUCTION OF CLEAN CLOVER SEED

Ottawa, July 2, 1903. The investigation into the conditions of the seed trade conducted by the Dominion Department of Agriculture during the past two years has clearly shown that there exists a vast room for improvement. The outcome has been the introduction into Parliament by the Minister of Agriculture of a bill to improve the conditions that have been shown to exist. The bill is intended to prohibit the sale of any commercial seeds which may contain seeds of such weeds as wild mustard, penny-cress, ox-eye daisy, perennial sow-thistle, rag-weed, burdock and several others; and to provide for the grading of all seeds sold as either "Grade No. I," "Grade No. II," "Grade No. III," or "screenings." The requirements of each grade and several others are prescribed, and the bill, the basis of grading being the per cent.

Pure Living Seed, and in the case of the higher grades the freedom from spoiled weed seeds in addition to those above named. It is absolutely necessary to be done by the seedsmen themselves, but samples may be sent for analysis to the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa.

The bill has aroused great interest among the seedsmen, as should it become law, much greater care will be required in grading than is at present the case. A deputa-tion of prominent Canadian seedsmen waited upon the Minister of Agriculture a week or two ago to protest against the passing of the bill as drafted, claiming that some of the clauses were impracticable, and that if enforced it would cause undue restriction and possibly suspension of trade.

They claim that it is impossible to obtain sufficient quantity seed of the higher grades, owing to the prevalence of weed seeds. Many of these it is impracticable to clean out, on account of their similarity in size and weight to the clover seeds. Much of the seed received from the producers is vile with weed seeds, and although it may be greatly improved by cleaning cannot by any means be made perfect.

Improvement This Year. The demand this year has been much greater than in any previous year for the best re-cleaned seed, due largely to the preaching of the Gospel of good seed by the various State Departments. In fact it was stated by one of the leading seedsmen that as far as demand for good seed was concerned there had been more improvement in the last few years than in the previous twenty. Unfortunately, the quality of the seed received from the producers has not improved. Should the proposed bill come into force, it is almost sure to be the case sooner or later, they are determined to differentiate greatly in price in favor of clean samples.

When making their purchases from the growers. To a certain extent this is done at present, but a special premium is to be put on high grades. This is as it should be, because there is no excuse for the production of clover seed foul with weed seeds. The weeds most common in red clover fields are: Canada thistle, curled dock, ragweed and white cockle; while wild mustard, oxeye daisy, sow thistle and several others are found less frequently. In alfalfa fields, false flax, white cockle, sheep sorrel, curled dock, mayweed and lambs' quarters are frequently found. All of these weeds may be readily seen while growing, and

Before the Seed Ripens is the proper time to remove them. They may be either spudded or pulled and removed from the field. This system is practised by some of our successful growers of clover seed, and when once given a trial is found to be not only practicable, but also economical, fairly rapid, and very profitable.

It may be claimed that to do this where weeds are plentiful is out of the question; that it would take a great deal of time, and that tramping the seed in the crop, a field in which the weeds are so plentiful to be handled in this way, should not, under any consideration, be devoted to the production of clover for seed. It is absolutely folly to grow seed, which is ten or fifteen per cent. weed seeds, as there is no other way of widely disseminating weeds than to have the seeds mixed with otherwise good grades of small commercial seeds, such as those of the grasses and clover. To

Sell Seeds Adulterated with ten per cent. of sand would be regarded by many people as criminal. It is much more criminal should it be regarded to sell seed containing ten per cent. of noxious weed seeds. In the former case, the only injury is an increase in price for the farmer, while in the latter case the good seed is a small matter compared with the injury done by the introduction of new weed pests.

It is impossible to effectively enforce legislation to prevent the growth of impure seed. We must teach the producers to see the folly of growing anything but the best. Seedsmen find it necessary to make differences in price in order to protect themselves, and there is no doubt that the increased price for good seed will more than repay the extra trouble involved in its production. It is therefore to every farmer's interest to grow only the highest quality, not only because it is a gross injustice to neighbor farmers to continue the production of weed seeds, but also because he is sure to be amply rewarded for any increased trouble.—A. Clemons, Publication Clerk.

GADGING GIRLS.

An Editor Gets After Them With a Sharp Pen. (Emporia, Kan., Gazette.) The mothers of this town have had a lesson—but it doesn't seem to have done them any good. They are just as many girls gadding around town after school now getting their mail in private boxes in the postoffice as there were ten days ago. Two years ago the Gazette went after the mothers of Emporia for neglecting their daughters, and the result was that half a dozen private mail boxes were discontinued and a lot of the girls that were in the habit of gadding too much were kept in for a time.

These girls are now developing into fine young women, but another crop of gadding girls has come on. The Gazette hopes no one's modesty will be shocked by saying these little hussies ought to be spanked good and red. They are between 14 and 17 years old, and are just as fast as the boys. In fact they can't sit still, if their mothers knew the type of boys and men—young human pupes—these girls are running them and their mothers. And their mothers, it is presumed, know nothing of the situation. They think their little girls are so sweet and pure that nothing can harm them. The mothers of this town, who are responsible for the girls who go the streets, should stop and think what they are doing. These girls are no longer children. They are at the impressionable age, where you have their impressions come from—the riff-raff of the street or from home? It is for the mothers of this town to settle the question."

Dreadful Case of Itching Piles

Doctor Wanted to Burn the Skin With a Red Hot Iron—Patient Was Cured by DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT.

Mr. Alex. McLean, Talbot Vale, N. S., writes: "For two years I worked as sectionman on the Dominion Coal Company's railroad between Sydney and Gloucester Bay, N. S., and during that time was exposed to all sorts of weather. Gradually my health failed, and I became a victim of protruding piles. At first I did not know what my ailment was, but I consulted a doctor, and though he treated me for piles, they only grew worse.

"I was forced to give up work and return to my home. My suffering could scarcely be described. I could not walk or lie down, but while the rest of the family was sleeping I would be groaning and aching from the excruciating pains.

"Again I decided to consult a doctor. This one stripped me, and said the piles would have to be burned with a red-hot iron. I shivered at the thought of burning what my flesh and bone were, but I thought of undergoing such an operation, so he gave me some salve, for which he charged me two dollars, but it did not do me any good.

"I was in a desperate condition, and had almost given up hope of ever being freed from this dreadful suffering when a friend told me about Dr. Chase's Ointment. He had had seen so many places that he had cured that he would pay for it himself if it failed to cure.

"My experience with Dr. Chase's Ointment is that the first application did me more good than did the next two, and it has made me as well and as free from piles as any man. Since being cured I worked during the winter in the lumber woods and experienced no return of my old trouble. I am not putting it too strong when I say that Dr. Chase's Ointment was worth \$100 a box to me. You are free to use my testimony for the benefit of others, as I feel it my duty to make known this great ointment."

THE DANGERS OF CHILDHOOD.

Summer is the most deadly season of the year for little ones. The little life hangs by a mere thread; diarrhoea, infant cholera and other hot weather ailments come quickly, and sometimes, in a few hours, extinguish a bright little life. Every mother should be in a position to guard against, or cure these troubles, and there is no medicine known to medical science will act so surely, so speedily and so safely as Baby's Own Tablets, a box of the Tablets should be kept in every home where there are little ones, and by giving an occasional Tablet hot weather ailments will be prevented, and your little one will be kept well and happy. Don't wait until the trouble comes—that may be too late. Remember that these ailments can be prevented by keeping the stomach and bowels right. Mrs. A. Vanderveer, Port Colborne, Ont., says: "My baby was cross, restless and had diarrhoea. I gave her Baby's Own Tablets and they helped her almost at once. I think the Tablets a splendid medicine for children."

The Tablets are guaranteed to cure all the minor ailments of little ones; they contain no opiate or poison drug, and can be given safely to a new born babe. Sold by medicine dealers, or mailed at 25 cents a box, by writing to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont."

"You will be her friend still, Nairne?"

"Yes, because I love her still. I have said pity her. Poor, poor child! Yes, I will be her friend. I will help her to get her heart's desire. This man is a cad and a coward, and altogether unworthy of her, but as her heart is set on marrying him, I will help them both. But I cannot see her again. I cannot!"

CHAPTER XXIII. After he had left Luigi at his own apartments, the marquis went slowly down the broad staircase to see Elaine. She had produced a letter, which Luigi covered his face with his hands and listened breathlessly.

"It was a letter of hers, no doubt; and no doubt a compromising one. Perhaps he was holding it over her head as a threat. They came in terms at last, I suppose. At any rate, he gave her the letter reluctantly, and she seemed overwhelmed by joy and relief. He wanted it back, and she refused. He saw that by relinquishing the letter he had lost all hold on her—but she refused. I could stay no longer. It cost me something not to break in upon them and confront her. Yes, it cost me something. He leaned his head upon his hands in silence for a moment, then he went on in a weary voice. But I pitied her; yes, I pitied her. I saw in her face so distinctly—the hideous comedy. Heaven knows what pressure may have been put upon her; what indignities she had to jilt him. You cannot understand, you don't know the charming customs of the marriage market in this our Christian England, Luigi! Why, if I were worse than I am, the vilest of vile, old decrepit, deformed in mind and body, there are fathers—yes, and mothers—who would sell me their girl for a wife! You cannot, but I can understand the kind of pressure that your father would use. It is not all her fault; she is not wholly and solely to blame. No! Let me cherish some remnant of my great love and reverence for her. No doubt she is a false one! I cannot think her wholly false and mercenary. My beautiful—His voice broke, and he strode to the window and turned his back to the silent listener, as if to hide the emotion even from Luigi's sightless eyes.

Luigi raised his head. He seemed to have been completely overwhelmed. "I have listened to you, Nairne," he said, almost inaudibly; "but still, yes, still I cannot believe her guilty of the treachery you charge her with. There must be some mistake, some misapprehension. It is a terrible enigma."

"It is all too plain, alas! I have told you what I have seen; explain it away if you can. God knows I would be glad to have you clear her! I would give you all I possess to wipe out the remembrance of the scene; I would give half the years remaining to me to believe her innocent, to put her back in my heart as she seemed to me an hour—only an hour—ago. Come, what is your explanation, Luigi?"

The blind man shook his head. "I do not know, I cannot think of any, and yet—forgive me, Nairne—my faith in her is greater than yours."

"You have not seen her and the man, as I saw them. You have had your second-hand. What explanation is possible? The fact, the hideous fact, remains, that she stole out of the house to meet the man who was her lover, and that this letter has passed from him to her. My God, if she had only trusted me! If she had only known me better! Why, Luigi, if she had come to me and told me all, I could still have loved and revered her. I would not have hesitated a moment in yielding her up. She should have had this man for a husband, and me for a friend as long as her life lasted.

"But now—" "You will be her friend still, Nairne?"

"Yes, because I cannot help it. I love her still. I have said pity her. Poor, poor child! Yes, I will be her friend. I will help her to get her heart's desire. This man is a cad and a coward, and altogether unworthy of her, but as her heart is set on marrying him, I will help them both. But I cannot see her again. I cannot!"

CHAPTER XXIII. After he had left Luigi at his own apartments, the marquis went slowly down the broad staircase to see Elaine. She had produced a letter, which Luigi covered his face with his hands and listened breathlessly.

"It was a letter of hers, no doubt; and no doubt a compromising one. Perhaps he was holding it over her head as a threat. They came in terms at last, I suppose. At any rate, he gave her the letter reluctantly, and she seemed overwhelmed by joy and relief. He wanted it back, and she refused. He saw that by relinquishing the letter he had lost all hold on her—but she refused. I could stay no longer. It cost me something not to break in upon them and confront her. Yes, it cost me something. He leaned his head upon his hands in silence for a moment, then he went on in a weary voice. But I pitied her; yes, I pitied her. I saw in her face so distinctly—the hideous comedy. Heaven knows what pressure may have been put upon her; what indignities she had to jilt him. You cannot understand, you don't know the charming customs of the marriage market in this our Christian England, Luigi! Why, if I were worse than I am, the vilest of vile, old decrepit, deformed in mind and body, there are fathers—yes, and mothers—who would sell me their girl for a wife! You cannot, but I can understand the kind of pressure that your father would use. It is not all her fault; she is not wholly and solely to blame. No! Let me cherish some remnant of my great love and reverence for her. No doubt she is a false one! I cannot think her wholly false and mercenary. My beautiful—His voice broke, and he strode to the window and turned his back to the silent listener, as if to hide the emotion even from Luigi's sightless eyes.

Luigi raised his head. He seemed to have been completely overwhelmed. "I have listened to you, Nairne," he said, almost inaudibly; "but still, yes, still I cannot believe her guilty of the treachery you charge her with. There must be some mistake, some misapprehension. It is a terrible enigma."

"It is all too plain, alas! I have told you what I have seen; explain it away if you can. God knows I would be glad to have you clear her! I would give you all I possess to wipe out the remembrance of the scene; I would give half the years remaining to me to believe her innocent, to put her back in my heart as she seemed to me an hour—only an hour—ago. Come, what is your explanation, Luigi?"

The blind man shook his head. "I do not know, I cannot think of any, and yet—forgive me, Nairne—my faith in her is greater than yours."

"You have not seen her and the man, as I saw them. You have had your second-hand. What explanation is possible? The fact, the hideous fact, remains, that she stole out of the house to meet the man who was her lover, and that this letter has passed from him to her. My God, if she had only trusted me! If she had only known me better! Why, Luigi, if she had come to me and told me all, I could still have loved and revered her. I would not have hesitated a moment in yielding her up. She should have had this man for a husband, and me for a friend as long as her life lasted.