

# UNCLE DICK;

Or, The Result of Diplomacy and Tact.

## CHAPTER XIII.

Masters did not leave Wive. The obstinacy of his character came into play there; he had come down for a month and he stopped.

He had come for a purpose too—business purpose—had his book to finish. Was a trifling incident, the accident common to men's lives, to disturb the current of his life? To turn him from his prearranged plan in the smallest degree? Perish the thought!

All he had altered was the direction of his walk; he thought that wisdom. Because, like other wise men, he left the east and went west. It was Cliffland there; sheltered spots (innumerable were easily found).

She, yet more proud than he, altered nothing; took her walk with Gracie as usual. Sat on the seat at the far end of the walk; read novels there with stoic fortitude—except for an occasional long look across the waters.

Looking across the wide sea seems to afford scope for, to encourage, limitless, aimless reflections. At any rate here were aimless; she knew that. But a woman dearly loves the memories of the past, to bring them before her; to pet and fondle and keep alive with the warmth of her heart.

Being at opposite poles, east and west, their daily meetings ended. Once he met her in the post office; he was leaving as she was entering. He raised his hat, and would—

from mere courtesy—have said "Good morning." But the unframed eyes, as they fell on him, lighted up with indignation; a second edition of what he had seen before. As they for a moment rested on him they seemed to scorch up what he would have said. His raised-to-hat hand trembled and fell; he passed out.

Reaching home she found that she had carried with her a recollection of his face. By the seat he had said things to her that no woman could forgive. She told herself that an average hundred times a day—to say nothing of the sleepless nights she passed with thoughts full of him. But she was sorry to see the haggard, worn look he was wearing as he left the post office.

Had appeared ill. His, she had said, was a face which had borne no worry lines; lines of thought but not of trouble. The absence of the latter had made him appear younger than he really was.

With a smile she thought back on the time—quite a long while ago—when she had fancied that she had almost come to love that eager, enthusiastic face; boyish but still with an air of manly determination about it, set in a manly frame.

Masters' shoulders were quite

"My youngest boy, 3 years old, was sick with fever last June, and when he got better the doctor prescribed Scott's Emulsion, and he liked it so well that he drank it out of the bottle, and is now just as plump and strong as any child of his age anywhere . . . two bottles fixed him OK."—MR. JOHN F. TEDDER, Box 263, Teague-Freestone Co., Texas.

# SCOTT'S EMULSION

is the greatest help for babies and young children there is. It just fits their need; it just suits their delicate, sensitive natures; they thrive on it. Just a little does them so much good and saves you so much worry. You owe it to them and yourself to make them as strong and healthy as possible. SCOTT'S EMULSION will help you better than anything else; but be sure to get SCOTT'S. It's the best, and there are so many worthless imitations.

ALL DRUGGISTS

Scott's Emulsion has just written on another letter about his brother-in-law's children. Let us send you his letter and other information on the subject. A Post Card, mentioning this paper, is sufficient.

SCOTT & BOWNE  
122 Wellington St. W. Toronto

a patient. He advanced to take the child's hand lying on the coverlet; continued—

"This is a nice idea of yours, upon my word! Going to sleep in the day—"

His intent in the adoption of a reassuring tone was to change the current of her thoughts; the wild thoughts evidently surging in that active little brain. But when he clasped the child's hand in his own, the merriment left his voice, the smile his face. His other hand he placed on her forehead, then turning, said—

"Why did you not send for me?"

The mother was standing close beside the child, stooping so that her face was on a level with the terror-stricken little one's bright eyes. She was speaking loving words, in the loving way that appeals to children. Words which read so foolishly, yet sound so sweetly. She turned round suddenly, startled by the gravity in the doctor's voice.

"Send!" she cried. "Why? She—she is not—oh, don't tell me—"

"Hush!" She became quiet at once. Another phase of the doctor's character showed: his will power. The loving anxiety was suppressed. The practical woman was to the fore, intent on the doctor's instructions—

"She must be undressed and put to bed. Have a fire here; it must be kept going night and day. Send one of your maids"—he was writing on a leaf of his note-book as he spoke, and finishing, tore it out—"with this prescription at once." "Gracie was fever-stricken! Tossed in delirium all that night and the next day. All the next day and the next night, and the mother sat by the bedside, tending, never leaving the little one."

The doctor came three and four times a day. Each time he looked grave. There was no sign of improvement in the child's condition. The mother, worn out with watching, looking at him for comfort, read none.

Did ever—during all those hours of waiting, anxious watching—the thought of Masters cross her mind? She had shut him resolutely out of her heart, turned the key of consciousness upon him. But even bolts and bars are proverbially of small efficacy in similar cases.

In those long hours, the only silence breaking sounds were the monotonous ticking of the clock and the short, quick breathing of the little white-robed, white-faced form on the white pillows. Sometimes, then, the woman's resolution broke down; thoughts of The Man crept in upon her all unbidden. Gentler thoughts than she had harbored in the previous days: troubles' softening influence was around.

Their first meeting—she thought of that. Of his affection for Gracie; of the child's love for him. Surely a child's instinctive love and trust for something. Perhaps, after all—and then those horrible words of his rang in her ears, and she hid her face in the white coverlet. Never, never—they were unforgivable. Besides, he did not seek forgiveness.

Strange that, by the bedside of the panting child, with Life and Death fighting for the possession of his fragile little form, her ears ever straining to catch the sound of that softer breathing which she knew would signal Life's victory—strange, that with fear and hope surging in her bosom, even while her gentle hand restrained her dear daughter's restless tossing to and fro and cooled the burning forehead and feverish, clinging little fingers; strange that nothing seemed so wrong, nothing incongruous, in the thought of an almost stranger—of William Masters. Perhaps it was because Gracie loved him so dearly: that must have been the reason.

Poor little Gracie! She little knew what manner of man it was to whom she had offered her affectionate, trusting little heart. Yet he had been kind to her, more than kind. There was pleasantness in the memory of that. Fugitive thoughts were these; stealing in under cover of the night. Those hours when that watchful keeper of the heart—a woman's pride—is prone to forsake his trust; to leave the secret of that heart revealed before its Maker, and herself. A moment, and the watchful sentinel is back again at his post; repentant for his lapse, guarding his treasure more jealously than ever.

The white soul of the child stood at the entrance of the Valley of the Shadow. Hour by hour the watching woman seemed to see the Shadow deepening, growing. Hour by hour she strove with all the power that in her lay to lead that white soul back into life's sunshine. The watching and anxiety told on her. The doctor noting her sunken eyes, said firmly—

"You must take rest. You need it as much as your patient."

"Rest!"

"Don't be foolish! You have a good woman; this woman who is helping you."

"She has been a nurse."

"I see she understands. You must take rest or you will be ill."

## A Frank Statement

Pe-ru-na is the Best Medicine in the World.

I RECOMMEND PE-RU-NA.



MR. EMILE MAROIS.

MR. EMILE MAROIS, 1879 Ontario street, Montreal, Canada, writes:

"After taking nine bottles of Peruna, I find that I am cured."

"I still take it occasionally. For me it is the best medicine in the world."

"I have recommended it to a number of persons."

Mr. J. C. Hervus Pelletier, Dept. de l'Agriculture, Ottawa, Ontario, writes:

"The Peruna is particularly efficacious in the cure of catarrhal affections of the lungs and bronchial tubes."

"Six bottles cured me this winter of bronchitis. I am completely restored and I owe thanks to the Peruna."

"I have recommended this remedy to a large number of my friends afflicted with the same trouble, and they have verified my good opinion of this valuable remedy."

Ill, too, at a time when you are most needed."

"Tell me, doctor. Oh! For God's sake, tell me—you don't know what she is to me! Tell me—"

"My dear madam, I can tell you nothing. As it nears midnight, will come a crucial time. Humor her; whatever she wants, no matter how extravagant it may seem, let her have it. She has an excitable nature, a nervous temperament. Do all you can to soothe her. She must not worry for anything: it might prove her death. Gratify her desires and she may sleep—sleep will be her salvation. You understand?"

"Yes, doctor."

"Whatever she asks for, gratify her."

"Yes, doctor."

"She is needing sleep; rest for that active little brain of hers. She is full of ideas of triple-headed giants, fairies and stories of that sort. Don't contradict her, get her into a state of contentment if possible. Who is this Prince Charlie she was asking for just now?"

"A friend—a casual friend—some one we know."

"She is inexplicably anxious to see him. Soothe by letting her do so if possible. She has intervals when she is as rational as you or I, it is well to prolong those by letting her talk to people she knows and wants to see. Does he live far away—this Prince Charlie?"

"In—in the town."

"Then, by all means, if she asks again, send for him."

"Yes, doctor."

"Fretting and excitement are to be avoided. Soothe her in every possible way; gentleness and firmness combined go a long way. But this Prince Charlie—from the hold he seems to have on her—may go a longer way still. Of course she may not ask for him again—may be it is a mere delicious fancy—but if she does, you will know how to act."

But Gracie did not ask again. Asked persistently, petulantly, pleadingly. The watcher with a breaking heart allowed the mother in her nature to smother the mere woman. She resolved to humble herself in the dirt: to send for him; he who had so grossly insulted her.

She would not write, she would not see him herself, she could not. She would send a verbal message. Late as it was there was no fear of not finding him up, she knew. He had told her that he always wrote till one in the morning.

The midnight oil phrase was one he was ever using.

"Hello," said the corn, "was that you whispering?" "Yes," replied the wind; "I've been trying to catch your ear for some time."

## "INSIDE INFORMATION ABOUT CIGARS."

When you snip the head off your cigar, light your match and then leisurely tilt back in your swing chair, a pleasurable feeling comes to you as soon as the match is applied to the end of the cigar, and if the cigar is a "Pharaoh" it will continue until you reluctantly throw away the sweet end.

Did it ever occur to you, however, the amount of study and work necessary to produce a good cigar. We would advise you to visit a prominent factory the next time you have an opportunity and watch the "modus operandi."

In the basement you will find the original bales or cases as they come from foreign countries.

Then they go to the casing room where the bales are opened and the tobacco cased, or dipped in water, which requires an experienced man, for if too much water is used on a very absorbent tobacco, it will not dry well; and if worked too fresh in a cigar the cigar is apt to pull hard and go soft while smoking. If not enough water is used on a dry type, the tobacco does not develop its best flavor; will break easily thus causing waste.

The "hands" or "carrots" are stood on the butt end in casing box for 24 hours, then shook out, sent to the next department where they remain 24 to 48 hours, until the tobacco has absorbed all the water and becomes supple and silky. It is then passed over to the strippers who take out the large middle stem.

The class of tobacco that forms the inside of the cigar is now called "fillers" and is sent to the drying room where it is placed on clean smooth floors, spreading it about 6 inches thick, turning it twice a day takes three to five days. Some manufacturers dry on screens in a few hours very dry, and then spray, dump in a box, and let it draw back.

Payne claims that quick evaporation runs away with too much of the aroma and gum, and induces a flatness to the taste, and if dried by steam or near a fire a "smokey" taste develops, and the cigar is apt to burn the tongue.

The fillers should now be laid away loosely for a week or more to cure, if a blend is being made the filler should be laid away four to eight weeks so that the cigars will run uniform, if laid away to dry they won't blend, if too moist they may go mouldy, a constant watch must be maintained.

Eventually the fillers are given over to the cigar makers, and here the cigar can be easily spoiled, generally by the workman placing some pieces crosswise, or by rolling too tightly, because the finest tobacco ever placed in a cigar will taste flat if the cigar does not pull easily.

When finished the cigars are laid away in humidors for at least 24 hours before packing, and after packing, are placed in a humidior for a couple of months to properly season.

Then it is up to the dealer to take proper care of his stock, as many a good cigar is spoiled by being kept down cellar in the summer, and by being kept up on the shelves in the winter.

For the past few years J. Bruce Payne, Limited, have been catering more particularly to the retail trade, or shipping in smaller lots and more frequently, to their jobber so that their "Pharaoh" cigar always goes over the counter to the consumer in prime condition.

## "PROPHET" PREDICTS WAR.

Russian Court Circles Impressed With His Predictions.

Russian court circles—always susceptible to the influence of self-styled prophets, as was shown by the success of the soothsayer Papius before the war with Japan—are entertained at present a man called the "Magic Miller," whose prophecies, it is asserted, have never failed to come true.

At a recent seance the "Magic Miller" predicted a war in the Balkans in the Spring, a war in the near future between Great Britain and Germany, and "catastrophic troubles" over Persia. As many Russian dignitaries are convinced of the trustworthiness of these predictions, the latter are not incapable of actually influencing the country's policy.

## SNOW IMAGES.

In the little town of Andreasberg, in the Harz Mountains of Germany, making snow images has been reduced to a science, under the stimulus of an annual snow festival, in which the residents of the town compete for prizes. During the time it is in progress the little village is thronged with guests. One year 4,000 persons enjoyed the sport. The task of the judges is by no means an easy one. In back yards, front yards, and in the streets before the houses the models which include figures and complex groups of all kinds, have been set up. That worker in the snow is wisest who waits until the last moment and then works swiftly and skillfully. Many a good sculptor's work has been reduced to a shapeless mass before the judges got around just because the sun would not hide its face.

## MABEL'S BROTHER.

How the Young Rascal Spoiled a Little Love Affair.

I was once a very sweet on a pretty girl who was unfortunate enough to be big sister to a fiend of the small-boy kind. The pretty girl's name was Mabel, and our little love-affair was progressing most beautifully when I went, "all in my Sunday best," one evening to escort her to a theatre.

Before I could ring the bell the small boy banged the front door open and popped out.

"You May's young man?" he asked, with an abruptness that took my breath away.

"Is Miss Mabel in?" I asked, with freezing dignity.

He leered at me out of his left eye, stuck his tongue in his cheek, and whirled three times round on his left heel before saying:—

"That's what she is. She's upstairs rigging herself out too fine for anything. She's got on ma's rings, and Aunt Sarah's gold chain, and—"

"Bob!" came in sharp, agonized tones from the head of the stairs.

"And she's had her fringe basking on hairpins for over an hour, and—"

"You Robert!" cried the voice of Bob's mother. But Bob went on pitilessly.

"And she's got the stunnerest new dress, and it isn't paid for, neither; and won't pay for it when the bill comes for her new hat! Ma says he will, but May says she doesn't care if he does. May's plucky, she is; you'll find it out if she pulls off her little scheme of marrying you and—"

"Robert James, come up here this instant!" is shouted from the stair-landing. But Robert James goes on placidly.

"You've come to take May to the theatre, ain't you? I know it 'cause May's been jawin' 'cause you didn't get dress-circle tickets instead of the front row in the upper boxes. I said I'd tell on her 'cause she gave me a crack on the head for losing the pencil she does up her eyebrows with. I hid her plate that's got her three front teeth, but pa thrashed me into givin' 'em up before he went out. May says—"

Bob's mother came hastily down the stairs, very red in the face and very wild in eye. Bob bounds down the steps and disappears round the house, but thrusts his head out to say:—

"How sweet you are! Oh, my, dear little thing! Better get your moustache under cover 'fore the frost nips it. Whose darling is 'oo?"

"Walk in, Mr. H.," says dear Mabel's mamma, making a frantic effort to appear calm. "Our Robert is in one of his playful moods. He is so full of spirits. Mabel is so very sorry, but a sudden indisposition has—"

"Ickles an' cheese an' cucumbers for supper," said Bob, appearing at an open window.

"The dear child has a most wretched headache. So sorry, but you will excuse her this evening."

"Take me instead, won't you, sweetie?" asks Bob.

I drag my wounded vanity away. I am as broken and bruised in spirit as I wish Bob was in his head. Mabel and I meet no more. We have not the moral courage to do so while Bob is above-ground.

## ASLEEP UNDER WATER.

A Diver's Escape on the Great Battleship Dreadnought.

As showing how much at home a man may be to-day under water, I may relate an amusing story, says a writer in "St. Nicholas." Some months ago, while the great battleship Dreadnought was at Malta, one of the seamen divers went down to clear her propeller from some flotsam that had become entangled, and he failed to come up.

It chanced that the rest of the battleship's divers were ashore, and grave concern was felt on the ironclad for the missing worker. Signals by telephone and lifeline were sent below, without avail. In the launch above the throb, throb of the air-pump's cylinders went on, but the attendants looked at one another in dismay, fearing some strange tragedy deep down in those leaving green seas.

The worst was feared when some big brushes and other tools came floating to the surface, and thereupon the navigating lieutenant sent ashore an urgent message for one of the other divers. The man came on board, dressed immediately, and went below, only to come up full of indignation.

"Why, that fellow's been asleep all this time," he said, wrathfully.

It was true. The man had just had his lunch, and, finding the work much less serious than he had thought, he finished it in a few minutes, and then sat comfortably on one of the giant blades of the Dreadnought's propeller and went to sleep, with inquisitive fishes swimming around him, attracted by the dazzling searchlight at his breast. The officers were so amused at the occurrence that no punishment was inflicted on the lazy one.

A greater variety of fish can be found in the Nile than in any other river.