

THE STANDARD ARTICLE USED EVERYWHERE



THE KIND THAT PLEASES THE PEOPLE

"MOST PERFECT MADE"

## Winsome Winnie

"What are you cheering for? What are you rushing about? Do you see where you're going? Look at Madam Vivian, man!"

"I beg your pardon, my lady," the man said, touching his cap, but pushing on with a broad grin on his flushed face, all the time—"they're cheering for the sailors—they're cheering for 'em!"

Winnie Caerlyon—that little white-faced maid as you would think could climb a wall—she's been and gone down that cliff—right over the head, my lady!"

He restrained himself with evident difficulty until he got a yard past Madam Vivian, and then his throat opened in another cheer, joining the chorus of cheers that fairly deafened the ear.

"The sailors! The sailors! The sailors and Winnie Caerlyon!" Madam cried aloud, in the rage of her grief and uncertainty. "Why did I come here? Why did I take me out of this yelling crowd, and bring me some respectable person—Lieutenant Caerlyon—any one that I can ask a question of. Why did I come to listen to their cheer? How dare they? How dare they, if—the captain is not safe! Llanoy, do you hear me? This yelling and shouting will drive me mad!"

But poor old Llanoy's efforts to reassure himself and his mistress from the pressure of the crowd were somewhat unavailing, and at length, worn out with struggling, emotion and excitement, madam was obliged to pause, leaning against one of the rough upright granite boulders that strewed the head.

"Here she is! Here she is! Bravest!" roared the crowd. "Did I ever hear tell of the like? The little maid—the lieutenant's daughter!"

A crimson spot was a madam's white cheek, an angry glitter in her tearless eyes, though her breath came in sobs.

"Did I come here to listen to Winnie Caerlyon's wonderful achievements?" she said aloud, in scorn. "Will you answer me, please," she asked of a minor near her—"if anybody is of importance beside Miss Winnie Caerlyon—have the crew of the Chittoor been saved?"

"Es, madam," he answered—"some of 'em—she saved 'em—the young maid—the lieutenant's daughter—have 'em heard tell, madam?"

"Will you answer me properly?" Madam Vivian said, almost frenzied. "What is Winnie Caerlyon to me? How dare you! Where is the captain of the Chittoor while you are yelling over the sailors and Winnie Caerlyon?"

Abashed and frightened by her anger, the poor "kibble lander" from Tolgoth mines could only point his finger towards the sea.

"Them, madam—him and Winnie Caerlyon!"

"Him and Winnie Caerlyon!" madam shrieked, feeling that a few minutes more of this agonized suspense and confusion would of a surety drive her senses

CHAPTER XXXI.

The fatal storm of that wild March morning had long passed away, the bright sunshine fretted with molten silver all the great blue shield of ocean, the warm south-wind blew breeze soft over Tregarthen Head, stirring the summer grass growing green and deep in sheltered hollows, and the summer dew fell softly on the daisied sod of the shipwrecked sailors' graves in Tregarthen churchyard.

The weight of regret and sorrow that their death had laid so heavily on the kind heart of their captain had been lightened, it is true, for the second crew of fifteen which had quitted the sinking ship, after unspeakable hardship and danger, had battled triumphantly with wind and sea through the terrible hours of darkness, and at daybreak found themselves eight miles off, driving in on a smooth lee-shore. The boat was stove in as they went aground, but the men all escaped with life, and making their way to Tregarthen, the whole number of the saved—three and twenty—were lodged, fed and cared for, some in the Tregarthen House itself, some in the village until they were able to travel to London and receive their wages from the merchants with whom Captain Tredennick was in partnership.

The ship and cargo were fully insured, and the owners had sustained no loss; but with the wreck of his beloved Chittoor had ended Stephen Tredennick's seafaring life.

"I knew every plank in her deck, every scatch and mark; it seems to me as if I knew every rope and seam in her canvas, and I don't feel as if I should care to begin learning such things all over again," he said, despondently, to Lady Mountrevor, "besides—besides, Millie, you know, I could not go away anywhere now, not if my daily bread depended on it!"

"No, no, of course not," she replied. "They were speaking in unrefined, and the faces of both were downcast and weary.

"Mildred, isn't she any better?"

He had asked the question so often during these weeks of sorrowful anxiety, and she had so little variation for reply, that her lips had grown tired, and her heart despairing, in the accustomed sorrowful answer, "She is no better, Stephen."

Lady Mildred's brilliant eyes darkened with tears now, as she slightly changed the formula of her response.

"Stephen, dear, I am afraid that she will never be any better. There is no use in denying it. The doctors think so, too."

astray, when the crowd caught the words and re-echoed them in stormy shouts of rejoicing.

"Him and Winnie Caerlyon! Captain Tredennick and the lieutenant's daughter! Lor' bless 'em! Here they are!"

In his exultation, grief and delight old Llanoy found himself, regardless of every rule of propriety and etiquette, dragging his mistress forward, and ere madam could pause to question or rebuke again, she was standing beside the holders of the rope, who, with sweating brows and muscles strained like cordage, were gradually drawing up. Presently before her eyes—between her and the stretch of tossing gray sea, the wild white manes of the rushing, swirling waves, and the lowering sullen mists—as if they had risen from the ocean depths, she saw two figures.

She saw them, and amidst her unbreakable joy and gladness—a sharp spasm contracted her heart. Stephen Tredennick, her beloved nephew, whose face she thought she never would see, standing, tall, erect and strong, on the earth, amongst living men, was before her; but close beneath his was a white, soft, womanly face, and tightly clasped to his breast a slender, yielding, helpless woman's form.

"Stephen—Stephen, my boy!" madam broke forth in a tremulous cry with outstretched arms, her affection putting all else aside.

But he never saw or heard her; he responded to his cousin Mildred's glad fond welcome hastily and tenderly, but he never looked a few feet beyond where stood his aunt, Madam Vivian.

"Oh, Mildred, I am afraid she is hurt!" he said, unclasping the silent, nerveless figure, and kneeling beside it on the sod. "She is quite insensible! Oh, Mildred, it has cost her her life!"

His face and voice were full of anguish. He heeded nothing else but the object of his grief.

"And it is for this," Madam Vivian explained, in bitterness of spirit, "that Stephen Tredennick has returned to his home!"

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"Stephen, dear, I am afraid that she will never be any better. There is no use in denying it. The doctors think so, too."

"She over whom the dreary fiat was uttered, was lying in the adjoining chamber, a large airy pleasant room on the second floor, that loved and cared for as much as a child's room, and a desire or wealth purchase. The downy first floor in Tregarthen House, surmounting a level and snowy lawn on the beautiful little silk-draped French bed, the noiseless carpets, the bouquets of flowers, the little fountain of fresh deli-

icious perfume, with its tiny jet of cool spray and its twinkle of silvery drops, the superb crimson strawberries and hot-house peaches, with their crystal dishes resting on ice; the ebony reading stand, with its open magazines and sheets of engravings—all that love and wealth could give her worth, here she could ask or want; but all gifts and endeavors and achievements stopped short here in this luxuriously shaded room, with its dainty satin covered couch, fit for a French marquise.

The spacious, elegant chamber, with its tinted draperies and rose-strewn carpet, its flowers and fruit, and pictures, and ornaments, was after all but an invalid's narrow world—a luxurious carefully-guarded, silent, shadowy prison, from which fond, sad hearts and tender hands could not set her free, into which they could not bring one wild fresh breath of health and strength; they could not set her on her feet amongst the early summer flowers and the waving summer trees, out on the grassy lawns and pleasant shady paths, to rejoice as they did in the breeze and the sunshine of May, and the song of the lark, a life and love flouted into the quiet chamber on the breath of summer air that stirred the white transparent curtains about her bed—the downy bed and pillows, cambric-trimmed, lace-edged, smooth snow-white, and scented, on which lay helplessly an aching head and powerless, crippled limbs.

"Oh, my poor little Winnie," groaned Stephen Tredennick, "is this all the return she is to receive at my birthday sturn down in her youth, with nothing but the prospect of years of suffering—a long, lingering death before her?"

"But, Stephen," his cousin said, gently—she had become very gentle and womanly and kind of late, this impatient, restless, unhappy wife of Lord Mountrevor—"there were days only a month ago when we thought that she would not even have those years of life, the suffering of which I fervently trust time may alleviate some degree, and love may alleviate a little also. Even now Doctor Lake is of the opinion that she will not suffer acute pain, except at intervals, although he will not say anything about her recovery of the use of her limbs. The strain on her nervous system has affected her spine, he says, as well as the rheumatic fever."

"Oh, don't, Mildred—I can't bear to hear it!"

He writhed with the agony of sensitive pain for the sufferings of which—beloved, weak, helpless creatures—which affects some of the bravest masculine natures so strangely, in contradiction to a woman's self-possessed endurance under the like trial.

"But I must speak to you, Stephen," Lady Mildred recommenced unwillingly, after an interval of silence. "You know Lord Mountrevor has written again; and although I gave him ample explanations, he says he cannot quite understand my prolonged absence." Her lip curled, and a cold, haughty smile hardened her face. "He wishes to see the child, too, I believe; indeed, that is, I dare say, the principal reason of his requesting my return."

"No, no, Millie," Stephen Tredennick said, earnestly—"don't say that, my dear. I believe in my heart that your husband longs to see your young face again for your own dear sake. He is not a stock or a stone, Mildred; and he was passionately in love with you when he married you. Give him his due—be just to him, Mildred, at least, and acknowledge he did care for you very deeply, though you did not care for him."

"Well," she questioned, with a flicker of a cold smile.

"Well," her cousin returned gravely, "is there nothing in that to make you feel kindly toward the man who felt love for you, and must have felt keen pain at your coldness?"

"No, Stephen," Lady Mountrevor answered, frigidly, "there is not."

"He is the father of your first-born and only child, Mildred," honest Stephen urged, his kind heart aching at the necessity for his pleading; "the child whom you love as well as he ought to form one bond at least between you."

"I do not love the child," she returned, her handsome face growing rigid in proud, cold obstinacy.

"Then, Mildred, my dear cousin, Stephen Tredennick said, "you show me plainly who is the fault, whose is the sin in this most miserable separation of a man from the wife and child that he loves—of a woman from the husband that she vowed to cling to as long as they both should live—of the poor little innocent child that would love both his parents if he were allowed, and who is worse than orphaned—with an unloving

mother and a father hundreds of miles away!"

The simple, earnest, severely-kind words, spoken from the depths of a heart that she knew to be true and generous, and full of brotherly love for her, touched Mildred Mountrevor to the depths of her wayward soul.

"Cousin Stephen," she said, her hardness breaking down, "I do not want to be cold and unkind and unnatural; but—oh, you do not know all!"

"I know whither your wifely duty should lead you, my poor dear cousin," he said tenderly. "You cannot shirk it without wronging to yourself and the man you have married. I know where your parental duty should lead you—towards your poor little neglected boy. Duty, Mildred, duty in the sight of man and Heaven—let happiness and pleasure go where they will!"

"Stephen I'll do my best—do my duty—I will!" Lady Mildred said suddenly and passionately. "You shall never have to reproach me so again. I know where your duty should lead you—towards your poor little neglected boy. Duty, Mildred, duty in the sight of man and Heaven—let happiness and pleasure go where they will!"

"There," she said abruptly, "I have written now. I am going to obey you—to do my duty—to be a pattern wife, a model peeress amongst all the model peeresses in England!"

Stephen Tredennick could hardly restrain a smile.

"You are the same abrupt, impulsive, self-willed Millie as ever!" he said, pleasantly. "I am glad of it, but Mildred, what shall I do—what will she do without you?"

"I don't know," replied Mildred, gloomily. "I must leave her to the tender mercies of Miss Stella. I suppose, with Madam visiting once a week, and telling her how very grateful she ought to be for all the gifts and blessings her kind friends have showered upon her."

Stephen Tredennick's brow grew dark.

"Winnie knows us better than to mind the matter," he said.

"And you must never come up here then, you know," Lady Mildred pursued, getting into one of her irritable and malicious moods—"at least, unless when you escort madam up from Roseworthy. She is in a terrible state of mind about the frightful violation of the proprieties which you constantly perpetrate by your visits here. Even the presence of her ladyship, Mildred Mountrevor, your worshipful cousin, a peeress, and matron to boot, is scarcely sufficient excuse for your outraging the conveniences by visiting that poor little dying girl there!"

## WHY ENDURE PIMPLES



## CUTICURA Soap and Ointment

Do so much for pimples, blackheads, red, rough hands, and dry, thin and falling hair, and cost so little that it is almost criminal not to use them.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold throughout the world. A liberal sample of each, with 25-page booklet on the care and treatment of the skin, will be sent post-free. Address: Foster Drug & Chem. Corp., Dept. 283, Boston, U. S. A.

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Her ladyship, Mildred Mountrevor, had talked herself into a reckless passion by this time, and, taking all that she said for terrible earnest, as simple-minded men will do at the outpourings of a woman's angry tongue, poor Stephen Tredennick sat pale and stunned beneath this new and calamitous aspect of affairs.

"Oh, Mildred," he said, imploringly, "what am I to do? If I had the right!"

He had spoken without heeding his words, but the quick start and involuntary glance of his cousin's eyes, revealing a meaning of a way scarcely suggested as yet by his own thoughts.

"Mildred, I will have it," he said, suddenly, his whole face brightening and flushing in the glow of his resolution.

"What, Stephen?" she asked, softly.

"The right, the best right in the world to take care of her, to stay with her and cheer her, and nurse her, my poor little girl!" he said, falteringly, though his eyes shone with hopeful light. "I have a right—the best right in the world; and I will make it mine before all the world, that would shut me out of her presence, and keep me away from her, my poor little suffering Winnie!"

"Oh, Stephen, my dear Stephen," Lady Mildred cried, compassion and admiration struggling for the mastery with her love. "It is like you, the sacrifice of your life!"

"Mildred," he said, in grave reproof, "what did Winnie Caerlyon think of her sacrifice? Would you have her braver, truer, more generous than I, even— even," he repeated tenderly, "if I did not love her, if she were not—Heaven

bles her and pity her!—the most faithful love ever a man had, my poor little Winnie!"

Mildred, Lady Mountrevor, being a person fiercely opposed to "gushing," did not shed tears or make any pitying outcry over poor Stephen Tredennick's mournful love story, in its past, present and future aspects, but she sat very still for a few minutes, then coughed violently, and said she must have dropped her handkerchief somewhere.

"Then—Stephen—you are—what are you going to do?" she asked, confusedly, gazing at him in the same half-pleased, half-despairing way.

"There are . . . of my preliminaries or ceremonies to arrange for, Mildred," he answered, sadly smiling—"only to tell her. You will, dear cousin?"

"Yes—yes," Lady Mildred said, hurriedly; "but, oh, Stephen, you forget—Madam Vivian!"

Lady Mountrevor confessed afterwards that in all her life-long knowledge of her cousin Stephen she never saw him assume the real, hard, immovably haughty, iron-willed Tredennick look but once, and that was in this moment of his reply to her startled reminder.

"I shall be sorry, Mildred," he said, "if Aunt Vivian attempts any opposition in this matter—very sorry indeed." That was all.

"But if Aunt Vivian saw that look," Lady Mildred remarked to herself, "I don't think she would attempt it!" (To be continued.)

AN INTOLERABLE NUISANCE. (Philadelphia Record)

If Harry Thaw is to continue as a source of scandal of the remainder of his life, thanks to the millions of his family, America must regret that District Attorney Jerome failed in his efforts to send him to the electric chair for the murder of Stanford White. The facility with which men of wealth can escape the just consequences of their acts in one of the greatest blot upon society's courts. If Thaw is not the dangerous paranoiac he is said to be, he should be released from Mattawaug, where he is held, as represented, he should be kept from public notice. To the country at large he is an intolerable nuisance, and to the integrity of New York officials he seems to be a perpetual menace.

Many Reasons Why Liquid Cough Mixtures Can't Cure Bronchitis

But the Healing Fumes of Catarrhose, Which Are Breathed to the Furthest Recesses of the Bronchial Tubes, Bring Quick Relief and Sure Cure.

Every sufferer from coughs, colds, bronchitis and all throat and chest ailments needs a soothing, healing, medicine which goes direct to the breathing organs in the chest and source, disperses the germs of disease, and cures the ailment thoroughly. And this medicine is "Catarrhose."

The germ-killing balsamic vapor mixes with the breath, descends through the throat, down the bronchial tubes, and finally reaches the deepest air cells in the lungs. All parts are soothed with rich, pure, medicinal essences, whereas with a syrup the affected parts could not be reached and harm would result through beumbing the stomach with drugs.

Many have been a chronic sufferer from catarrh in the nose and throat for over eight years. I think I have spent four hundred dollars trying to get relief. I have spent but six dollars on Catarrhose, and have been completely cured, and, in fact, have been well for some time. Catarrhose is the only medicine I have been able to find that would not only give temporary relief, but will always cure permanently. Yours sincerely, (Signed) WILLIAM RAGAN, Brockville, Ont.

For absolute, permanent cure, use Catarrhose. Two months' outfit costs \$100; smaller size, 50c; at all storekeepers and druggists or The Catarrhose Company, Buffalo, N. Y., and Kingston, Canada.

There are a number of cases on record of twins who were born together, one above the other, and were reared together, and who were separated at an early age, and who were reunited at a later age, and who were found to be identical in all respects.

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## Gained in Weight, Digestion Restored, Health Renewed

Here is More Proof of Quick Cure For All Folks That Are Weak, Ailing or Nervous.

More Praise For Dr. Hamilton's Pills.

"For a period last summer the thought of food excited feelings of nausea," writes Mrs. C. A. Dodge, of Bloomsbury. "The heat had made me listless, and the distaste for food reduced me to a condition of semi-starvation and brought me to the verge of nervous collapse. Tonics were useless to restore an active desire for food. The doctors told me my liver and kidneys were both at fault, but the medicines they gave me were too severe and reduced my strength so that I had to abandon them. At the suggestion of a friend who had been cured of blood and skin trouble, I began the use of Dr. Hamilton's Pills. The difference I first noticed was, that while they cleaned the system, instead of feeling weaker I felt better after taking them. Indeed their activity was so mild it was easy to forget I had taken them at all; they seemed to go right to the liver, and in a very brief time not only did all source of nausea disappear, but I began to crave food and I digested it reasonably well. Then I began to put on weight until within three months I was brought to a condition of good health. I urge Dr. Hamilton's Pills for all who are 'n poor health.'"

Get this best of all medicines to-day and refuse a substitute for Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut. Sold by all druggists and stores, 25c per box or five for \$1.00. Sent postpaid by The Catarrhose Co., Buffalo, N. Y., and Kingston, Canada.

FACTS ABOUT TWINS.

When the local Board of Guardians were recently discussing the case of a dear and dumb Chertsey girl for whom admission was being sought to a home the curious fact came out, says the "Weekly," that the girl had only been deaf and dumb since the death of her twin sister. The very day the other twin died the survivor lost her speech and hearing.

The amazingly close physical resemblance that twins often bear to each other if often accompanied by a curious sympathy that smacks almost of the supernatural. The late Sir Francis Galton, the great scientist, made a special study of the subject and announced that with some pair of twins that has come under his notice the two seemed not so much two separate beings as one out in two, each half feeling whatever affect the other, whether physically or mentally.

There is, for instance, a case on record in which two twins had at the age of 23 their first experience of toothache, the pain came to both on the same day and the same tooth had to be extracted in each case. These twins were remarkably alike and very fond of each other. They both obtained Government clerkships and kept house together. When one sickened and died of Bright's disease the other was a victim of the same disease (which is not contagious) shortly after.

The physical likeness of twins extends much deeper than the skin is also shown by a curious case that the medical papers were discussing some time ago. A hospital doctor had under his charge a patient suffering from an attack of rheumatic ophthalmia. One day the patient remarked:

"My twin brother must be having ophthalmia just now."

Many of the cases of twins are not exactly the same they are exactly the opposite to one another. One will be quick self-confident and quick temper, the other is slow and forgiving; the other is slow and a good tempered, but slow to forgive when aroused.

Many of the cases of twins, as every one knows, are difficult or almost impossible to tell apart. In the case of these striking resemblances the similarity of character which accompanies it breaks out in curious ways. A London newspaper reporter, while at the same time his brother was buying an exactly similar set as a surprise for the first twin.

However, starting alike they may be in face, ways and mind, the man who knows a pair of twins can readily verify the curious fact that in one point of likeness never holds. No two for some inexplicable reason ever write alike.

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