

TRY CEYLON NATURAL GREEN TEA

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Highest Award St. Louis, 1904.

Her Hidden Destiny

He made no remark, he gave no sign that he even heard her broken, piteous words.

"Ah, think," she continued, "what I am losing. Have some pity on me. The blow which has struck you fell upon me first, and bowed me to the ground. Your pain only adds to mine."

"I know—I know," he cried hoarsely. "Barbara, can you think that I do not pity you?"

A faint gleam of hope brightened the girl's sad eyes; she crept nearer to his side, and put her hand timidly on the arm of his chair.

"If we had but known before," he exclaimed passionately, "if you had kept it from me still. Why did you tell me, Barbara?"

"Because I loved you," she answered faintly. "But—that must be over now. She drew off the diamond ring she wore and placed it on the table by his side."

"I think the shame of it will kill me," he exclaimed, rising from his chair. All that the next few days brought came before him—the gossip, the conjecture, the wonder at the broken engagement.

"Oh, love," he cried, as he suddenly bent over her and lifted her from the ground, "why has this trouble come upon us? We were so happy!"

He held her in his arms as the broken despairing words escaped him, and he looked down with intense sorrow at her deathlike face.

"We were so happy!" she repeated, faintly. "But—that must be over now."

"Yes!"

Sadly the word fell from his lips, and as he uttered it, he closed his eyes to shut out her despairing face.

Her head fell forward upon his breast, and lay there, heavy and listless. She had guessed what his decision would be, yet it fell upon her heart like a blow.

Silently, with pale lips and haggard, despairing eyes, he held her to his heart in that last supreme farewell. He loved her; but he was not noble enough to forgive the stain upon her birth, to bring an unknown, obscure woman to his home to bear his name.

That she would willingly have filled the position he must have been only too sure—she was the same woman whom he had loved and chosen—but his prejudice and pride were too strong. They must part!

Barbara had almost lost the sense of suffering in the deadly faintness which was creeping over her; she was dimly conscious that he held her to his breast and pressed his despairing kisses on her brow, and she clung to him with her falling hands.

"Everard, Everard!" she moaned, feebly, hardly conscious of what she said, of the agonized appeal in her low broken voice, of the piteous entreaty in the great eyes she raised to his, "do not go—stay!"

For one brief moment he hesitated; but pride was stronger than love, and he put her from him gently. Even then she made one last wild endeavor to keep the love she prized, and caught at his arm with feeble hands, looking up at him with anguished eyes full of a terrible entreaty; he shuddered as he averted his own from them in a silence which was eloquent as words could not have been.

Without a word she loosened her grasp upon his arm, and when he turned, and looked at her, she was standing where he had left her, erect, motionless, her hands at her sides, her eyes resting upon him, the heavy folds of her satin robe, with their shimmering edging of fur, gleaming in the freelight.

And as he saw her then he saw her often afterward in the life which they had hoped to spend together.

CHAPTER XXX.

The dining-room at Darley Hall had been the scene of many a gay banquet, supper, party, and lively ball; but it had never witnessed so strange an assemblage as on the morning when the adjourned inquest was reopened by the coroner for the district and his jury; and the faces round the long table and in the old room were all grave and serious, very different from the smiling faces of the convalescent guests who had been there.

A great fire of logs made the room bright and warm, and brought out the rich hues of the hangings and carpets.

How the Liver Helps Digestion

It is the liver only that can remove the bile from the blood, where it acts as a poison and produces biliousness and jaundice, and pass it into the intestines, where it acts as a cathartic to hasten the passage of the food through the body.

Without the hastening influence of the bile the food ferments in the intestines and gives rise to such disagreeable symptoms of indigestion as wind on the stomach, bloating, flatulence, and a general feeling of oppression in the chest, heart palpitation, pain and feelings of fullness and discomfort.

By keeping the liver active Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills cleanse the blood, remove the bile, and prevent indigestion and constipation, and these are the very ailments from which most people most frequently suffer.

When you fully understand the nature of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, you will find that they are indispensable as a family medicine. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Mannison, Bates & Co., Toronto.

and was reflected back from the antique Benares salvers on the carved sideboard. Outside the whirling snow obscured the windows and mantled the terraces and grounds.

Unfavorable as the weather was, Lord Cheveley had rejoiced in the fall of snow, which had prevented any from attending the inquest save those who were perforce obliged to be present.

Quiet as they had all striven to keep the fact of Miss Hatton's attendance as a witness, it had become known, and many would have come from Arlington to be present but for the weather, which made the country roads almost impassable.

Mr. Derrington, the coroner, was a young man new to his office, and naturally extremely anxious to do all that most as the frathless which he had made public, not even the snow itself would have kept away a crowd of eager spectators from the dining-room at Darley Hall.

As it was, from those present a slight murmur arose as Lord Cheveley entered the room with Barbara upon his arm, while Lord Elsdale, haughty and erect, but with unmistakable annoyance on his face, followed.

Barbara was wrapped from head to foot in the rich dark furs in which she had traveled, and against which her pale face looked colorless and pure.

She inclined her head to Mr. Derrington, with whom she was slightly acquainted, and sunk rather heavily, Lord Cheveley thought, into the high-backed chair pushed forward for her, sitting motionless while the young gardener who had found the body of the unfortunate man was giving his evidence.

Many a curious inquiring glance was cast at the beautiful face framed in the soft dark furs; but Barbara either was or appeared to be, unconscious of the scrutiny. She sat leaning her head against the tall carved back of her chair, her eyes closed, her lips tightly pressed together, her hands clasped tightly in her muff. She looked calm and collected, and no one could have guessed from her demeanor how deeply she was suffering.

How did her face change, and then when Lord Elsdale bent over her and said something in a low voice; then she raised her eyes to his face, and her own cheeks flushed completely in her sudden sweet, sorrowful smile, so infinitely sweet, yet so infinitely sad, which she gave him as she shook her head, answering in the negative the question he had addressed to her.

The earl watched her with an anxiety which was at least equal to the curiosity of the less interested spectators, and yet even he had no conception of what she really endured. Never in her life could would the girl forget that terrible hour, during which she sat there so calm and still, but with every nerve thrilled, as she waited to be called to give evidence as to the death of the man who had brought her the most terrible sorrow she had ever known.

They had found her on the previous night in the winter drawing-room at the castle, lying in a heavy swoon on the floor, and the long folds of gleaming satin and dusky fur, and although they had revived her speedily, she had remained for some hours sunk in a deep stupor. From this she had passed into a heavy sleep of exhaustion, and when she had awoke, Mrs. Fairfax, who had watched by her all night, found her calm and apparently quite recovered, while the language of her movements and her deathlike pallor, which was easily accounted for by her illness the previous night.

No explanation had taken place between her and Lord Elsdale. Lord Keith's hurried departure from the castle had done the earl all, and a great anger and a great sorrow followed it, but Barbara herself said nothing—still the look of patient resignation in the girl's lustrous eyes was terrible to see.

More than once, as she sat in the great arm-chair, the girl lost all consciousness of where she was, and what was going on; it seemed as if all this misery must be some terrible dream from which she would surely awaken, to find herself once more the proud, happy girl who wore Lord Keith's diamonds on the fourth finger of her left hand; that she was still mistress of the stately castle; that the horrible secret, that drove to Arlington, the play, the ball, the awful event which followed it, were all part of a terrible nightmare which would pass away shortly and leave nothing behind save an unpleasant memory; and in the warm shelter of her muff, the girl's hands were clasped yet more tightly together. But, when she felt for the diamonds the touch of which had grown so familiar and so dear, they were no longer there, and she knew that it was no dream, but a terrible reality.

When the gardener had concluded his evidence, the doctor who had made the post-mortem examination was called. His evidence was brief, clear and conclusive. He, with his assistants, had examined the body of the deceased, which had been carried into one of the adjacent lodges; they had discovered but one wound—the wound in the temple which had caused death. The bullet, which was produced, had been found imbedded in the brain. There was no doubt as to the cause of death.

"Might such a wound be self-inflicted?" asked one of the jury.

"Certainly," Dr. Talbot answered quietly, and at the quiet tone a slight eagerness was manifested by those present.

"Death was instantaneous?"

"Yes."

"When did you see him last?"

"If my memory serves me it was nine years ago. I was at Liverpool on business and was acting there."

"You have not seen him since?"

"I believe not—indeed I am sure that I have not."

"Do you know anything of his associates or friends?"

"I do not; but I should suppose they were persons following the same profession as himself."

"Did you correspond?"

"We did not."

A NEW SCANDAL IN THE ARMY

Cavalry Regiment Fears Reputation Is Lost.

GAMING ON THE WARSHIPS

High Stakes the Rule in Play at Poker and Bridge and Nona Dares Complain.

London, April 30.—There is a terrible scandal in a certain "crack" cavalry regiment just now, in which two officers are deeply implicated. The most extraordinary secrecy has been observed, and I know for a fact that determined efforts are being made to prevent the affair reaching the ears of the secretary of state for war. The two young men concerned are highly connected, and their arrest and trial would be among the most sensational happenings of recent years. After the hideousness of the details in the Scots Guards "ragging" case, we are all praying that the cavalry scandal will be successfully hushed up, yet I doubt it.

I had a talk this week with the parent of a young officer on one of the biggest of England's battle-ships. The officer has written a long letter home in which he makes serious allegations as to the extent of the gambling that goes on among some of the officers of these vessels. He makes charges of a specific nature, which obviously call for official investigation. The captain of the ship, says my correspondent, openly wink at this gambling. Power, bridge and other card games are played for stakes that are out of all proportion to the income of those who take part. Whether a man cares for cards or not, this latter goes on, he is bound to join in the game, or he becomes a "mark" for the officers who come to the ship to do their duty. The complaint is made in the names of those who make any report to headquarters on no matter how trivial a matter, specially becomes, by some means or another, common knowledge throughout the fleet.

Ever since his return from India Lord Curzon has been looking for a country house, and I see he has taken Heddington Hall, a place just outside Oxford. The house is modern—a square, rather unattractive building—but it would be hard to find one more headily placed. It is just raised above the valley, and from the terrace at the back a perfect view is to be had of the loveliest city in England—looking across the grounds, and the meadows of "Mossyland" on to the towers of Magdalen. Heddington Hall belongs to George Morrell, who was for some years member of Parliament for the Woodstock division of Oxfordshire, but lost his seat at the last election. Mr. and Mrs. Morrell have long been known in Oxford and the dinners and garden parties at Heddington will be much missed.

One of the principal social lions of the coming London season will be Lord Burns. He will be much in demand, but it is unlikely that he will be able to accept one-tenth of the invitations that will reach him. He is married, his wife is the Duchess of Sutherland. She is, however, no mere society hostess, but a keen social reformer.

The tour of the Prince and Princess of Wales in India has not been as one distinguished person put it, the other night, an unalloyed success. From some of the returned Indian visitors I hear that at least one of the royal travelers assumed airs of such consequence that the feelings or more than one of the native princes were considerably hurt. Princess, whose lineage goes centuries beyond the great mogul, were treated with a hauteur by a party of the royal party. What is more, there was little attempt to conciliate the people.

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