

ANNETTE.

(Continued). 'But you would not kill him? I would have killed him yesterday, he answered earnestly, 'but today—no, I forgive them all.'

'Sure?' she asked with a smile. 'Sure,' came the answer, and it seemed almost solemn.

'They were interrupted by Bartlett, who had entered the room at the moment. Dabawnt rose and advanced to meet him.

'Good morning, Mr. William Bartlett,' he said. 'I am glad to know'

Bartlett took the proffered hand and for a moment as he shook it, his face was to be seen each looking at the other full in the eye. Then they relaxed their grasp and Dabawnt turned restlessly to Annette. She read the look of inquiry in his eye.

'Mr. Bartlett and I have known each other for some time. We first met in New York, but you understand that I would not introduce him to a Bluebeard,' she said, taking both their hands.

Bartlett drew the other man aside. 'Mr. Dabawnt,' he said, 'I'm more than sorry that our company should have given you so much trouble, and I assure you if I had known anything of the matter, you should have known since you had your money with interest.' He said a great many other things and Dabawnt said some thing too, and when they sat down to breakfast he had in his pocket a check for the full amount due him with interest to date.

After breakfast Bartlett and Annette found themselves sitting on the bench before the big blue flag. Somehow or other she found her dainty little hand resting contentedly in his and she held him fast.

'Now, Miss Lang—he seemed to emphasize the 'Miss'—for some days you've been calling me William.' Don't you think it time that I should be permitted to call you 'Annette?' She didn't just know how she wanted to answer but she smiled blushed and said:

'Yes.' 'Well the wedding took place in the little church a few doors below on the other side of the street,' and after the ceremony they went to France, for both she and Bartlett knew of so many nice places there that they were sure it was just the place for them to spend their honeymoon.

'Bliss,' said Annette, after they had been sitting on the deck of the French liner for more than a half hour, looking out over the moonlight ocean, 'some evening next week when we are walking beneath that romantic grape arbor you were speaking of, won't you tell me all about that girl that came into the tearoom with you?'

'For a moment he was puzzled, then suddenly recollecting: 'Why, yes, he said, 'haven't I told you already? That is my sister, the sister of whom you reminded me, and she has taken the veil in the convent attached to that little church across the way.'

She pressed his hand, and together they continued looking out over the smooth surface of the ocean.—Francis O. McCarthy in the Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

The Blue Cornucopia

Cecilia Wade was very fond of her Aunt Jane, being a sweet natured creature and apt to be disproportionately grateful for kindness, small or great. Seeing that she had had it drummed into her from babyhood that her aunt was her best friend, having done more for her than could be expected in giving her food and shelter from the world, she might well believe it. Her father, Robert Wade, had broken the hearts of all his family, according to Mrs. Jane Wade, by marrying a little French governess whom he had met accidentally on the Dover and Calais boat.

Other people might have thought that Mrs. Wade owed something to Cecilia for youth obtained to her soft and tender services most willingly rendered. But the point of view had not occurred to Mrs. Wade; nor to Cecilia for the matter of that. Cecilia acted as an unpaid nurse and maid to her Aunt Jane, and to her, wrote her letters, did her shopping and paid her bills, superintended the garden, looked after the cats and dogs and the oratory—in fact, did a hundred things, and had in return just food and shelter, the clothes she stood up in, and the tiniest allowance of pocket money.

A good many people would have been glad to be kind to Cecilia, who was a charming girl to look at—all, slender, with brown eyes at once gentle and vivacious, a fine, colorless skin, a delightful smile, and the French politeness. The latter was something Aunt Jane never approved of in her niece. Cecilia had few peo-

Pains in the Back

Are symptoms of a weak, torpid or stagnant condition of the kidneys or liver, and are a warning it is extremely hazardous to neglect, so important is a healthy action of these organs. They are commonly attended by loss of energy, lack of courage, and sometimes by gloomy foreboding and dependency.

'I was taken ill with kidney trouble, and became so weak I could scarcely get around I took medicine without benefit, and finally decided to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. After the first bottle I felt so much better that I continued its use, and six bottles made me a new woman. When my little girl was a baby, she could not keep anything on her stomach, and we gave her Hood's Sarsaparilla which cured her.' Mrs. Thomas Lewis, Wallaceburg, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Cures kidney and liver troubles, restores the back, and builds up the whole system.

ple to show politeness to beyond the mere social and tradespeople, with whom Miss Wade thought her niece's manners sadly out of place. Miss Wade did not welcome casual acquaintances, she said. She had her own old friends—not one under seventy years of age. Living in London, she was not troubled by callers. When any acquaintance was offered to her she rejected it. What did she want with new people at her time of life? She never thought of Cecilia.

Cecilia was quite well aware, and had not grumbled over it, that Miss Wade's money had been spent in the purchase of an annuity, so that when the old lady was gone there would be no provision for her. To do Miss Wade justice the money had been so invested before Cecilia had come to her a little black and white faced orphan of seven. It had not seemed to trouble her that death would leave her unprotected for, beyond what her furniture and jewels and lace and other possessions might bring. She had not thought to cut down any expenses—to do without a carriage for instance, as she might well have done in a London square. She would have said that she was Admiral Wade's daughter, and that she owed it to her father's memory to live in the way he had accustomed her to live. If Robert had wasted his substance in riotous living instead of providing for his daughter that was not to be laid at his sister's door. In her own estimation she had done more than any one could have expected of her when she took in the orphan child and gave her a home.

Sister Miss Jane Wade in the days of health. She was a very strong old lady, who had seldom suffered aches or pains; and was intolerant of such weaknesses in others. She had such a tradition of health that people who knew her were accustomed to say that she would die, as she had lived, unacquainted with the barest nodding acquaintance with pain.

But, quite suddenly as it seemed, Miss Wade's age began to find her out. It was a long time before she would call a doctor, looking on the suggestion when it was first made to her in the light of an affront. But presently pain and weakness made her more amenable. Like most people who have had a long period of health and strength, when she failed she failed rapidly. With illness her nature seemed to alter. She grew amazingly gentle and considerate as she became dependent. For the first time in those days of illness Miss Wade became lovable, Cecilia, whose love fed on very little like the plants that gain life and health in the interstices of rocks, would have always said and believed that she loved Aunt Jane. Now at last it was possible really to love her; and what was a compensation to Cecilia's kind heart for the sorrow it was to see the strong, self-reliant old woman reduced to the state that she asked humbly for things to be done for her and apologized for the trouble she gave.

Cecilia was so touched by this new aspect of Aunt Jane that she could not do enough for her. She was so obliged to the sick woman's room all one winter that Dr. Crispin was moved to protest, Cecilia would lose her own health if she did not get exercise and open air. He looked compassionately at the charming face which of late had begun to show its age. Cecilia was thirty. After a few hours in the open air with the dogs she would have passed for twenty five. She was such a delightful creature, so gay and gentle and humble and devoted, that Cecilia, looking her thirty years and over, affected Dr. Crispin with an odd sense of vexation and pain.

He had given Miss Wade a very gentle hint about her testamentary dispositions as regarded Cecilia.

'Cecilia will have all I have,' Mrs. Wade had responded, and the doctor was satisfied. He had no idea that all Miss Wade had was her household furniture and personal effects. Cecilia knew and was satisfied. She would have to work for a living after Aunt Jane was taken from her, which she prayed might not be for a long time yet. She was not uneasy. Aunt Jane had said to her one day, surprisingly, unexpectedly: 'When I am gone, Cecilia, I should not like

you to go to Caroline Wells as a companion, for Caroline Wells would be a hard task mistress, harder than I have been. Mary Moir would be glad to have you. To be sure she is half blind and sits in a darkened room nearly all the year. But she would be very fond of you, and very kind to you; and you are so fond of animals that you would not mind being shut up with so many of them.'

Cecilia did not protest, and had not the faintest temptation to protest. It came indeed, as a relief to her to think that it the sorrowful time came when she must do without Aunt Jane she would have someone to turn to. She was fond of Mrs. Moir, who was a gentle old lady. She found it easy to be good to the old, as she did to children and animals. Not a word of complaint even in her hidden heart of her so-called youth, of the dreary outlook for the future. She had already in her own mind written herself down old maid, gently and gently, with no looking pity for herself.

Confined to her room, her sofa, presently her bed, Aunt Jane's memories went back to the days of her youth. All the intervening years seemed to have dropped out. It was of Ardley, the old home of her childhood, she talked incessantly. Cecilia, listening and putting in a word now and then, came to feel that she knew Ardley by heart. To be sure, there were pictures and photographs to assist her. There were Aunt Jane's woolly water colors, mainly concerned with the countess of her youth; Miss Wade had never been a glorioustraveller. There were portfolios of pencil drawings, of faded photographs. The long, white house, with its golden thatch, and green trellised porch, with drawingroom opening on to the garden, the garden with its apple trees, the summer house and pine hedges, and box borders—she seemed to know them all intimately by heart.

At another time Miss Wade would have put her Indian shawls, her old lace, her trinkets, and go over them with Cecilia recalling this and that happy association. 'They will be all yours when I am gone, Cecilia,' she would say; and Cecilia would smile gratefully through her tears, never thinking that she might have had some of them while she was still young.

Another time it would be the china and silver. Miss Wade had some beautiful possessions of that kind. 'Buster send them to Christie's when I am gone. You will need the money,' she said, and having said this she turned her face to the wall and was inaccessible till she forgot.

Cecilia heard all about her jewelry, her ornaments in the older days—balls she went to the bouquets she received.

'The year I came out she said, 'there were thirty girls going on from Pallenny street. The people said they couldn't sleep for the carriages coming back in the small hours. And it was conceded that I was the prettiest girl of the year.'

Cecilia did not smile. The old memories had for her something of the fragrance of pot pourri. After she had told her old tales several times over, Aunt Jane, in great good humor, had put her face and presented one to Cecilia—an heirloom, painted on chicken skin by Carl Vaulou.

'Keep it as long as you can, Ciss,' she said. She had positively in these latter days given Cecilia a pet name, Cecilia had been Cecilia all through her childhood and girlhood.

'I wish now,' the old woman went on, 'that I had been more careful for your sake, child. I wish I could have left you this house and enough to keep it going, that any pretty things need not be sold. I'm afraid I've been a selfish woman, Ciss.'

Cecilia kissed her, protesting that her aunt had always been all goodness to her; and the old lady fell asleep smiling.

She awoke talking of the blue cornucopia, as though she had remembered it in sleep. Cecilia knew one blue cornucopia, a piece of her aunt's rather fine collection of Nanking. Now it seemed that the blue cornucopia had once had a fellow. Somehow it had disappeared. To the old mind it seemed that the absence of the second cornucopia spoiled the collection.

'A great number of things were scattered and given away when my mother died,' she said. 'I wonder who could have had the blue cornucopia.'

She fretted over it all the afternoon. She could not sleep for thinking of the possible persons who might have had it. Searching back over fifty years for a vanished piece of china seemed a somewhat hopeless task. It appeared that the cornucopia had certain indications not common in Nanking. The old lady remembered it over fifty years as though it had been yesterday. The missing cornucopia had had a chip out of the top of it. It was Miss Wade's brother Cyril, who had died in childhood, who was responsible for that chip.

She had a bad night worrying over this cornucopia. The pair were absolutely unique. Her mother had always said there was nothing like them in the great collection. What folly it was to have separated them!

For two or three days she fretted over the missing cornucopia, and

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All Her People Thought She Had CONSUMPTION.

Mrs. Wm. Martin, Lower Ship Harbor East, N.S., writes:—'I am sending you a testimonial of my cure by Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Last May I took a cold, and it settled on my lungs. I got so bad I could not rest at night. I had two doctors to treat me but got no relief. "All of my people thought I had Consumption. I had fallen away to a shadow. I had given up all hopes of ever getting better again until my daughter went to a store one day and bought me a bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. After taking half of it I felt better, so I got two more, and thanks to them I am well to-day, and able to do my house work. I cannot say too much in its praise, and I shall always keep it in the house.'

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was worse in consequence. The third night she awakened Cecilia, who slept on an uncomfortable chair bed in the corner of the room.

'I believe, after all,' she said, 'that the blue cornucopia must have gone to old Lady Stukely. She was a great friend of my mother's. They lived at Knoll House, Bingham, Hants. Such a dear old house, my dear. I have lost sight of them. Lady Stukely died abroad.'

'Knoll House, Bingham, Hampshire.'

(Concluded next week)

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Don't let worms gnaw at the vitals of your children. Give them Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup and they'll soon be rid of these parasites. Price 25c.

Post—All my life seemed to go into that poem. I was perfectly exhausted when I had finished writing it. Our Sporting Editor—I can sympathize with you. I was in exactly the same condition when I had finished reading it.

COULD NOT LET ANYONE TALK TO HER SHE WAS SO NERVOUS.

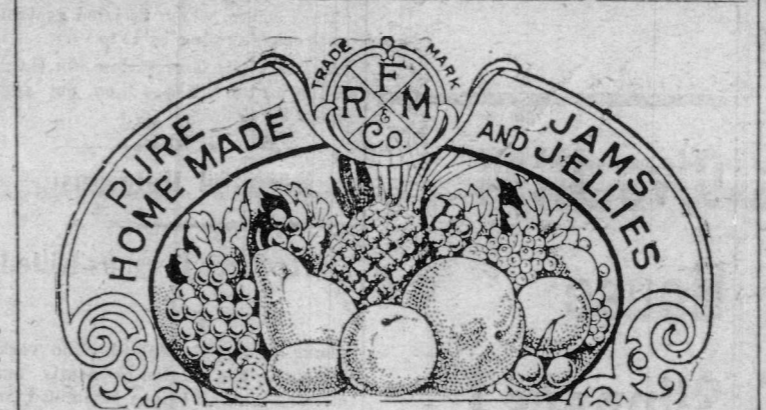
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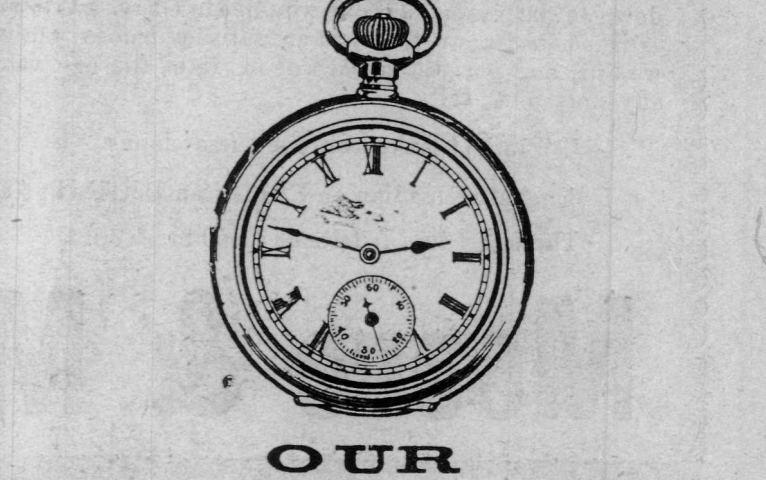
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