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HIGHEST AWARD ST. LOUIS, 1904.Her
Hidden Destiny

Lady Rose began to pour out tea, the gems on her fingers twinkling like stars in the fire and lamp light.

"Barbara, you have heard and seen Mr. Bryant," she said in her careless manner. "But I think you have not met Mr. Bryant—Miss Hutton, Mr. Sinclair."

Barbara inclined her pretty head, without raising her eyes—not in discourtesy, but in indifference. Mr. Bryant bowed low, with much grace, but as he came forward nearer the hearth there was a sudden angry flush in his blue eyes which showed that he resented the carelessness of her manner.

He was a singularly handsome man in the prime of life, his features were perfectly regular, his eyes blue, his hair was golden, and besides his beauty, which was great, he had a personal distinction which was even more remarkable than his good looks.

As he came up to the circle round the fire he was looking rather intently at Barbara, as she stood in her seakins and sables, sipping her tea. She herself was heedless of his scrutiny, but Mr. Sinclair saw it, and his eyebrows met in a sudden angry frown which faded almost immediately.

"I fear you find it cold traveling," Mr. Bryant remarked, in a quiet, deferential tone. "The weather is rather severe for the season."

Something in his voice or tone made Barbara look at him. As she did so she saw in a second that the man before her was the man whom she had encountered three weeks before, and whom she had not recognized on the stage. As she met his gaze, fixed upon her not rudely, but with a significance visible only to herself, she replied meekly, and with the color died out of her face and she grew pale to the lips.

"It was very cold," she replied mechanically, her voice so changed in its tone that Lady Rose glanced up at her tea-cups in surprise and anxiety.

"Barbara, are you ill?" she asked, quickly. "Is the room too warm for you?"

"For a moment it seemed to Barbara that the sudden terror which had seized her would inevitably betray itself, but next she had conquered her tremor, and smiled at Lady Rose bravely, although her lips had lost their vivid hue and her eyes were somewhat dim.

"Too warm?" Oh, no, she replied, answered in her usual voice, but her heart was beating violently, and the languor with which she sunk into the low chair which Mr. Sinclair had hastily pushed toward her was not altogether feigned.

"We have been terribly busy," Lady Rose announced in her lightest tones. "Have we not, Mr. Bryant?"

"I wish you had brought him with you," Lady Rose remarked. "He would have been very useful at this crisis. He is a man of family, as well as of talent and courage."

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plumes of the hat that she wore. No one could have told how deeply agitated she was, what a sudden and overwhelming terror possessed her. Had Bryant recognized her? she wondered. Did he know her story? What was the meaning of that persistent and significant gaze which she tried vainly to ignore? Every time he spoke she feared he would betray her, or that he would say something which would make her betray herself. Had Barbara Herrick not been present, she would have had less fear; but she had an uneasy consciousness that Barbara was watching her with anything but friendly eyes, and the suspicion her own dread engendered made her feel that Barbara herself was suspicious of her. A great regret that she had not told Lord Keith of her visit to Mark and endeavored to interest him in the man who had been so kind to her, seized her. If any word of Mr. Bryant's now betrayed to him, he would be angry at the deception. The girl felt sick and faint at heart as she lay back in her chair, listening to the pleasant murmur of voices, but not hearing or heeding the words they uttered, as her own brain whirled.

"You have not told me what play you are going to act, after all," she said, languidly; and hardly had she uttered the words when she saw in their faded glances that she had betrayed her absence of mind.

"My dear Barbara, where have your thoughts been?" Lady Rose exclaimed, laughing. "We have been talking of nothing else. We are going to play 'New Men and Old Acres,' and you are to play Lillian Vavasour."

Barbara laughed slightly.

"I am utterly unfit for the part," she said carelessly. "Have you chosen it for me, Mr. Bryant? You are stage manager, are you not?"

"I have that honor," he answered, bowing; but I have been guided by the parts, not knowing the powers of my company."

"You will play it charmingly and look lovely," said Lady Rose, decided. "And in default of Lord Keith, whom I had fixed upon for Edwin, Maurice Stoddard has volunteered for the part."

"It is a pleasant role," Mr. Bryant remarked. "I have seen it played admirably by indifferent actors; even Robson, whom you honored by your interest, Miss Hutton, played it with great effect for some months."

"The hero of the Stourton fire," said Lady Rose. "You know him, Mr. Bryant?"

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ner. Our conference need not be a very long one, I suppose?"

"How can I thank you for so much grace?" he murmured, as he bowed low and drew back slightly, too clever an actor to let his triumph be visible save in a one swift flash of his blue eyes.

"Here is a copy of the play," said Lady Rose, handing it to Barbara. "Take it with you to your rooms. Barbara, and amuse yourself with it while you are resting. You have three good hours in which to recover from your fatigue and to dress, and you will be doing me a favor, my dear, if you spare ten minutes of them to Mr. Bryant this evening."

CHAPTER XV.

One of the principal features of Lady Rose's charming, old-fashioned mansion was a long gallery, which ran along the center front of the hall and connected the projecting wings at either end. It was lighted by five large stained glass windows, which tempered the glare of even the hottest of July suns; between the windows were tall, carved cabinets with decorative carvings, and in the windows recesses were cushioned seats, which in the weather were favorite resorts of the inmates of the Hall; and the shining dark oaken floor, which was covered with a rich-hued Turkey carpet stretching from end to end.

At either end of this gallery, which went by the name of "my lady's corridor," were chambers leading to the lesser passages and to the open suites of apartments reserved for guests, while on the side facing the windows were several other doors leading into some of the state apartments; and the oak paneling between these doors was covered with ancient tapestries of which even the vivacious mistress of the Hall, with all her hatred of the antique, was very proud, and which were in perfect preservation.

At dusk "my lady's corridor" was illuminated by quaint antique brass lamps swinging from the ceiling, and these were all burning, when Barbara Hatton came out of one of the stately suites of rooms which faced the stained windows, and into the corridor, and the future Lady Keith, who had been allotted apartments reserved for guests to whom Darley wished to pay tribute of homage, and this fact, slight but significant, was noticed by Walter Bryant, as he stood in the recess of one of the stained windows, and a smile broke over his face. He watched the threshold of her room, daintily pulling on her gloves, and into his cold eyes came a look of almost wondering admiration, which was succeeded the next moment by a look of doubt, puzzled and questioning.

She was dressed in white—she had worn white frequently since Lord Keith had told her that it became her delicate dark loveliness—a long straight gown made of some dark white woolen stuff upon it; she wore her great pearls round her throat, and a spot of color about her cheeks.

When she had finished putting on her gloves, she turned slightly and took from her maid the little yellow book that Lady Rose had given her, then moved slowly and deliberately toward the room, while the maid returned to the room, closing the door behind her. Barbara came onward across the gallery; the mellow glow from the old brass lamps fell upon her, on the dead white of her gown, the soft gleam of her pearls, and she drew near the window by which Mr. Bryant stood, he advanced and met her as she came. She was already so pale that no pale of the color of the room could be remarked, but the keen eyes of her maid saw that her lips quivered slightly. She stopped at once, looking at him steadily.

"You were waiting for me?" she questioned carelessly.

"I ventured to do so. I hoped—and my hopes have been realized—that you had generously spared me more than the ten minutes of which Lady Rose spoke."

He spoke with extreme deference; but something in his voice made Barbara's eyes flash under the dark lashes.

"I am at your service," she said, in the same languid indifferent manner. "There is yet half an hour before dinner-time, so that you can give me your directions fully, and so spare me and yourself a second round of interview."

"I hardly think one interview will suffice," he returned, smiling.

"I fear it must," Barbara said haughtily, and passing him, she sunk down upon the purple velvet cushions of the window-seat, and looked at him expectantly.

[To be Continued.]

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THE bargain idea is all right in buying dry goods, but never with seeds, and if you want your garden to be a success, fight shy of so-called "bargains" in seeds, and stick to something you know to be good. What you want is FULL SIZED PACKAGES at popular prices. Seeds that are TESTED AND TRIED. No disappointment with them. Your money's worth every time. Insist on getting

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BLACK SPELL FOR
WORRIED FRANCE

Labor Strife and Woe in Mining Districts Furnish an Uncomfortable Week.

Paris, April 8.—It has been a bad week, one of stress and troubles. Last Saturday it was learned with astonishment that thirteen miners survived the catastrophe of the Courrières mine after having remained 21 days in the shattered galleries, living on bark from timbers and the decayed flesh of dead horses. These thirteen unfortunates were taken care of at the infirmary, while the whole world manifested interest in their case.

Four days later was found one more miner who had groped about the galleries and kept himself alive with provisions left by his dead comrades. Great manifestations of sympathy were organized. Two of the men who escaped so miraculously were decorated by the Minister of Public Works, who went to see them and descended into the mine.

These events further excited the miners already aroused by the tirades of socialist papers, and instead of ending the strike, which hindered the work of rescue, they turned bitterly against the engineers and companies and accused them of having caused the catastrophe by their negligence and avarice.

Moreover, while Deputy M. Basy echoed these sentiments before the Chamber of Deputies, obtaining an order for investigation of the disturbances took place in the Pas de Calais district. It was necessary to protect the engineers and directors by armed force. Now there is a general strike in the north, and the Pas de Calais companies have ceded on all points and raised the wages nearly one-fifth.

It is to be hoped this concession will terminate the differences, but this is not certain, because the miners are under the influence of socialist politicians.

So much for the region of the north. In the east on Wednesday the home of a rich factory owner was pillaged and burned by workmen. This proprietor, who would have looked upon work articles, charged a workman who organized a union among his associates. The men demanded his reinstatement, but this was refused. Hence the conflict and criminal aggression.

In the south the people have been no less troublesome. The war at Toulon have begun a strike which has assumed alarming proportions. One of them who refused to strike killed a man while defending himself against strikers.

All the unions succeed only in division and in rendering more apparent the accuracy of pessimistic prophecies made by men who expect the time when the reactionaries to be strengthened by the ballot on May 6.

In the meantime the Senate has arranged, as best it can, the budget, which was only referred to it by the chamber. The King Edward's party is finished to general satisfaction. France emerges therefrom with her essential interests safe, as well as her alliances of friendship.

The Results of Weak Blood.

In the spring the blood is lacking in the red corpuscles wherein is found the life-giving principles which put snap and energy into the system—making the body active and the mind alert.

For lack of red corpuscles in the blood the lungs are weak, the action of the heart feeble, the stomach fails to properly digest the food, the liver, kidneys and bowels become sluggish and inactive.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food overcomes these conditions because it contains the very elements of nature which go to increase the number of red corpuscles in the blood.

These ingredients are so combined in this great restorative as to act mildly and gently on the system, instilling new vigor and vitality into the blood and nerves, and through these mediums reaching with a beneficial influence every vital organ of the body.

It is interesting to note your increase in weight from week to week while using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. 20 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Totally Destroyed.

Merrittton, Ont., April 9.—About 10:30 last night fire was discovered in the residence of John Taylor on the west side of the old Welland Canal. The building, with most of the household goods, was totally destroyed. A defective chimney is thought to be the cause of the fire. The building was covered by insurance.

The TERRIBLE PANGS
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To be dyspeptic is to be miserable, hopeless, confused and depressed in mind, forgetful, irritable, drowsy, languid and useless.

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Mrs. M. A. McNeil, Brook Village, N.S., writes: "Last winter I was very thin and was fast losing flesh owing to the run-down state of my system. I suffered from dyspepsia, loss of appetite and bad blood. I finally started to use Burdock Blood Bitters, and from the first day I felt the good effects of the medicine and am strong and well again. I can eat anything now without any ill after effects. It gives me great pleasure to recommend Burdock Blood Bitters, for I feel it saved my life."

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Never attempt to tell a funny story while waiting for the dinner bell to ring.

Mothers and Babies.

Wise mothers of the present day have lost faith in the old systems and rules for nourishing infants. Medical science, and a careful study of the principles of dietetics has done much to sweep away false ideas and notions as to how the baby should be fed. An eminent medical writer says: "There can, I think, be no theory in regard to the diet of infants, except one founded upon a study of the composition of human milk, and an attempt to imitate it."

Dr. J. M. Fothergill, of London, England, that great authority on the subject of infant feeding, declares that Lactated Food is the nearest and surest approach to mother's milk and he sets great value upon this wonderful food as a nourisher and builder. The best medical writers on this content who give special attention to infant dieting, are all agreed that Lactated Food is unsurpassed for building up and fortifying the weak system.

Mothers need not hesitate about using Lactated Food for their babies, seeing it has such strong recommendations. A tin will be sent free to any mother who has not yet given this food a trial. Send full address to Wm. & Richardson Co., Limited, Montreal, P. Q.

"Graver illusions have sometimes to be dispelled," Bryant said, quietly. "Might I venture to entreat Miss Hutton to spare me a few minutes of her leisure?" he added, addressing Barbara in a deferential tone. "I should be glad to be permitted to discuss her role with her at the earliest opportunity."

"There was the slightest possible emphasis on the latter part of the sentence, which only Barbara noticed; the girl hid the quivering of her mouth as she paused a moment before replying. "Is it important?" she asked, in her most careless manner.

"Our time is very limited, Miss Hutton. If you could spare me a few minutes before dressing for dinner, or, after, if you prefer it, it would probably save you inconvenience later on."

The voice was low and deferential, the words were plausible and respectful; but Barbara gave them a meaning, for she had seen the man who looked at him full and defiantly. "It is imperative that I should speak to you tonight," she questioned, in her coldest tones.