I had but to call on Lady Feo, hint that enemies of Bourke's had got hold

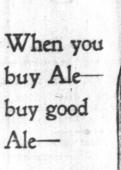
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A GIRL OF THE PEOPLE By Mrs. O. N. Williamson

portrait of Sintra Leigh, many years ounger, but much the same in feature as now. On the left was the face of a man so like her that only the hair and the clothing showed that the two por-traits had not been painted from the

As I looked at these things, wondering, the velvet curtains over the door-

CHAPTER XXL

The Power Behind the Throne. I caught my breath. In an instant I had forgotten the portraits, and had only eyes for what should come out from behind the curtains. Then they were swept aside; and I

have expected, yet had not dreamt of seeing—Roger Cope.

Our eyes met. Instantly all impression of mystery was gone. I felt that I should have known from the first that it would be explained in this way.

saw the man whom I might perhaps

"My darling-at last!" he exclaimed, and came towards me quickly, with both hands held out. But I put mine behind my back, "So you are the 'employer' of whom

that woman spoke!" I said, viciously; "and this is your house."
"I thought you might have guessed by this time whose place it was," Roganswered. "Many things might have told you, even if you had forgotten eeing the old photographs of the house taken from the outside, and the great hall with the piliars, which Aunt Ermyntrude kept. It was my Cousin Vincent's place, you know, until on his

death it came to me with the title." Now I understood why I had felt last night that I had lived through the scene of my arrival before; why I had known where to look for the staircase, and why, when I had passed out of the hall, the impression of familiarity disappeared. I had seen the photographs of which Roger spoke, but so long ago that my forgetfulness was scarcely sur-"And then, all your pretty gowns and

your silver things, and jewels," Roger went on; "who but one who loved you would have thought of having them you were to meet to-day. Oh, Sheila, you don't know what pleasure I took in securing all your things for youeven in the jewelry which the wretched girl Fanny Newlyn confessed to having pawned, and the new clothes which your mother told me you had taken away to sell. And the room where you slept last night; I had everything that was there taken out and new things put in-things which I hoped you would like. You can never doubt my love for on after to-day.

I was bewildered still by the farreaching cleverness of the trick which had ended by bringing me here. It seemed impossible to me that love, and only love, had prompted a man of Roger Cope's type to such desperate measures; and I understood neither the means by which he had succeeded in carrying out his purpose, why it had been necessary to carry it out at all, nor what he intended to do with me now that I was here. But I wished to understand, and I controlled the angry words that rushed to my lips, meaning to keep them back until I had found out how far Roger was ready to explain. It even entered my mind that Roger might be mad; and the thought

added to the need for caution. "Yours is very strange love," I said quietly, though my voice was unsteady and a slight trembling shook my body "And you have taken a strange way of showing it. I don't understand exactly what the way has been, even

"You shall understand if you like," he returned, "though there are other things of which I would rather speak, things which I have been waiting im patiently for a long, long time to say. "I should like to understand," I repeated, ignoring his last words.

"Sit down, then, by my side, on this sofa. Oh, don't look frightened. I don't mean to force you. But if you won't do what I ask, you can't expect me to give up my will to yours." Without further objections I sat down

and Roger sat beside me. I saw him glance at my hands as if he contemplated possessing himself of one; but hurriedly I clasped them together in my lap, and Roger attempted no more "Now catechize me, if you choose,"

he said, "and I will do my best to an swer. Afterwards-but there will be time to talk of the 'afterwards' when it has become the present. Begin, my little cousin. I am in a mood to be frank, now that luck has turned my

I hoped that he might prove mistaken in believing himself so favored, as far as his boasted luck had to do with me. But I did not stop to contradict him, for I was anxious to come at the

truth which lay at the bottom of so dark, so deep a well. "Did you know where I went after left Easel street?" I asked. "Not at first. I only wish that I had known. I called at Easel street on the evening of that most eventful day because I couldn't help it, because I

couldn't keep away from you. And I had to hear that hardly an hour before you had gone. You can guess a little of what I felt. And I assure you that Mistress Fanny was obliged to listen to some home truths for her brutality." His words convinced me that John Bourke had been right in his conjectures. Roger had set fire to the train; but the result, just as Mr. Bourke had thought, had come sooner than it was expected. Roger had called, but had been too late to prevent me from leaving the home where I was not wanted.
"I believe that Tom Stephens, Fan's

exclaimed, echoing the suggestion that had come from John Bourke. Roger smiled. "Rather clever for child like you to have thrashed that out in your mind," he said. "I don't mind saying that you are right, because no woman ever thought the less of a man for employing any means in his power-even means that would be

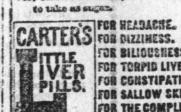
pretended lover, was a tool of yours,"

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called unscrupulous-to win her for himself. Yes, Tom Stephens was a 'tool' of mine, as you put it." "He spied on me, and prejudiced the managers of employment agencies against me so that I was unable to get

eork?" "Yes. For if you had found work the end would have been delayed. I was cruel only to be kind. Tem Stephens managed matters very well, and though they went rather further than expected that was hardly his fault." "Was it he who discovered where I nad gone after I left Easel street?"

"No, poor Tom was not skilled detective enough for that. I had to get another man. It took him three days to find you out. Mr. John Bourke, M.P., has my gratitude for saving you-for me. I should never have forgiven myself for what I had done, if you had succeeded in destroying your precious life. But my gratitude to him ends with that episode. His later acts toready for your arrival? And who on all this earth loves you as I do? I was wards you were those of a villain; and half afraid, half anxious that you it was all I could do not to go myself should guess before seeing me whom to his house and snatch my innocent white dove from the claws of the

hawk." The blood sprang to my face and burnt there. "It is like you to speak of him so!" I exclaimed, fiercely. "He was an angel to me, while you-oh! I don't yet half understand what you have been or may be. I only know that you are not worthy to be spoken of in the same breath with John Bourke."

It was Roger's turn now to flush, "It would please me best if ing lips. you need not speak of him at all or think of him," he said, evidently controlling himself with an iron hand. "Is there any more catechizing to be gone through, or are you ready to give me the chance which I have earned?" "There are many questions yet," I hurriedly returned, "and I can think

of nothing else till you have answered hem. Tell me, since it seems to have distressed you so much that I should ne at-at Mrs. Jennett's, not Mr. Bourke's, house, why you did not come yourself and show me reasons for leavng there?" "Because I was sure that, feeling to-

wards me as you did, anything which could say would be in vain. I called you 'cousin' just now, as of old. But we are no longer cousins. I have no guardianship, no authority, no tangible right to command your actions; at least, I had none until you came to this house. I could not force you to break with John Bourke against your own will, and, therefore, for your good, I was obliged to proceed in a more subtle

A new thought was born in my brain. "Was Lady Feo Ringwood another tool of yours?" I demanded.

"She was not aware of being such. Nevertheless, I used her. You ought to be grateful to me, Sheila, for saving The way I chose was a clever one, I think, and cost me a day or two of thought before I hit upon it. Yet, once seen, it was obvious, for everyone who knows Lady Feo well, knows that she is in love with Bourke and he with her-or, at all events, that he will marry her.'

I started slightly at the words, and blushed because I knew that Roger had seen the start. "I had never heard of your acquaintance with Lady Feo," I said, quickly, to hide what I felt. "I have known her, more or less, for



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of a scandal connecting him with a mysterious girl who had been seen at his house, to set the machinery working. I knew that she would go to him; indeed, I suggested that it would be well if some true friend of his should do so without a moment's delay, lest his career should be hopelessly rulned by an adventuress. Of course, she was to suppose me ignorant of the girl's identity, and no doubt she thought the denouement all the more dramatic because the information on which she acted had come from me. When I was sure that she would go to Bourke's house, a telegram was sent, calling him out, leaving you at Lady Feo's mercy. I thought the rest might be trusted to her. And my only other act of interference was to request that she should take with her a certain newspaper, to be left at the house when she went away. I alleged, as an excuse for this suggestion, a paragraph which I had inserted, through the influence of a friend, mentioning Bourke name and a rumor regarding him. That was for Lady Feo Ringwood's eye. The adver-tisement in the 'personal' column was for yours, and I hoped that, if you had not seen it before, you would see it then. As it turned out, my wish was

granted. "Yes, I walked into the trap," I answered, bitterly. "I knew well enough that there might be a trap when I went to the Marble Arch, but I did not guess that your hand had set it. There is just one thing, though, which I can now be thankful for. Your confession has shown me that I haven't really injured Mr. Bourke. The enemies of whom Lady Feo spoke, and the scandal, existed only in your mind. I thank

Heaven for that." "Then you are premature in your gratitude," Roger retorted, the angelic cast of his features betraying the emotion of anger for the first time. "Scandal was busy enough; and Bourke has many more powerful enemies than friends, if only he knew it. As a mat-ter of fact, I have saved him as well as you-though he owes me no thanks for that, since all I did was done for you, with no thought of his salvation." "It seems to me that all you did was for yourself, with no thought of anyone else's welfare," I cried. "You have been very wicked, very cruel, Rogereven more cruel and wicked than I

dreamt." "That is not a gracious speech, considering that my 'confession,' as you call it, has been made to please you," Roger responded. "It is incorrect to speak of it all as a 'confession.' I have told you the truth, answering with complete frankness every question you have asked, because I chose to do so, not because I was compelled to it by any sense of shame. On the contrary, I glory in what I have done-glory in each step that has brought me to suc-

"It has not brought you to success, if you mean by that brought us nearer ogether," I protested. "Though I am in your house, and you could touch me with your hand-if you wished to offend me even more deeply-I was never further from you really than at

What Mr. Pell Saw. J. E. Pell, the aged ex-secre tary of the St. George's Society of Toronto, is probably the only person now alive in that city who witnessed the coronation procession of King George IV. of England. Mr. Pell, who is now 92 years of age, was a boy of 10 when in 1821 George IV. came to the throne. Mr. Pell remembers quite clearly seeing Queen Caroline drive up to the door of Westminster Abbey when she was refused admission to the coronation proceedings. Mr. Pell says he also sawGeorge IV. the last time . that King drove down Long Windsor Walk. He was seated in a low pony carriage with the Marquis of Cunningham. Mr. Pell witnessed the coronation water procession on the Thames at the time of the crowning William IV. He also remembers seeing Queen Victoria when as a girl of 12 years of age she walked in Kensington Gardens. He was, however, resident in Canada when the late Queen came to the throne.

An old Scheme Revived

The scheme announced from Boston to make Port Hamilton, on the Labrador coast, the terminus of a new transcontinental railway, is not new Ten or twelve years ago, Mr. E. P Bender, who achieved considerable celebrity in connection with a deadmeat project in Three Rivers, Que. had a similar scheme before Parliament. After Mr. Bender had explained to the Railway Committee, claiming the Port Hamilton never froze in winter, but was open all the year round, Lord Stratheona, who then Sir Donald Smith, M.P. Montreal West, rose and said:-"That is very strange; I remembe distinctly that in the year 1840, walked across the inlet upon snow shoes." The Chairman said "Next," and little more attention was paid to the bill. The fact that Mr. J. J Hill is up in that direction on one of his annual fishing excursions is probably the warrant for connecting his name with the scheme.

Success of Lady Medical Students The Ontario Medical College for Women has just completed one of the most successful years in its history. The classes in attendance have been large, and all of the students going up from the college for their final examinations at Trinity and Toronto Universities have, without exception been successful, while at the examinations of College of Physicians and Surgeons, although about thirty-five per cent. of all the candidates presenting themselves for examination failed to pass, yet all of the students from the Women's Medical College who tried the examination were

Reduced by \$750,000,000. The national debt of Great Britain vas reduced during the reign of Queen Victoria by about £750,000, 000.

The more a man hurts a girl hugging her the harder she wishes he could hug her without hurting her.

GLASS FOR WINDOWS

THE METHOD AND THE MATERIALS OF ITS MANUFACTURE.

Enough Arsenic In the Windows of an Ordinary House to Kill a Regiment of Men-Process of the Tankhouse and the Pothouse. .

People who have glass windows in their homes do not know that the glass contains enough arsenic to make it a deadly poison. Glassmakers say that the windows of an ordinary home contain enough of this poison to kill a regiment of men. The popular supposition that glass is made of sand is a correct one, but a quantity of other articles enters into its composition.

Window glass factories are divided into two departments, a tankhouse and a pothouse. The process of glassmaking in one of these departments is practically the same as in the other. In the tankhouse the glass is all melted in immense tanks which will hold thousands of tons. In the pothouse the glass is made in pots.

After the fires are lighted and a tank is heated the glass mixture is shoveled in. It includes glass left over from the former season, glass refuse, sand and salt cake. Arsenic is not used in the tankhouse for the reason that the heat is so intense that the drug is volatilized and escapes into the air without entering the mixture. As one mixture melts and flows to one end of a tank fresh supplies are shoveled in at the other

The molten mass seethes and "works" in a manner similar to that of a mash in a distillery. From the salt cake comes a salt water that has to be separated from the mass, and the easiest way to remove it is to burn it out. This is done by throwing stove wood into the tank on top of the molten glass. The water is converted into steam, which is destroyed by the intense heat from the glass. The melted glass is then skimmed by an automatic skimmer, and it is ready for the gath-

A gatherer thrusts a long steel blowpipe into one of the rings at the lower end of the tank. He twists and turns it until a small ball of glass gathers on the end. This ball is partially cooled, polished by being turned in a box of sawdust and then passed on to the blower, who heats it again until it becomes like taffy. The blower swings the ball over a pit that is twelve feet deep and rapidly blows it into an elongated pear shape. When a blower is through, the melted glass becomes a perfect cylinder about 5 feet long and 2 feet across. It then passes to a "snapper," who takes it to a rack and breaks the roller loose from the blowpipe.

The snapper gathers a small lump of melted glass on the end of a rod and dexterously runs a narrow ribbon of the stuff around the ends of the roller, both at the blowpipe end and the closed end. The little ribbons of melted glass cool in a few seconds, when they are removed, leaving a narrow zone of almost redhot glass around the rollers at each end. Then, taking a tool that resembles a soldering iron, the snapper rubs it for a moment on his forehead, and when the point of it is moistened with perspiration be runs the iron around the rollers at the heated spot. The glass cracks and separates as cleanly as if cut with a diamond, the blowpipe is removed, and the closed cylinder has become a roller and is then ready to go to the flat-

tener. The flattener works in another part of the building, where are located the flattening ovens. These ovens are heated to a temperature sufficient to soften the glass so that it may be rolled out into sheets. A series of fireclay tables placed in a circle like the spokes of a wheel revolve in the ovens, and on these tables the rollers are flattened. They are placed inside, allowed to become hot, and then a cold iron is run along the inside from end to end. The contact of the iron cuts the glass, which is then straightened out upon the table.

The flattener has a number of billets of green wood attached to long iron handles, and with these billets, which are shaped in such a manner as to do the work expected of them, he "irons" the softened sheet of glass until it is perfectly flat and smooth. The tables inside the oven revolve, the flattened sheet is carried away, and another roller is brought into position before the flattener. As the flattened sheets cool they are lifted to a place on a long traveling rack, on which they are by stages removed from the ovens, being allowed to cool as they go. This is done in order that the glass may not be shattered by too quick an exposure to the air.

When the sheets are taken from the flattening ovens, they are covered with a greasy, dirty looking coat of chemicals-soda, potash, silicates of the different salts, etc.-which must be removed, and for this purpose the rough sheets are placed in an acid bath composed of hydrochloric and sulphuric acids more or less diluted. After their immersion in this bath the sheets are taken to the cutting room, where workmen cut them into sizes and make them ready for the packers. Hardly a scrap of the glass except the rough edges is wasted. In fact, none is wasted, as all refuse goes back to be melted. After the cutters have finished their work the glass is packed in boxes and is then ready for the market

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