

"I always tell a bridegroom."
"I'm afraid to take men home to
about telephoning his wife."

"I carried me for 'my money' I she
angrily.
"I," he replied soothingly, "don't
I couldn't get it any other way."

"I don't know whether to make a
self playing golf, or sit on the
and make love to some girl
reason."
"What's the difference?"

"Agent—Our railway, madam, is
to date in every respect."
"Nonsense! I look at this woman
mansion folder; her sleeves have
style for three years."

"I cried Mr. Taffs, as he heard
ash downstairs; 'there's Johnny
recreators in the house!'"

"I said his wife, calmly; 'that's
a girl washing dishes!'"

"—This boxer outbreak will
China's doom."
"—Well, it's good something
amed sure we Americans can't
anything else in the language!"

"as a loud knock at the door,
cried the poet, rushing
the floor."
"he lurch and hesitated."

"be careful," he mused, "it may
be Colditz's idea in going to
d islands on his summer va-
cation?"

"ing robe created a sensation
She was the centre of at-
tention."

"say? Positively the most
even on the beach for years!"

"Smith next door suddenly
asked us all to call him
Smith."

"professor" of P
t all, but he said he must do
distinguish himself from all
this."

"nearly frantic"
master?"

"ed a letter of proposal from
Mr. Tibbs and she thinks she
acceptance to Penelope Jones
her cucumber complexion
stake."

"that cigar shaped airship
arking on?"

"chings blew up this morning
led him." "The cigar was
cigar he patterned it after
n loaded."

"I She works hard all day,
up nearly all night with the
matter with her husband?"

"in all his time agitating for
day for the workman."

"daughter was playing the
at a strange man stopped at
asked to be allowed to give
an ardent music lover?"

"it was merely a thank of-
he didn't live next door to
g, do you love me well
in a furnished room and
water after we are mar-
ried?"

"I think so."
"My, dearest, do you think
of your father to furnish the
bed?"

"he today before she saw me,
treat me to ice-cream soda,
pleasant."

"both saw Maud before she
had to treat."
"There's no vice in Darrell!" Gerald
would say emphatically to a certain young
lady in London, who was much in his con-
fidence. "He invites a lot of wild young
dogs to the castle out of sheer defiance to
Mother Grundy, and they gave it an ill
name. But Darrell himself is as straight
a fellow as ever lived!"

"Being remarkably keen-sighted, Gerald
Vaughan has known for some time that his
cousin was in love with the young school-
mistress of Glenaukie, and now and then
he ventured to banter him upon the sub-
ject."

"The two men walked up to the castle in
silence and entered the library together."
But when Darrell took up his position
against one of the windows, looking with a
hungry longing gaze towards Glenaukie in
the hope of catching another glimpse of
Nora's graceful figure on the distant road,
his cousin made up his mind to speak.

"Good gracious, but why don't you
marry the girl if you're so much in love
with her?"

"Darrell turned round with an intensely
bitter smile on his gloomy face."
"Marry her? He repeated, 'it's very lik-
ely, isn't it, that she would marry me?'"

"Upon my word I don't see why not."
"Don't you? A man who has blood on
his hands, who has hung on the gibbet of
public opinion for the last seven years?"

"Public opinion be hanged! The world
would be all right with you if you'd be all
right with the world. It's that hangry,
defiant member of yours that does all the
mischief. But do you seriously think Miss
Beresford wouldn't have you, if you were
to ask her?"

"I'm quite sure she wouldn't—so sure,
that I never shall ask her. And yet—yes,
that dark face softening marvellously—and yet
I know that if she were my wife I could
make her happy."

CONTINUED FROM THIRD PAGE.

"She looked up from her sketch and
smiled at him."
That smile of hers was to him what a
glance of sunshine might have been to a
frozen man, for food and drink to a hungry,
and thirsty one.

"He would have sat patiently through
half-a-dozen hours, simply, to meet her
glance for one single moment."

"A vain, girl—a more self-conscious
one—would have divined this; but Nora
had no vanity or self-consciousness."

"Amazed, indeed, would she have been
if she had been told that the master of
Dare was in love with her."

"She, a humble school teacher, with not a
shilling of her own in the world, and he
the greatest landowner for miles round."

"The wide difference in their positions
would alone have dispelled the possibility
of such an idea."

"But quite apart from this, Darrell's own
manner to her was such as to justify her
regarding him simply as her aunt's land-
lord and friend."

"He never paid her a compliment—never
seemed to specially desire her company,
and would be half an hour in the same
room without addressing her half a dozen
times."

"On this evening, as she sat sketching the
castle, he had joined her as though by ac-
cident; and now was she to dream that in
reality he kept watch, so far as possible,
upon her every movement, and that in
making a solitary walk he had followed her
at a distance, faithful as her shadow?"

"After he had asked her if she would
come to the castle, there was silence for
some minutes."

"She, quite at her ease, went on with her
sketching industriously; he stood deeply
meditating."

"He was half minded at that moment to
put his fate to the test—to ask her whether
she would come to Dare Castle as his
wife."

"His passion for this girl was such that
whenever he was in her presence an avowal
of love trembled on his lips."

"That she did not love him he knew—
nay, he told himself bitterly it was unlikely
she ever could love him; but he longed to
win her for his wife as he had never longed
yet for any earthly thing."

"I must wait," he said to himself now,
with stern self-repression. "I should only
startle her, and she would never give me a
chance to speak again."

"Presently, Nora finished her sketch,
clasped her sketch book, and rose to go.
He did not offer to accompany her."

"He was so afraid of startling her, of
showing her his love before he could feel
some faint hope of a return, that he ab-
stained from even ordinary every day
courtesies."

"No wonder, then, that Nora never
dreamed of the love she had inspired."

"Good-evening, Mr. Darrell," she said
with her frank, bright smile."

"Good-evening, Miss Nora," he answered
almost carelessly, or so his voice sounded,
and the girl walked away with her firm,
graceful step, never knowing that he de-
voured her with love-lit eyes so long as she
was in sight."

"Scarcely had she disappeared when a
man came over the rocks from the direction
of the castle, and joined him."

"It was about Darrell's age, but was fair
and slight, with merry light-grey eyes."
He looked clever, and his face was a
very pleasant one."

"Well, Darrell," he said in an easy,
slightly drawing tone, "I've been hunting
for you for the last hour; but when I
caught sight of Miss Nora's crimson cloak,
I knew where to find you."

"Darrell began to walk toward the castle
without speaking."

"His black, strongly marked brows arch-
ed themselves in something like a frown."
Gerald Vaughan noticed this, and being
a young man of tact, kept silence also."

"He was Darrell's cousin—the nearest
relative he had, and almost the only one
who had not turned his back upon him."

"He was a barrister—a gay rollicking
fellow—and he spent some weeks of every
year at Dare Castle."

"He held the opinion that his cousin was a
deeply injured man, and stood up for him
manfully against all and sundry who
spoke against him."

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ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine
Carter's
Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of
Wm. Wood

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy
to take as sugar.

**CARTER'S
LIVER
PILLS.**

FOR HEADACHE.
FOR DIZZINESS.
FOR BILIOUSNESS.
FOR TORPID LIVER.
FOR CONSTIPATION.
FOR SALLOW SKIN.
FOR THE COMPLEXION.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

"If I were sure of that, I'd marry her
without asking her consent, if I were you."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, man alive, we're in Scotland,
aren't we? And you know how easy it is
to get married here. A fellow's chief
difficulty—and Gerard Vaughan laugh-
ed a little cynically—is to keep him-
self unmarried. I should have thought
you would have liked nothing better
than to carry the young lady off in true
romantic fashion. Get her to go through
the marriage ceremony with you unawares
and then trust to time and your own
exertions to win her forgiveness and love."

"A light—the light of sudden hope—
leapt into Darrell's face."

"I'd give the world to do it, Ger," he
said beneath his breath."

"Good Heavens, man! It's simple enough
to do. Look here, I'll see you through it; I'll
show you how it's to be done. It only
wants a little planning, and I flatter myself
I'm just the fellow for the work."

"Provision your yacht for a bit of a
cruise; invite Miss Nora to go on board;
get her to say a few words which, accord-
ing to Scottish law, would justify you in
claiming her as your wife, and then put
out to sea."

"At the first favorable opportunity, ex-
plain to her you have done it all for love,
and if she doesn't forgive you in a day,
and love you in a week, I'll own myself a
fool. Mark my words, you'd bring her
back to Dare Castle the proudest and
happiest lady in the land."

"Again that light leaped into Darrell's
face. His heart almost stood still beneath
the shock of hope."

"His love for Nora was deep, passionate,
soul-absorbing."

"He would have served for her as Jacob
served for Rachel."

"But he could not bring himself to de-
clare his love; could not believe that any
girl would accept a man who had the
blood of a fellow-creature on his hands."

"What he had suffered in these seven years,
even while he had maintained a stern and
haughty front and flung defiance to the
world, only his own soul knew."

"His misery had rendered him morbid on
one point, at any rate."

"He felt himself a social outcast, an Ish-
mael, and he shrank from asking a pure
maiden, such as Nora, to link her life to
his."

"But this plan of Gerard's? Wild and
romantic though it was, it appealed to him.
Nay, perhaps it appealed to him all the
more strongly because of its romance."

"His own temperament was romantic, and
his life in that old Highland castle, away
from the rest of the world had by no means
tended to make him more prosaic."

"If only Nora might become his wife!"
The bare thought thrilled him in every
fiber of his being. He felt within himself
that if she were once his he could teach
her to love him, could make her happy."

"This being so, might it not be well for
him to adopt Gerard's romantic scheme—
to run away with her and make her his wife
without asking her consent?"

"If he were to do this in the ordinary
fashion, she would refuse him; but if once
she were his wife, she would reconcile her-
self to the idea, and, in the end, he would
win her whole heart's love."

CHAPTER IV.

It was fine October day, wonderfully
warm for the season of the year."

"Darrell's yacht, the Gaddy, lay at her
moorings in the bay, while Darrell himself
stood on board, pale with suppressed ex-
citement as he looked towards Glenaukie."

"She was always to be found in a certain
spot sketching, in her leisure hours."

"He had joined her, and told her Dar-
rell's yacht was going for a short trial
trip."

"Just as far as the islands; it won't take
us more than an hour. Do come with us,
Miss Beresford."

"The girl was passionately fond of the
sea."

"The invitation was too tempting."
She accepted it with frank pleasure, see-
ing, indeed, no reason why she should re-
fuse it."

"She had been brought up in thoroughly
unconventional fashion, in spite of the fact
that a maiden aunt had been her instruc-
tress."

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Vaughan!" she ex-
claimed delightedly. "If you are quite
sure Mr. Darrell won't mind; if you are
sure I shall be in the way."

"She liked Gerard Vaughan, and both
she and her aunt had grown quite friendly
with him during the last few weeks."

"He had been introduced to them by
Darrell, of course, and they had met him
frequently in their walks, not to mention
his occasional calls at the White Cottage."

"When Nora went on the yacht, Dar-
rell's reception of her was so grave and
calm as to be well nigh stern."

"Beneath that calm exterior a very vol-
cano of passion was raging, but he had
taught himself to repress his feelings, or
at any rate, to conceal them well."

"Certainly, Nora could never have dream-
ed that the bare sight of her had sufficed
to send the blood to his heart in a shock of
joy, and to make all his pulses tingle."

"As soon as she came on board, he gave
the order, and the yacht glided from her
moorings."

"You must see all over it, Miss Beres-
ford," said Gerard Vaughan, and it was he,
not Darrell, who escorted her."

"She was delighted with the pretty,
dainty vessel."

"Its snow-white decks, its painted panels,
its crimson awnings, its pennon floating
gaily in the breeze, were all objects of her
frank admiration."

"Oh, how I wish I were going a thou-
sand miles!" she exclaimed in her en-
thusiasm."

"It was to Gerard Vaughan she spoke,
but Darrell was passing at the moment and
heard her."

"A look passed between him and his
cousin, a look full of meaning."

"If Nora had but known it, that thought-
less exclamation of hers sealed her fate."

"One moment before, Darrell had wavered
in his resolution, but when he heard
her wish he told himself he would waver no
more."

"Presently they were summoned into the
cabin for luncheon."

"They remained nearly an hour at the
table."

"Nora did not notice how swiftly time
was flying."

"Gerard Vaughan was the witliest of
companions, and he exerted himself to be
even more than usually entertaining."

"Little by little he led the conversation
into the required groove."

"He propounded riddles, showered down
quips and cranks innumerable."

"Finally, he said, with a gay laugh—
"Now, Miss Beresford, say this after me:
'I take thee, Hubert Darrell, for my hus-
band.'"

"Utterly unsuspecting, the girl repeated
the words."

CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.

LIFE IN THE KAROO.

Some Peculiarities of the Upper Portion of
Cape Colony.

Seal Brand Coffee

(1 lb. and 2 lb. cans.)
Its Purity is its Strength
Flavor and Fragrance its natural attributes.

Imitations are
numerous.
Avoid them.
CHASE & SANBORN,
MONTREAL AND BOSTON.

fowl, with feathers of red dish brown and
blue gray."

"Some parts of the veldt are scattered
with huge ant hills, three or four feet high,
made by colonies of large black ants."

"Boers as well as Kafirs use these ant hills
as ovens for cooking when camping out
in the veldt. It is easy to start a fire at
the bottom with a few sticks, and when
once alight a hill will burn slowly and
evenly for some hours. The earth of which
these mounds are composed is very friable,
and is saturated with some substance by
the ant builders which makes it combus-
tible."

"After rain flowers spring up everywhere.
Brilliant scarlet lilies abound, branching
from a single bare stalk that rises out of
the stony ground, with ten or a dozen
lovely blossoms at its head. Another cur-
iously rests flatly on the earth, and con-
sists of two round, white, fleshy leaves,
with a small golden centre. The Boers
have little love for flowers; but the exiles
from a fertile land delights to cultivate the
tiny patch of ground belonging to his
house in the little Boer village. With a
Kaffir boy as assistant gardener, and with
a reckless disregard for the scant resources
of the back yard well it is possible to make
the land blossom like the rose, even amid
the stony wilds of the Karoo."

And the Procession Moved.
"Hello, major! You don't look lively
this morning."

"No, sah. Was out with a few of the
boys last night. We not only irrigated,
but we were imprudent enough to indulge
in broiled lobstah, sah. The combination
raised gobema with my commiseration, and
I have sworn off—plumb—for a year, sah."

"Well, well! I know you are acting pre-
sently, yet is annoying. I was just about
to ask you to join me in sampling some
fine old bourbon."

"Huh! As to that, sah, I see no objec-
tion. It is only from broiled lobstah sim-
ultaneously with whisky that I've sworn off
sah. Let the procession move."

Thunder-Like Tones.
"I really couldn't afford to let you board
with me this summer," said an old farmer
to a city man with a very deep base voice.

"Why not?" roared the basso-profundo
in tones that rattled the dried squashes in
the rafters.

"Because whenever you talked or sang
your voice would sour all the milk in my
cellar."

Point of Difference.
Affable customer—"You shave differ-
ently in Ireland from what you do in America,
don't you?"

Barber Mulligan (just over)—"An' in
phwat way, yer?"

Affable customer—"Here you mix lather;
there you lather micks."

Useless Gifts.
"Father was a sea-captain you know, and
after his death a friend gave mother two
parrots."

"Do they swear?"

"Not the least bit."

"How lonesome your mother must be in
her old age."

A CARD.

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree
to refund the money on a twenty-five cent
bottle of Dr. Will's English Pills, if, after
using three-fourths of contents of bottle,
they do not relieve Constipation and Head-
aches. We also warrant that four bottles
will permanently cure the most obstinate
case of Constipation. Satisfaction or no
pay when Will's English Pills are used.

A. Chipman Smith & Co., Druggist,
Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.
W. Hawker & Son, Druggist, 104 Prince
William St., St. John, N. B.
Chas. McGregor, Druggist, 137 Charlotte
St., St. John, N. B.

W. C. R. Allan, Druggist, Charlotte St.,
St. John, N. B.
E. J. Mahony, Druggist, Main St., St.
John, N. B.

G. W. Hobbs, Chemist, 337 Main St., St.
John, N. B.
R. B. Travis, Chemist, St. John, N. B.
S. Watters, Druggist, St. John, West,
N. B.

Wm. C. Wilson, Druggist, Cor. Union &
Rodney Sts., St. John, N. B.
C. P. Clarke, Druggist, 100 King St., St.
John, N. B.

S. H. Hawker, Druggist, Mill St., St.
John, N. B.
N. B. Smith, Druggist, 24 Dock St., St.
John, N. B.

G. A. Moore, Chemist, 109 Brussels St.,
St. John, N. B.
C. Fairweather, Druggist, 109 Union St.,
St. John, N. B.

Hastings & Finco, Druggist, 65 Charlotte
St., St. John, N. B.

All But One Part.
"I'm afraid you don't like corn, Willie,"
said grandma as Willie refused a second
ear.

several times; I was run over by a wagon,
and slipped into the corn sheller and got
all skinned up; I was riding on a load of
wood and the horses ran away and flung
me out on a pile of sharp rocks and over-
turned the wood on top of me; the old bull
flung me over the fence into the blackberry
patch, the dog bit me twice and I was ter-
ribly stung by hornets; I guess I sprained
every joint and wrist and ankle on my
body while I was there. By cracky! It
was almost as much fun as learning to ride
a bicycle."

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