

Winsome Winnie

"Besides what?" There was no trace of mockery in her unsmiling eyes—no sarcasm in the compressed lines around her closed lips.

"Besides," said Winnie, a little unsteadily, "I have associations—memories—about white roses that make them almost sacred flowers to me. I never could make an adornment of those lovely living buds and half-closed petals."

"She passed half fearfully again. Madam Vivian would have received this confession with such a delicate keen-edged ridicule—how was it that haughty Mildred, Lady Montrevor, was so much more quietly sympathizing even in her proud reserve?"

"Have you?" she said, and the darkness of a shadow seemed to overpread her white polished brow and dark brilliant eyes. She turned indignantly to Winnie and her long fair jeweled fingers closed and tightened convulsively for an instant around the emerald locket resting on her neck. "So have I!"

"The words seemed to creep from her lips without her knowledge, and Winnie half doubted if they were meant for her ear."

"Ah," remarked Winnie, with a sigh, as they left the room together, "my association with them in connection with a grave—a lonely grave, far away."

And, as she sadly spoke, the white roses seemed to float off lovely grave on their sweet dying breath, the rush and sway of the wintry storm sweeping around the old Cornish mansion seemed to reach softly in the murmuring of thick-clothed elm-boughs in the scent of summer morning breeze, and the still warm radiance of the wide lamp to hall and marble staircase changed to the glowing sunlight in that sheltered room where the daisies bloomed and the daisy roses turned their morning rays.

"Lips and bright—ah, so bright, so glad, so sparkling!—fell on the long polished oak coffin and its dazzling plate enriched with white blossoms as it was lowered swiftly and surely into the darksome grave."

"With a grave—a grave far away!" Lady Mildred paused suddenly, she even forgot her confused surprise. Winnie noticed how the pale lips parted widely and a wild gasp, "So is mine!" she whispered heavily, the wild eagerness of her gaze falling into one of far-away dreary blankness.

Another moment, however, and ere Winnie could so freely comprehend her companion had passed the threshold of the drawing-room, and entered the presence of smiling, well-dressed dinner guests, and Madame Vivian, and Mildred, Lady Montrevor, was the courteous, untroubled, stately presence once more.

The soul of the amiable Miss Trevelyan might have been illumined by the gladness of content could she but have known how affectionately her malicious hints had added in spoiling poor Winnie Caerlyon's enjoyment of her first dinner party at Roseworthy House. All unexpectations as she was of any cause for such an effect, she could not but perceive that Madam Vivian's chill courtesy and smilingly polite indifference to her presence was not the reception she would have been favored with had she been welcome. Any other she might have had at the author of the invitation were half over.

"It did wrong to accept it—I did wrong to come at all," Winnie thought, with keen pain and mortification. "Why did Lady Montrevor ask me? Madam did not wish it, I can see quite plainly. I wish the evening were over—I wish I were home again!" she said, earnestly, with the tears rushing to her eyes, as she withdrew to a distance from the guests, who remained quite occupied in each other and their hostesses.

There were but three ladies who had ventured out, through darkness and tempest, to accept the invitation of Madam of Roseworthy; and, whilst the two gentlemen finished the 47 port in the dining-room, the doctor's wife and the minister's wife and daughter were

in a delighted state of admiration over "dear Lady Montrevor's" embroidery, and "dear Lady Montrevor's" portfolio of foreign sketches, in the drawing-room.

"Miss Caerlyon!" Madam called, sharply. "Well, Madam?" said Winnie, rather startled, and drawing back from the window, where she had been drearily looking out through the parted curtains at the stormy sky, with the black clouds scudding wildly athwart its gloomy arch, and listening to the furious roar of the breakers, borne on each hissing gust of wind, out there by Tregarten Head, the ghastly dream of the white fury of which was dimly visible through the murky night.

"Is the feminine element in our company too preponderating to be pleasing to you?" madam demanded with a cold smile. "Perhaps you will kindly enlighten us with a little music?"

The request was made in a tone of command, and Winnie felt it to be so. "With pleasure," she said formally and gravely, though she colored deeply as she moved at once to the piano. "I was only looking out at the storm, and thinking of it."

But this slight apologetic remark touched right on the point of the nervous anxiety which had been secretly filling Madam Vivian's heart with restless irritability.

"Ah," she rejoined shortly, and almost brusquely, "you ought to feel very thankful that no one dear to you, or belonging to you, is tossing on the stormy water tonight."

Winnie made no reply, and, sitting down to the instrument, her fingers first softly touched a prelude, and then glided into a rippling fantasia, an old cherished favorite, learned years before on the piano that was her old aunt's gift—it made her think of sitting by the shore in Tregarten Bay and hearing the waves around Tregarten Head, she said, to Miss Sarah Whitney's disgust at the girl's faithful love for her comfortless English home.

It was called "Sea Songs," and the opening ripple and rushing rhythmic beat of a summer's sea waves changed into the passionate sobbing and wailing of a gathering tempest. There was the siren's treacherous song in each desecrated pause and lull, and then the swift rushing storm broke. The siren's plaintive song arose again—it might have been the dirge of drowned mariners, so softly and sweetly mingled the plaintive, tender melody with the ripple of the waves as they subsided to summer calm once more.

"Thank you, Miss Caerlyon; you play with great expression," Lady Montrevor said.

"Yes, indeed," "Catching?" "So sweet!" broke from the lips of Lady Montrevor's admirers.

"Yes, very sweet, but very sad," madam observed, irritably. "It is not a particularly cheering note outside. Can you not give us something gay, my dear? That is as melancholy as the 'Dead March'!"

"Yes, indeed—very melancholy—so sweet, but melancholy," the lady guests rejoined again.

"The 'Dead March in Soul' is a grand piece of music, madam," the doctor observed, sententially, he had just entered with the minister, and heard Madam's concluding words—a grand piece! And then the associations—our huge soldiers, the muffled drums, the rattling horses—so touching—all out—a grand piece of music—never could hear it unaffected, madam."

"Perhaps you would like to hear it now, doctor," madam said, with a rather vexed smile. "I am sure Miss Caerlyon will oblige you; it would just complete the effect of that howling wind and roaring sea outside."

"I should, very much," returned the doctor, pleasantly glancing at madam's clouded brow and his wife's warning glance and subdued cough—"It is very long since I heard it—if Miss Caerlyon will be kind enough."

"My dear, madam does not like it; madam would like something gay, this wild, stormy night, really," his wife said aloud, with a strong emphasis and an impending uncertainty of matrimonial rebuke at a more convenient season.

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"Why?" Lady Mildred asked, gently, taking both Winnie's hands in hers, and looking into the dark grey troubled eyes.

She looked so like and so unlike Winnie's last memory of her, standing on that very spot on that wintry evening long ago—with her bright, persuasive smile, her outstretched hands, the tall supple form in its imperial perfection of beauty; but the gaiety was gone from the brilliant eyes, the girlish bloom had dimpled softness from the exquisite features—those long, slender fingers were the badge of her changed estate, and Lady Montrevor, though more coldly beautiful, had lost the chief charm of Mildred Tredennick.

She stood there—the proud, beautiful young lady—her bearing kinder, more winningly gracious than Winnie could have imagined possible, as exhibited toward herself; but there was the other—the who had stood there, pleading in love with that fate, fair woman? Where was Stephen Tredennick? On the waste of the wild ocean, this dark, dreadful night, whilst Mildred Tredennick stood there smiling calmly, wearing the wedding ring of a year of the realm!

"Because," said Winnie, the quick tears glistening on her dark lashes, and her emotional face paling from the fast throbbing of her heart as she looked steadily into Lady Montrevor's inscrutable eyes, "because it is a death dirge, and out there, amongst the wild waves, there are drowning sailors' cries as they go to their untimely doom—shrieking for the help that will never come, whilst I play a funeral march to please drawing room guests!"

If she had expected to see the proud face blanch and droop abashed before her passionate reproach, she was mistaken. Lady Montrevor's features softened in a sad, thoughtful look, and she sighed deeply as she looked out into the murky darkness of the driving storm.

"It is dreadful to think of," she responded, returning Winnie's steadfast gaze; "but as madam said, there is no one you love in danger of the darkness and the stormy water."

"Yes, Lady Montrevor," Winnie Caerlyon corrected, with her usual quiet, rigid truthfulness, "there is one who is very dear to me out in this night's darkness on the stormy ocean."

"Indeed," said Lady Montrevor gently.

ACUTE PAINS IN THE BACK

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Lumbago is sudden in its attacks and is so intensely painful that the sufferer is often unable to move, even to turn in bed or rise from a chair. The trouble chiefly occurs among workmen, among whom it numbers thousands of victims. As the attacks come on quite frequently and are so torturing, this disease means much loss of time and money as well as the endurance of much suffering. No victim needs to be told that lumbago will not cure the disease. This kind of treatment is merely a waste of time and money. The trouble is caused by a species of muscular rheumatism, and is due to poor blood, and can only be cured through the blood. It is for this reason that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are so successful in curing this trouble, and those who are afflicted by it should lose no time in giving the pills a trial. If the treatment is persisted in the disease will be driven from the system and the cure be made permanent. Substantiation Mrs. Alfred Derby, Eddyville, Ont., says: "A few years ago I was attacked by excruciating pains in the back which the doctor called lumbago. I was not able to do a bit of about the house and suffered dreadfully every time I moved about. I took the doctor's medicine all winter, and used liniments, without getting any relief. I then began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. After using six boxes, I was better and able to do my own work, and have not been afflicted with the trouble since. I now always recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to those ailing."

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ly: "then our grief and anxiety are the same."

"Madam, Lady Montrevor, I do not understand," Winnie stammered, struggling with the crimson flush of shy alarm that suffused all her face and neck.

"I mean," explained Lady Montrevor, looking at the girl with a half-sarcastical smile, "that you have some cause with me in mourning for your absent friend. I grieve for my dear cousin's possible danger amidst the tempest of wind and waves, brave sailor as he is—for you know," she added, gravely, the piercing light of her keen brilliant eyes penetrating into the depths of the girl's true soul. "Stephen Tredennick is a sea tonight."

CHAPTER XXIII
Towards morning the storm raged more wildly still. Not for years even on that rock-bound rugged coast, had there been experienced so fierce and terrible a tempest, in which were commingled pitchy darkness, blinding torrents of rain, and a sweeping, howling gale that unroofed houses by the score, blew down farm buildings, uprooted the old forest trees and lashed the clinging sheets of froth and flinging wild showers of spray with each shriek of the contending elements sheer up the shelving and jagged face of the dark precipice for hundreds of feet.

The clock had struck the first hour of the new day, and sleepless Winnie sat up partially dressed, fighting her way through the storm, keeping a dreary vigil between her bedside and the window. It seemed to have an awful fascination for her that impenetrable darkness, lit up on the horizon with the weird phosphorescent light of the crested billows, and filled with the shrieking and sobbing of the dreadful voices of the tempest.

"I wish I could have gone home," she muttered, feverishly; "some one would have been sure to be awake and stirring—father, or Sarah, or the boys; and the men would have been out on the cliffs perhaps, I could have sat up with some one to talk to at the bedside! I cannot rest here—I am afraid of the storm, I never was afraid of a storm before," she added shivering closely.

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or in the black window-panes, and straining her aching eyes, "but I am afraid of this, it is so awful—it sounds so full of destruction and death. And oh, the lives—the lost lives! Oh Heaven have mercy on those struggling with the merciless sea to-night!" she cried, sobbing in kneeling prayer. "Would that I could do something to succor and save! It is so dreadful to sit here safe and sheltered, and to know that the yawning gulf of the great waves are swallowing brave men down, struggling and crying, and thinking of their mothers and wives and little children! Oh, poor men—poor women! And I can do nothing!"

"They are all sleeping," she broke out presently; the womanly heart adding with passionate bitterness, "sleeping whilst he is perhaps in peril. They do not distress themselves to wake although he may be in his death agony—though, his nearest and dearest on earth!"

But the one whom Winifred's jealous love wronged in thought most deeply knew as little unbroken rest as she. For another hour the old mansion, with its massive century-and-a-half foundations, trembled like a living thing in fear, Winifred, in icy cold and darkness—for the last ember of the fire had faded—lay shivering, huddled in her shawl, watching the black casement still, and longing for the dawn. Presently a light hurried tap came to her door, and a voice called—

"Winnie—Winnie Caerlyon!"

"Yes, yes! Who is it?" she cried, starting up.

"It is I—Lady Montrevor," and the door opened, and a tall dark form came swiftly in. "Are you afraid—are you afraid of the storm, Winnie?" she said, trembling with agitation. "I am—I cannot rest! I thought perhaps that you were frightened too. Did I wake you? It is an awful night. Are you in bed, Winnie?"

"Yes, lying on the bed; I am half-dressed. What is it, Lady Montrevor?" Winnie asked, frightened and bewildered, more by her visitor's strange manner than anything else.

"Are you not cold? Is your fire out? How dreadful! the latter exclaimed, in the same hurried, trembling way. "I should go mad if I did not keep lights and fires blazing on such a night as this! I suppose I have a bad conscience, Winnie. Won't you come down to my rooms? They are more comfortable. Oh, do!" she called, impatiently. "And your window blinds undrawn! Look at the darkness! Oh, do come down and keep my company, child!" She caught Winnie's arm and almost dragged her out of the bed.

"Has anything frightened you—has anything happened?" gasped Winnie, struggling to her feet, and groping for her shoes. "I am afraid of the storm; the thundering of the waves and the dreadful screaming noise of the wind coming in over the Head, kept me from closing my eyes."

"Dreadful!" responded Lady Mount-

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All who have weak stomachs, and those who suffer with indigestion, headache, biliousness, can be perfectly cured by Dr. Hamilton's Pills, 25c per box, at druggists and storekeepers, or the Cattaraugus Co., Kingston, Ont., and Buffalo, N. Y.

revor, wildly, "It sounds exactly like death-cries! I fell asleep—I wish I had not, I dreamed—oh, I dreamed so awfully!" She was hurrying Winnie along the corridor as she spoke, and Winnie felt her shudder like one in an ague. "What did you play that 'Dead March' for? That idiot, to make such a musical selection! It has been ringing and beating in my ears ever since—ever since, Winnie. I have been dreaming of coffins, and of every one I ever knew and cared for being laid in them—every one. I knew all the dead faces. Of all nights in the year to play the 'Dead March'! Heavens! I shall never want to hear it again! It seems beating all around me—the air is full of it."

"Dear Lady Montrevor," said Winnie, terrified, "it is but your imagination."

"My imagination!" she echoed. "I wish that my imagination were not quite so vivid. And it is so long ago—seven years now," she muttered. "Why need it all come back to me tonight? That 'Dead March'—that was it; they did not play it then. No, no—it was a lonely funeral—a lonely grave in a coffin mound! Why did I think of it?"

The flood of cheerful radiance, the soft glare of the rose-tinted wax candles from her warm, pleasant rooms, streamed on the dark lobby, and shone on her face, which was white and stony, with distended glassy eyes, like those of a sleep-walker.

"I am so sorry that I played it. I wish Doctor Lake had not been stupid enough to ask for it. But for madam bidding me, I should have refused," Winnie said, earnestly, trying to soothe Lady Mildred's strange distraction. "Shall I read to you, Lady Montrevor? Perhaps it will read some Psalms they might make us feel calmer. Is this terrible storm which has shaken your nerves?"

"Psalms!" Lady Montrevor repeated, with cheerful inattentiveness—"I could not

listen to Psalms, child! Psalms, with that ringing through my brain, and voices that are silent in the grave for years calling my name, and dead faces looking at me!"

She flung herself down before the bright fire, shrinking against a pillow, coughing, and stretching out her arms to the blazing warmth, like one who was almost chilled to death.

"Let me get you something—a glass of wine, or some cordial or other—oh, Lady Montrevor—you look so cold and ill!" urged Winnie, earnestly. (To be Continued.)

STATUE PUZZLES WISE MEN.

The lions of Westminster are legion, some in the flesh and others in stone or marble; recently there has been an addition to the menagerie, around which there is an acreable halo.

In a gloomy niche half way down Westminster hall there is dimly to be discerned a gray stone statue of a king which has just been taken out of the architectural museum and perched aloft. There is a heavy crown on his head over long flowing hair, the beard is rippled and majestic. In his left hand he holds the orb, but the scepter hand is gone. The old king broods over the hall of kings.

The experts are puzzled over his history. He stood in Westminster hall for many centuries side by side with other stone kings and all were tided away by the government in 1856. Recently it occurred to Lord Beaulieu to try the effect of bringing them back. Several of the beautiful Gothic windows are blind, forming niches suitable for statues and all the old forgotten kings may take their places in them.

This first one is a beautiful personage. No one knows what king he is or whether it is merely an ideal figure of majesty, but it is certain that he is the work of some fine fourteenth century craftsman.

The battered king is the grandest statue in the hall. Below him he in ghostly row the kings done with the petty realism of the modern age; immediately under his blind majesty's gaze is the broad face, cynically furrowed of the merry monarch. The unknown king towers over these people like a visitant from ampler times.—London Times.

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The above is from a letter written by G. E. Braun, a well-known stockman and farmer near Lethbridge, Alta. Mr. Braun's favorable opinion of the high merit of Nervine is shared by thousands of Canadians who have proved Nervine is simply a marvel for cramps, dizziness, flatulence, nausea, and stomach disorders. Safe to use, guaranteed to cure—you can make no mistake in keeping Nervine for your family remedy.

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The Country Heaven Fergot.

Wilder than the African jungle, more impenetrable than the tropical forests of the Amazon valley are parts of Louisiana. There are thousands of square miles in the State where the foot of a white man has never trod, and none know with certainty the manner of beasts which roam through the morasses.

As Captain Ed Nowland, of the steamer boat Wenona, of Memphis, puts it: "The Lord has forgot. He ever made that country round Plaquemine and the Long Bayou, and the United States government probably doesn't know it owns the district."

The Wenona is ordinarily a Mississippi River excursion boat, but Captain Nowland recently passed several weeks on the vessel in the two bayous.

"Those two bayous are the most picturesque bodies of water I have ever seen," he said, proudly. "You would think you had left the United States and were in Brazil, only the jungle is ever so much more dense than the Amazon forests. The Wenona ran over more alligators than I ever dreamed of being alive. They fairly swarm in those waters."

Men of Captain Nowland's crew said that several times alligators were picked up by one of the paddle wheels and flung into the air. Some of the animals landed on the heads of the crew.

A NEW BLOUSE.

It's of printed silk. But the skirt is plain. The blouse is cut wrist length. There's a cord run in the lower edge, neither cord defines the waist line. Both cords tie with tassels at the front.

The only seams in it are under the arms. An opening for the head is made from shoulder to shoulder. This shoulder slit extends quite out to the end of each shoulder. Little straps and buttons catch the back and front over the shoulders. A net guimpe may be worn with it, though for home wear or informal evening wear it is picturesque without.

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