

CHAPTER VII-Continued.

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at once a warranty and an omen of better times. The breeze had height-ned her color and loosened here and there a tress of her auburn hair. No wonder Master Bertie looked proudly on his duchase No

wonder Master Bertle looked proudy on his duchess. Suddenly a thing I had clean forgot-ten flashed into my mind, and I thrust my hand into my pocket. The action was so abrupt that it attracted their attention, and when I pulled out a packet—two packets—there were three pairs of eyes upon me. The seal dangied from one missive. "What have you got there?" the duchess asked briskly, for the was a woman and curious. "Do

"Hush!" she cried, raising one im-perious finger. "Transgressing already? From this time forth I am Mistress Bertram, remember. But come," she went on, eyeing the packet with the seal inquisitively, "how does it touch

| head she went away, her husband fol-

did wonder, for the name of the y and brilliant duchess of Suffolk s well known, even to me, a coun-lad. Her former husband, Charles andon, duke of Suffolk, had been not y the one trusted and constant

manding me by a gesture of the hand not to follow walked slowly away. I watched her cross the deck and pass through the doorway into the deck house. She did not once turn her face, house. She did not once turn her face, and my only fear was that she was ill, more seriously ill, perhaps, than she had acknowledged.

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a little homesick. And I sought leave

a little homesick. And I sought leave to retire early. "You are right!" said the duchess, rising graciously. "Tonight, after be-ing out in the air, you will sleep sound-ly, and tomorrow you will be a new man," with a faint smile. "Believe me, I am not ungrateful, Master Francis, and I will diligently seek occasion to repay both your gallant defense of the other day and your future service." She gave me her hand to kiss, and I bent over it. "Now," she continued, "do homage to my baby, and then I shall consider that you are really one of us consider that you are really one of us and pledged to our cause." I kissed the tiny fist held out to me,

a soft pink thing looking like some dainty seashell. Master Bertie cordially grasped my hand. And so under the oil lamp in the neat cabin of that old Dutch boat, somewhere on the Waal between Gorcum and Nimuegen, we lighted our treth to one another and plighted our troth to one another, and

in a sense I became one of them. I went to my berth cheered and encouraged by their kindness. But the interview, satisfactory as it was, had set up no little excitement in my brain, and it was long before I slept. When I set up no little excitement in my brain, and it was long before I slept. When I did, I had a strange dream. I dreamed that I was sitting in the hall at Coton, and that Petronilla was standing on the dais looking fixedly at me with gentle, sorrowful eyes. I wanted to go to her, but I could not move. Every dreamer knows the sensation. I tried to call to her, to ask her what was the matter, and why she so looked at me. But I could utter no sound. And still she continued to fix me with the same, sad, reproachful eyes, in which I read a warning, yet could not ask its mean-ing.

I struggled so hard that at last the I struggled so hard that at last the spell was in a degree broken. Follow-ing the direction of her eyes, I looked down at myself and saw fastened to the breast of my doublet the knot of blue velvet which she, had made for my sword hilt, and which I had ever since carried in my bosom. More, I saw, with a singular feeling of anger and sorrow, that a hand which came over my shoulder was tugging hard at the ribbon in the attempt to remove it. This gave me horrible concern, yet at the ribbon in the attempt to remove it. This gave me horrible concern, yet at the moment I could not move nor do anything to prevent it. At last, making a stupendous effort, I awoke, my last experience, dreaming, being of the strange hand working at my breast. My first waking idea was the same, so that I threw out my arms and cried aloud and sat up. "Ugh!" I exclaimed, trembling in the in-tensity of my relief as I looked about and welcomed the now familiar sur-roundings. "It was only a dream. It roundings. "It was only a dream. It

Vas——" I stopped abruptly, my eyes falling on a form lurking in the doorway. I could see it only dimly by the light of a hanging lamp, which smoked and burned redly overhead. Yet I could see it. It was real, substantial—a walk-ing figure. Nevertheless a faint touch of superstitious terror still clung to me. "Speak, please!" I asked. "Who is it?" "It is only I," answered a soft voice, well known to me—Mistress Anne's. "I came in to see how you were," she continued, advancing a little, "and whether you were sleeping. I am afraid I awoke you. But you seemed," she added, "to be having such painful dreams that perhaps it was as well I did."

did. I was fumbling in my breast while she spoke, and certainly, whether in my sleep I had undone the fastenings or had loosened them intentionally be-fore I lay down-though I could not remember doing so-my doublet and shirt were open at the breast. The vel-vet knot was safe, however, in that tiny inner pocket beside the letter, and I breathed again. "I am very glad you did awake me!" I repiled, looking gratefully at her. "I was having a hor-rible dream. But how good it was of you to think of me, when you are not well yourself, too." "Oh, I am better," she murmured, her eyes, which glistened in the light, fixed steadily on me. "Much better. Now go to sleep again, and happier dreams to you. After tonight," she added pleasantly, "I shall no longer consider you an invalid nor intrdue upon you." was fumbling in my breast while



It was the most exciting episode in | the calm of Miss Thornton's existence.

the calm of Miss Thornton's existence. She stood on the busy north pave-ment of the Strand. It was a foggy afternoon in November. The clocks had just struck 5. She kept quite still amid all the bustle of the great London thoroughfare, her eyes fixed on a bank on the opposite side of the road. Semetimes a string of vehicles or foot passengers obstructed her view of the door which she watched as a cat watches a mouse's hole. At such times she craned her neck in all directions, so anxious was she not to lose sight of the bank. It was evident from the fact that she stood so far away and did not cross

stood so far away and did not cross the road to a spot whence she would have had a less obstructed view, that she did not wish to be seen by the per-son or persons whom she waited to see.

see. Sometimes she consulted her small gold watch by the aid of the light which emanated from the shop win-dows and the street lamps and made the fog visible. The person or persons for whom she was waiting must have been late. been late



went along Charing Cross road, across Oxford street, and on through Totten-ham Court road, holding ever a north-ward course. He walked quickly and it was only with difficulty that she could maintain his pace. When she could maintain his pace. When she passed under the street lamps, her pale, eager face showed how tired she was.

RESERVER. I toll no more-my day is done; How much I wrought I may not know, I watch the low descending sun And see the night approaching, slow. My day's work as it is must stand, For labor's joy no more is mine; The tools drop from my nerviess hand, My dim eyes see no mark or line. "Well, ma'am just you come with me and peep." "No. I don't want to see anything.

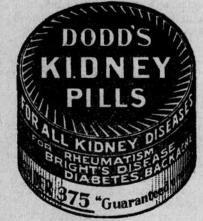
out her purse. "But, ma'am, it's difficult to explain, and if you'd only just take a look at I little thought to leave it so-Unfinished, to the plan untrue; Another day I thought to know. When I might change or start anew, With weary hands I now must see Another's skill my task complete; The gift of use is gone from me-The gift that makes all life seem swee them.

"Them?" exclaimed Miss Thornton. in her most scornful tone. "Yes, ma'am," just one little peep,'

"Yes, ma'am," just one little peep," and, going to a place screened off from the counter, the girl pushed back a thick curtain from a square window, showing a little room, in which the young gentleman sat at a table, while close beside him was a rather pretty girl with a bush of frizzy brown hair, and neatly dressed in black with a dainty white apron. Just at the mo-ment when the curtain was pulled back the girl seemed to be patting the young gentleman on the cheek, laughing meanwhile with a shrill ripple that seemed to Miss Thornton to be an aud-ible quintessence of the minx's forwardible quintessence of the minx's forward-

Miss Thornton almost screamed. "I don't want to see any more," she said, and, dropping a sovereign into the delighted girl's hand, she fied the un-

been late. Presently she darted along the pave-ment toward Charley Cross. A young man had come out of the bank door and gone in that direction. With feline discretion she tracked him, keeping ever to her own side of the road. He turned up by St. Martin's church and



The pleasant labor of the day. The following hours of welcome rest-These from my life have passed away. No longer has it aim or quest; I sit and wait-and all the hours The happy past before me stands; With dimming eyes and failing powers I live the life of folded hands. -Ninette M. Lowater, in New York Sun

The Sighing of the Reeds. I heard the sighing of the reeds In the gray pool in the green land, The sea-wind in the long reeds sighing Between the green hill and the sand.

I heard the sighing of the reeds Night after night, day after day, And I forgot old age, and dying, And youth that loves, and love's decay,

And youth that noves, and tore a term I heard the sighing of the reeds At noontide and at evening. And some old dream I had forgotten I seemed to be remembering.

I heard the sighing of the reeds; Is it in vain, is it in vain? That some old peace I had forgotten Is crying to come back again? —Arthur Symons.

Folded Hands.

Mona Machree.

From the Catholic Standard and Times. Mona Machree, I'm the wanderin' crea-ture now, O'er the sea Slave of no lass, but a lover of nature

Careless an' free. Nature, the goddess of myriad graces, Pours foriorn lovers a bain that effaces Scars from the heart, in these smilin'

new places Far to the eastward an' far to the south of you. Sweet are the grapes that she gives me

to eat, Red are her pomegranates, luscious an'

Red are net points. sweet. Dreamy the breath of her flowers in the heat-But, oh, the red mouth of you, Mona Machree.

Mona Machree, though it's here that the

Mona Machree, though it's here that the money is, Pather for me, Dreams an' drowsed rowin's through blooms where the honey is, Wild as a bee. She, the new goddess to whom I'm be-holden. Snares me in days that are scented an' golden E'en as the tresses your temples en-foldin'. Ave an' the blue, when the sun has for-Miss Thornton to look after. She had rejoiced in having him; for she was a woman with well developed views con-cerning the training of youths and their safe conduct through the muddy waters of degenerate day. And it is not every spinster who has an opportunity

Aye, an' the blue, when the sun has for-saken it. Blossoms with jewels, night lamps of her

throne. Bright as two passionless eyes I have

known. Ah, ht is here that my heart is my own-But, ok, the dull ache in it, Mona Machree. -T. A. Daly.

Paying Debts in Japan.

waters of degenerate day. And it is not every spinster who has an opportunity of experimenting. Old-maidish to the finger tips, she tried to be a kind of breakwater to this youth, keeping from him all the troubled and bitter waters of the sea of life that would otherwise have beaten upon him. But after he had been only a few minutes with her, she felt that her power over him was lessening, and that there were corners of his life to which she did not pene-trate. His recent habit of coming home late for dimmer worried her s. good deal Foreigners in Japan find a great opportunity to purchase curios at the beginning of each new year. Everyone in Japan is trate. His recent habit of coming home late for dinner worried her a good deal. There was no excuse for it. Between expected to clear up his books and ney his debts by the last day of the old year. The tradesmen send in their yards-more often, miles-of bills to "the honorable lady of There was no excuse for it. Between the closing of the bank and dinner time four hours elapsed. What did he do with himself in this interval? She had gain sales to enable them to pay the wholesale houses, and if a man cannet raise sufficient money to pay his creditors it is not an uncommon thing for him to seil off sufficient or even all of his property at a sacrifice to enable him to meet the new year with a smiling face. The only other honorable way out of his difficulties is for him to commit suleide.

beed they laughed so loudly that the placid Dutchmen, standing aft with their hands in their breeches pockets, stared open-mouthed at us, and the kindred cattle on the bank looked mild-ly up from the knee deep grass. "And what was the other packet?" the duchess asked presently. "Is that it in your hand?"

vour hand?" res." I answered, holding it up with

some reluctance. "It seems to be letter addressed to Mistress Clarence.

"Clarence!" she cried. "Clarence!" resting the hand she was extending. "What! Here is our friend again, then. What is in it? You have opened it?"

"No." That is in first four have opened it?" "No." Then quick, open it!" she exclaimed. "This, too, touches us, I will bet a penny. Let us see at once what it contains. Clarence in-deed! Perhaps we may have him on the hip yct, the arch traitor!" But I held the pocketbook back, though my checks reddened, and I knew I must seem foolish. They made certain that this letter was a communi-cation to some spy, probably to Clar-me himself under cover of a feminine address. Perhaps it was, but it bore a woman's name, and it was sealed, and foolish though I might be, I would not betray the woman's secret. "No. madam," I said, confused, awk." "But I have no claim to it," I re-topped a more and claim to it," I re-

"No, madam," I said, confused, awk-ward, stammering, yet withholding it joined, more and more hurt. "I kave all to make. I am a new man. Yet do to be opened. It may be what you say," I added, with an effort, "but it may also contain an honest secret, and that "Well" said the duchess, a smile

is what you mean," she retoried pet-tishly, a red spot on each cheek. "When people will not do what I ask, it is ale will not do what I ask, it is ai-grace! grace! grace! But I know "Or f

with hers, and they both peeped sud-denly at me over the edge of the parch-ment, suspicion and hostility in their flances. "How came you by this, young ur?" he said slowly, after a long pause. "Have we escaped Peter to fall into the hands of Paul?" "No, no!" I cried hurriedly. I saw that I had mage a greater sensation than I had bargained for. I hastened to tell them how I had met with Gar-dine's servant at Stony Stratford, and how I had become possessed of his cre-dentials. They laughed, of course. In-deed they laughed so loudly that the halcid Dutchmen, standing aft with fared open-mouthed et indred eart"

treachery had dealt me had begun to heal. In the action, the movement, the adventure of the last fortnight, I had well night lost sight of the blot on my escutcheon, of the shame which had driven me from home. But the ques-tion, "What are we to call you?" re-vived the smart, and revived it with an added pang. It had been very well, in theory, to proudly discard my old name. It was painful in practice to be unable to answer the duchess: "I am

name. It was painful in practice to the unable to answer the duchess: "I am a Cludde of Coton, nephew of Sir Ana chudde of Coton, hepnew of Sir An-thony, formerly esquire of the body to King Henry. I am no unworthy follow-er and associate even for you," and to have instead to reply: "I have no name. I am nobody. I have all to make and win." Yet this was my ill fortuge.

also contain an honest secret, and that woman's." "What do you say?" cried the duch-ess. "Here are scruples!" At that her husband smiled, and I looked in despair from him to Mistress Anne. Would she sympathize with my feelings? I found that she had turned her back on us and was gazing over the side. "Do you roally mean," continued the duch-"Jat you are not going to open that. you foolish boy?" "I do, with your grace's leave," I an-swered. may before we are old men and women, we can advance your cause, then let us have your secret. No one can say that Katherine Willoughby ever forgot her friend."

people will not do what I ask, it is di-ways grace! grace! But I know them. now." I dared not smile, and I would not look up, lest my heart should tail ne and i would give her her way. "You foolish bay!" she again said and stalled. Then with a toss of her

Next day we reached Nimuegen, where we staid a sort time. Leaving that place in the afternoon, 24 hours' journeying, partly by river, partly, if I remember rightly, by canal, brought us to the neighborhood of Arnheim on the Rhine. It was the first of March, but the opening month belled its repu-tation. There was a brightness, a soft-ness in the air and a consequent feel-ing as of spring which would better have befitted the middle of April. All day we remained on deck enjoying the kindliness of nature, which was es-pecially grateful to me, in whom the kindiness of nature, which was es-pecially grateful to me, in whom the sap of health was beginning to spring again, and we were still there when one of those gorgeous sunsets which are neculiar to that country began to are peculiar to that country began to fling its hues across our path. We turned a jutting promontory, the boat began to fail off, and the captain came up, his errand to tell us that our jour-ney was done. (Continued Next Week)

Gypsy Song. In the drizzling mist, with the snow high-

plied. In the winter night, in the forest wild, I heard the wolves with their ravenous

how!, I heard the screaming note of the owl; Wille wau wau wau! Wille wo wo wo: Wito hu!

I shot, one day, a cat in the ditch— The dear black cat of Anna, the witch: Upon me, at night, seven were-wolves came down. own, on they were, from out of the Seven

Wille	WAN	WBU	want	
· · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · ·	lle w	o wo	wo:	
	Wito	hu!		

knew them all; aye, I knew them straight; 'irst, Anna, then Ursula, Eve and Kate, ind Barbara, Lizay, and Bet as well: and forming a ring, they began to yell: Wille wau wau wau Wille wo wo wo! With wo wo wo!

Then called I their names with angry

threat: "What wouldst thou, Anna? What wouldst thou, Bet?" At hearing my volce, themselves they

And howling and yelling, to flight they

Wille wau wau wau! Wille wo wo wo! Wito hu! —Johann Goethe

After five years work, Australia's great transcontinental rabbit-proof fence has been completed. Its length is 2 036 miles, and the cost of its ere tion has been nearly £250,000. It is furnished at intervals of five or six miles with systems of traps, in which hundreds of rabbits are captured and destroyed daily. Inside the barrier there appears as yet no trace of their

The product of the British shipyards amounts to 20 or 25 per cent of the would's output.

A consciousness of love and affection nakes plain the path where dot-

blind, and entere

She was quite taken aback for the scene and the odor. It was an eating house. In wooden boxes or compart-ments, like old fashioned church pews on an exaggerated scale, sat perhaps : dozen people, some of them evidently not belonging to the aristocracy, eating with undisguised appetites. A quick glarice around showed her that the per-son whom she had been following was not there. She went up to the counter, behind which stood, staring at her with inquisitive eyes, a pert looking young lady who, to any more appreciative taste than Miss Thornton's might have appeared not altogether ill looking.

Hasn't a young gentleman just come

in here?" she asked. "There are a number of young gen tlemen here," replied the girl, with a comprehensive sweep of the hand.

"I mean a gentleman," reiterated Miss Thornton, with a very marked emphasis on the word, and a quick glance of scorn at the shady features in the pews.

'Perhaps you mean Mr. Creighton?

"You wish to see him?" "Yes. But before I see him I should like to speak with some responsible person. Can I see your master or misperson. tress

"The manageress has pricked her finger, ma'am, and can't be seen. Per-

Miss Thornton was too agitated to very particularly the girl's rudeness.

"Perhaps so. I only want to ask a w questions." few

few questions." "All right, ma'am. I'm ready." "Please tell me exactly why Mr. Creighton comes here. I am respon-sible for him and must know the truth. If you will reveal all I will reward

you." The maid's eyes had a new glitter in them. Here was a chance not often thrown in her way. "Walt a minute, ma'am, and I'll see

what I can do.

what I can do. She went into a neighboring room— the kitchen evidently—where her voice was indistinctly heard playing a low-toned duet with that of another maiden. In about two minutes she returned.

"Now, ma'am," she said, "I'll tell you all I know. Mr. Creighton comes in here every evening except Sunday, and has tea in a private room."

"That's all." "Nonsense. Why should he have tea here? He can get all he wants at

home "I don't know anything about that, ma'am. He comes and he has his teas, and he pays for 'em." "And does he take tea quite alone?" "Well, ma'am"— She hesitated. "Mind, I want you to tell me every-thing, and I promise you shall not be the loser by it." "Well, ma'am. I suppose he is al-ways alone—except for—for"— "Except what?" "Except what?" "Except what?" "Except what?" "The girl who"— "The girl?" 'I don't know anything about that,

failed to find out. He maintained a stubborn reticence. And so it was that the lady braced herself to the quest upon which we have seen her. Christopher was later than usual to-night. When she heard him coming she trambled all over rembled all over.

Well, aunt," he said, "you have the st of it here. It's miserably foggy in the streets.

She knew it only too well. She said: "Chris, I know all." Her tone was almost comically sol-

smiled.

"Yes? And so do I. Here's your sovereign back again." Miss Thornton sank into a chair, staring at the shining coin he held out

o her. Assuming, in his turn, a look of sol-

Assuming, in his turn, a look of sol-emnity, Christopher continued: "I am sorry, aunt, that you did not trust me more. You would have been saved from being the victim of a prac-tical joke. The thing was just arranged on the spot by the two waitress girls. I tell you I was pretty considerably taken aback by the creature's impu-dence; but I'm afraid that if I'd known you were looking on I should have

and the source of the second s

"Then you won't see her again-you omise me." See her again? What do you men?

see her?" "What! Do you think I go there to see that minx of a waitress? Haven't I told you that the scene was impro-vised for your benefit and your bribe?" "But what do you go there for?" "Why, for the kippers, of course." "The kip_" see her?

"The kip—" "The kip—" "Yes; the kippers, the bloaters and the haddocks." Miss Thornton sat with open mouth. "You know aunt, that I asked you often, months ago, to let me have cured fish. You told me that such things were uncer, plebelan, and all that kind of fish. You told me that such things were vulgar, plebelan, and all that kind of thing, and would not let me have them. Well, that made me want them all the more. I felt I could not drag through the day without a bloater or a kipper with my afternoon tea: so, as you would not let me have them at home, I went out for them. That's all. And, I say, anut, that shop's the best in London for fish teas and suppers. But I'm not going there again. Per-haps you'll let me have my afternoon kipper at home now?" "Well, yes, my boy, if you are so set on it."

on it.'

"Thank you, aunt." "But I think you'd better have it in the breakfast room. It wouldn't be so noticeable when we have visitors." "I mean you won't go anywhere else to." And on these terms the pact was reade made

A man who was knocked down by a hansom cab in Essex road, Islington, London, had the stump of his wooden leg broken, and a large number of sil-ver and copper coins dropped out of it.

COFFEE EYES.

It Acts Slowly but Frequently Preduces Blindness.

The curious effect of slow daily polsoning and the gradual building in of disease as a result, is shown in numhers of cases where the eyes are affected by coffee.

A case in point will illustrate:

A lady in Oswego, Mont., experienced a slow but sure disease settling upon her eyes in the form of increasing weakness and shooting pains with wavy, dancing lines of light, so vivid that nothing else could be seen for minutes at a time.

She says:

"This gradual failure of sight alarmed me and I naturally began a very earnest quest for the cause. About this time I was told that coffee poisoning sometimes took that form, and while I didn't believe that coffee was the cause of my trouble, I concluded to guit it and see.

"I took up Postum Food Coffee in spite of the jokes of Husband whose experience with one cup at a neighbor's was unsatisfactory. Well, I made Postum strictly according to directions. boiling it a little longer, because of our high altitude. The result was charming. I have now used Postum in place of coffee for about 3 months and my eyes are well, never paining me or showing any weakness. I know to a certainty that the cause of the trouble was coffee and the cure was in quitting it and building up the nervous system on Postum, for that was absolutely the only change I made in diet and I took no medicine.

"My nursing baby has been kept in a perfectly healthy state since I have used Postum.

"Mr. -----, a friend, discarded coffee and took on Postum to see if he could be rid of his dyspepsia and frequent headaches. The change produced a most remarkable improvement quickly."

"There's a Reason." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

A man who was knocked down by a