

and she drew her white shawl close, and

picked up her umbrella which had fallen

"You are not angry with me?" she

"And you don't think I have meddled

"I think it is like your sweet womanli-

They had stopped before her door, and

mping to the ground, he assisted her

"Good-by; and, Mrs. Dene, I shall re-

member what you have said, and I won't-

He stopped, in half-amused embarrass

"Won't what?" she persisted, merci-

"I won't flirt with your little friend, I

Laughing at his comical confusion, she

shook hands with him, and wished him

good-by, and stood for a moment looking

after him as he drove away. Then, with

a smile still hovering upon her lips, she

went into the bungalow.

Smiling still, she sauntered into the

less in a moment when she saw her hus-

band seated at the open window. How

"Gerald, if I had known you were here

"Then I am glad you did not know, for I never wish to deprive you of any

He had noticed how quickly the smile

had faded from her face on seeing him,

Could be not even share her simple ev-

ery-day thoughts, though he were for-

ever shut out from participating in her

deeper joys and sorrows?
"My pleasure is with you," she said.

gently, as though conscious of what was

"Your duty, perhaps. I wish the words

were synonymous".

Her lips quivered, and the tears came

into her eyes, but before they could fall he was at her side, holding her ungloved

"Nora, don't ery. I am a brute. I did

She looked up at him sweetly, if

pier than I know," and she left him puz-

CHAPTER VI.

When Captain and Mrs. Dene met again at dinner neither made reference to

what had passed between them. It was

the first time that there had been even

an approach to a quarrel, yet it had

seemed to draw them nearer to each other

and bring some warmth into their rela-

tions. Anything was better than that

no appreciable change, a difference

pig-sticking at Cawnpore?"

feel too lazy to write now."

would enjoy it, would you not?

"And why should you not go?

"Do you wish me to do so?

thought the discussion ended.

on won't mind," she said.

tete-a-tete was to be broken.

rose from his west.

"I dare say I might-if I went "

But, though in their hearts there was

In their manner to each other. He

'No. by Jove! I quite forgot. Just

about that pig-sticking-you

drew himself up impatiently as he

"Very well; I will go," he said, and

But she looked up blankly into his face

"I want to take Jane Knox with us. if

His countenance fell; but he would not

show that he was disappointed that the

"Let us make a party of it," he said.

cheerfully, after a few moments of si-

lence. "Three is trumpery, four is com-pany, and young ladies always want

me one to flirt with."
"The very thing! Gerald, how clever

"Why, because he is the richest, of

ing how strange it must seem that she

should recommend as a husband for an

How true it is that time heals all wounds

That episode in her life seemed very dis-

awakened had died a natural death

poor man.

tant now, and all the feelings it had

'If you are intent upon match-making

re are others nearly as rich as he.

"Which is lucky," replied his wife, dry

ly, "for girls seem to have a knack of

etting their affections on the wreng

He looked at her keenly. Was she

ther the man who had refused herself.

She stopped short, remember-

"Why him, of all others?" frowning.

Let us ask Major Larron.

remind me again to-morrow morning. I

am ban-

not mean anything I said. I was only

and was hurt that it should be so. always to be a restraint upon her?

I would have come home earlier."

cept-was it only fear?"

pleasure.

in his mind

hand between his own.

zling over the words.

ool politeness.

with matters that do not concern me?"

ness to speak as you have done. I re-

spect you for it, and thank you."

asked him presently. "Angry with you? No."

CHAPTER IV .- (Continued.) "Of course I might have seen the ridiculousness of the whole affair at once Fancy my being jealous of the Colonel! Ha, ha, ha!"

At the sound of his rough merriment Jane winced, and held up her hand. "I cannot bear any more now," she ex-claimed, in a shrill voice that startled

herself as much as it did him. "You are in pain?"

Yes, I am in pain," she answered. truthfully, though just then she had so thought of her broken arm.

He took her hand in his to say "good Some idea had been in his mind of a warmer farewell, but he had never kissed her yet, and the pale, proud face she turned toward him was no encouragement to begin. Then somewhat shame facedly be withdrew.

The interview had not been a success ful one, he felt. He had wounded her and frightened her by the brusqueness of his ways and speech, and had won from her no ratification of her former promise. It struck him ruefully that he must have lost the knack of wooing a pretty girl-that his tongee had forgotten its ancient cunning.

drawing-room, slowly taking off her gloves; but her face became expression-His conclusions were correct. Jane had thought him more boorish than she had known him to be before, and more than ever regretted that she had not liswas it that his presence seemed to drive every feeling from her heart except-extened to her mother's warning.

CHAPTER V.

Mrs. Dene had been very constant in her visits to Jane during her convales-Independently of her desire to gratify the Colonel by showing his protege any kindness in her power, she liked e girl for her own sake, and was zealons for her social success,

"You are so pretty you are sure to please," she told her candidly one day. "Don't you think"—besitatingly—"that it is rather vulgar to be pretty?

"If so, it is a valgarity that many would be glad to share"-laughing.

Very likely, but that does not alter the fact. In England they say every milkmaid and fisher-girl you meet has a trim figure and pretty face. Good looks are only another name for good health. Now,

to be well educated-You are as well educated as many of the women who move in good society, and you have very charming manners, which you will find more useful still. What else do you want?

vexed for a moment that I had not suc "I wish I could dress as well as you," ceeded in making your life happier than complained Jane, who, like a very woman, was inclined to set a high value upon that branch of feminine industry.

She sat now smoothing down the folds of her pale-blue gown, and pondering tears. what had been said; and as Mrs. Dene watched her in some amusement, trying to divine her thoughts, she saw her hands meet suddenly in a tight clasp, and a warm blush suffuse her face. as to who or what could have caused this agitation, Mrs. Dene turned her head sharply, and to her surprise saw Colonel Prinsep standing in the veranda behind

The Colonel met her unconsciously scornful glance with a defiant if somewhat embarrassed gaze; but, though he took her hand in greeting, he addressed self exclusively to Jane.

"I came to ask if you were better," he "You are always so thoughtful," mur-

mured Mrs. Denc, with mulicious sweet-

"I am quite well now, thank you," answered unsuspecting Jane.

She would have been aghast had she

known that the love of which she was herself scarcely aware had been so easily discovered. As it was, she went or talking so calmly that the Colonel feit ashamed of his own want of self-possession, and exerted himself to join in the conversation. But in spite of every effort he felt disconcerted still, and rose very

little to his dismay, Mrs. Dene expressed her intention of accompanying

"Would it be troubling you too much to drive me to my bungalow?" she asked. My own carriage was not ordered until seven o'clock, and I remember there is something I must do

"It will give me the greatest pleasure." he assured her, gravely.
Smiling her thanks, she kissed Jane af

etionately, and went out, while the Colonel followed, nervously twitching his That his suspicion was not entirely un-

justified the lady's opening words seemed to testify, for it is notorious that an ap-"auld lang syne" is generally the eamble to something disagreeable. We have always been friends, have we not, Colonel, Prinsep?" she began, as, set-tled comfortably in his dog-cart, they

lrove quickly toward her home. Always, Mrs. Dene. I hope there is no on we should not remain so still.

Of course not. But I want to take adantage of our friendship to ask you a

"You may be sure I shall not refuse it dess obliged," he said, politely. "Then don't flirt with Jane Knox. It is

air. She is so young and inexped in society's ways, and you-I 't pay you compliments to your face,' adeed, I have no thought of flirting.

Mrs. Dene, thoughtfully. "Have you forgotten that Major Larron will be Lord Larronmore someday, while Mr. Graeme's money was gained in trade?"

"You seem to expect great things for your friend I should have thought the latter match a more suitable one, supposing that either cared 'to play to win

He spoke savagely, for the doubt had assailed him whether perhaps she regretted the title which once she might have shared, and he invariably grew bit-ter when the circumstances of his marringe were recalled to him.

But his wife, who had started at his tone, guessed what was passing through his mind, and with a gesture succeeded in clearing the cloud from his brow

CHAPTER VII.

Unaware of the schemes that had been made for her settlement in life, Jane was charmed when the invitation came for her to go to Cawupore. Independently of a natural love of change and gayety, she was full of nervous delight at the idea of entering society-the society of which she had so often thought and dreamed.

And her mother was no less pleased. She realized at once the advantage it would be to her daughter to make her first appearance under other auspices than her own, and where her former circumstances were not known.

"It is giving the girl a fair chance," she said, complacently, to her husband.

"And it is particularly kind of Captain and Mrs. Dene," he replied. For the quartermaster was more sensible of the ondescension than was Mrs. Knor, who, flattered though she was at the attention, did not share the soldier's natural revrence for his officer. Then he added, doubtfully: "I wonder what Jacob Lynn will say?

"What has he to do with it?" asked Mrs. Knox, sharply. "Everything, seeing that he is to be the girl's husband."

looked at him in utter seern. "Do you really think that that will ever

"Why not? A promise is a promise; and I don't want Jane to be such a fine lady as to forget her first friends," he

answered, doggedly. "Is it true, John, that the sergeant has taken to drinking lately?" Mrs. Knox asked, presently.

"I heard something about it, but one does not believe everything one hears."
"He was always wild!"-shaking her

It so happened that Jacob Lynn heard nothing of Jane's projected visit until she had already left. Then he came to Mrs. Knox and reproached her bitterly for what he called her unfair reticence.

"You have awed me a gradge ever since Jane promised to be my wife. But she promised of her own tree will, so it is unjust to use your influence against me,' he said, sulkily, at the end of the tirade. "Everything is against me. Be on my side!" he plended.

"I have given you my advice already, and can do no more," she answered, coldly That same evening Mrs. Knox wrote to her daughter, telling her all home news and outside gossip, but intentionally refraining from saying a word, good or ill, of Jacob Lynn.

(To be continued.) Subtract Foskett.

"Peter Gannett's boy Ehen is real smart at his books, I bear," said Grandfather Rollins, as he and his grandson Rob were out at the barn milking the cows one night. "Ain't that so, bub?" "Why, yes, he's a good hand at 'rithme-

tic and spellin', and so on," returned Rob without evincing much enthusiasm. "But he's awful slow at games," he added, after a moment's pause. "Rob," said Grandfather Rollins, turning a sharp gaze on the boy, and speaking with a good deal of severity. "once or twice lately you've put me in

mind of a feller that used to live over in Rickville when I was a boy. I don't rightly recall what his Christian name was, fer the boys at school all called him 'Subtract' Foskett, an' that was the name he went by-"You'd ask bim about anybody, an' fust off he'd appear to be speakin' of

'em fair an' square; but before he got through there was allus somethin' to take the juice out of whatever he'd told ve that was pleasant.

talked a little faster than usual, but she "He'd say, 'Aleck Stevens is a real was quieter, for her head was full of a new plan that she wanted her husband's smart boy, smart as a steel trap; he's such a boy for books, though, that I She opened the subject directly they redon't b'lieve he does much round the paired to the drawing room. "Geraid, have you answered that invihouse; I guess they don't depend on him to help much." tation yet from the Tent Club for the

"'Ves Molly Spears is a pooty gal. round here. I wish she didn't set quite up. so much by her looks, though. Folks pooty she is.'

"'Did I hey a good time down to my Consin Frank's house? Oh. yes, splendid. Frank's a real jolly boy; he knows how to make folks laugh. If he hadn't got such an awful quick temper, there wouldn't be much better comp'ny any where than Frank is."

"An' so it went. It didn't make no matter what you asked him, you'd get jest that kind of an answer every time. n' there wa'n't anybody in Rickville that had a tongue folks was so sca't of as they was of Subtract Foskett's.

"You're nothin' but a yearlin', Rob, an' I hev hopes of ye, fer I don't think the habit's settled onter ye, yet," concluded Grandfather Rollins, as be rose stiffly from the milking stool. "If I thought it was, I sh'd be clean diskerridged; fer I sh'd ruther any reiation o' mine would be sleepin' out in the buryin'-ground than livin' t' be like Subtract Foskett,"

Great Swimming Feat. Martin Sullivan, a white sailor on the cruiser Minneapolis, now at the Norfolk navy yard, was ironed recently for desertion. He escaped frim his cell last night and while handcuffed leaped overboard and swam across the river to Berkley, half a mile away. He hid under a raft while the cruiser swept the water with her search lights When they were turned off he made his way to Berkley, where some ne groes filed his handcuffs off. He then exchanged his uniform for citizen's dothes and engaged to work his passage to New York on a barge. When a neach from the yard passed the barge w-day he hid in a boiler, but was sub-



## HIS FRIEND'S DECEIT

come to the parting of the ways in his eagerly. existence-was now confronting the fact that the career of honor, ease and ago he had mapped out for realization owes me fifty, and promised to let me mained for him to do now. But that was surely the hardest of them all! and-That was the primal cause of his dejection, and that was the source of his you, Trevor." sigh. His lip quivered and his fingers trembled as he stretched forth his hand and took up a pen. For a moment he toyed nervously with it, as if unable to trace the necessary words on the paper before him. Then he wrote: "Dear Brenda-My heart falls me as

I begin this task, but honor compels the conviction that it is a necessary one. By the time this reaches you I shall be many miles upon my journey. It seems but yesterday since I settled here and opened my doors for the reception of patients. I had some £2,000 then, and believed that, by judicious management, it would suffice until I had made a ouring medical aid. Now I have come on him. to the end of my resources and I must leave you-you whom I love better than foremost of them. life. I have made up my mind to woo Fortune in a foreign clime. I know you my return. I hope for success, but I you." had hoped for it at the outset, and the future may possible be as unpropitious stant. and the hopes as visionary as those of "Arrest! Forgery!" he murmured, at inclinations, justice to vourself com. hitherto had upon you. Consider your was drawn by D'Arcy himself-

"PAUL." It was written at last. He dare not breathe a good-by-dare not utter one of those terms of endearment he had been so accustomed to use. His heart was quickly sinking within him. pause for a moment would be fatal hesitation. He did not read the letter through, but placed it quickly in an envelope, and, hurriedly directing and sealing it, deposited it on the mantlepiece out of sight, as if he would fain forget its existence. At that moment reply. the door opened, and Paul looked up as his friend, Mark Trevor, entered.

"Come in, Trevor, and don't mind the that's a fact. There ain't many postler you, as I was just going out to look you

"By Jove! Then you really intend can see that she knows jest about how leaving us?" said Trevor, elevating his eyebrows and attempting a smile. week it was the outcome of impulse and Depend upon me, sir." disgust. But, my dear fellow, why this baste? And Miss Heathcote-Brenda! Von surely-

"Trevor, don't. At times, as I think of her, my resolution wavers, and yet I know I am right in what I am about to do.

"But is she not aware of your departure?"

"No: neither can I tell her verbally Her tears would make me weak, and I want to spare her, as well as myself. the pain of saving farewell."

"Farewell! Nonsense. You'll get an appointment out there, on landing, and in a few months at most you'll be back again for your bride," and a cloud, evidently the outcome of contemplating such a possibility obscured Trevor's face.

A silence of some moments followed. Then Trevor resumed his gayety, his face lit up with hope and his eyes seintillated with more than ordinary bril-

"Well, well," be said, "you know our own affairs best, I suppose, and, fter all, you're only doing what an honorable man ought to. But if I can help you in any way, don't be afraid of commanding me. I'm at your service, Gardner, although I don't suppose you have any commissions to give."

"Yes, I have. You can do me a grea favor, old fellow. I-I-the fact is, I'm just a bit short of funds, and-and if you could see your way to lend me, say 50, I should be uncommonly grateful. One never knows what may happen, you know, and, all going well, I will re turn it in course of a few months."

HERE was a dejected look on | "Certainly! I'm glad you mentioned Paul Gardner's face as he it, my boy. It would never do to cripseated himself at his writ- ple yourself at the outset by being short ing table, and in spite of him- of the rendy I'll lend it you with pleasself a sigh escaped him. He had ure. When do you start?" he asked,

"In the morning-early."

"Fact is, I haven't the money by me, usefulness which three or four years but I can get it in an hour. D'Arcy was impossible of attainment. His have it this morning without fail. I'll hopes were dead. Only one thing re- just run round and get him to draw the check in your favor instead of mine, "Thanks, awfully. It's very good of

"Tut, tut; don't mention it. Get your things put in order, and I'll be back in an hour," and Trevor, snatching up his hat departed.

True to his word, Mark Trevor returned within an hour.

"Just caught him in. my boy," he said. "Here you are the check's drawn in your favor, to save my indorsement. "Thanks for all you have done for

me," said Paul, taking up the check and putting in into his pocketbook. "I andshall not forget your goodness," gratefully clasping Trevor's hand in his.

In a short time the baggage was destart. In spite of energy, frugality and, -posited in a growler, and Paul on his I believe, skill, my practice has yet to way to the East India dock. As he was be begun. My waiting has been in vain about to step on to the gangway two. life and death." and my brass plate insufficient to at- men who had watched his egress from tract the practical attention of those re- the vehicle approached and laid hands returned with the requisite medicine, "Paul Gardner, I suppose?" said the

"That is my name."

"It is our duty to arrest you on a love me and the recollection of the charge of forcery in connection with a many happy hours we have spent to-check which you cashed vesterday beargether will in the future, as in the past, ing the signature of Edmund D'Arcy, be a cheerful incentive to me in my and to warn you that anything you may work. But I dare not ask you to wait say may be used as evidence against

The shock staggered Paul for an in-

the past. No; however powerful my length. "There is some mistake. I do pels me to relinquish the claim I have such a check, but it was not forged; it self, then, dear Brenda, under no obliga- Good heavens!" he exclaimed, "can it tion to your old love. Pray for me and be true? Can there be truth in those may God bless you. Ever your in heart, rumors after all? Can be love Brenda, and have concocted this villainous plot to ruin me?" and as a conviction of the truth flashed upon him it required superhuman effort to hold himself in check. On arriving at the station he reiterated his innocence, but, of course, to no purpose.

"May I send a telegraphic message?" he inquired.

"The police will lend you any reason-

able assistance. If you wish to communicate with your friends," was the "I have just a dozen words. Wire

them to the person I name as soon as it is daylight: 'Beware of Trevor-he is confusion." he said. "I'm glad to see at the bottom of my rula. Am innocent. Paul,' to Miss Heathcote," and-Paul gave him her address. "You have the words? You will not forget them?"

"I can remember. They will do no harm-anyway, they won't," muttered thought when you mentioned it last the man. "As soon as it is daylight,

There could be no question as to the outcome of the well-contrived plot against blm. Paul Gardner saw that, Unless Trevor made a clean breast of his duplicity nothing but imprisonment awaited him. And it turned out as he feared. Trevor denied every word of Gardner's statement, even going to the length of saying that they had never met on the day that Paul stated the check was handed over to him. He intended flight, and his arrest just as he was about to leave the country was construed into evidence against him He was committed for trial by the magistrates and eventually sentenced to three years' imprisonment.

For months Mark Trevor shrank at the thought of going near Brenda Heathcote. In spite of his craft and duplicity be could not summon the necessary courage to confront her, but eventually sought her out and endeavored to persuade her that her impressions were false, that Paul was deserving of his fate, and that he-Trevorwas much injured by being dragged into the horrible affair. "Explain that telegram," said Brenda,

showing him the wire Paul had contrived to send her. "Explain that. I believe every word of it, and I know the man who sent it too well to think that even in misfortune he would make such a charge falsely against one whom he had professed to honor."

Trevor took the wire, and his face words, "Beware of Trevor-be is at the bottom of my ruin. Am innocent."

"When did you receive this?" he in-

quired

"On the night or rather early morning of his arrest. I know the reason you betrayed him, and evidently Paul did, too. The reason he wired me was to prevent all possibility of your diabolical plot succeeding so far as your intentions with me were concerned. Now go, and never seek my face again. Only remember that those who suffer innocently may make even their suffering a stepping stone to future success, while those guilty of such offenses as yours must eventually sink deeper in crime." It was a memorable morning when

the young doctor found himself once more at liberty. The very thought that he was free was almost sufficient to overwhelm him; and, as he confronted the traffic of the busy streets, he could scarcely credit the fact.

How would she counsol him to act? Should be go to her? He scarcely knew. He required time for thought. After procuring suitable clothing he repaired to one of the parks and sat down upon a seat. The thoroughfare he had chosen was wellnigh deserted. and I all was s on lost in the intricacles of thought. He had just determined that he would not visit Brenda until he could take convincing proof of his innocence when his privacy was intruded upon. Two men, supporting the tottering form of an elderly gentleman between them, came up to the seat.

"You are ill, sir," said Paul, making room and assisting the old man into a comfortable posture.

"Ye-yes-I-I'm very ill," was the reply.

"Can I be of service to you? I am a medical man." "Then as as you value suffering

humanity-follow to my residence, and the man brokenly whispered his name and address.

"What is the name of the doctor attending Mr. Easton?" Paul asked of the attendant as soon as he arrived. "Barrow, sir," replied the man. "And

between you and me, sir, I believe there's something wrong between him and Mr. Mark. He's a broken-down, drink-ridden beast, sir, and Mr. Mark won't hear of anyone else being called, and-

"Who is Mr. Mark?"

"Mr Easton's adopted son. He ain't no relation, sir," said the man, subduing his voice to an almost inarticulate whisper, "but he's the master's heir

'Enough." said Paul. "See, take this prescription to the chemist and bring back the medicine at once. Then run round and ask Dr. Roose Feldter to come here instantly; it is a matter of

The man set off at once and speedily and then went as requested for the specialist. When the eminent scientist appeared. Paul, without more ado, asked him to make an examination of the invalid and to state what he considered was the nature of the complaint. Several minutes elapsed, then, taking off his pince-nez, Dr. Feldter said:

"I see by the remedles you are employing that we have both arrived at the same conclusion. You are giving chloral?"

"Yes." "Quite right. The condition is owing to the cumulative properties of strych nine."

"So I conjectured. The patient seems easier now; may I have a word with

you in private? The two were conducted to an elegantly furnished dressing-room, and in a few moments Paul announced his belief that Mr. Easton was being slowly but deliberately poisoned. The specialist looked exceedingly grave, but counseled him to take up his quarters in the dressing-room and await develoments. An hour after Dr. Feldter's departure two men entered the bedroom. A cry of horror almost escaped Paul as he saw from his hiding place that one of these men was Mark Trevor and the other, he had no doubt, was the broken down, morphia-dominated medical manwho was doing his bidding. The latter took a small vial from his pocket and

poured a little of its contents into a "How long before the end now?"

whispered Trevor. "To-morrow, some time, I will finish." was the reply.

Paul waited no longer. With a bound he entered the room and confronted the two startled men.

"Scoundrels!" he cried, "what would you do? Poison him? Thank God that my first act after liberation is to save live and not to destroy it."

"Paul Gardner!" exclaimed Trevor. starting backward, his face livid and his limbs trembling as if palsted.

"Yes, I," said Paul, "back to charge you with one crime, and to save you from completing a more beinous one

"It was he who suggested and paid me to do it," mouned the abject brute, who sank trembling to the ground. Half an hour afterward both men were in custody, and Paul was too busy at the bedside of the invalid. For days he continued his unwearying attentions, and eventually had the satisfaction of fully restoring his patient. Nor was gratitude wanting on Mr. Easton's part, On his recovery Paul unburdened his own sad story, and a week later his name stood in his patient's will in the place recently occupied by that of Mark Trevor. Nor was this all. A sudden fame attached itself to him, and with Dr. Roose Feldter as his patron, his professional career was quickly established.

Trevor and his accomplice were sentenced to a long term of imprisonment. On conviction, the former at once made a written statement, completely exonerating Paul from the offense for which he had suffered, and only two days later Paul and Brenda were together.

"Proof of my innocence, darling." said be, producing the document.

"I do not need it," she replied. knew it."-Tid-Bits.