

CHAPTER XVI. accident Mildred was beside Denzil, idly wandering away. She stooped but failed to detect the faintest beat. She drew her fingers across his forewintry wind-but to her it seemed touched by the cold hand of Death.

A terrible feeling took possession of her. Was he dead? Was he speechless, deaf, blind, beyond love, life, hope, for evermore?

Lifting his head onto her lap and pushing back the hair from his beautiful forehead, she murmured to him tenderly, almost reproachfully, half believing the cruel voice he had loved so well on earth would recall him even from the grave. But there was no answer.

She looked up wildly. Would nobody ever come? How long they werehow long! And, when they did come, would it, perchance, be only to tell her that help was needless-that he was indeed dead, as he appearedlifeless within her very arms.

Oh, to speak with him once more, if only for a moment—just for so long as it would take to let him know how well she loved him, and to beg on her knees for his forgiveness!

Why did he lie so silent at her feet? Surely that calm, half smile had no sympathy with death. Was she never to hear his voice again-never to see the loving tenderness that grew in his eyes for her alone?

Was all the world dead or insensible that none would come to her call, while perhaps each precious moment was stealing another chance from his life? This thought was maddening; she glanced all round her, but as yet no one was in sight. And then she began to cry and wring her hands. "Denzil, speak to-me!" she sobbed.

"Denzil-darling-darling!" * * * * *

Lord Lyndon, shortly after the accisaddle to discover whether Miss Trevanion was coming up with them, and not seeing her, raised himself in his stirrups to survey the ground behind, and beheld two horses riderless, and had withdrawn turned nervously tosomething he could not discern clearly upon the grass.

"Sir George, look!" he called to his companion. "What is it-what has happened? Can you see Mildred?

He waited for nothing more, but putting spurs to the astonished animal under him, rode furiously back, leaving Sir George to follow him almost as swiftly.

And this was what they saw.

Lying apparently lifeless, with one arm twisted under him, in that horrible, formless way a broken limb will line, with a suppressed sigh. How sometimes take, lay Denzil Younge, could she help regretting this good with Miss Trevanion holding his head | thing that was passing away from her upon her lap and smoothing back his | daughter. "Now go, and do not keep hair, while she moaned over him words him in suspense any longer."

"His heart!" cried Miss Trevanion, In but few minutes' time after the suddenly. "His heart! It's beating!" She raised her eyes to her father's and down upon her knees, her horse as she gave utterance to the sweet words, and Lyndon saw all the glorious and placed her hand upon his heart, light of the hope that had kindled in them. Her white fingers were pressed closely against Denzil's chest; her head-cold and damp with the chilling breath was coming and going rapturously at quick, short intervals; her whole face was full of passionate, glad

-that other."

expectation. "So it is," said Sir George, excitedly. "Lyndon, more brandy."

So life, struggling slowly back into Denzil's frame, began its swift course once more for him; while for Lyndon, turning away sick at heart and miserable, its joys and promises were but as cry right heartily. rotten fruit, ending in bitterness and mockery.

CHAPTER XVII.

It was late the same evening, and did you never think of the conse Mildred sitting in her mother's room, quences?" with one hand clasped in Lady Caro-"I know I have behaved basely to line's, was gazing idly into the fire, seeming pale and dejected in the red thought that this would be the end. light of the flame, that ever and anon All might have turned out so differentblazed up and sunk, and almost died, ly, had-had this day never been." "I shall never cease to be thankful and brightened up again. Yet in her heart there was a great well of thankthat this day did come," he answered, fulness, of joy unutterable-for had earnestly. "Better to wake from a

not the doctor, fully an hour before, happy dream in time than rest unconscious until the waking is too late. declared Denzil out of any immediate Bitter as it is to lose you now, and danger?

Up to that moment Miss Trevanion had remained in her own apartment, not caring to encounter the gaze of curious observers-now walking feverishly backward and forward with unspoken prayers with her breast, now sitting stunned and wretched, waiting dred, I wish we had never met!" for the tidings she yet dreaded to hear. But, when Lady Caroline came to tell her all was well for the present, she could say nothing; she only followed her mother back to her own room where she fell upon her knees and cried as if her heart would break. Suddenly the door opened and a servant stood revealed.

"Lord Lyndon's compliments to Miss Trevanion, and he would be glad dent had occurred, turning round in his to see her for a few minutes in the north drawing room," he said, and lingered for a reply.

"I will be down directly," Mildred answered tremulously, and when he ward Lady Caroline. "Oh, mother," she said, "what can I say to him? What must he think of me?"

"Have courage, my darling," whiseyes. pered Lady Caroline, "and own the truth-plain speaking is ever the best and wisest. Afterward he will forgive Remember how impatiently I you. shall be waiting here for your return. "Of course he will understand that it is now all over between us?" Mil-

dred asked, half anxiously, as she reached the door. "Of course he will," said Lady Caro-

him.

DIAMONDS AT A DISCOUNT. way, but, oh, forgive me! No-do not mistake me. I know well you would

Gems Are Not the Only Requisite of Success on the Stage.

never marry me now; and" lowering Once there was a merry villager in her voice-"neither could I ever marry you, having once shown you my heart; a solemn opera company who had asso there can be no misconception piration to be a whole constellation all about that. But if you knew every. by herself. She watched the starry thing-how wretched I was, how hopefirmament very carefully and noticed less, how essential it was that the that every star had plenteous collections of jewelry and so many diamond money should be procured, how tersunbursts that they got tanned wearin rible it was to me to have to borrow them. She forgot to remember that it, and how just and right a thing it seemed to give you myself in ex- all the stars had written testimonials to patent medicines, and that the picchange, having no other means of reture of one of them or another went payment-you might perhaps pity me with every bottle of tonic. She thought Could you only have seen into my heart, you would have read there how all were stars who glittered and real was my determination to be true straightway saved up her salary for to you, to make you a good wife, and ten years and soon had a bureau love you eventually as well as I loved drawer full of kohinoors. She then

applied for a job on the strength of She broke down here and covered her gem museum. But the manager her face with her hands. And Lyndon asked her if her pictures were all over the town recommending a new sort of who had never learned the art of being consistently unkind to anything, nutritious puppy biscuit. Then she sadly replied that it was not. 'He refelt his wrath and wrongs melt away altogether, while a choking sensation plied: "You won't do. The diamonds are all right, but we can't put them arose in his throat. He forgot all his own deep injuries, on a billboard." Whereupon he blew

and, taking the pretty golden head cigarette smoke through his nose, between his hands, he drew it down which signified that the interview was upon his breast, where she began to over.

Moral: A bucket of paste on a bill-"Mildred, how could you do it?" he board is worth two real diamonds in whispered, presently, in a broken the top drawer of a Louis Seize chifvoice. "Had you hated me you could fonier.-New York Commercial Adhave done nothing more cruel. Child, vertiser.

> What Do the Children Drink? Don't give them tea or coffee. Have you tried

the new food drink called GRAIN-O? It is deyou," sobbed Mildred. "But I never | licious and nourishing, and takes the place of coffee. The more Grain-O you give the children the more health you distribute through their systems. Grain-O is made of pure grains, and when properly prepared tastes like the choic grades of coffee, but costs about 1/4 as much. All grocers sell it. 15c and 25c.

It is frequently courtship befor marriage and battleship after. The man who is never idle has no

no one but myself can guess how bittime to be mean. ter that is, would it not be far worse

Ladies Can Wear Shoes to discover that my wife had no sym-One size smaller after using Allen's Footpathy with me, no thought akin to Ease, a powder. It makes tight or new mine?" He paused for a moment and shoes easy. Cures swollen, hot, sweating, then he said, sadly, "It seems a hard aching feet, ingrowing nails, corns and thing for me to say, but yet-oh, Milbunions. All druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Trial package FREE by mail. Address "Is there nothing I can do to make Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y. it up to you?" she asked, despairing A fountain works when it plays and

plays when it works. "No, there is nothing," he answered, egretfully; "all that could be said or Hamlin's Wizard Oil Co. send song done would not obliterate the past. book free. Your druggist sells the You are crying still, Mildred," raising oil and it stops pain. her face, and regarding it mournfully; 'are you so very sorry then, for your When language fails a woman she work? And yet a few plain words resorts to tears. would have prevented all this. Tell me-when returning the money, which Kid-Ne-Oids, the new discovery for kidney diseases and back-ache, has merit; that ac counts for the immense sale. Druggists, 50c. you insisted on doing after your grand-aunt's death, why did you not then honestly speak the truth? Was We should endeavor to avoid extremes—lik those of wasps and bees. not that a good opportunity?" "Oh, how could I do it then?" she Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. asked, turning away her head, with a dren teething, softens the gums, reduces in on, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottl little shiver of distaste; "that would have appeared so detestable in your Be like the promontory against which the waves continually break. What!"she exclaimed, "accept your kindness gratefully when I was Piso's Cure is the best medicine we ever use for all affections of the throat and lungs.-WM O. ENDSLEY, Vanburen, Ind., Feb. 10, 190). in sore need of it, and then when I had no further want of it, throw you off without the slightest compunction? Surely you would have thought that Beware of the fr'end that advises you to go to war or get married. a very unworthy action?" When cycling, take a bar of White's Yucatan You can ride further and easier.

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"Still it would have been better than this," he answered, gloomily, beginning to walk slowly up and down the Mon who trust in Providence are generally room, while she stood weaving her too busy to work fingers restlessly in and out, watching

Poor Mildred, the bitterness of her remorse just then made half atonement for her sin. With a



MISS LUCY ANNIE HEISER, OF MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Miss Lucy Annie Heiser, a graduated nurse of nine years' experience, trained and graduated from the Homeopathic Hospital of Minneapolis, Minn., writes as follows: Albert Lea, Minn., Nov. 8, 1899.

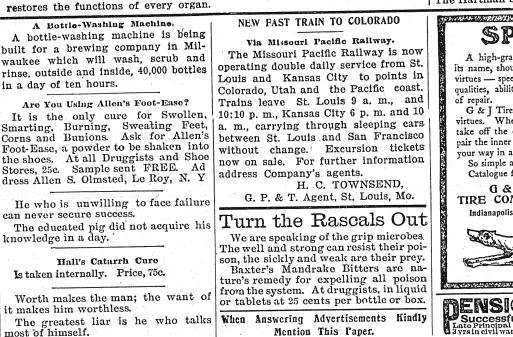
The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, Ohio:

Gentlemen-"Although my school does not believe in patent medicines, I have found it to be a fact that Peruna is a grand and valuable medicine. I have known it to cure Mrs. Sampson, suffering with an inflamed womb, aggravated by malaria, after the doctors had failed to help her. Another of my former patients suffered with a complication of female diseases; she was so thin, nothing but skin and bones, but Peruna cured her and she is to-day in good health and good flesh. Facts prove that Peruna revives lost strength and restores to the sick that most wonderful blessing of life-health. Lucy Annie Heiser,

If all the tired women and all the nervous women, and all the women that needed a tonic would read and heed the words of these fair ladies who have spoken right to the point, how many invalids would be prevented and how many wretched lives be made happy.

Peruna restores health in a normal way. Peruna puts right all the mucous membranes of the body, and in this way

restores the functions of every organ.



From Mrs. Amanda Shunaker, who has charge of the Grammar Department of the Public Schools of Columbia City, Wash., also Past Grand of Independent Order of Good Templars, Dr. Hartman received the following letter:

Columbia City, Wash. "I can speak only good words of the repeated benefits I have had from the use of Peruna.

"Too constant application to work "100 constant application to work last winter caused me to have severs head and backache and dragging pains. I could not stop my work, neither was I fit to go on. Reading of the bene-ficial results from the use of Peruna I. purchased a bottle and within a few days after writing it began to fael better days after using it, began to feel better. "I constantly improved and before the seventh bottle was completely

used, all pains were gone, my strength was restored, and I now seem ten years' younger.

"If I get tired or feel bad, Peruna at once helps me, and I feel you deserve praise for placing such a conscientious médicine before a suffering public." Mrs. Amanda Shumaker.

Mattie B. Curtis, Secretary Legion of Loyal Women, Hotel Salem, Boston, Mass., writes:

"I suffered for guiltung over a year with general weakness

and debility, manifested especially in severe backache and headache. "My physician prescribed different medicines, n o n e of which seemed to help

me any until a Mattie B: Curtie. club associate advised me to From try Peruna as it cured her of constitu-

tional headache and stomach troubles. at once ordered a bottle and before it was used, felt greatly improved.

"I have taken four bottles and for two months have been entirely free from these maladies. Several of my friends are using Peruna with beneficial results, especially in cases of troubles with the kidneys and other pelvic organs, together with weak-

nesses peculiar to women." Peruna is a specific for the catarrhal derangements of women.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case and he will be pleased to give you his

valuable advice gratis. Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, O.



and entreaties that made Lyndon's heart grow cold.

"Mildred!" he cried sharply, putting his hand on her arm with the intention of raising her from the ground, but she shook him off roughly.

"Let me alone," she said; "what have you to do with us? I loved him. Oh, Denzil, my darling speak to me-speak to me."

"What is the meaning of this?" Lyndon asked hoarsely. "Trevanion, you should know."

Sir George, who was bending over the prostrate man, raised his eyes for a moment.

"I suppose, as she says it, it is true," he answered simply. "But I give you my word of honor as a gentleman, I was unaware of it. All I know'is that she refused him long before you proposed for her-for what reason I am as ignorant as yourself. It has been her own secret from first to last." As Sir George spoke, Mildred looked

up for the first time. "Is he dead?" she asked with terri-

ble calmness. "No, no-I hope not; a broken arm

seldom kills," answered her father, hurriedly, drawing the broken limb from beneath the wounded man with great gentleness. "Lyndon, the brandy."

Lyndon, who was almost as white as Denzil at the moment, resolutely putting his own grievances behind him for the time being, knelt down beside have flung it into the sea before it Sir George, and, giving him his flask, began to help in the task of resuscitation.

"How will it be?' he asked in a whisper.

"I cannot tell," answered Sir George; "we can only hope for the best. But I don't like the look on the poor lad's face. I have seen such a look before. Do you remember little Polly Stuart of the Guards? I was on the ground when he was killed very much in the same manner and saw him lying there with just that sort of strange, calm, half smile upon his face as though defying death. But he was stone dead at the time, poor boy."

"How shall we get him home?" asked Lyndon. "I wish some doctor | arm. could be found to see him. Was not Stubber on the field this morning?" "Yes, but was called off early in the day. " think."

the threshold of the room that contained Lord Lyndon, a sudden rush of memory almost overpowered her, carrying her back, as it did, to that other night, a few short weeks ago, when she had similarly stood, but in how different a position in the sight of the man now standing opposite to her. Then she had come to offer him all that was dearest to him on earth, now she was come to deprive him of that boon-was standing before him, judg-

ed and condemned as having given away that which in nowise belonged to her. She scarcely dared to raise her head,

but waited, shame-stricken, for him to accuse her, with eyes bent sorrowfullý downward.

"I have very little to say to you," said Lyndon, hoarsely, in a voice that was strange and cold, all the youth being gone out of it, "but I thought it

long." No answer from Miss Trevanionno movement-no sound even, beyond a slight catching of the breath.

"Why you should have treated fathoming," he went on. "Surely I thought it was accepted as the price of your affection. Affection! Nay, rather to the congregation. toleration. Had I known it I would

should have so degraded both yourself and me. Had you no compassionno thought of the dreary future you were so coldly planning out for us both-I ever striving to gain a love that was not to be gained-you per-

petually remembering past days that contained all the sweetness of your life? There-it is of small use my reproaching you now; the thing is done, and cannot be undone. You have only eral places at a distance of eighty-four acted as hundreds of women have acted before you-ruined one man's happiness completely, and very nearly intense to shake windows and to set wrecked another's, all for the want of cock pleasants to crowing as they do a little honesty.'

He made a few steps forward, as though to pass her, but she arrested sound.-New York Post. him by laying both her hands on his

Of 555 Japanese university students "Oh, Henry, forgive me!" she exclaimed, with deep emotion. "You can who were questioned as to their relinot leave me like this. I know I have gious beliefs no fewer than 472 called themselves atheists. been bad, wicked, deceitful, in every

So Mildred went: but, as she passed once affectionate and deeply feeling, it was to her the intensest agony to see Lyndon so crushed and heartbroken, and know it was her own handiwork. For a few minutes there was silence

except for the faint sound of Lyndon's footsteps as he paced heavily to and fro on the thick carpet. At length she could bear it no longer.

Preaches for Her Husband. Wearied and almost ready to col-

(To be continued.)

lapse from overwork, Rev. Mr. Clegg of Tannersville, Pa., on a recent Sunday evening permitted his wife to occupy his pulpit, and the congregation that listened to the discourse was greatly pleased. "Sin came into the world by my sex, and it is my duty to get all the sin out of the world I can," said Mrs. Clegg in her sermon. better to get it over at once-to end She conducted her entire service for this farce that has been playing so her husband and her sermon was interesting from beginning to end. The announcement that the minister's wife was to preach brought out a very large congregation and late comers stood two deep in the corridor. Rev. as you have is altogether beyond my D. W. Lecrone, the Lutheran pastor of the village, dismissed his evening could never have deserved it at your service in order to hear Mrs. Clegg. hands. When I gave you that paltry He was invited to a seat on the platmoney a few weeks ago, I little form and accepted. Pastor Clegg, who is an Englishman, introduced his wife

> Limits of the Audibility of Sound. An interesting matter, from a scien-

tific point of view, in connection with the death of Queen Victoria, is the distance at which the sound of firing was heard when the fleet saluted as the body was conveyed from Cowes to Portsmouth. Letters in the English journals of science show that the sounds of the guns were heard in sevmiles, and that at a distance of sixty miles the concussions were sufficiently during a thunderstorm. There appears to have been but little wind to interfere with the propagation of the

