By MRS. ALICE P. CARRISTON

Author of "A Waif from the Sea," "Her Brightest Hope," "Wayward Winnefred," etc.

auleen.

CHAPTER XIV.

ed chair about the grounds, and drive Naturally, a pair of eyes dazzled by her phaeton. They talk of taking her to the glare and brilliancy of the outer Newport." would be obliged to accommodate themselves to the inner gloom of that spacious drawing room ere they would be able to distinguish objects with any degree of certainty. This fact must have forced itself upon Sylphide, otherwise she would not have recoiled so suddenly and concealed herself as that pair of strange eyes glared in through the blind upon Gathering the fluttering gauze of the window drapery about her, she stood there, holding her breath, awaiting she would have found it difficult to explain

Evidently satisfied that the drawing room was deserted, the quick step became stealthy, and stole along the piazza until it reached the entrance to the main hall; here, no impediment occurring in the way of a stray servant, the intruder advanced, and presently loomed upon the threshold in full view of Sylphide.

It proved to be a man of medium height and slender proportions, lithe and willowy in every limb. The figure, though undersized, might have served as a model for an artist. The face had a lean, hungry look, intensified at that moment by a rascally gleam in the deep-set, flashing

Upon a table, within reach of Sylphide's ambush, lay a velvet case, upon the satin cushion of which nestled a string of splendid pearls—the bridal gift of Lucian Courtlandt to Claire. The ornament had been brought down stairs by Martha Dunn in the hope that her young mistress would consent to wear it during the ceremony, but Claire had turned from the lovely emblems with a shudder and Martha had forgotten their very ex-Towards this alluring bait man now stole with outstretched hands. In an instant Sylphide divined his nefarious intention, and an intelligent light shot into her watchful eyes.
"The man I want!" she thought, with

the celerity of lightning; and as his cramped fingers closed upon the gems, she suddenly appeared, snatched the necklace from his grasp, and in a swift undertone she breathed:
"Silence! Not a word! I do not mean

to betray you, provided-"Do you belong to the house?" falter

ed the fellow, pallid to the very lips with

"No, but I am sufficiently a friend of these people to send you packing to Sing Sing for a term of years. You are a thief! Your name?"
"Camille."

"What brings you here?"

"I came in answer to an advertise-ment for a strong and honest man to wait upon an invalid. Oh, madam, do not be hard on me! spare me! perhaps some day I may be able to do you a good

"Me!" sneered Sylphide; "you are pre-sumptuous. No; I have a mind to deliver you to justice."

"Justice!" wailed the guilty wretch.
"That means ruin! Lady, I swear to you that I was born and bred to live an honest life. I have but one desire in the sand dollars, enough to buy and stock a little farm, where I may settle down and live like other men. Spare me, and I will belong to you, body and soul. Indeed, indeed, the descriptor of the settle stock and the pair.

"Is it quite prudent for you to sit here, my dear?" she inquired of Claire.

"The grass must be damp after the dense fog of last night."

ed man is not to be sneered at!" 'How could you serve me?' "Madam may have enemies," was the afty reply. "Not at present, perhaps, crafty reply. but one never knows when they may crop up; and if you will be merciful to me, and not denounce me, I will serve you with unlimited devotion."

deed, indeed, the devotion of a determin-

"I will-reflect." "I am saved," thought the fellow, bow ing deeply, to conceal the grimace of triumph that distorted his features.

This evening, when you are at liber continued Sylphide, with well-managed hauteur, "you may come to the inn in the village and inquire for Mrs. Hastings. I will think your matter over and decide whether I can so far silence my conscience as to permit your crime to pass unpunished. In the meantime, use your eyes and ears well here. Now, you had better touch that bell and make your presence known."

As she spoke, she replaced the pearls in their casket, and closed the lid. Then she lowered her veil, and leaving the apartment, crossed the piazza, and took the sunny path that led along the margin of the lawn, down to the entrance gates. From behind the closed blind Camille watched her departure, a sinister smile

upon his lank countenance.
"Humph!" he muttered. "Set a thief to catch a thief. There's money in that the lawn with a tray upon which rested young woman. Folks say a man can't two masters, but I'm willing to try it, and see whether I can't make myself the exception which proves the I'll bet that my pretty friend, Mrs. Hastings, is playing the spy to trese parts. Well, we shall see, what we will

He turned from the window and paused beside the table. For an instant he stoo. irresolute, his hand resting on he velvet casket; but suddenly he with drew it and smote the bell a ringing

"No, no," he muttered; "the game's not worth the candle; there's too much money in the wind to run the risk for a

trifle like that.' The summer day had dragged its torrid length to a close, and the shades of night had fallen, accompanied by the ominous mutterings of distant thunder, when the twinkling lights of the village inn, discovered the agile figure of the man Camille, as he sauntered into the Swinging into the little hostelry, he inquired for Mrs. Hastings, and was promptly requested to present himself at room number ten.

"You are a reliable person," murmur-ed the lady. "Have you been engaged?" "To wait upon the young Mrs. Court-landt; carry her up and down stairs if she is too weak to walk, push the wheel-I grant you that the bonds which bound "To wait upon the young Mrs. Court-

"And my—the child?" she inquired, suddenly. "The litle boy?"

"He goes with his governess also."
"Tell me—has he been much with Mrs.

Camille's sharp eyes were upon the

woman's face as the gasping exclamation

left her compressed lips. So great was her mental absorption that for the mo-

"That child is her own! That's my

"You are too much of an adventurer

to be a clown," she breathed; "whatever

else you may be, you are not stupid-of that I am morally certain. Now, listen

to me. So long as you remain in the ser-vice of Mrs. Courtlandt your wages are

assured to you, you will have some-

thing in your pockets, but," and here her

burning eyes seemed to scorch his pallid

tuforturate inva'id, that day you sha'l

receive the five thousand dollars that you

Ten minutes later as Sylphide stood

alone before her mirror, she glanced into

"Have I been talking to no purpose? Can it be that he does not understand

Meanwhile, trudging homeward through the blinding rain, his way illum-ined by the flare of the lightning, his

ears stunned by the crash of the thunder,

Camille smiled gravely, as he said to

settle down on my farm, or am I not? If I am, then that young woman won't

enjoy an entire season at Newport; if, on

the other hand, I am not-B-rr-r!" as he covered his eyes from the lightning,

Mrs. Hastings, must have in me! It's really too sweet for anything!"

CHAPTER XV.

Toward midsummer a charming scene

was depicted, one perfect morning, be-

that flung its shade broadcast over the

lawn, hemmed by the world-famed cluffs

violet cashmere, her luxurious golden-bronze hair looped at the back of her charming head with a silver pin, Claire

reclined in a deep Chinese chair, an open

book upon her lap. With both his chubby

hands spread upon the page, stood little

Leon, attired in a rollicking sailor's suit

of snowy duck, his great black eyes fixed

upon his foster-mother's face with sol-

emn intentness. At that moment the eld-

er Mrs. Courtlandt, "Madame" Court-landt they called her to distinguish her from her daughter-in-law, swept down the steps of the vine-draped villa and ap-

"Camille has attended to that," said

Claire; "do you not see he has given

me a rug for my feet? But, mother.

speaking of the fog, do you know I lay

awake listening to hear the Sound boat

from New York beat and throb up the

channel, but I did not hear it. Lucian

was to be on board. What if some ac-

comforting reply; "it came in while we were at breakfast."

Courtlandt stepped to his wife's side,

"It has been merely delayed." was the

"Is here!" cried a cheery voice, and

With a low cry Claire started to her

He caught her involuntarily outstretched hands in his, and drawing her

towards him, imprinted a kiss upon her

"Claire," he said, his voice vibrant, "how well you look! Thank heaven, this

She withdrew out of his clasp, every

vestige of color dying out of her face,

and sank upon her chair. Madame Court-

landt alone noted the morbid change in

tion, Camille suddenly appeared crossing

a goblet filled with a colorless fluid.

more step towards my farm!"

ing her handkerchief to her lins,

towards the table.

-I will take it."

As a fortunate relief to the tense situa-

"Madam's potion," he said, placing his

burden upon a rustic table at Claire's

side; then, as he turned to retrace his

steps, he muttered under his breath, "one

Mother and son failed to note either

the sinister glance upon the lackey's face,

or the brief, shuddering glance with

which Claire contemplated her draught,

for the former had turned towards the

house, while the latter rose hastily, press-

'Ought you not to take your potion?'

"There is no hurry," she answered,

with a sad shake of the head; "its

strength will not lessen by keeping. Later

With these words she received little

Leon's hand and led him away towards

the fragrant garden that fringed the sea.

In silence mother and son watched the

pair depart, and not until they were out

of ear-shot did Mrs. Courtlandt exclaim

"Yes! Do you not see that I cannot

with ominous menace in every word:

stay away from us in New York? you seek to shun Claire?"

"Lucian, are you mad?

Courtlandt asked, solicitously, pointing

venture has proved a success!

feet, the rosy tint of the seashell mant-

cident has happened?"

"And Lucian-

ling cheeks nad brow.

Claire and frowned.

'Lucian!"

'Claire!"

Clad in a flowing pelgnoir of faintest

of Newport.

touching confidence my friend,

he branches of a spreading beach

"The question is, am I in a hurry to

would perjure your s u to obta w:

her distorted features, murmuring:

to come to the astute conclusion:

clue to work on!"

For an instant the haughty old lady paused in intent thought; then a vicious smile crept into her steely eyes.

me to another are broken, but all the

same she is the mother of my child. I have ceased to love that woman, but

while she lives and leads an honorable life I will not permit myself to love

The approach of Camille with the morning's mail cut short this interview. and the pair separated, Lucian going in the direction of the stables, while Mrs Courtlandt retraced her steps into the house. Left to himself, Camille crept into the shadow of the beech tree, and stealthily extracted a letter from

"Queer about this," he muttered, un folding the missive, and mumbling over its contents: "'Had the invalid you attend already taken her passage for the next world, you would now be sufficient ly rich to go and live where you choose Your late irregularities in Boston have come to light, and are known to those who have it in their power to crush you. Consequently, it is the advice of an un Courtlandt during the day?"
"Constantly. He even insisted that she should sit with him while he fell known friend not to delay longer, but keep your eyes open to your interests.' An unknown friend! Bah! it can't be pretty Mrs. Hastings; how could she know that I had ever set foot in Boston? Whoever it is, they're on my track, and the sooner I give 'em the slip the better."
With a hasty glance about him, he drew a phial of colorless liquid from his inner pocket and contemplated it with a steady ment she seemed oblivious to his scrutiny, and Camille had ample opportunity scrutiny.

"Small doses don't seem to be doing the work," he muttered; "she's stronger than I thought she was. Well, here goes the whole for luck! Hit or miss, I've got to save my precious skin!"

With the sinuous glide of a serpent, he crept to the table, and with a hand made steady by desperate resolution, he emp tied the complete contents of he phial into Claire's potion. For one instant he stood, fascinated by the jewel-like bub bles that rose tremulously to the surface of the liquid and vanished; then suddenly he recoiled with a gasp of dismay.

face, "but on the day that you shall bring me tidings of the death of the "Camille!" The voice that smote his guilty ear was the voice of his innocent victim. He raised his craven eyes.

Claire, with a kindly smile upon her lips, had entered the umbrage of the

The sound of his fair young mistress' voice set the guilty wretch to trembling remembers the magnificent courage like an aspen leaf; and the better to conceal his perturbation, he fell to shaking up the cushions of the invalid's chair.

"Is it you, Camille?" continued Claire, advancing with her eyes set upon the handful of snowy blossoms she held, her lips firm and white with decision; "what are you doing here?"

"I have nothing to excuse, my good man," came the calm rejoinder, each word she uttered piercing the listener's ears like darts barbed with fire; "what could I have to excuse in you, who are all attention to my comfort? Since you came to us I have never had the slightest

occasion to reprove you." "Madam is very good," faltered the

"And I can only thank you for all that you have done for me," she con-cluded. "Will you do me the favor to ask Dr. Gresham to come to me for a minute? You will find him in the library. I think." Yes, madam."

fatal cup, but it fell heavily at his side. Camille bowed and quickened his steps across the lawn towards the villa. "Perhaps she suspects," he said to himself, conscience stricken.

fruition in the mind of Claire. She die lantern. Each company took it for watched the retreating figure of the man a week in turn, and it was my comfrom her, and knotted her pale hands in

(To be continued.)

Made the Grocer Solve It.

ly, "for I have to get to school."

"Did your mother send the money. or does she want the goods charged? The boy seized the bill and said with a sigh of satisfaction:

"Ma didn't send me at all. It's my arithmetic lesson, and I had to get it done somehow." And as he ran out the grocer opened

the cigar case and handed out smokes to the men who were there. "It's on me," he said. "Say, there's

more than one way to skin an eel, isn't deck.' there?"-New York Times.

By the Fad Sea. Belle-That is a great hotel. They will supply you with a hammock built for two every evening.

Edith-Will they-er-supply you with a nice young man to go with the hammock?

The Difference. Ostend—Say, pa, what is the difference between a barber shop and a tonsorial perlor?

Pa-Oh, about 20 cents' worth of hair oil, soap and conversation. Bright Boy.

Teacher-Now, Tommy, you know it is impossible to be two places at once. Tommy-Two places? Why, pop is

at Thousand Islands now. nobleness; and to all, safety; it being was rather cheap. a virtue that, for all its lowliness,

FIRING A TORPEDO AT A WARSHIP.



The illustration shows a torpedo boat in action, firing a torpedo direct at an anchored warship, as in the attack off Port Arthur. Torpedoes are usully fired from turntables which can be directed to any point. The torpedo is shot into the water either by a very small charge of powder or by compressed air. Torpedoes are also fired from submerged tubes as they are called, but these cannot be directed in the same way as the turntables. The famous Whitehead torpedo, a type used by both the Japanese and the Russians, is a crewless submarine engine of destruction, equipped with gigantic power. It carries an explosive chamber containing 200 pounds of guncotton, and when its nose comes in contact with a ship's hull, a pointed plunger is driven in against the detonating cap, an explosion ensuing that usually blows an awful hole in the ill-fated ship which may be the object of attack, and perhaps sinks it at once. The torpedo on entering the water sinks to the required depth, running submerged till it meets its prey. Its wonderful little engines are driven by compressed air, and it is prevented from rising or sinking by a pendulum valve and rudder, and kept on a straight course by a spinning wheel attachment. The first lesson of the Russo-Japanese war was the high effectiveness of the torpedo.

A TEST OF DISCIPLINE. **********

English annals show many fine examples of discipline in disaster at sea, and both the army and the navy share in the credit of them. Most persons is that with a \$5 gold piece on one and coolness displayed by the men of and one-half dollar bilis on the other the ill-fated Victoria, which was rammed by the Camperdown in 1893. Many remember, too, how the model of the vessel at the World's Fair in all the way from twenty to 1,000, the Chicago was draped with black when the news came, and how for long af-"I-I was arranging-Excuse me, terward the great crowds of Americans madam, I---" that filed by talked little and gazed that filed by talked little and gazed gravely, the women often with dim of an ounce avoirdupois. The employe eyes, in tribute to the tragic and noble at the treasury who handled the papage newly written in the history of per money said that 100 bills weigh the mother race. Lord Wolseley, in four and one-half ounces, That his recent autobiography, tells how be once came near sharing such a fate ounce, and between six and seven bills with his men on board the Transit, would balance the gold piece." bound for India, when she struck a

nearly half a century. call, and we all ran down to our men, is \$5,000, which weighs eighteen and who were still below, cleaning up after one-half pounds, while \$200 in halves, His hand was outstretched towards the their breakfast. All the troops were or 400 coins, weigh eleven pounds. carried on the main deck except one company, which was on the deck below, and situated well forward. It was Silver dollars, \$2,617; half dollars, \$3,a horrible quarter, below the water 636; quarter dollars, \$3,657; dimes, \$8,-The reckless wish found unexpected level, and lit only by one solitary can- 615.80; nickels, \$917; pennies, \$295.61. She die lantern. Each company took it for with gleaming eyes, and as he vanished pany's luck to be the unfortunate occuinto the house, she thrust the flowers pants when the ship struck. Upon reaching that dreadful lower region I formed the men, half on one side, half

on the opposite side of the deck. "There we stood in deadly silence He walked into the grocery store and I know not for how long. The with a slip of paper in his hand, and abominable candle in the lantern sput- est in the "greatest show on earth' enthe grocer at once produced his pencil tered and went out. We were in aland order book, for the boy's mother most absolute darkness, our only glimmer of light coming down through a "Good morning," said the boy, whose small hatchway which was reached by frequently at "Lindencroft" or "Walcurly head scarcely reached to the a narrow ladder. The ship began to counter. "I want three and a half sink by the stern, so it was evident pounds of sugar. It's 6 cents a pound, to all that we hung on a rock forward. ain't it? And rice is 8? I want two The angle of our deck with the sea and a quarter pounds of that. And a level became gradually greater until quarter pound of your 70-cent tea, and at last we had to hold on to the sides two and a fifth pounds of your 35-cent of our dark submarine prison. My precoffee, and three pints of milk. That's dominant feeling was of horrid repug-8 cents a quart, ain't it? And please nance to the possibility, which became give me the bill," he ended breathless- the probability, of being drowned in the dark, like a rat in a trap. I should The grocer made out the bill, won- have liked to have a swim for my life dering at the queerness of the order, at the last, the supreme moment; but Benton at Mr. Barnum's table the and handed it to the boy, asking as he that would be impossible if the abominable ship should slip off the rock, "'If Greece must perish, I Thy will

obey, But let me perish in the face of day. "The only aperture to the main deck was very small, and most eyes were kept riveted upon it. I am sure every man now alive who was there must shudder as he thinks of what seemed to us the interminable time we were in that pit. Every minute seemed an hour; but at last a face appeared at the aperture, and we were ordered on

All found refuge on a coral island, whence in due time another vessel carried them to their destination; and the future field marshal proceeded with a lighter kit, but the richer for a preclous experience in the value of discipline.

WEIGHT OF METAL MONEY.

Few Uniniated Persons Can Guess the Avoirdupois of a Package.

"The weight of money is very deceptive," said an employe of the treasury. "For instance, a young man came in here one day with a young woman. I was showing them through the depart- you. You don't like the trees, you are ment, and happened to ask him if he thought the young girl was worth her erything is unside down, so I'll turn weight in gold. He assured me that you inside out and put you in the wathe certainly did think so, and after er. learning that her weight was 106 pounds we figured that she would be To be humble to superiors is duty; worth in gold \$28,647. The young man to equals, is courtesy; to inferiors, is was fond enough of her to think that

"Another thing that deceives many commandeth those it stoops to .- Sir people," he continued, "is the weight of paper money. Now, how many \$1 consent to their marriage.-Judge.

bills do you think it would take to weigh as much as one \$5 gold piece?" On a guess the visitor said fifty, and the clerk laughed.

"I have heard guesses on that," he said, "all the way from fifty to 500, and from men who have handled money for years. The fact of the matter scale you would only have to put six scale to balance it. .

"The question was afterward put to several people and elicited answers majority guessing from 300 to 500.

"Taking the weight of gold coins and bills at the treasury, it was figured that a \$5 gold piece weighs .206 would make one bill weigh .045 of an

On the proposition of how much rock in a dead caim. He was a young money one can lift, figures were oblieutenant then, but his vivid recollectained at the treasury. Where certain tion of the event has not waned in numbers of coins were placed in bags and weighed as standards, for exam-"The bugles sounded our regimental ple, the standard amount of gold coin Two hundred pounds of coin money

of various kinds is made up as follows: In one-dollar bills the same weight

would amount to \$71,111 .- Washington Star.

HIS MENU WAS EXTENSIVE.

Guests of Mr. Barnum Did Not Need to Confine Themselves to One Dish.

The late P. T. Barnum was know as an ideal host, and next to his interjoyed nothing better than entertaining his friends at his house and table.

Among those who visited him most demere" and who gave the name to the last residence was Joel Benton, who sometimes calls himself "author of prose and worse."

It is a peculiarity of this author that, with one slight exception, he eats neither butter nor milk and none of the ordinary meats, not for any hygienic or philosophical reason, but simply because they are distinctly unpalatable to him. On one occasion when a young lady occupied a seat near Mr. walter handed the bachelor some butter. "On!" said Barnum to the waiter. and pointing to the lady, "you should not do that, for he doesn't love any but her.'

Mr. Barnum's table of course was always bountifully supplied with a great variety of food, and yet on another occasion when Mr. Benton refused the beef and the lamb and the butter Mr. *Barnum wearily said: "Well, Benton, you seem likely to starve here. What can we serve you?" "Oh," said Benton, "I eat everything

that flies or swims." "Very well, then," said Barnum, "we'll get you a crow and a whale tomorrow."-Success.

The Fretful Porcupine. In the woods of Keewaydin there

once roamed a very discontented Pocupine. He was forever fretting. He complained that everything was wrong, till it was perfectly scandalous, and the Great Spirit, getting tired of his grumbling, said:

"You and the world I have made don't seem to fit. One or the other must be wrong. It is easier to change unhappy on the ground, and think ev-

This was the origin of the Shad -From Ernest Thompson Seton's "Fable and Woodmyth," in the Century.

Mrs. Jones-That young man monopolizes too much of our daughter's time Jones-That's easily remedied. I'll

If your blood is thin and impure, you are miserable all the time. It is pure, rich blood that invigorates, strengthens, refreshes. You certainly know

Sarsaparilla

the medicine that brings good health to the home, the only medicine tested and tried for 60 years. A doctor's medicine. "I owe my life, without doubt, to Ayer's Barasparilla. It is the most wonderful medi-cine in the world for narrousness. My care is permanent, and I cannot thank you enough; Mrs. Dulla McWELL, Newark, N. J.

Poor Health

Laxative doses of Ayer's Pills each night greatly aid the Sarsaparilla.

Allen Mortals.

Think for a moment of the narrow limits of our knowledge! Sixteen hundred millions of featherless bipeds, more or less, are picking up a living, eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, on this pretty planet of ours; of what infinitesimal proportion can you really unveil the secrets and gauge the virtues and the happlness How many people do you know intimately enough to say whether their lot is, on the whole, enviable or the reverse? Every human being is a foreign kingdom to every other. We make a short excursion into their minds; we touch at a port here and there; and we say gitbly that we know them intimately. We know not how many dark corners are carefully hidden away from all strangers, and what vast provinces have never been reached in our most daring travels. How, then, can we judge one another? Such utter ignorance of our neighbor's thoughts and motives should make us wondrous charitable.

A Heart Story.

Folsom, S. Dak .- In these days when so many sudden deaths are reported from Heart Failure and various forms of Heart Disease, it will be good news to many to learn that there is a never failing remedy for every form of Heart Trouble.

Mrs. H. D. Hyde, of this place, was troubled for years with a pain in her heart which distressed her a great deal. She had tried many remedies but had not succeeded in finding anything that would help her until at last she began a treatment of Dodd's Kidney Pills and this very soon relieved her and she has not had a single pain or any distress in the region of the heart since. She says: "I cannot say too much in praise of Dodd's Kidney Pil's. They are the greatest heart medicine I have ever used. I was troubled for over three years with a severe pain in my heart, which entirely disappeared after a short treatment of Dodd's Kidney

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Something Alike. "Why is a kiss over the telephone

like a straw bat?" "Because neither one is felt," remarked Mr. Wise.

And then the old maid was heard to remark that current events were certainly shocking.—Brooklyn Eagle.



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