

'I suppose some mourning will be expected of you,' he had said to her in his most practical way. 'I think I should advise you to go over to Ireland and stay with poor Kingsberry's mother for a few weeks; you need not remain there longer.'

'I don't think I need go at all,' Bettine amended. 'I shall announce that I am going, and that will do just as well. I can't bear that weepy woman over in Ireland.'

'Do as you like then,' Callard agreed, and then he had spoken of their marriage quite as a matter of course. 'We will wait a few months,' he said, 'then we can have the quietest ceremony.'

'Yes; otherwise we may hurt Lady Kingsberry's feelings,' Bettine observed, and Callard looked at her sharply; he scented a sneer, but her face wore a very innocent expression.

'You had better have Kingsberry Court re-opened, and everything made ready for our reception,' was Callard's next suggestion.

'You propose to live there altogether then,' Bettine said thoughtfully.

She pulled at the soft, black chiffon on her sleeve and yawned a little. It was very dull shut up in her hotel rooms; she would be glad to see the last of London for a little while.

'Certainly we must live there. The place is now in working order; it seems as if some kindly fate had resolved to see me well through my business with Kingsberry, for, after all, the best part of this money was spent on the Court.'

'I am so glad that tiresome business is settled and done with,' Bettine said languidly. 'All the same,' she added, seriously, 'I shall not believe it is done with until I have seen those wretched mortgage deeds destroyed before my eyes. How they have haunted me!'

'Did you really think I should do anything harsh to you?' Callard asked, with a touch of passion in his voice.

He had lost his head for her, his infatuation was growing every hour. The more he dwelt on the future the sweeter he found it. All that he had dreamed these past months was actually coming true. It had been so far off, now that it was close at hand it seemed almost impossible of realisation. Under other circumstances Callard must have devoted a thought of pity, and, maybe, regret for the man who had died so young, and, after all, had died nobly, for Kingsberry's end had been one of sacrifice, a life given to save another life, and his death was hallowed by the deed of courage and unselfishness. Under other circumstances he must also have given many thoughts to those two women—the young and the old—who mourned together over the dead man, but Bettine gave him no chance for such thought. She knew her power, and played upon his as easily as a butterfly lights on a flower. It was bitterly hard for him to agree to a lengthened term of waiting for their marriage, but it was Bettine's will, and what Bettine willed that he did. They settled that she had better go abroad for a time (whilst she was ostensibly with Kingsberry's mother), and the hour before she started for Switzerland and the Italian lakes he brought her those same parchment deeds she had expressed a desire to destroy, and stood by with a smile on his face whilst she threw them into the fire and saw them wither into ashes.

The next day she was gone, and the world, despite its May sunshine, had a cold and empty air. He went about his work he scarcely knew how, and began like a schoolboy to count the days, the very hours, till he should see this woman again, this woman whom he had almost hated, whose moral worthlessness was written clear before him, and who had bewitched him so entirely that he was another man.

He avoided all contact with old Lady Kingsberry. Sometimes he saw her driving, with Nancy's pale sweet face making such a marked contrast to the aged one beside her, and he had shrunk back rather than meet the old woman's eyes. It hurt him to see her so changed, and yet he felt that if the youth had gone at last from her face and form she would be able to sting with her tongue as sharply as ever, and since the future would carry him into the enemy's camp, he preferred not to bring himself within fire of her sneers.

And so May wore itself away, and June was born only to die, and Nigel, Lord Kingsberry, had been dead not quite three months when the social world was electrified by the news that

his beautiful widow had taken to herself another husband.

'Must have cared for him all along, I suppose,' a certain man about town said to Callard as they met by chance in one of his clubs just three days or so before the latter intended starting on his journey to the Italian lakes. 'I always thought there must have been something like a tiff to break off the marriage and send her flying with that other poor Johnnie. At least she does not lack courage, and she certainly is not a hypocrite.'

'All of which is double Dutch to me,' said Callard, half impatiently.

'Oh, thought you would be sure to know. You were such pals with Lady Kingsberry,' retorted the other. 'Well, you can read for yourself; it's in all the papers. They are determined to let all the world know just as soon as possible.'

Callard walked into the reading-room, and stood in front of the desk, on which was spread the open pages of the 'Times.' His face had grown a dull grey colour, and he felt very cold. Half mechanically he turned the sheets of the newspaper, and read through the advertisement of the marriages. He found the notice without any trouble, the brief words that set forth simply the news that Edward Loftus had espoused Bettine, Countess of Kingsberry, in Paris, the preceding day; and as he stood there scanning again and again the curt words, he was perfectly aware that he was an object of speculation, if not of amusement, to the several men scattered about the room, and the iron of a bitter humiliation entered into his very soul.

He left the club a wretched man; somehow he had never dreamed she would be a traitress to him, and the knowledge brought to him in this casual yet callous way, seemed to take from him the very essence of life itself. He did not know how he should support this. It was, after all, as he had once said to Hubert Bailie, a question of quality, and he was not made of the stuff that can endure. Before another day had dawned he had discovered suddenly that certain South African speculations required his personal supervision, and in the shortest time possible he had made his arrangements and booked his passage to the Cape, and so when Bettine returned to her place in the world she found that Callard was conspicuous by his absence, and that so far as she was concerned she certainly had triumphed, as she had always determined to do.

Only one thing remained to jar and annoy Bettine, and that was the sight occasionally of her cousin Nancy driving beside the withered old figure dressed in heavy mourning. It was, paradoxically, the bright look in Nancy's sweet eyes and the colour in her cheeks that angered Edward Loftus' wife. Could she have driven Nancy out into a new world, as she had driven Peter Callard, she felt she might have been satisfied; but Nancy remained on unmoved by the worst she could do, and in her arrogance of spirit Bettine chafed against this as against an evil. If she could have felt that Nancy's power as a woman was crushed, she would have had some satisfaction; but fate was resolved to thwart her here also, and go where she would it seemed to be her destiny to hear praise spoken of one whose life she had done her best to mar, and yet who went through that married life with a courage that was immeasurable, and a heart that despite its senseless ache found a joy in ministering to all about her.

(The End.)

THRN IT WENT ON ALL RIGHT.

The writer of the letter which I am going to copy for you in a moment has a complaint to make. Rather, perhaps, a complaint to place on record, as the reason for it is passed away for the present and she hopes—and we hope with her—that it may not return. The complaint does not refer to any relative, friend, or foe, but to her own heart. It did not work well. It was weak, and for a long time she was unable to find means to make it do better. Which was a serious matter, inasmuch as the vigour of the circulation of the blood always depends upon the force with which the heart drives it.

Still, it seems to me we ought to be a bit indulgent towards the heart in view of the labour it has to perform. Remember that it never takes a full minute's rest at one time, night or day, from the instant it begins at your birth until, like a muffled drum, it stops for good and all—life's funeral march to the grave being over. During all this while, ten years or a hundred, the heart has got to keep on pumping blood through your body at the rate of from 130 strokes a minute in childhood to 50 or 60 in old age. If you happen to have a mechanical turn of mind, it may interest you to figure out how much this stands for in units of horse-power for a given case and time. If not, you can take my word for it that, merely as a machine, the heart deserves your respect. So long as it goes ahead steadily, up hill and down dale, hammering away softly but strongly, you haven't a word to say for or against it; but when it begins to get weak, maybe skipping a stitch now and then, you call in the doctor, who puts the tip of his finger just below the base of your left thumb, looks wise and solemn (as befits the occasion), and says, 'Ah, yes, yes; I see, I see.' But what does he see? He doesn't tell you that; he leaves medicine, and mentions when he will look in again.

But as to the letter I spoke of. 'For many years,' the lady says, 'I suffered from indigestion and weak heart. Very little exertion made me feel weary and tired. Cold, clammy sweats broke over me. I had a poor appetite, and after meals an aching pain at the chest and a miserable sinking feeling at the stomach. I had also much pain at the left side, and my heart would flutter so as to frighten me. At length I became so weak I was barely able to get about, being no longer able to do my housework.'

'Owing to the trouble at my heart I obtained no proper rest at night, and often walked about my bedroom at night. Many times these attacks were so bad I thought I was dying. During the day a sense of suffocation sometimes came upon me and I was obliged to go to the door for fresh air.'

'Year after year I suffered like this; now a little better, now as bad as I could be. In November, 1887, while on a visit to Croydon, my son-in-law persuaded me to try Mother Seigel's Syrup. He got me a bottle, and after taking it I experienced great relief. The pain at my heart was easier, and I felt better as a whole. I could eat well and the food agreed with me.'

'I now felt encouraged to continue using this remedy. Soon I was in better health than for years, the heart trouble having disappeared altogether. Since that time when I feel anything ailing me a few doses of Mother Seigel's Syrup never fail to give the desired relief. I have told many persons of the benefit I have derived from it, and hereby consent to your publishing this statement should you wish to do so.'—(Signed) Mrs W. L. Harrington, near Wickford Hill, Clare, Suffolk, November 12th, 1897.

Now what ailed Mrs Harrington's heart? Why, precisely the same thing that ailed her lungs, her nerves and her muscles—weakness. Therein she is right. It was a weak heart, but not a diseased heart. The heart is a muscle, and (seeing the prodigious lot of work it has to do) necessarily a strong active muscle. But it will not work without pay any more than you or I will. With all the rest of the body it has got to be sustained and strengthened by food. Here we have the point, then. The lady was afflicted with chronic indigestion. For this reason her whole

body grew weak—the heart, of course, with other parts of the engine. Hence all the symptoms she names. Her immense all-round weakness and judder-down is that same old dyspepsia. When Mother Seigel's Syrup made the digestion of plenty of food possible, the heart went on all right, like a newly wound clock.

ANECDOTES OF A FAMOUS JUDGE.

QUICK WIT AND QUEER SAYINGS OF SIR HENRY HAWKINS DURING

HIS LONG SERVICE ON THE ENGLISH BENCH.

On one occasion a prisoner pleaded guilty, and then withdrew the plea and declared himself to be innocent. The case was tried and the jury acquitted him. Then said Sir Henry Hawkins: 'Prisoner, a few minutes ago you said you were a thief. Now the jury say you are a liar. Consequently you are discharged.' A person summoned as a jurymen applied to his Lordship to be excused attending, pleaded deafness. 'You may go,' whispered Sir Henry. 'Thank you, my Lord,' was the instant reply. At the express wish of the Judge he was retained on active service. Once, in speaking about cross-examination, he said: 'If you take a stranger and want to get at certain facts you must ask yourself what he is up to. A man can tell lies best with a calm face. Of course, one feels when he is telling a lie. One can get at the bottom of things. I could get to the bottom if I took the trouble—if not interfered with.' Once, when a flagrant criminal stood up after sentence and said, 'My Lord, I have not received justice in that court,' Sir Henry replied: 'Well, you will get it on—' (naming the date fixed for the execution).

As a junior counsel Mr Justice Hawkins was once practising before Lord Campbell, who was somewhat pedantic. In addressing the jury Mr Hawkins, in referring to a brougham, pronounced the word with two syllables—br'am. 'Excuse me,' said his Lordship, blandly, 'but I think that if instead of saying "brough-am" you were to say "broom" you would be more intelligible to the jury, and, moreover, you would save a syllable.' 'I am much obliged to your Lordship,' quietly replied Mr Hawkins, and proceeded to bring his address to a close. Presently the Judge, in summing up, made use of the word 'omnibus.' Instantly up rose Mr Hawkins, and exclaimed 'Parlon me, n'ud, but I would take the liberty of suggesting that instead of saying "omnibus" your Lordship would say "bus," and you would then be more intelligible to the jury, and, besides, you would save two syllables.'

Until his death, a few years ago, Jack, the fox-terrier, was Sir Henry's inseparable companion and friend. He was a present from the late Lord Palmouth. Many a good story is told of Jack and his master. Once, in a crowded assize court, Jack was sitting at the Judge's feet, when a barrister commenced to cross-examine a witness in a loud and angry tone of voice. Jack took offence and barked lustily. 'Dear me, dear me, pray let us have quiet,' said Sir Henry. 'I wish gentlemen wouldn't bring dogs into court.'

One can imagine that the criminal classes had a differential appreciation for 'Old Orkins,' and it is quite certain that they will be among the first to miss him. One of the many stories which clustered in a species of folklore about his name would seem to imply that he believed himself extremely well-known to them. It is said that once, when he found himself in a rough crowd at some sporting event which he was attending, he recognised one rough who was hustling him severely as a criminal who had been up before him. Thinking that the man would perhaps be terrorized into civility if he learned whom he was hustling, Mr Justice Hawkins raised his hat, disclosing his familiar close-cropped hair, and said: 'Perhaps you know who I am, my man?' The rough took one glance at that bullet-shaped bullock face and head—'S'welp me inn, said he in an awed whisper, 'a blooming prize-fighter!' and vanished.—Collected from the London Daily Press.

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