

"Be brave, dear," she said. "I know you will be glad afterward." And finally she gained full permission to pronounce Cecil Cartwright's sentence irrevocably, and was solemnly entrusted with a heart-shaped locket containing his picture and a curl of his hair, and a bunch of faded forget-me-nots in an envelope on which was written, "With Cecil's love," all of which Mrs Trench tearfully explained she had promised to return only if she wished everything to be over between them.

"But," she insisted, "you are on no account to say that I don't care for him any more—only that I mean to try not to because I know I ought to give him up. And I dare say," she added reluctantly, "it will be a relief in the end."

"I will explain," said Helen soothingly, and then she locked the little packet away among her most private papers.

But Cecil Cartwright never received it from her hands, because the day after the ship left Aden, Mrs Kenwithin died suddenly and quietly of failure of the heart, and the husband who had waited her arrival so impatiently at Bombay was obliged to return to the square, thatched bungalow with only her boxes and personal belongings.

For him there followed days of bitter, aching darkness, during which he did his work mechanically, and wandered about the house and compound like a man in a dream, his wife's luggage piled unopened in her room, and the old ayah lingering disappointedly in the back premises.

Cartwright had written to his cousin on hearing of his retirement, but, receiving no answer, and being the worst of correspondents, had not done so again until shortly after his return, when he announced his approaching marriage with the widow of Colonel Trench.

"I believe our marrying so soon after her husband's death is considered positively indecent," he wrote; "but I have cared for her for so long. Do you remember my telling you about it the evening you had returned from seeing poor Helen off?"

He had expected an answer to his news to meet him at Bombay, but none was forthcoming, and therefore his surprise and delight were unbounded when, among the usual crowd on the platform, he caught sight of a face which, though altered so as to be hardly recognisable, he knew to be Kenwithin's.

"Great Scott! there's John!" he exclaimed. "Wait for me here a minute, Daisy"; and he shouldered and pushed his way through the moving throng. "John, my dear old man! Did you get my letter? Have you come to meet us? How are you, old chap?"

"Yes," said Kenwithin inertly, "I got your letter, and I came to meet you to ask you a question which you can answer here—now."

Cartwright looked anxiously at the altered face, all his ardour damped in a moment. There was evidently something more the matter with Kenwithin than ordinary grief at the loss of his wife.

you think I don't loathe myself? But it is your fault—yours! You said there was no harm in that cursed intrigue of yours with another man's wife. Well, there was this harm in it, that it has blasted my life—it made me wrong her memory! I could kill you! Get out of the carriage—the train's moving." And before Cartwright could answer he found himself on the platform. The crowd of natives yelled and surged, the hot odour of curry and ghee and black humanity rose around him, and he stood dazed and apprehensive, seeing as through a mist the bright figure of his wife waiting patiently for him by their luggage, while the train sped on through the warm, quivering, afternoon air, carrying a man who sat with his face hidden in his hands, suffering the torture of bitter, hopeless regret.

"Helen! Helen!" he moaned, "forgive! forgive!"

A Bid for Fortune.

One of the surest roads to the Bankruptcy Court is to start a search for buried treasure. The lost ships of the Spanish Armada and the blood-stained lot of Captain Kidd and other notorious marine highwaymen, and the buried treasure of the Incas, have lured scores of men to ruin. Now, it seems, the cached wealth of the Jesuits expelled from the Spanish dominions in America 250 years ago is to pave another road to the Court in Carey Street.

"Where one man goes another is sure to follow," may safely be written in connection with buried treasure and bankrupt, and Mr. Arthur Ormesby, who met his creditors in Carey Street the other day, will probably find, ere many years are out, that he was only the advance guard of a small army of men "broken" in the pursuit of Jesuits' treasure.

If there is one thing certain in this world, it is that in the earth and under the sea there exists a vast amount of treasure which once belonged to man, but has, in a way, returned to nature. Untold millions in bullion and jewels only await finding, but the difficulty is to locate them, as treasure-hunters in all parts of the world for centuries past have found to their cost. If the money spent on expeditions to distant lands, and in diving operations off the coast of Spain, Portugal, Scotland, and Ireland, were compared with the amount of treasure recovered, it would certainly be found that there was a balance on the wrong side.

Mr. Ormesby was interested in an expedition begun last year to search for the Jesuits' secreted wealth at Sacambaya, Bolivia, reputed to amount to about £11,000,000.

This treasure was left by the Jesuits at the time of their expulsion from Spanish dominions in the year 1707. That it has not been removed since is due to the fact that seven of the eight Jesuits who lived in the monastery of Sacambaya were hanged by the Pope. The survivor died in Peru, and through him came the data relating to the treasure, and also to the mines worked by the Jesuits. The information was obtained from the daughter of a priest, to whom the original document was sent for translation some years ago, and who is now dead.

Eight years ago excavations were begun, at a point indicated in the old document, in the ruins of the monastery. A tunnel was made in a hill which it was supposed hid the buried millions, and it was fondly supposed that further efforts would bring them to light. Mr. Ormesby had an agreement with Major-General Sir John Campbell whereby, in consideration of his services rendered in the formation of the expedition, Sir John had agreed to pay him £20,000 in the event of £500,000 of the treasure being recovered. Thus far, however, Mr. Ormesby's bid for fortune has landed him with £500 debts and assets valued at £80 to satisfy his creditors, apart from any value that may be attaching to his £20,000 interest under the agreement with Sir John Campbell.

HEADACHES, INDIGESTION AND BILIOUSNESS.

Tongue was Furred and Appetite Poor.

Disordered Stomach Cured by Bile Beans.

Mrs Margaret Miller, of 142 Harrington Street, Hobart, Tasmania, says:—"Headaches, indigestion, biliousness and vomiting fits reduced me to an awful condition and made my life a misery. The vomiting bouts made me so weak that I could not get about, and would have to lay up for some time after. My tongue was furred and my stomach deranged and in a very bad condition, while my appetite faded away and I fell into ill-health generally. Although I took everything that I could get hold of which I thought would cure me, I could get no respite from my suffering.

"The curative properties of Bile Beans were then brought to my notice, and I decided to start taking them. The first few doses made me feel so much better that I knew it was only a matter of time before I was well again. As I progressed with Bile Beans I felt brighter, the headaches and sickly feeling left me, and I was no longer troubled with vomiting. I was so encouraged that I persevered with Bile Beans until my organs resumed their proper action, and with these restored to health the bodily tone returned.

"Bile Beans are a splendid household medicine, and if at any time I feel at all out-of-sorts, a timely dose of this medicine acts like magic."

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"Helen! Helen!" he moaned.

Then at last Cartwright interfered, and offered to forego his leave to England if Kenwithin would accompany him on a shooting tour in Assam. But the Major absolutely refused to take advantage of the other's good nature. So, finally, Cartwright took his furlough and departed, and perhaps his intended stoppage at Aden on his way home had somewhat to do with his arguing the matter no further.

Therefore it was not until long after Cartwright had gone, and the first agony of his utter loneliness was abating, that Kenwithin forced himself to go through his wife's things; and then it was that the little packet entrusted to Helen by Mrs Trench fell into his hands.

A year later, when the Bombay mail train steamed into the large, echoing, up-country station at its accustomed hour, Cecil Cartwright and his wife were among the passengers who emerged from it.

The regiment had not been moved during Cartwright's furlough, but various changes had taken place, the most important being the retirement of Major Kenwithin. He had sent in his papers some weeks after his wife's death, which, it was generally understood, had changed him completely. Indeed, the few who had seen his haggard face and wild eyes previous to his departure feared that it had also affected his reason, a theory that was strengthened when it became known that he was not retiring to England, like other people, but meant to devote the remainder of his existence to sport in India.

"Yes, yes, anything you like, John; only come with us to the hotel; we shall be there until our bungalow is straight. Are you stopping there, or with the regiment?"

"Neither. I wrote to the colonel for the date of your return, and I came by this morning's train. I shall go on by this one when you've told me what I want to know. Get into this carriage—we have only ten minutes more"—and he pushed the other into the empty first-class compartment before which they had been standing.

"But my wife—"

"Hang your wife! Look here; listen to me! Until I got your letter I thought that—that—you and Helen—"

"Helen!"

"Look at that!" and he thrust a crumpled packet into Cartwright's astonished fingers. "Look at your infernal picture! Look at your hair; look at the flowers. 'With Cecil's love.' What does it all mean? Speak, man, explain!"

Cartwright had opened the packet in silence.

"Yes, I can explain," he said calmly. "These things were given to Helen for me by my wife. The two were in the same cabin as far as Aden. Helen persuaded her to give me up; she told me when I saw her at Aden on my way home, and I suppose I ought to have written to you about it. But I never dreamed—it never even occurred to me that you would think it was Helen for one moment. Why didn't you write and ask me? Good heavens! Imagine your suspecting her like that!"

"Stop!" cried Kenwithin hoarsely. "Do

Korter turned up at the office one morning with a black eye and a missing front tooth. "Just a lover's quarrel," he explained airily to his brother clerks—"a lover's quarrel, that's all." "But, Kortor," cried the book-keeper, "you don't mean to tell me that dainty Marlo Lanigan did all that to you?" "No," Kortor admitted; "it was her other lover."



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