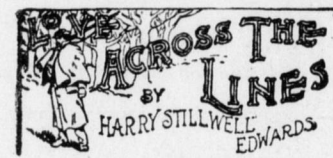


THE WORTH OF A SMILE.

The thing that goes the farthest toward making life worth while, and costs the least, and does the most, is just a pleasant smile. The smile that bubbles from a heart that loves its fellow men. Will drive away the clouds of gloom and coax the sun again. It's full of worth, and goodness, too, with manly kindness bent—It's worth a million dollars, and it doesn't cost a cent.



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CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED.

The woman gasped and pressed her hand to her throat, but with a desperate effort she controlled herself. "Where is she?" He hesitated while he studied the blue smoke curling up from the cigarette. Shaking off the ashes, he said, at length: "I have her in good hands." Their eyes met. "And you mean for me to understand, I suppose, that you will retain possession of her until I assent to your plans?" Again he was silent for a moment. "Yes, that is about the way the matter stands." There was a long and painful pause, during which the woman seemed to struggle with some powerful emotion. She arose and approached him, one hand in the bosom of her dress, the other clasped until her nails sank in the flesh. "You told me that you—to try and get—your mother interested—in her grandchild." Her voice was strained and barely audible. "Yes," said he, "I think I did tell you that."

She lit her cigarette by his, and leaning against the center table, took one or two whiffs, letting the smoke escape slowly from between her curving lips. "There is one fatal defect in your plan," she said, at length. "Yes? What is that?" "You—do not leave—the mother a chance. You forget that I am a mother as well as a woman." "I do not understand." "You will, though. Either way, as you put it to me, my child's life is forever blasted; there is the defect." He looked somewhat curiously up in her face. The smoke was now coming from her lips in rapid puffs; she cast aside the cigarette. "I shall not assent." The words were a mere whisper. She continued, with growing emotion: "Raymond, I have been your slave; that is ended now. From this moment, if you live, you shall obey me!" "If I live!" "If you live! Do you suppose that I am to stand by and see my child's life destroyed by you? I have listened to your excuses; I have temporized, hoping against hope that you would make good your promises; I have accepted your explanation for my child's sake—and to-day I know you have lived a lie through it all; that you had not then, nor ever have had, any intention to make me your wife. The time has come for me to act. Sit here by this table and address a note to the clerk of the hotel directing him to register Raymond Holbin and wife in room 28! Here is pen, ink and paper!" "Are you insane?" he cried, rising, angry and amazed. "Yes; totally so! Insane enough to kill you." Then she deliberately leveled a pistol at him. "Sit down and write! I leave this room with an acknowledgment from you in the hands of a witness, a wife—or a murderer. I did it once, Raymond; I can do it again. I killed a man for you last night!" As she uttered this confession her face grew pale as death, the pistol was lowered, and she stood shivering in abject terror. "You have not heard of it?" she whispered. "Are not the papers full of it?" Her form, which had been erect, seemed to shrink; she looked over her shoulder towards the door, listening. The man strode forward and wrenched the weapon from her cold hand. Then he forced her into a chair. "Louise! Louise!" he groaned; and then in awe he said: "Insane! She made no resistance. A tide of memories had swept over the new issues. "No," she moaned, "not yet. Would to God I were! You do not believe me, Raymond. Listen. I found out where you were stopping in the city. I found the street and number. I had determined to go in and bring the horrid uncertainty to an end, for you had not answered my letter—you had not come!" "But you did not go in!" he said, terrified. "Surely, you did not!" "No. I walked by again and again. I went around to the side street and looked into the garden; but I said: 'I will see him first; Raymond cannot mean to be so base!' Still you did not come. Will you believe it, I went back at night, hoping to see you? I could not stay here alone in this room—I slipped out! Two men entered that gate, and one of them I would have sworn was you. I followed and saw them enter the wing room. While I waited there, wondering if you would appear again—it was but a few minutes, I think—one of the men came from the wing-room, passed me, and, going out, locked the gate. I was a prisoner, for the fence was tall with spikes of iron. Then I went and stood under the window, thinking the room was yours, and I might attract your attention; and I heard your voice and a woman's in there—"

"My revenge, if you were not the man—"

CHAPTER V.

Facing the sun on the same morning which broke through the lengthened slumbers of Louise in the Richmond hotel, an old man sat in an invalid chair. Everything that wealth could provide for his comfort, everything demanded by convention, surrounded him. No one would ever say, looking in upon the appointments of his house, that the sick man lacked anything that loving sympathy and tender solicitude could suggest. The deep velvet carpet gave back no sound under the feet of those who moved around him; curtains of damask and lace softened the too direct rays of light which entered the long windows across the balcony; bits of landscape and color relieved the wide expanse of wall; and flowers lent freshness and fragrance to the soft spring air sparingly admitted. The old man was haggard from loss of rest and from apprehension. His once florid face was pallid and the cheeks sunken. His eyes shone with an unnatural brilliancy. One need not have been a skilled physician to have detected the fact that death's seal was upon that pale face and shrunken frame. The tiny spark of life might glimmer in its socket for days, weeks, even months; it would never again send up a clear and steady blaze. Within the same room several people had gathered, controlled by varied sentiments. Dr. Brodnar was there,



"I AM AT LOSS, MADAM, TO ACCOUNT FOR HIS LACK OF IMPROVEMENT."

his massive frame bent above the sick man, his eyes everywhere. Pulse, respiration, temperature, were patiently ascertained, and with unsatisfactory results, evidently, for the doctor's face was a tell-tale. Once or twice his eyes rested upon a tall woman in black who moved slowly about the invalid, touching his hands and forehead, admonishing him gently, and keeping watch upon the physician's actions with a singular intention. This woman was of marked personality. Her iron-gray hair was brushed back smoothly from a broad, low forehead, her black eyes were well sunk under dark brows and lashes, but flashed indolently from time to time when she was speaking. The small, straight, relentless mouth and aquiline nose gave a note of severity to her face. Her charm, it is likely, had existed in the contour and coloring of that face, and in a certain easy self-reliance, or consciousness of power. Just now her face was inscrutably placid. She spoke only in tones so low as to be audible but a short distance. Across the room a girl stood looking idly, dreamily, from a casement window into the trees. She was slender, with a mass of reddish, golden curls gathered back and fallen over her shoulders. The profile revealed birth and refinement, and suggested nobility, high purpose and innate purity. There was a wistful tenderness about her mouth and a soft radiance about her blue-gray eyes when from time to time she turned towards the group gathered about the sick man. "I am at a loss, madam," the doctor was saying, "to account for his lack of improvement. There seems to be nothing organically wrong, and yet the nerve centers are totally inactive." He picked up several medicine bottles and examined them, testing their contents by smell and sight. The tall woman's eyes met his. "He passed a restless night," she said, taying her hands upon the sick man's forehead. "There was considerable confusion in the city, and some one just before daylight fired a pistol near the house. This gave him a fearful shock."

said Brodnar, "and the police are far too few for these times. What have you given him during the night?" "I want my daughter to be present," said the sick man, fretfully; "I want her to hear the will read before I sign it, doctor."

TOO FOND OF WORKMEN.

The resignation of Rev. John Irvine, rector of the Anglican church of St. Michael's, the most important congregation in the suburb of Mount Pleasant, B. C., has created somewhat of a sensation in ecclesiastical and also in social circles throughout that city, says the San Francisco Bulletin.

Mr. Irvine has been rector of St. Michael's for eight years and by his zeal and energy has built it up from a struggling little mission to a prosperous parish of 400 members. Under such circumstances and the further fact that Mr. Irvine is still under 40 and is particularly acceptable as a preacher, the request of the vestry that he resign created tremendous surprise. A clew to the real cause was found in the complaint of several of his more fashionable parishioners to the lord bishop of the diocese to the effect that the rector had committed the unpardonable social sin of shaking hands with a workman returning home in a street car, and had then offered his hand to a society lady, also a member of his flock. Of course, the lady refused the clerical hand thus polluted by touching the hand of the fellow workman, both in the car and after church on Sunday morning, when the episode was practically repeated.

The critics of the rector expected to see the church emptied. But, on the contrary, it was crowded to the doors at every service. In that section of the city live the employes of a large sugar refinery and of two mills. For the broader culture of these men Parson Irvine had established workmen's clubs for reading and debating. He threw open to them every evening the parish schoolroom, where they were invited to read papers and magazines provided, to play chess and other games, and were urged to bring their pipes along to be comfortable. Then the rector built, out of his own pocket, on the parish property, a small gymnasium, fairly well equipped, and, being himself an athlete, he gave instructions to those desiring it in fencing and boxing.

All these performances filled the church, causing the rector to be adored by the workmen and scandalized the fashionable folk in the congregation. They are looking now for a likely young man who will preach, but not practice the doctrine of religious equality. As for Rev. Mr. Irvine, he is going to minister to a little mission church at Port Moody, where he anticipates there will be less fashion and more Christianity.

Entitled to Three Fingers. Clement Scott, the dramatic critic used to be a clerk in the war office in his young days, and even now is in touch with men and matters military, says a correspondent of the Washington Post. A capital story, says he, is told of an officer now on Lord Roberts' staff. This officer is noted for his ready wit and power of repartee. Early in his career he went to India, when he was ordered to proceed to South Africa. On his arrival there he found that he was to be attached to the staff of the then commander-in-chief, as aid-de-camp, and he learned, casually, that the chief's new military secretary was a man who thought no small beer of himself. A big function was held soon after the officers' arrival, and the secretary, with a due sense of his own importance, proceeded to exhibit his contempt for all subalterns. When the new aid-de-camp arrived the secretary gave him a supercilious stare, and then gingerly offered two fingers to shake.

Nothing daunted the sub. looked at him for a moment, and then said, quite genially: "Oh, I say, major, hang it all, you know, the governor gives me three!" A Tailless Carriage. Also. The Groom—Begorra! Iner's was great advantage about th' autyomobile, sor. Employer—What's that, Barney? "Yeep! Kin rub it down without bein' swished in th' face by its tail ivy two seconds."—Puck. He Will Be No Tool. The sharper a man is the harder it is to make a fool of him.—Chicago Daily News.

"Don't Speak to me."



All manner of extravagant expressions are possible when a woman's nerves are overwrought. The spasm at the top of the wind pipe or bronchial tubes, "ball rising in the throat," violent beating of the heart, laughing and crying by turns, muscular spasms (throwing the arms about), frightened by the most insignificant occurrences—are all symptoms of a hysterical condition and serious derangement of the female organs. Any female complaint may produce hysterics, which must be regarded as a symptom only. The cause, however, yields quickly to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which acts at once upon the organ afflicted and the nerve centers, dispelling effectually all those distressing symptoms. Mrs. Lewis Says: "I Feel Like a New Person, Physically and Mentally."

Mrs. Haven's First Letter to Mrs. Pinkham. "DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I wish to speak a good word for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. For years I had ovarian trouble and suffered everything from nervousness, severe headache, and pain in back and abdomen. I had consulted different physicians, but decided to try your medicine, and I soon found it was giving me much relief. I continued its use and now am feeling like a new person, physically and mentally, and am glad to add one more testimonial to the value of your remedy."—MRS. M. H. LEWIS, 2108 Valentine Ave., Tremont, New York, N. Y. Writing to Mrs. Pinkham is the quickest and surest way to get the right advice about all female troubles. Her address is Lynn, Mass. She advises women free. Following is an instance: Mrs. Haven's Second Letter.

\$5000 REWARD. Owing to the fact that some skeptical people have, from time to time questioned the genuineness of the testimonial letters we are constantly publishing, we have deposited with the National City Bank of Lynn, Mass., \$5,000, which will be paid to any person who will show that the above testimonials are not genuine, or were published before obtaining the writers' special permission.—LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO.

SEA GIVES UP A MESSAGE. Bottle Cast Overboard Nine Years Ago Finally Reaches Port in Norway. Miss Ada L. Griffith, of Newark, has just received news of the finding on the coast of Norway of a message inclosed in a bottle which she cast into the Atlantic ocean nearly nine years ago while on her way from England to America. Miss Griffith is the daughter of Thomas W. Griffith, a well-known insurance man of Newark. One day in September, 1892, while returning from Europe, she wrote on an English telegraph blank form a message to W. U. Byington, a member of her party. In addition to the message she wrote: "Miss Ada L. Griffith, Mount Prospect avenue, Newark, N. J., will pay two dollars for the return of this telegram." The bottle containing the message was cast overboard at what was judged to be the middle of the ocean. The incident was forgotten. A few days ago Miss Griffith received a letter containing the original telegram. It is said that the bottle had been picked up by a poor fisherman. Your neighbors abuse you for one of these two things: you are silly about sending for a doctor every time the baby sneezes, or you don't send soon enough, because you are too miserly.—Acheson Globe. A brave retreat may show greater courage than a foolhardy advance.—Lam's Horn.

FRAGRANT SOZODONT for the TEETH and BREATH. New Size SOZODONT LIQUID . . . 25c. New Patent Box SOZODONT POWDER . . . 25c. Large LIQUID and POWDER . . . 75c. At the Stores or by Mail, postpaid, for the Price. A Dentist's Opinion: "As an antiseptic and hygienic mouthwash, and for the care and preservation of the teeth and gums, I cordially recommend Sozodont. I consider it the ideal dentifrice for children's use." [Name of writer upon application.] HALL & RUCKEL, NEW YORK.