



CHAPTER XXI.—(Continued.)

Lord Arleigh roused himself and looked around. He found himself the center of observation. The room in which he was lying was large and well furnished, and from the odor of tobacco it was plainly used as a smoking room.

"I do not remember you," Lord Arleigh returned, "nor do I know your name."

"Let me introduce myself as the Earl of Mountdean," said the gentleman, "you are at Rosorton, a shooting lodge belonging to me, and I beg that you will meet me at my home."

"Every attention was paid to him. He was placed in a warm bed, some warm, nourishing soup was brought to him, and he was left to rest."

"The Earl of Mountdean." Then this was the tall figure he had seen striding over the hills—this was the neighbor he had shunned and avoided, preferring solitude to his company.

"I have never met you before," he asked the earl one day.

"I do not think so. I have no remembrance of ever having seen you."

"Your voice and face are familiar to me," the younger man continued. "One or two of your gestures are all too known to me as though I had lived with you for years."

"Remembrances of that kind sometimes strike me," said the earl, "in a manner which is something that one cannot explain. I should say that you have seen one or two of my people, perhaps."

"It was not quite satisfied. The earl and his guest parted in the most friendly manner."

"I shall never be quite so much in love with solitude again," said Lord Arleigh, as the two men exchanged words.

"I have learned the same lesson from you," responded the earl, with a sigh.

"How beautiful the heather is! And here in the world of hills and solitude we might fancy ourselves quite alone in the world. By the way, you have never told me, Arleigh, what it is that makes you so fond of solitude."

"The Earl of Mountdean looked as he felt, shocked. "But how," he asked, eagerly, "could you be so deceived?"

ple who had been fair enough to charm the fastidious Lord Arleigh.

"Never have a moment's uneasiness, Madeline," she said. "From the hour I cross your threshold until I leave, your father's name shall never pass my lips."

"It was a little less dreary for Madeline when her mother was with her. Though they did not talk much, and had but few tastes alike, Margaret was all devotion, all attention to her child."

"What a strange story!" said the earl thoughtfully. "But this barrier, this obstacle—can it ever be removed?"

"No," answered Lord Arleigh, "never!"

"Yes, and a sad fate," sighed Lord Arleigh. "You cannot understand my story entirely. Wanting a full explanation, you are so sufficiently kind as to marry me, but my wife believed I did. It does not matter to me."

"It is indeed," agreed the earl—"and such a strange one. Are you quite sure that nothing can be done to remedy this?"

"Quite sure," was the hopeless reply.

"I can hardly understand the need for separation, seeing that the wife herself is blameless."

"Can you imagine my horror," he continued, "when I found that all trace of my child was lost?"

"Your wife's secret will be as safe with me as with yourself," said the earl.

"I never would tell it to any one," she replied, "and I do trust you," declared Lord Arleigh.

"The Earl of Mountdean looked as he felt, shocked. "But how," he asked, eagerly, "could you be so deceived?"

"I should like to know what your trouble is," he said, "and I will do my best to help you."

"I can tell only one-half of it," was the reply. "I fell in love with one of the sweetest, fairest, purest girls. How I loved her is only known to myself. I suppose every man thinks his own love the greatest and the best. My whole heart went out to this girl—with my whole soul."

"I discovered something—it was no fault of hers, I swear—that parted us. Loving her blindly, madly, with my whole heart and soul, I was still compelled to leave her. She is my wife in name only, and never has been more to me, yet, you understand, without any fault of hers."

"Most of us in our apprentice days feel mighty enough to bear the burden of success, but how many have the strength to fail!"

Great Naval Tragedy. Explosion on the Sultana that Killed 1,500 American Troops.

Dreadful as is the loss of more than 250 lives on the Maine, this fatality is not the worst in the naval annals of the United States.

The Sultana was a fine, large vessel, 285 feet long, which plied between St. Louis and New Orleans. She left New Orleans one fine April morning in 1859 on her return to St. Louis with a heavy cargo.

The Dundalk (Ontario) Woolen Mills Company, Limited, has been formed, with capital of \$25,000.

Tennessee is the third largest tobacco-growing State in the Union, Kentucky being first and Virginia second.

The mineral exports of New South Wales during 1897 have been estimated at \$3,000,000.

There are now 88 woolen mills in eight Southern States, as follows: Alabama, 2; Georgia, 5; Kentucky, 12; Mississippi, 10; North Carolina, 15; Tennessee, 15; Virginia, 21.

General Sporting Notes. W. G. Bushnell, Yale, 88, has placed at the disposal of the Yale yacht club a launch and it will be used by Coach Bushnell.

Growth of the City of Boston. The city of Boston, which now has a population of over 500,000, had in 1820, according to the census, only 17,000.

Bill Hefferman, the Australian middle-weight boxer, has been defeated by Jim Barry, of Buffalo, in the Supreme Club, of Buffalo.

The McKeever-Matthews 20-round fight at Cleveland on April 12 is fixed. The prize money is \$100,000.

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another wept at the thought of the anguish of that boy's mother. And yet there are millions of mothers that have lost their sons, for these sons have missed the word 'God.'

"Peace in the South" is the title of the Rev. George H. Heworth's sermon, preached in the New York Herald's Church on Sunday, March 29.

The Bible is the most practical book in the world. There is very little theory in it—not as much as some people think—but a great many inspired bits of advice as to the conduct of every day life.

I am talking to myself as well as to you when I say that we could get a great deal out of life were we more disposed to do so.

When crossing the ocean recently on the Atlantic, I was struck by the rough, the fog closed in on all sides, and we had an uncomfortable time.

"God isn't going to save the man that is asking God to save him," said the evangelist.

"Come with me!" he cried, "come and be saved. Let all that wish to know the way to life, come to me."

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