

Not a Bite of Breakfast Until You Drink Water

Says a glass of hot water and phosphate prevents illness and keeps us fit.

Just as coal, when it burns, leaves behind a certain amount of incombustible material in the form of ashes, so the food and drink taken day after day leaves in the alimentary canal a certain amount of indigestible material, which if not completely eliminated from the system each day, becomes food for the millions of bacteria which infest the bowels.

Men and women who can't get feeling right must begin to take inside baths. Before eating breakfast each morning drink a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of Limestone phosphate in it to wash out of the thirty feet of bowels the previous day's accumulation of poisons and toxins and to keep the entire alimentary canal clean, pure and fresh.

Those who are subject to sick headache, colds, biliousness, constipation, others who wake up with bad taste, foul breath, backache, rheumatic stiffness, or have a sour, gassy stomach after meals, are urged to get a quarter pound of Limestone phosphate from any drugist or storekeeper, and begin practicing internal sanitation. This will cost very little, but is sufficient to make anyone an enthusiast on the subject.

Remember inside bathing is more important than outside bathing, because the skin pores do not absorb impurities into the blood, causing poor health, while the bowel pores do. Just as soap and hot water cleanses, sweetens and freshens the skin, so hot water and Limestone phosphate act on the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels.—Adv.

The Sort. "What kind of ships do they have dog watches on?" "Why, bark, of course."

WHEN KIDNEYS ACT BAD TAKE GLASS OF SALTS

Eat Less Meat If Kidneys Hurt or You Have Backache or Bladder Misery—Meat Ferms Uric Acid.

No man or woman who eats meat regularly can make a mistake by flushing the kidneys occasionally, says a well-known authority. Meat forms uric acid which clogs the kidney pores so they sluggishly filter or strain only part of the waste and poisons from the blood, then you get sick. Nearly all rheumatism, headaches, liver trouble, nervousness, constipation, dizziness, sleeplessness, bladder disorders come from sluggish kidneys.

The moment you feel a dull ache in the kidneys or your back hurts, or if the urine is cloudy, offensive, full of sediment, irritable of passage or attended by a sensation of scalding, get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any reliable pharmacy and take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia and has been used for generations to flush clogged kidneys and stimulate them to activity, also to neutralize the acids in urine so it no longer causes irritation, thus ending bladder disorders.

Jad Salts is inexpensive and cannot injure; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which all regular meat eaters should take now and then to keep the kidneys clean and the blood pure, thereby avoiding serious kidney complications.—Adv.

Taste in Reading. "Olivier's taste for books seems to be improving."

"I'm very glad to hear that. But are you quite sure about it?"

"Perfectly sure. Last week I caught him perusing a five-cent hair raiser, and this week he is reading nothing but dime novels. That's a hundred per cent improvement."

"CASCARETS" FOR SLUGGISH BOWELS

No sick headache, sour stomach, biliousness or constipation by morning.

Get a 10-cent box now.

Turn the rascals out—the headache, biliousness, indigestion, the sick, sour stomach and foul gases—turn them out tonight and keep them out with Cascarets.

Millions of men and women take a Cascaret now and then and never know the misery caused by a lazy liver, clogged bowels or an upset stomach.

Don't put in another day of distress. Let Cascarets cleanse your stomach; remove the sour, fermenting food; take the excess bile from your liver and carry out all the constipated waste matter and poison in the bowels. Then you will feel great.

A Cascaret to-night straightens you out by morning. They work while you sleep. A 10-cent box from any drug store means a clear head, sweet stomach and clean, healthy liver and bowel action for months. Children love Cascarets because they never gripe or sicken. Adv.

Denied. "That young man is the salt of the earth."

"Oh, no, he isn't; he's too fresh."

The Only One. "Can you propose any remedy for this deadlock?" "Yes; why not use a skeleton key?"

The BALL of FIRE

By GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER and LILLIAN CHESTER

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. RHODES

CHAPTER XXII—Continued.

"Good evening," he said formally.

"Good evening," she replied, and he went out of the door.

When he had gone, she flew up to her room, her first coherent thought being that she had accomplished it. She had seen Allison, and had given him her definite answer, and had gotten him out of the house while the others were back in the billiard room.

She had held up splendidly, and she was weak now, and quivering in every limb, and she sank on her divan, supported on one outstretched arm, and in this uncomfortable position she took up the eternal question of Gail. The angry tears of mortification sprang into her eyes!

The library was quite steadily devoted to Vedder court tonight. A highly important change had come into the fortunes of Market Square church. It was as if a stone had been thrown in to a group of cardboard houses. All the years of planning had gone the way of the wind, and the card houses had all to be built over again.

The cathedral had receded by a good five years, unless the force and fire of Rev. Smith Boyd should be sufficient to coax capital out of the pockets of his millionaire congregation; and, in fact, that quite normal plan was already under advisement.

The five of this impromptu counsel were deep in the matter of ways and means when a slender apparition, in clinging gray, came down the stairs. It was Gail, who, for some reason unknown, even to her, had decided that she was selfish; and Rev. Smith Boyd's heart ached as he saw the pallor on her delicately tinted cheeks and the dark tracing about her brown eyes.

She slipped quietly in among them, her brown hair loosely waved, so that unexpected threads of gold shone in it when she passed under the chandelier, and she greeted the callers pleasantly, and sat down in the corner, very silent. She was glad that she had come. It was restful in this little circle of friends.

A noise filled the hall, and even the lights of the library seemed to brighten, as Lucile and Ted, Arly and Gerald, and Dick Rodley, came tumbling in, laughing and chattering, and carrying hilarity in front of them like a wave. Gail shoved her tangle of thoughts still farther back in her head, and the sparkle returned into her eyes.

"Were bringing you a personal invitation to Arly and Gerald's yacht party," jibbered Lucile, kissing everybody in reach except Rev. Smith Boyd.

"You might let Arly extend the invitation herself," objected Ted.

"I've given the pleasure to Gerald," laughed Arly, with a vicious glance at that smiling gentleman. "He does it so much better. Now listen."

"It's a little informal week-end party on the Whitecaps," Gerald informed them, with a new something in him which quite satisfactorily took the place of cordiality.

"Sort of a farewell affair. Arly and I are about to take a selfish two months' cruise, all by ourselves," and he glanced fondly at the handsome black-haired young woman under discussion. "We should be pleased to have you join us," and he included Mrs. Boyd and the young reactor with a nod.

"Of course we'll come," agreed Gail. "Doctor Boyd, can't you arrange for a week-end party once in your life?"

"Unfortunately custom has decreed that week-end parties shall cover Sun days," he regretted, but there was a calculating look in his eye which sent Lucile over to him.

"Play hooky just once," she begged. "This is only a family crowd, the Babbits and Marion Kenneth, and we who are here."

Rev. Smith Boyd looked at his mother, and that lady brightened visibly.

"When is it to be?" he asked.

"Saturday," Arly informed him, joining Lucile, who had sat on the arm of Mrs. Boyd's chair. Arly sat on the other one, and Gerald Fosland, with an entirely new appreciation of beauty thought he had never seen a prettier picture than the sweet-faced old lady with the fresh and charming young women on either side of her.

Rev. Smith Boyd glanced, for just an instant, at Gail, who was now sitting on the leather couch leaning confidently against her Aunt Grace. He had been at some pains to avoid this young lady recently, for it is natural to spare one's self distress, but there was a look of loneliness about her

Beauty and Brains. A pretty girl need not necessarily be brainless, but somehow the combination persists.

Did you young fellows ever stop to analyze any of your conversations with that wide-eyed little blonde who always wears pink milk blouses? No, of course you didn't—you hardly knew what you were saying yourself.

Trouble with you is that you haven't imagination enough to conceive of a pretty girl who could bring up a more interesting talk topic than her own sweet self.

You sort of concede that a peach or a girl is three-quarters mush, with a heart of stone.

Of course there is such a thing as the pretty girl with brains, but she's either married or else in love with some cuss that doesn't appreciate her.—Judge.

Our First Naval Hero. The first naval hero of the United States—now almost forgotten—was Jeremiah O'Brien, a Maine man, whose racial descent is clearly indicated by his name. He commanded

which sent his heart out to her in quick sympathy.

"I think I'll play hooky," he announced, with a twinkle in the eyes which he now cast upon his mother.

"That's being a good sport," approved Ted. "Stay away a Sunday or two, and Market Square church will appreciate you better."

"Let's have some music," demanded Lucile.

"Gail and Doctor Boyd must stop for a while," announced Aunt Grace, in whom there was a trace of wistfulness. "They do sing so beautifully together!"

"I'm afraid I can't tonight," refused Gail hastily, and indeed she had good reason why her voice should not have its firm and true quality just now. "I will accompany Doctor Boyd, though, with pleasure," and she started toward the music room.

Rev. Smith Boyd was cut off from the ordinary lies about not being in good voice, and suffering from a slight cold, and such things. He hesitated a moment, and then he followed.

The Redoubt Love Song, the Garden of Sleep, and others of the solo repertoire which Gail had selected for him, came pulsing out of the music room, first hesitantly, and then with more strength, as the friendly nearness between himself and the accompanist became better established.

Presently the listeners in the library noticed an unusual pause between the songs, a low-voiced discussion, and then, the two perfectly blended voices rose in a harmony so perfect that there was moisture in the eyes of two of the ladies present.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Gail First!

Allison, springing forward with a jerk as he left Jim Sargent's house, headed his long, low ramnabout up the avenue. He raced into the park, and glanced up at the lookout house as he sped on past; but it was only a fleeting look. He needed no reminder of Gail. As he passed Roseleaf Inn, he slowed down. The roadhouse may have given him, and probably did, another reminder of Gail, in such a manner as to concretize him into logical thought; for he slowed down the terrific speed which had been the accompaniment of his unreasoning emotion.

The driving required too much concentration for specific thought.

With this turning of his mental attitude, even the slow running of the car seemed to disturb him. And, about half a mile past Roseleaf Inn, he came slowly to a stop, sitting at the wheel, with his head bent slightly forward, and staring at the spot where the road-way had ceased to roll beneath his machine. Presently he became aware of the cold, and running his car to the side of the road, he stepped out, and, buttoning his coat around him, crossed a fence and walked through the narrow strip of trees to the river bank, where he stood for a moment looking out upon the misty Hudson, sparkling under the moonlight. He began to walk up and down the bank presently, the turf sinking noticeably under his feet, and it was not long that his pace grew more and more rapid, until he was striding at a furious rate of speed.

The man was in a torment of passion. He had spent a lifetime in the deliberate acquisition of everything upon which he had set his will; and it was one of the things upon which he had built his success, that, once he had fixed his desire deliberately upon anything, he had held unwaveringly to that object, employing all the forces of intellect, power, wealth, fame, the command of empires and of men, were nothing, except as they might lead to her!

So it was that he had come this far, and the roadway to his present height was marked by the cripples he had left behind him, without compunction, without mercy, without compassion. Bankrupts strewn his way, broken men of purpose higher than his own, useful factors in the progress of human life, builders and creators who had advanced the interest of the com-

monwealth, but who had been more brilliant in construction than they had been in reaping the rewards of their building. It was for Allison to do this. It had been his specialty; the reaping of rewards. It had been his faculty to permit others to build, to encourage them in it, and then, when the building was done, to wrest it away from the builders. That marked him as the greatest commercial genius of his time; and he had much applause for it.

Women. Yes, there had been women, creatures of a common mold with whom he had amused himself, had taken them in their freshness, and broken them, and thrown them away; this in his earlier years. But in his maturity, he had bent all his strength to a greater passion; the acquirement of all those other things which men had wanted and held most dear, among them acquisition, and power, and success. Perhaps it had been bad for him, this concentration, for now it left him at the height of his maturity, with mistaken fancies, with long pent fires, with disproportionate desires. Bringing to these, he had the tremendously abnormal moral effect of never having been thwarted in a thing upon which he had set his mind, and of believing, by past accomplishment, that anything upon which he had set his wish must be his, or else every victory he had ever gained would be swept aside and made of no value. He must accomplish, or die!

He was without God, this man; he had nothing within him which consoled, for a moment, a greater power than his own. In all his mental imagery, which was rich enough in material things, there was no conception of a deity, or of a need for one. To what should he pray, and for what, when he had himself to rely upon? Worship was an idealistic diversion, a poetic illusion, the refuge of the weak who excused their lack of strength by ascribing it to a mysterious something beyond the control of any man. He tolerated the popular notion that there must be a God, as he tolerated codes of social ethics; the conventions which laid down, for instance, what a gentleman might or might not do, externally, and still remain a gentleman. In the meantime, if a man-made law came between him and the accomplishment of his ends, he broke it, without a trace of thought that he might be wrong. Laws were the mutual safeguard of the weak, to protect themselves against the encroachment of the strong; and it was in the equally natural province of the strong to break down those safeguards. In the same way he disregarded moral laws. They, too, were for the upholding of the weak, and the mere fact that they existed was proof enough that they were an acknowledgment of the right of the strong to break them.

There is a mistake here. It lies in the statement that Allison recognized no God. He did. Allison, Not Allison,

final one where he had planned to rest; but now his angry thought was to attain it; and as he turned and crumbled, as had been all the other barriers to his will, and press ruthlessly onward into higher skies, he knew not where. It was no time now, to think on that. Gail first!

CHAPTER XXIV.

The Flutter of a Sheet of Music. Gail, in a pretty little rose-colored morning robe, with soft frills of lace around her white throat and at her white elbows, sat on the floor of the music room amid a chaos of sheet music. She was humming a gay little song suggested by one of the titles through which she had leafed, and was gradually sorting her music for the yacht party; instrumental pieces here, popular things there, another little pile of old-fashioned glees which the assembled crowd might sing, just here a little stack of her own solos, nearly the rector's favorites, between the two their duets. It was her part in one of the latter she was humming now, missing, as she sang, the strong accompaniment of Rev. Smith Boyd's mellow voice. She was more peacefully this morning than she had been for many days.

The butler came through the hall, and Gail looked up with a suppressed giggle as she saw him pass the door. She always had an absurd idea that his hinges should be oiled.

"Miss Gail is not at home, sir," she heard the butler say, and Gail paused with a sheet of music suspended in her hand, the whole expression of her face changing. She had only given instructions that one person should receive that invariable message.

"I beg your pardon, sir!" was the next observation Gail heard, in a tone of as near startled remorseance as was possible to the butler's wooden voice.

There was a sound almost as of a scuffle, and then Allison, with his top coat on his arm and his hat in his hand, strode to the doorway of the music room, followed immediately by the butler, who looked as if his hair had been peeled a little bit at the edges. Allison had apparently brushed roughly past him, and had disturbed his equanimity for the balance of his life.

Gail was on her feet almost instantaneously with the apparition in the doorway, and she still held the sheet of music which she had been about to deposit on one of the piles. Allison's eyes had a queer effect of being sunken, and there was a strange nervous tension in him. Gail dismissed the butler with a nod.

"You were informed that I am not at home," she said.

"I meant to see you," he replied with a certain determined insolence in his tone which she could not escape. There was a triumph in it, too, as if he had won a part of his imperious intention. "I have some things to say to you which you must listen."

"You had better say them all, then, because this is your last opportunity," she told him, pale with anger, and with a quaver in her voice which she would have given much to suppress. He cast a look on her which blazed. He had not slept since he had seen her last. He smiled, and the smile was a snarl, displaying his teeth. Something more than anger crept into Gail's pallor.

"I have come to ask you again to marry me. Gail, the matter is too vital to let pass without my most serious effort of which I am capable. I cannot do without you. I have a need for you which is greater than anything of which you could conceive. I come to you humbly, Gail, to ask you to marry me."

"For just a moment his eyes had softened, and Gail felt a slight trace of pity for him; but in the pity itself there was revulsion.

"I cannot," she told him.

"You must!" he immediately rejoined. "As I would build up an empire to win you, I would destroy one to win you. You spoke last night of what you called the cruelty and trickery of the building up of my big transportation monopoly. If it is that which stands between us, it shall not do so for a moment longer. Marry me, and I will stop it just where it is. Why, I only built this for you, and if you don't like it, I shall have nothing to do with it." In that he lied, and consciously. He knew that the moment he had made sure of her his ambition to conquer would come uppermost again, and that he would pursue his dream of conquest with even more ardor than before, because he had been refreshed.

"That would make no difference, Mr. Allison," she replied. "I told you last night that I would not marry you because I do not, and could not, love you. There does not need to be any other reason." There was in her an inexplicable tension, a reflex of his own, but, though her face was still pale, she stood very calmly before him.

The savagery which was in him, held too long in leash, sprang into his face, his eyes, his lips, the set of his jaws. He advanced a step towards her. His hands contracted.

Try This. If you will take a pavement that is clear, and walk briskly in the center, you will find that before you have gone 50 yards you have unconsciously veered very much to one side. To make this test accurate you must not use any effort to keep in the center. If you think of something else and endeavor to walk naturally, you will find that you are not able to keep going in a straight line. In the same way a person lost in a wide expanse of level country will describe a complete circle as he keeps walking on and on. The explanation of this lies in the propensity of one foot to walk faster than the other, or to take a longer stride than the other, causing you to veer to one side or the other.

Be Generous in Praise. There are occasions when speech is golden rather than silver, and when an encouraging word would be of more value than the richest material gift. Some persons are far too much afraid of the effect of a little generous and well-timed praise. They would keep all their flowers in an icehouse. Letting a little sunshine upon them at times would not be amiss.—Dr. A. Thomson.

Daily Thought. Physical courage, which displaces all danger, will make a man brave in one way; and moral courage, which defies all opinion, will make a man brave in another.—Culton.

Air for the Human House. Your body is a human house, the place in which you live. Food alone cannot make this house a healthy place. The lungs, the ventilators of the house, must be filled and refilled many times each minute with pure, fresh air.

The air breathed deep into the tiny cells of the lungs, meets and purifies the blood which has been sent there by the heart, the great pump in your human house. This pump is kept busy every moment. It must gather the waste-laden blood from every part of the body and send it to the lungs, then it must take the purified blood back to the farthest point of the human house.

Sometimes invisible enemies, the microbes, creep into the human house and try to steal our health away. Nothing can do more in the way of driving these little enemies out than our ventilators, the lungs, when they are allowed an abundance of fresh air.

To Drill Earthenware. To drill earthenware, use a steel drill, ground at the cutting end into a triangular-based pyramid. Turn the tool rapidly, and aid the action by the application of a solution of camphor in turpentine. If no such drill can be obtained make one out of an old three-cornered file by softening it, filing up until the edges are sharp, and then tempering. The extreme tip may advantageously be made with a great or angle A.

Best Test. "How was the show?" "Great. You know it was a failure in New York."

Dr. Pierce's Pellets are best for liver, bowels and stomach. One little Pellet for a laxative—three for a cathartic.—Adv.

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"One night," he said, "I played the part of Hamlet, and at the end of the show the audience rose and loudly shouted, 'Fine! Fine!'—"

"I shall not again ask you to love me," he harshly stated; "but you must marry me. I have made up my mind to that."

"Impossible!" Angry now and contemptuous.

"I'll make you! There is no resource I will not use. I'll bankrupt your family. I'll wipe it off the earth."

Gail's nails were pressing in her palms. She felt that her lips were cold. Her eyes were widening, as the horror of him began to grow on her. He was glaring at her now, and there was no attempt to conceal the savage cruelty on his face.

"I'll compromise you," he went on. "I'll connect your name with mine in such a way that marriage with me will be your only resource. There will be no step you can take in which you will not feel that I am the master of it. Marry you? I'll have you if it takes ten years! I'll have you no other end in life. I'll put into that one purpose all the strength and all the will that I have put into the accomplishment of everything which I have done, and the longer you delay me the sooner I'll break you when I do get you."

Out of her very weakness had come strength; out of her overwhelming humiliation had come pride, and though the blood had left her face waxen and cold, something within her discovered a will which was as strong in resistance as his was in attack. She knew it, and trembled in the knowledge of it.

"You can't make me marry you," she said, with infinite scorn and contempt.

He clenched his fists and gritted his teeth. Into his eyes there sprang a blaze which she had never before seen, but dimly, in the eyes of any man; but she needed no experience to tell her its desplicable meaning. His lips, which had been smiling, suddenly took a downward twitch, and were half parted. His nostrils were distended, and his blood, flooding into his face, empurpled it.

"Then I'll have you anyhow!" he hoarsely told her, and his arms tensed and his head slightly lowered forward. He made as if to advance toward her. He saw in her frightened eyes that she would scream, but he did not know that at that moment she could not.

Her heart seemed to have lost its action, and she stood, trembling, faint, in the midst of her strenuous music, with the sensation that the room was turning dark.

The house was very quiet. Mrs. Sargent and Mrs. Davies were upstairs. The servants were all in the rear of the house, or below, or in the upper rooms, at their morning work. He turned swiftly and closed the door of the music room, then he whirled again towards her, with ferocity in his eyes. He came slowly, every movement of him alive with ponderous strength. He was a maniac. He was insane. He was frenzied by one mad thought which had swept out of his universe every other consideration, and the gut to kill was no more fearful than the purpose which possessed him now.

Gail, standing slight, fragile, her brown eyes staring, her brown hair disheveled about her white brow, felt every atom of strength leaving her, devoured in the overwhelming might of this monstrous creature. The sheet of music, which she had been holding all this time, dropped from her nerveless fingers and fluttered to the floor!

That noise, slight as it was, served to arrest the progress of the man for just an instant. He was in no frame to reason, but some instinct urged him to speed. He crouched slightly, as a wild beast might. But the flutter of that sheet of music had done more for Gail than it had for him. It had loosened the paralysis which had held her, had broken the fascination of horror with which she had been spell-bound. Just behind her was a low French window which led to a small side balcony. With one bound she burst this open, she did not know how, and leaped over the light balcony rail, and ran across the lawn to the rectory gate, up the steps and into the side door, and into the study, where Rev. Smith Boyd sat tolling over a sermon.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Painting Walls. Before paint or calcimine is applied to walls every crevice should be filled with plaster or cement. To the calcimine put one-quarter pound white glue in cold water overnight and heat gradually in the morning until dissolved. Mix eight pounds of whiting with hot water; add the dissolved glue and stir together, adding warm water until the consistency of thick cream. Use a calcimine brush and finish as you go along. If skim milk be used instead of water the glue may be omitted.

That Cught to Cure Her. A man out West, who married a widow, has invented a device to cure her of eternally praising her former husband. Whenever she begins to decant on his noble qualities, this ingenious No. 2 merely says: "Poor, dear man! How I do wish he had not died!"

Fortify the System Against Grip when Grip is prevalent LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE should be taken, as this combination of Quinine with other ingredients destroys germs that cause the disease. It keeps the system in condition to withstand Colds, Grip and Influenza. There is only one BROMO QUININE. E. W. GROVE'S signature on box. 5c

A New Broom. Gillet—How many people work in your office?

Perry—Only one. He came today. The others have been with us some time.—Life.

NOTHING SO EFFECTIVE AS ELIXIR HARBK FOR Malaria, Chills & Fever. Chills of Fever, W. B. Harbke, Newport News, Va. says: "It is a pleasure to recommend Harbke for Chills and Fever. Have used it when necessary for 20 years and have found no remedy so effective." Elixir Harbke 50 cents, all drug stores, or by Parcel Post, prepaid, from Kloczewski & Co., Washington, D. C. A Good Move—Harbke Liver Pills. 50 pills.

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"I suppose," smilingly interrupted the friend, "that it made you feel rather good."

"Yes," answered the young actor, with a deep-drawn sigh; "or, rather, it would have made me feel good if a large voice hadn't vociferously added, 'Make it fine and imprisonment.'—"

Philadelphia Telegraph.

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