



Many of the North American Indians were magnificent specimens of physical manhood. This was due largely to their active out-door life. Nevertheless, they had the wisdom to know that an active life in the open air alone, would not keep a man healthy. They had their medicine-men, who gathered herbs from field and forest and brewed decoctions to assist the natural processes of the various vital organs.

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Woman AGAINST Woman

BY MRS. MARY E. HOLMES.
Author of "A Woman's Love," "The Wife's Secret," "A Heartless Woman," "Her Fatal Sin," "A Wife's Peril," "A Desperate Woman."

(Continued.)
"Not like you, my Lady Alice! Why it would be impossible to do anything else."
"Ah, then we may be friends after all!" cried the girl with joy, putting out her slender hand.
"Yes—friends after all," repeated Valerie, with a strange gleam coming for one instant into her eyes, and clasping the hand outstretched.
Against herself a shiver went through Alice as her fingers were held in that cold, tight clasp, but she was too happy to give way to presentiment and fears to-night.

"Come, let us begin our search."
She went to the dressing-table and bent diligently over it, while Valerie, glancing swiftly at her, took two steps to the door, and softly and noiselessly removed the key.
"I can see it nowhere here, but if you will wait an instant I will go into the dressing-room. It may be there, though I am almost afraid to hope. I think Davis would have been sure to tell me."
Valerie made some slight answer, then as Alice disappeared through the curtains into the adjoining room, she bent over the bed and deftly poured the contents of a small phial on to the lace-edged pillow. She was back diligently searching the mantelshelf as Alice returned.
"No, it is not there, Miss Ross," she said, feeling really distressed. "Now, what shall I do next?"
"Nothing," Valerie answered pleasantly. "You have already done too much, dear Lady Alice."
She had saturated her pocket-handkerchief with the remainder of the fluid as she spoke, and now drew it from her dress, leaving the phial hidden in her pocket.

"I feel so sorry for you," Alice went on; "if you will let me, I will help you look in the morning."
"Yes, I shall be very glad if you will; and now I must say good-night."
Valerie held out her hand to say farewell.
Alice put down the candle, and passed her hand over her face.
"How close the room is! Good-night. What a curious odor!"
"It is the scent on my handkerchief. I am sorry I brought it up—it is some very powerful perfume given me by a friend from India. Do you like it?"
She put the handkerchief to the girl's face as she spoke.
"It is very strong," murmured Alice, faintly, feeling strangely stupid.
"Yes; almost too strong. Well, now I must leave you. You look so very tired; it is really a shame to have roused you. Good-night."
"Good-night," replied Alice.
She moved with difficulty after Valerie, and closed the door. Her hand wandered to the key, but she was too confused to notice it was gone.
"How close it is!" she murmured.
"Where am I—all is dark."
She staggered blindly towards the bed, and fell across the pillow.
There were a few gasps for breath, a slight struggle as if for air, and the young countess lay still and motionless as death.

A few seconds elapsed, then the door was softly opened, and Valerie stole in. She moved on tiptoe to the bed.
"Yes," she muttered; "it has worked well. She will sleep well to-night. Friend—a friend to this poor, puny thing! I am her enemy, as he will soon discover—to the bitter end."
She crept back to the door, and beckoned without a word to another form.
In an instant Count Jura was in the room, glancing anxiously and hurriedly round, his eyes fell on the safe containing the diamonds. He opened it, and took out the case.
"Must you take those?" murmured Valerie with knit brows.
He nodded.
"How else can we throw shame on her? Have no fear. Through these go, you will soon have others from the earl."
Her face flushed.
Count Jura moved to the bedside, and turned the inanimate face, lovely in its pallor, round, lifting the form gently in his arms.
"You have given her enough," he muttered.
"Will it kill her?" asked Valerie in a low, eager whisper.
He shook his head, and a wave of contempt passed over his face.
"No; she will live, but she is out of your path forever."
"What will you do with her?"
"Ask no questions," retorted the man fiercely. "I have served your purpose; leave the rest to me."
"I want to know nothing, except that I am free of her," Valerie answered with a sneer.
"I will answer for that. She will be in my hands, and cannot escape me, I think."
"Then come quickly. Here—take this cloak and hat. It will look as if she had planned everything. The window must be opened, or they will detect the chloroform."
While she spoke Valerie moved swiftly about, then, flinging the cloak over the slender form in the count's arms, she led the way from the room, carrying the diamonds.

With gentle tread and bated breath they stole along the corridor till they came to the door Alice had told the count that morning led to an uninhabited part of the Castle.
This Valerie pushed open, and guided by the dim light of the candle she carried, the count, clasping his precious burden close in his arms, descended carefully the stone steps till they reached a corridor of stone that led to a door opening into the grounds.
"Now can you find your way?" whispered Valerie. "Keep straight ahead."
"I know; my cart is concealed there if Paul has done well."
"Then farewell; but once before we part repeat your oath. You swear never to let Paul Ross molest me when once—once—I am—"
"Countess of Darrell," finished the count quickly. "I swear it!"
"That he shall not approach me?"
"I swear it!" he repeated.
"You have more power over Paul than I imagined human creature to have if you can do this," Valerie muttered.
The count laughed softly.
"And this girl shall never come in my path again?"
"Never by my help. Good-night. We must part now. Give me the diamonds."
Valerie held the candle above her head, and nodded as she handed him the case. The count took it and gave one last glance at her before he strode away.
In her crimson gown, red-brown hair, and eyes flashing with triumph, she looked like some spirit of evil pushing aside all good.
"She is a she-devil!" muttered Count Jura with a slight shudder as Valerie disappeared from his view, "but she has helped me to clasp you in my arms," he added, bending over the sweet, pale face lying on his breast. "Yes, my time has come; before another night you will have flung all pride aside, and be at my feet praying for mercy, which you will not get. Curse these diamonds—how heavy they are! But for Paul I would leave them behind. I have the jewel I crave; but he must be silenced, and with these I can shut his mouth and work him as I will."
He drew the cloak over the girl's face again, and crept on slowly till he reached the end of the copse; here he stopped and uttered a low whistle.
After an instant's silence, a man's form crept from the bushes.
"All right," he breathed.
"Yes. Where is the cart?"
"Here to the right. You are late; I thought you were never coming!"
"Got the swag safe, Paul?" asked the count quickly as he handed the diamonds to the other.
"Yes; but you have not done much, there are only three cups and a gold plate."
"It is like a Ron's den, my good Paul, so closely guarded; I have done my best. Now lead the way to the cart, my arms are full."
"What have you got there?" asked Paul suspiciously, dimly seeing the burden in the darkness.
"A woman!"
"George, are you mad?"
"No; perfectly sane. Lead on."

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W. D. MCKAY

"A woman! What are you going to do with such a burden on your hands! A woman! What a fool!"
"Hold your tongue!" hissed the count, suddenly changing his tone; "beware how you talk to me. You are forgetting yourself, Paul Ross."
"There was a chance at once in Paul's manner.
"You surprised me," he said hurriedly. "It is not like you. But let's hurry; here is the cart."
The count wrapped the cloak round the girl and together they placed her at the bottom of the cart.
"Put this over your fine clothes, George," said Paul, flinging his companion a smockfrock, "and draw this over your eyes, in case we meet anyone on the road. We must stay we've just come back from Nestley town; we've been to sell a cow. It's market-day to-day, so that will answer well. But I don't expect we shall be questioned."
(To be Continued.)

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