OR, LOVE IS ALWAYS THE SAME

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"Consider that the invisible thing called a good name is made up of the breadth of the numbers that speak well of you."

She has barely time to go to her room and put herself into the hands of her woman | "Harsh springs and fountains bitterer than th before the arrival of her guests, returning from Lady Blount's tennis-match, makes shoes running up the stairs. Mrs. Amyot with suppressed fire. headache is better, and with a vile sense of says Lady Branksmere, rising slowly to her hypocrisy full upon her she answers, "Yes, feet, and standing now with her hand resta little," though the headache certainly had | ing upon the back of her chair. been there in the morning, and no faintest untruth had been uttered about it.

She is feeling tired, worn out in soul and if you happen to be there." body, and it is with a sense of physical comfort that she sheds her walking attire and lets Bridgman clothe her in the looser, dislike. easier teagown, of white terry velvet, that sits so charmingly upon her lissome figure, and is undesecrated by faintest spot of color. As the maid is putting a last finishing touch to her, Muriel asks her a question that is it that it startles her. yet hardly one.

"Lord Branksmere has returned?" she plain?" replies she, proudly.

walk with Captain Staines, as your head |-your guest." was bad."

Bridgman being dismissed presently, Lady Branksmere rises from the chair and honor there." erishly up and down the room.

What was it Staines had said at that mo- | ineffable contempt. " ment at the foot of the stairs? " A remedy!" "There is always a remedy; always." She "I am placed at the bar, it appears," turns, and would perhaps have given way "Pshaw!" he says, contemptuously, and was to remember that. So she will. Hah! murmurs she, with a curious smile. 'State to the expression of dismay that rises to turning on his heel quits the room. see that they do not drive her too far. More | your case then. What fancied wrongs are | her lips, but for the swift glimpse she gets | than one can play at this damning game yours?" that he-her husband-(oh! the ignominy | "I seldom have fancies"-coldly-" I second Mrs. Billy has conquered herself, coming. of it !)—has chosen as his pastime.

steps from behind a large screen.

butterfly is saying to Lord Branksmere. "We richly deserve the scolding that I hope Lady Branksmere will not give us. You agree with me?"

" Entirely," says Branksmere.

very lonely here, all by herself."

Branksmere, with a grim smile, locking straight at his wife as she comes slowly toward them over the polished floor, her long | county; to-day, under the pretext of a has proved too much for us. But you have white dress trailing behind her. "Oh, no, I was not lonely," says she, in

a sweet, clear voice. "I went for a row on the lake with Captain Staines, and the rupted afternoon with him." fresh breeze there did my head all the good in the world." There is a touch of defiance in the glance she directs at her husband. Lady Primrose has now got hold of Mur-

"I do trust, my dear, you did not stay long on that lake," she is saying with ponderous anxiety.

mist, and there was sure to be one uprising | to that tennis-match." on such a day as this." She is so deaf, poor | "And it was the merest chance, too, that sion that her neighbors are similarly afflict- | with a pale smile. ed, so that all she says is given to the gal- | "Did she tell you all that?" asks Lady lery in general.

unpleasantness," replies Lady Branksmere able. What more did your spy impart to slowly. "I have no friend anywhere." calmly. Only Margery, who is watching | you? Oh, it is wise of you to turn the her with sad eyes, notices the convulsive tables upon me lest I be the first to bring me all about it." She presses her gently twitching of the white hand hidden in the an accusation. I suppose it is that I no into an arm-chair. Exhausted, physically

folds of her gown. whose intellect having grasped the fact that | within me all feeling, all sensibility." go no further beyond imagining that if not me," says Branksmere, with a shrug. "Nothing so good as a husband, my dear," meet his boldly.

with a benevolent smile, "when all is told." from Mrs. Vyner, which is understood by "Are your actions then so altogether pure tain Staines, get rid of him," says Mrs. all but Lady Primrose.

mildly to Curzon Bellew, "that I always an under the same roof with your wife !" Doesn't that speech confirm it?"

"But I think she looks tired, Branksmere arm. "Prove your words." -she looks pale," calls out the mistaken | "Oh! that I could," breathes she wildly. kept her on that lake too long."

with the most natural manner possible, but 'eagerly desire." Muriel writhes and winces inwardly beneath "You mean-" Her voice is curiously each sharp cut. How dare he take her to low and calm. task!

to please me," declares Lady Primrose with lover !" some faint insistence. "I don't believe in It is said! Nothing can recall it! There woman of late haunts him; they are to- street the other afternoon," he said, "when the lake, I don't indeed. Don't take her is a moment's awful silence, and then gether from morning till night." there again, Branksmere, if an old woman's Branksmere falls quickly back from her, a advice is worth following.'

the realities of the question at issue.

"Branksmere was not with me on the house! lake to-day," she says, coldly, but distinctly. "He went to town by the early train this morning."

"Eh, my dear? I quite understood him to say-what was it you said Branksmere ? of clouds that makes dull the heavens, but and if he was not with you my dear who a pale watery moon sheds here and there a Branksmere's praises," says Muriel, rising was--eh ? eh ?"

torgot to tell you until this moment-but-" | land path that leads from the Castle to her | home, from my own sister, I need hardly breaks in Margery's gay, sweet voice, "I old home. Swiftly, mechanically, she look for it anywhere. After all, why should have discovered the new knitting stitch that moves toward it, conscious of little but I expect any one to enter into my griefs?" so puzzled us last week. Willie knew all that she is leaving behind her musery too "Don't speak to me like that, Muriel," about it. It is the prettiest thing ; see-" great to be borne. dropping on her knees before her, and tak- With blind haste she hurries along the words are cruel." up the eternal work-basket that ever little beaten track beneath the shadowy "Let us think what is best to be done," accompanies the old counters-" let me leaves until a sudden turn in it brings her breaks in Mrs. Billy, in a matter-of-fact show it to you now while it is fresh upon face to face with the walls of her old home, tone. my mind. One. One, two-one, two, three gleamingly gray in the growing moonlight "There is nothing to be done." Lady _a turn_you quite see ? and then back _the old only home, she tells herself with Branksmere turns upon her with flashing

again. It has the happiest result." enthusiastic over the new stitch, Muriel iron-bound door of the armory, and laying who takes me to task for my behavior with makes her escape to a distant tea table her hand upon it as one might who is sure -with one who is an old friend?" where comparative calm, at least, is obtain- of entrance, even at this late hour, presses "An old lover," corects Mrs. Billy, in a as to my character, have you?" ed, until the dinner-bell rings and she is it from her to find her instinct true. The strange tone. "Let us keep to the strict enabled to make her escape to her own door yields, and she moves quickly onward facts. You are alluding to Captain

mere is standing on the hearth-rug a few paces from her, gazing at her intently.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

itself felt in the house by the sounds of gay has gathered on his forehead; beneath his fire, in pretty, loose white robes, sit Mrs. laughter and the click-clack of high-heeled bent brows his eyes look out on her filled Daryl and Margery : at the side, Angelica, knocks at the door in passing to ask if her | "This is an unwarrantable intrusion," telligent onlocker that she had been sum-

"No more so than usual," coldly. "My presence-anywhere-is an intrusion now,

"What has brought you?" asks she, haughtily, gazing at him with ill-concealed

"I have come to demand an explanation," it is all over, and-you take it up." returns he, deliberately crossing the room to close the door by which he had entered. His very action had such determination in

"Explain! What should I have to ex-

"You will be kind enough to tell me," he "Oh, yes, my lady. He returned by the says, slowly, "what it is you mean by your four o'clock train. He inquired for your friendship with Captain Staines. I wish to ladyship, but I told him you had gone for a know how matters stand between you and

"Yours-rather."

lightly from your tongue," sneers she with to-night to be able to mingle with them. Her large eyes flash.

have refrained from speech until you your- and is advancing toward Lady Branksmere Mrs. Amyot's voice reaches her as she self have rendered silence no longer possible. When your name is made public manner that belongs to her. "We are disgracefully late," that pretty | property, when it is in the mouths of all, I

me only of what it is you accuse me."

Blount's that you might have an uninter-

"It is false," returns she, vehemently; "my head did ache. I staved away from Lady Blount's; yet it was by the merest chance that I went on the lake with Captain Staines."

"Pshaw !" exclaims he scornfully.

"Listen to me or not, as you will," haughtily-"I had no intention of going on | will know it. I have left that place for-"Nothing so unwholesome as a water the lake until long after they had all gone ever."

old soul, that she always talks at the top of kept you on the island with that -fellowher lungs, being perhaps under the impres- for three long hours-short hours, rather,"

Branksmere, slowly. A strange little laugh "There was no mist, I think. I felt no breaks from her. "She is indeed invalulonger care. I give in. Do what you will and mentally, Muriel leans back among the "Of course, Branksmere, being with you, | without fear of censure from me. I feel cushions, and then suddenly she breaks would see to that," croons on the old lady, | deadened, emotionless. You have killed | into a recital of her wrongs; not loudly or

"For the second time I warn you to be- averted that she speaks. Deadly silence, broken only by a murmur | ware," exclaims she, losing all control. that you can afford to take me to task? Billy, a little doggedly. "You will bear me out," she is whispering You-you-who keep that shameless wom-

said the dear old creature was in her dotage. | "Do you know what you are saying?" demands Branksmere, fiercely, grasping her

set me free from you."

He lifts his head and gives way to a curious lets her go abruptly, pushing her roughly imagination of yours. And at all events, But with a gesture of extreme repugnance little laugh. "That lake possesses charms away, and a sharp jarring laugh breaks speak. Why should one be afraid of one's for her of which we know nothing. She from him. "Pah! you play too open a would have pined all day but for the benefit game. I fear it is not in your power to she derived from its air." He says all this furnish yourself with those proofs you so | Muriel; " you are a happy wife," she says;

"That you would welcome any dishonor | Margery's soul. Well at all events she is looking too white that would fling you into the arms of-your

dark red stain across his cheek where her Mrs. Billy, briskly. "I won't," returns Branksmere, and palm had struck him. It is all done and again he laughs unpleasantly. A suspicion over in a moment, but for a full minute he out her arms protestingly. that he is seeking to shield her from Lady scarcely recovers himself. Then it is to Primrose's censure waking within Muriel's find the room empty. For in the tumult voice full of terrible suspicion, her eyes on breast, drives her to an open declaration of of her rage Lady Branksmere had caught the ground. up a shawl and hurried from the room—the

CHAPTER XXXV.

The stars are hidden by the dense bank heart is true to you. vague pathway through the earth that abruptly to her feet, with a short laugh. If "Oh! Lady Primrose! Doyou know I quite helps Lady Branksmere to find the wood- I can not get sympathy here in my old

into the irregular, vaulted passage beyond. | Staines!" A slight noise startles her. nord Branks. It is unlighted, but a stray beam, flinging "Be warned about him in time. I don't acter."

itself through the stained window at the | know why, but instinct tells me to distrust lower end, gives her a lead, and shows her | him. the stone steps that bring her finally to the entrance hall above. Turning aside withroom, and enters it so softly that her coming is unheard.

a small, but eminently cozy little fire is | toward the door. coaxing an equally small kettle to sing with all its might. There is a tiny tea equipage me." upon a gypsy table, and upon another table near it a fowl delicately roasted, a tempting pate, a Dresden bowl full of strawber-His face is white and stern, a sullen frown ries, and a long-necked bottle. Before the found his way through the armory door likely to be involved in a second edition of in a costume that might suggest to the in- the library door attracts his attention; in- and Britain. As the Celestial Empire claims moned from her bed at a moment's notice.

"I didn't believe a kettle, a small kettle, | reading lamp. could take so long to boil," Mrs. Daryl is saying, anxiously leaning over the fire. "When it makes that little fussy noise, it's boiling, ch?"

Angelica. First it must sing, then the

She is looking at Margery as she speaks, and at this identical moment the kettle gives way to the ebullition of which she had been speaking.

"It you mean me," cries Margery, pushing back her chair, "I couldn't do it, at little thing. How angry it looks! I it bodily from the fire-for anything that could be offered."

with Muriel, the poor, rich, titled thing, minute full into the boy's defiant face.

with rather an increase of the debonnaire | hind him, and looks straight at his wife.

an air of open jollity that does her credit. "Be silent !" interrupts she, imperiously, "We have been dining at that wretched old "I want none of your comments. Tell Sir Mutius Mumm's again, and as usual Castle?" His voice, though subdued, is and China is very touchy upon the question have come home starving. The servants "Of your intimacy with your former for the most part were in bed; so Margery his lips set. There is a dangerous light in claims are her rights in the peninsula. It But I am afraid she must have found it lover," cries he, with the first touch of and I decided upon making a raid on the his somber eyes. violent anger he has shown. His nostrils | larder for ourselves, and we haven't done "Terribly lonely -all by herself," returns | dilate, his breath comes heavily through his | so badly, have we? The only drawback to | fiantly. white lips. "Last night you made yourself our success lies in the fact that I have made conspicuous with him before the entire up my mind to a cup of tea, and the kettle headache, you absented yourself from your had a good long walk, eh? You are tired! guests, refused to accompany them to Lady Meg," with a swift glance at Margery, flight, and flames into life. "will you and Angelica make yet another impound some Madeira."

> When the door has closed upon them, Mrs. Billy turns to Muriel.

> "Now, what is it?" she asks, promptly. "It is of no use your banishing Meg, returns Lady Branksmere, coldly, "She must know it all soon. The whole world

> "You have left your husband?" "If you wish to put it so-yes. For myself, I feel more as if I had left Madame von Thirsk and all the vile associations that have degraded my married life."

> "All?" questions Mrs. Billy with a searching glance. "You, too, condemn me then?" shesays,

"See here; I think you had better tell passionately, but in a cold angry way that Branksmere was not at Lady Blount's can 'To follow your rhapsodies is beyond somehow is more impressive. Once or twice during her hurried explanation of color, and now it is with her face partially

"This man-this friend of yours-Cap-

"If you think there is anything between Madame Von Thirsk and your husband," begins Mrs. Billy-

" Think !" "Well, why don't you go straight to him and just put it to him that you can't be "I don't think so," says Branksmere. "Free to give yourself to another!" He his generosity. I believe half this is mere husband ?"

"Ah!" A long-drawn breath escapes "you can not comprehend a case like mine." Her hands fall inertly into her lap in a weary, purposeless fashion, that goes to

"I am tired of it all. And even if I Quaker City is told by Lew Dockstader. would, opportunity is denied me. That I "I was walking through Twenty-third

"Who can say?" she answers in a low utmost unconcern.

Mrs. Daryl is shocked : Margery bursts stroy your own happiness by harboring such | else. sad beliefs? I am sure Branksmere in his

"Well, I have not come here to listen to cries Margery. "Between you and me su h

throbbing heart, that she will ever know. eyes. "Do you imagine I am going to It has indeed ! Lady Primrose growing Some instinct draws her feet to the quaint truckle to a man who is not false to me, but

Muriel sighs heavily. "Have a glass of wine," says Mrs. Billy,

out thought, she opens the door of this who, after all, is nothing if not practical. At this moment the sound of a footstep in the hall outside makes itself heard. Here the lamps are burning brilliantly; Muriel starts into an intenser life, and, French fleet is proceeding thither from the heavy silken curtains are closely drawn; springing to her feet, looks with angry eyes

"It is he," she says. "He has followed

CHAPTER XXXVI.

that she had left open, and is now in the the Tonquin troubles with the added hall. A faint light coming from beneath pleasure of a serious difference with China voluntarily he turns toward it, and finds to hold a sort of suzerainty over Saim, and himself presently staring at Dick across a Great Britain now borders upon it in Burmah

"Where is your sister?" demands he, in and will probably oppose the further pro-

an aggressive tone.

"With herowapeople. In her own home. practicable. "I wonder you are not ashamed to men-"It isn't thinking of boiling," declares tion her," cries Dick, with a sudden burst of passion. "Yes, she is here. She came steam must pour out of its nose, and then half an hour ago. She went to Willy's Tonquin. Such an ambition is easily unboudoir. I followed her there, and heard - derstood and in some cases is clearly defenheard-you know what I heard. She look- sible. But the excuse given in this instance ed so tired, so worn." "Muriel is a fool, and you are another,"

says Branksmere, coolly. "I am not!" his large eyes glow. With an inarticulate merce towards Bangkok by way of Korat, all; I couldn't really. It's an abominable cry he rushes forward and flings himself to which a railway is now being built, inupon his adversary. He is a tall lad, but stead of allowing it to run via Annam and wouldn't touch it-to say nothing of lifting slender, and in less time than one can pic- Cochin China, which the French naturally ture it, his attack is at an end, and Branks- | consider to be the "natural" route. How-

her enforced calm, and begins to pace fev- "Honor is a word that seems to trip who would have given all her possessions "The same blood," he says, with a sneer, and its ten fully equipped war vessels, will that ends in a groan, and by a sudden move-The rustle of her gown, joined to Mar- ment he releases his foe and sends him staggery's silence, rouses Mrs. Billy. She gering back a few paces from him.

> A few steps bring him to that other room of Margery's face. The girl is livid. In a where three pale women are waiting his sweet memories connected with that strug-

Entering, he closes the door heavily be-"It is rather a late hour for visiting," "You are just in time," she cried, with he says. "Are you ready to come home?" Great Britain, and its ports at Hong Kong, " I am at home."

vibrating with rage. His face is white, of further interference with what she "To prison? No!" replies Muriel, de-

far," says Mrs. Billy. "Be reasonable. The world's opinion is worth a good deal." At this, Muriel's long-felt irritation takes | Kingdom.

"What do you all mean?" she cries, predatory incursion, and see if you couldn't | with a burst of passion. "Do you want to get rid of me? Am I a disgrace to you?" "Muriel! What folly! My dear girl,

think !" entreats Mrs. Billy earnestly. "What can I think but that I am not wanted by any one, here, or there, or anywhere? May I not rest beneath your roof for even one night?"

"If you leave my roof (under such circumstances as these) for one night, you

" Are you coming?" he asks with a frown. "Yes; she is," returns Mrs. Billy unabashed. She throws, as she speaks, a light shawl round Muriel in a way that admits of no dispute, and indeed Muriel, who is now looking tired and exhausted and hopeless, makes no effort to resist her.

here, and only a trouble, I will go," she says, wearily." "Oh ! no, darling ! Do not speak like

that," sobs Margery, clinging to her. Lady Branksmere, hardly heeding her tenback. But not quite now."

"You will come now or not at all!" there he must have been with his wife. He looks at her searchingly, but her eyes her presence, Mrs. Daryl had changed Branksmere interrupts, doggedly. "I will have no gossip-no damning whispers."

no scandal," she whispers wisely. "They both came down to visit us to-night. Both. Together. You will remember? It was an idle freak. There was nothing in it." She pushes Muriel as she speaks toward the d or. Branksmere who is standing next to the policy of England, and the feelings of old lady across the room. "I doubt you "That I could prove anything that would happy while she remains at the Castle? it, puts out his hand as his wife approaches, China. Speak boldly to him. Throw yourself on and though still with a lowering brow, would have drawn hers through his arm. she pushes him aside and hurries from the

(TO BE CONTINUED)

From Philadelphia.

One of the best of the recent stories at the expense of the average inhabitant of the

a man toppled from the roof of a six-story "But not from night till morning," says | building and came whirling down through the air, striking the sidewalk just in front Muriel's lips grow white. She throws of me. To my amazement he got up and began to brush off his clothing with the

"'That was a pretty big fall you had, said I. 'Aren't you hurt?'

"'Nop,' said the man.

"'I can't understand it,' said J. 'A "Oh, Muriel, darling, why will you de- fall like that would have killed anybody "'Yes, I know,' said he. 'But, you see, I'm from Philadelphia and I fall slowly.'

A Wife's Confidence.

Wife-" Have you any secrets you keep from me, dearest?" Husband-" None, darling."

W.-" Then I am determined I will have none from you either." H .- "You have secrets, then ?" W.-" Only one, and I am resolved to

make a clean breast of it." H. (hoarsely)-" Go on." W .- " For several days I have had a secret—a secret longing for a new Summer suit with a hat to match."

That fetched him. The Reason Why.

Candidate-" You have not any doubt

Vater-" Q, no, of course not." "Then why won's you vote for me?"

"Because I have no doubt as to your char-

SIAM MENACED BY FRANCE

Britain Interested and May be Involved.

Recent reports state that a French gunboat has anchored in the river opposite Bangkok, the capital of Siam, and is making preparations to bombard the city, while a Saigon. London despatches, however, assert on the authority of Sir Edward Gray, Under Foreign Secretary, that a British warship isalso at Bangkok, that another is on the way and that a third is ready to proceed there ifrequired. It is therefore clear that matters It is, in fact, Branksmere's step. He had have reached a crisis, and that France is neither power likes the inroads of France, gress of the Republic so far as may be

For some time back the French have

manifested a desire to encroach upon territories bordering along Cochin China or is hardly sufficient. Siam is accused of being the aggressor; is said to entertain a desire to drive its frontiers eastward; and to The blood recedes from Dick's brow and be wickedly ambitious of turning its commere has him in his powerful grasp. Twist- ever, matters seem to have come to a head, As she speaks, she turns quite around, ing his arms behind him so as to leave him and it remains to be seen how Siam with "True. I had forgotten his double dis- and thus brings herself face to face powerless and at his mercy, he looks for a its 6,000,000 people, its standing army of 12,000 men, chiefly officered by Europeans, receive and treat the menacing action of France. While a war would probably prove fatal to its independence in the long run, if no other power intervened, yet Siam could defend itself at least as well as Tonquin did, and the French republic has few

But Siamese trade which centres at Bangkok and amounts to some \$16,000,000 a year, is almost entirely in the hands of Singapore and in Lower Burmah. There "Are you ready, then, to return to the are also a million Chinese in the country, is therefore probable that Lord Rosebery's vigorous foreign policy and the present principle of alliance with China against "I implore you not to let things go too Russia and France in the East, will help to make matters warm if the latter power really attempts to subjugate this Asiatic

Meantime it will be a great pity if harm comes to Bangkok from hostile men-of-war. Unlike Mandalay, the one-time capital of Upper Burmah, it is a beautiful and striking centre and has been well termed the "Venice of the East." Many of the streets are traversed by canals, while the 500,000 people who comprise its residents have extended the city seven miles up and down and upon each side of the great Siam river -the Meinam. It is tull of handsome temples, palaces and public buildings, and its leave it forever," interposes Branksmere; evidences of civilization include electric lights, street cars and two newspapers.

> But the Government is despotic, the people lazy and the courts corrupt. A correspondent of the London Times, about a year ago, summarized the general

situation as follows: "The people expect a British protectorate, but the French have advanced westward to "As you all wish it, as I am unwelcome | the Mekong and there will be a sharp contest between the two nations for the possession of Siam. It would not be pleasant to have the French there, as the garrison of Burmah would have to be enlarged. But "But not now-not just yet," goes on if they will remain quiet we hope that Siam will remain independent for another generader embrace. "In a little while I will go tion. Whatever the abuses, the people are tranquil and happy, and we have eaten so much territory in the decade that if we do not take care we shall have indigestion. The Siamese would furnish no soldiers, and Margery lifts her head impetuously, and the Malay regiments, which we should prowould have spoken but that Mrs. Billy bably raise to garrison the country, are not easy to manage. It is by no means certain "He is right-quite right. Let there be either, that European claimants of Siam would escape a deadly quarrel with the

It is therefore, apparent that France is courting trouble if she endeavors to forcibly annex Siam against the wishes of its people,

Gown 500 Years Old.

The oldest dress in the world is probably that described by a French traveller in Japan. It belonged to an Empress in Japan who lived in the thirteenth century and it has been kept all these centuries in a temple near Yokohama, where the priests sometimes exhibit it for a sufficient reward.

It is kept in an old coffer covered with white silk. The robe, or robes, for there are several of them, are described as a diaphanous mess, crumbling at the edges with decay. The material is a crepe, or some filmy stuff, and the effect must be like that worn by Loie Fuller. It is made with a long train, pagoda sleeves, and a high collar like Medici's cuff. The upper layer was once white, and is now the color of ivory, embroidered with flying birds the size of crows, with dragons' heads green, blue and violet. Then come several layers of the silk muslin, yellow, blue, violet, old gold and green; on which seem scattered strange animals, all in flight. The seventh, which touches the body of the long dead empress, is violet embroidered with figures like phantoms. The embroidery on this wonderful robe is said to be as transparent as

Highly Intelligent Cloth.

the gauze. The effect of the whole is smoke

Customer-"See here! Look at these pants! Bought 'em only yesterday, and they've shrunk half-way up to my knees."

Dealer-" Mein frient, it ees raining." "Of course it is raining."

"Und dose pants is vet." "I should say they were wet. You didn't expect me to keep them dry, did you."

"No; I only expects you to keep dose bottoms clean.

"They are clean." "Yah, dat is recht. But think how

dirty they vould be if they vas nod made off our fine imported patent self-regulating cloth, vat raises dose bottoms out af & mnd."