The Wedding

Or, Married to a Fairy.

CHAPTER I .- (Continued).

would alike chronicle the bride's white satin, or "ivory bengaline," the bridesmaids' gowns, and the expensive presents showered upon the happy pair, from the diamond tiara, diamond sun, diamond necklace, diamond bracelets, and rings of the bride's mother, to the bound volumes

200,000 Have Learned to Play the Plano in One Hour

Without Lessons or Knowledge of Music Anyone Can Play the Piano or Organ in One Hour.

Wonderful New System That Even a Child Can Use.



He - "You surprise me! You told me yesterday you couldn't play a notel" She-"I couldn't; I learned to play in one hour by the wonderful 'Easy Method Music.'"

Impossible, you say? Let us prove it at our expense. We will teach you to play the plane or organ and will not ask one

cent until you can play.

A musical genius from Chicago has invented a wonderful system whereby anyone can learn to play the Piano or Organ in one hour. With this new method you den't have to know one pote from another don't have to know one note from another, yet in an hour of practice you can be playing your favorite music with all the fingers of both hands and playing it well. The invention is so simple that even a child can now master music without costly instruction. Anyone can have this new method on a free trial merely by asking. Simply write saying, "Send me the Easy Form Music Method as announced in

this paper. FREE TRIAL

The complete system together with 163 pieces of music will then be sent to you Free, all charges prepaid and absolutely not one cent to pay. You keep it sever days to thoroughly prove it is all that is claimed for it, then if you are satisfied; send us \$1.50 and one dollar a month until 150 in all is paid. If you are not delighted. \$6.50 in all is paid. If you are not delighter. with it, send it back in seven days and you will have risked nothing and will bo under no obligations to us.

Be sure to state number of white keys on dress Easy Method Music Co., 263 Vilson Bldg., Toronto, Canada.



of Longfellow's poems presented by the

TEATHER I—Continued).

For a worldly point of view, it was understood and government of the middly was angulated match for me lody. Margaret Lorimer, only, child, and increase two as collection and the property of the control of th

And yet in my ideal life that ideal wife and I would be inseparable indeed. She would inspire my art, and I should work for her. Through my studio I could see her slim figure flitting, fairylike, and could hear her bright laughter cheering me after a long day of happy work. She would know as little of the outside fashionable chattering world as I cared for it: she would live with me, and for me, and I for her. But here my meditations ceased as I found myself opposite the door of Nicholas Wray's studio, in a side street off High Street, Kensington.

do ytu any harm, if that's your true opinion of the set you are surrounded by here."

"Do you think I will accept your chartity? Become your pensioner—"

"No; I don't. But you are going to borrow some money of me, and pay me when you are on your feet again. Meantime, wait here while I go out for the coat."

"Hervey," he called out after me, as I was leaving, "if I am in for becoming indebted to you. I may as well do the thing thoroughly. I haven't had a smoke for days. For Heaven's sake, give me a cigar, or a cigarette, or something!"

I left him my case, and returned in a

denically. and-twenty." he observed, with mock deference. "Some of us succeed, and some go to the wall. You belong to the former

category. I to the latter.' On the table stood an empty tumbler by an empty bottle. Wray's breath smelled of spirits, although he was sober. Again

he seemed to divine my thoughts, and again he laughed. "Seems odd to a well-fed bird like you that a man should drink to forget that he is a hungry failure, doesn't it?"
"Wray," I said. "don't talk like a cheap

"No good. The chairs are gone." "I don't want a chair! I want to know what in the world you are up to? How

have you got into this condition?" "My dear boy, wonderful as it may seem to you, it's the most natural thing in the world. I came to London, took a studio on hopes, had a few good notices, thought the world was at my feet, launched out a bit, treated a few pretty girls to little dinners and little suppers—result the brokers. I got laid up with influenza, and couldn't work on the top of it all—finally. I am one more aspiring artist who went up like a rocket and came down like a etick; we are not all born like you, with silver spoons in our mouths, you know!"

"But why don't you work now?"
"Haven't the heart, or the nerve. Hand I looked at him hard. It was not the strings of diamonds over her shoulders," effect of drink. The man was actually I replied, in tones of emphatic disap-

"My Cousin Modge was asking after you to-day," I said. "She was much disappointed because you wouldn't come to lunch to discuss a commission she wants you to undertake."

"She's heard I'm in low water," he said.

"I am not used to being pitied by women, and I don't relish it."

"Nonconco Wron."

"Nonconco Wr "Nonsense, Wray. Your work is valuable to any one who understands art."

a groan. "I seem to have lost heart. And how could I lunch in my shirt-sleeves with Lady Margaret? My coat went to buy that last bottle of brandy yesterday."

I went up to him and laid my hand on his arm.

his arm.
"Look here," I said, "I am not going to put up with any more of your ridiculous and pleased." pride. The idea of a man as full of talent

"Oh, the workhouse, or the Thames, I that you will never marry. I could not suppose. "Den't be a fool, Wray! Why in the others to honor by regarding her in such world didn't you borrow the money long a light." ago? Heaps of fellows would have given you credit.'

self down a failure by applying for money to overcivilization to suppose that women to keep body and soul together to other schould be waited upon and worshipped by men already jealous and carping at my the superior sex. In savage communities supposed success? At first I was too ill she occupies her proper place as a hand-to think for days together. I fluenza's maid and the plaything of man. Her task

Wake The Teapot Test

Put "SALADA" TEA in a warm teapot-pour on freshly boiled water --- let stand for five minutes---and you will have the most delicious cup of tea you ever tasted.

off High Street, Kensington.

CHAPTER II.

"Old Nick" himself, as we used to call him in Paris, opened the door.

He looked pale, and ill, and very dirty; but his were the Rembrandtesque style of good looks, to which dirt lends a mellowness and a deepening of the shadows by need to means unpictureoque in effect.

He was very tall, and thin, and gaunt. A long, drooping brown moustache hung over the corners of a heavy, sensual mouth, and his hair, worn preposterously long, so that he looked something between an artist's model and a dancing master, was plentifully streaked with gray. His forehead was broad and full of intelligence, and the keen, analytical gaze.

Or a cigarette, or something!"

I left him my case, and returned in a very don't admit the existence of love—as I conceive it."

"On the contrary, it is a necessary evil, a temporary madness, which clouds our mental vision and makes us put an hangon to be in love with."

"Yet you don't admit the existence of love—as I conceive it."

"On the contrary, it is a necessary evil, a temporary madness, which clouds our mental vision and makes us put an hango of the shadows by I really thought he was in a very bad way. Truth to tell, in spite of my personal liking for Wray as a man and and mirration for him as an artist, I did not much relish putting him up at my place. I was a bit of an old bachelor about methods are with a readynate on the contrary, it is a necessary evil, a temporary madness, which clouds our mental vision and makes us put an value on some commonplace woman, whom in our saner moments we should know to be no nore desirable the alternation.

"You have no ideals," I began, when he interrupted me.

"And what is your idea of womanhood?" he asked triumphantly. "I have found this received and him to put on, and then we bowled off together in a hangom to my studio and rooms, in the neighborhood of Chelsea. I was serry I had to leave him se much to be in love with."

"Yet you don't admit the existence of love—as I conceive it."

"On the contrary, it is

gray. His forehead was broad and full of intelligence, and the keen, analytical gaze of his gray eyes contradicted the more animal tendency shown in his over-full red lips and protruding iaw.

At the studio we had admired him immersely, and had sketched that flue head of his from every possible point of view. With all his slovenlines, Wray was immensely vain, particularly of his long, slender white hands, which he even sometimes was induced to wash, so highly did he value their beauty. But on this particular day they had not received this attention, and as he stood peering surlily at me from behind the half-open studio door he looked like nothing in the world

door he looked like nothing in the world | He greeted me with what, for him, was but a big, sinewy, handsome gipsy tramp, almost effusion, and explained that he overlean from lack of pence and long fast- could not sleep if he went to bed before

I could see from where I stood that the studio was almost destitute of furniture. The tapestry hangings, the big brass bowls, the old oak chairs, which had decorated it a few months back, were gone. Even the square of carpet and the rugs before the fireplace had vanished from the bare, unswept boards.

Wray saw my glance, and grinned sardout the bare would be doubled if it were made on the doubled if it were made well as or namental and when useful as well as ornamental, and when he didn't see it I sent him to bed."

"You sent Wrenshaw to bed!" I repeated in surprise. "Why, that's a liberty should never have ventured upon. How

did you manage it?"
"I told him," said Wray, with a twinkle in his gray eyes, "that I had just got over brain fever, and was liable to attacks of mania if I was thwarted. Wrenshaw promptly said good night, and went off like a lamb. Aren't you going to have a 'night-cap' of some sort before turning in? I am dying for a whisky-and-soda."
On this hint I unlocked the spirit-case. was tired out, as these social functions always weary me, but Wray was in the highest spirits, and as I could not enub a man I had just saved from starvation, I had to yawningly invest myself in dressing-gown and slippers and sit up for a

chat and smoke.
"First," he said, "tell me what your cousin were this evening. "She wore a very beautiful dress," I an swered, "smothered with crystal beads, so that she looked like a glistening fountain. Then she had her usual diamond necklace and line of diamond stars at the back of her head. As to Lady Carchester, she looked for all the world like an ir-

ridescent beetle.' "Never mind Lady Carchester. Was your cousin's dress cut low? With short "Very low, and no sleeves at all-only strings of diamonds over her shoulders,"

"How delightful she must have looked That beautiful cream-colored neck and those satin smooth shoulders-"Please drop the subject. I object to hear any man allude to my relations as

"How intensely priggish and insular you are!" observed Wray, looking across "Not now," he said, with something like you be so selfish as to wish to deny to how could I lunch in my shirt shows a groun. "I seem to have lost heart. And your friends, who can appreciate what is

"We don't look on these subjects from of him over the question of a few pounds is an outrage on your fellow artists. I enough to take a wife—and Heaven send am going out now to order a little din-"No use I am going out, toc, for good.

By six o'clock I shall be turned into the street."

"Where will you go?"

"Where will you go?"

"I hope, for your wife's sake, then, "I have were warry to your wife's sake, then, "I have were warry to your wife's sake, then, "The were warry to your wife's warry to your wife's sake, then, "The were warry to your wife's warry to your wife's

"My dear Hervey, that is because you have fallen into the modern error of over-"Do you think I would have written my- rating women. It is a hallucination due

degrade the woman I wished above all

the lowest possible point of view as pretty, engaging, spiteful, and untrustworthy little animals. Does a woman ever value the question by battle, usually to

"You haven't the least idea," I said,
"how you annoy me by discussing her."
"If you were in love with her," pursued
Wray doggedly, "you would be delighted
to discuss her. A man can't help leading
the conversation onto the creature he happens to be in love with."
"Yet you don't admit the existence of
love—as I conceive it."
"On the contrary, it is a necessary

this evening any amount of stray sketches in which you have tried to embody her, and have never quite succeeded But you have got near enough for me to see that, for all your lofty talk, your ideal is the sweet and silly seventeen-year-old girl, the yellow-haired, blue-eyed, small-monthed emall-housed small-featured. mouthed, small-boned, small-featured, small-souled type, who pinch their waists, read French novels on the sly, and fall in

love with their father's grooms. They is

the sort of woman you will fall in love with when you do fall in love; and, as you are bound to take the affair too seriously, I don't envy you the disillusionment that falling out will mean."

I answered with a yawn and a laugh. I was secretly annoyed at what I considered Wray's ill-bred inquisitiveness in routing out my private sketches and notes, and there was much in his talk which jarred upon me most disagreeably.

Before, however, I left him for the night, he came over to me and wrung my hand.

"To tell the honest truth, Hervey," he said, "I meant to have made away with myself by this time, and your kind action saved me. I don't suppose I have been spared to do much good in the world; and the worst of it is that I am almost certain to bring ill-luck upon you. For every fatalist knows that saving a man's life is the best way to turn him into a dangerous enemy."

(To be continued.)

KNIGHTLY ELEPHANTS.

When Contending for Female Give a Display of Strength.

The Duc de Montpensier, of the royal House of Bourbon, who is a hunter of note, recently returned to France from a hunting trip in southeastern Asia. When an attache of the French legation at Washington, who was on a visit to Paris, told him the anecdote about the Burmese elephants who refused to work on Sunday, the duke said that he had observed in the elephant many similar evidences of a high order or intellect.

Almost all male animals, he said, the death . The Burmese elephants resort to no such savage method. When two of them desire the same mate, the rivals stand a few feet apart, while the female takes her place some distance away, and placidly awaits results.

First, one of the elephants, trumpeting his pride, tears off a branch from the nearest tree with his trunk, and dashes it on the ground in front of him. Upon this, the other elephant replies to the challenge by seizing a limb and wrenching it off, -or perhaps by uprooting a small tree,-and flinging it proudly down before him.

Thereupon the first elephant tears off a larger bough, and flings it down, to which his rival replies by tearing off a still larger one.

This test of strength continues until one of them is unable to match his opponent in strength; whereupon the defeated one calmly turns his back upon the victor and his prize, and, accepting defeat like a philosopher, goes his way into the jungle. The successful one thereupon joins his lately won mate, who always meekly abides by the result.



To expel atomach and intestinal worms from colta, as well as older horses, use a remedy that will not "physic them to death," but will act as a tonic. In this respect 370HN'S is unequaled. Full instructions in booklet with every bottle. All

SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Goshen, Ind., U. S. A.

