

RUTHVEN'S WARD BY FLORENCE MARRYAT.

CHAPTER X.—CONTINUED. "Uncle is writing to Mr. Ruthven himself on the subject; but you must do all you can to persuade him to come," wrote Carmen...

CHAPTER XI. HEY were received by Sir Frederic Flower and his niece with the utmost cordiality. Carmen, who drove to the station to meet them, struck Ruthven with both interest and admiration.

of heroine for a sensational drama, and this semi-Spanish young woman, with her Southern beauty, strong will, and unguided impulses, presented to him at once a character out of which he saw the capability of making great things.

She met her old school-fellow with effusion, and Ruthven with pleasant disappointment, to find him so young and so good-looking. "My dear, I wonder you've not fallen head over heels in love with him a dozen times already," she whispered in Margaret's ear on the first opportunity.

And when Margaret, to whom such an idea seemed like sacrilege, looked shocked, Carmen laughed aloud and declared she believed she had detected Pearl in a love affair already, and that she had only forestalled the confidence she was about to bestow on her.

"Oh, yes, certainly—that is, I am curious to know all you wish to tell me," replied Margaret, smiling. "You're not in love with him, are you, Carmen?" "No, I don't think I am. He is very good-looking and all that sort of thing, and uncle does not seem to object to my

having him; but still, I dare say, I shall see some one I like better. "What is his name?" "Oh! don't you wish to hear it? I knew that would be the first question. But you don't get it out of me yet, my dear; not till you've guessed at it a thousand times." "How can I guess what I don't know?" "You may have heard it before, or seen him; who can tell in a big place like London."

"Does he live in London, then?" "Yes; he was traveling, like ourselves, I met him first out walking, and we struck up a kind of acquaintance."

"Without being introduced?" "How particular you are; well, yes, without being introduced, except by ourselves; then he followed me home, and the next day he threw a note over the garden-wall; and so it went till uncle found it out, and bundled me off home again."

"But he has asked him to Abbotsville?" "I believe so, and he said he would come; but, meanwhile, I am not allowed to write to him, which is horridly hard."

"If you don't care for him why should you wish to write?" "Oh, I do care in a measure. It's always nice to have a good-looking young fellow hanging after you; but I have no notion of blinding myself down to marry him, or anything of that sort."

Margaret sighed and leaned out of the open window. The moonlight streamed down in a flood of radiance, and lighted up all of the unshaded portions of the park, leaving the little, leafy knolls, where the deer loved to congregate alone, in shadow. She was thinking of Hamilton, and how ready she had been to bind herself down to be faithful to his unfaithful before she knew it would be such.

"Carmen!" she exclaimed, earnestly, "never marry him unless you are quite sure he will be true to you." "Who? Hamilton Shore?" "What did you say?" cried Margaret. "There, now! I've let the cat out of the bag when I wanted you to guess and guess till you were tired, and then let it all come upon you as a surprise."

CHAPTER XII. MEANWHILE the two gentlemen were occupied in earnest converse below. "Mr. Ruthven," said Sir Frederic, after a pause, "much as I desired to see and become acquainted with one of whom the world talks so favorably, I had another motive in asking you to Abbotsville besides the hope of numbering you amongst my friends."

"Indeed, Sir Frederic!" "And not an unnatural one, as I think you will acknowledge. When I was abroad with my niece last month, we met at Rouen your nephew, Mr. Hamilton Shore."

"You did? What did you think of him?" "Not very well, begging your pardon. He got up a clandestine correspondence with Carmen, who is extremely thoughtless and undisciplined, and I should never have heard anything about it, I suppose, unless I had happened to catch him, one evening, climbing up the posts of the veranda. I thought he was a thief, and was about to collar him as such when he told me his name and address, adding he was a nephew to Mr. Ruthven."

"I hope you kicked him well." "Sir Frederic smiled deprecatingly. "Kicking is not much in my line, Mr. Ruthven, but I examined the young fellow, and finding him to be a likely lad, and that Carmen had carried her flirtation rather far with him, I invited him to Abbotsville, always subject to your approval, that I might see something more of him before I made any decision, one way or the other."

"You would not object, then, to his marrying Miss Flower?" "Not if he is steady and honorable. My niece will have a considerable fortune. She inherits not only the united portions of her father and myself, but also the house and grounds of Abbotsville. Her husband, therefore, will have no need to work for her, and she is so uncertain, poor girl, in her caprices and actions, that I should be thankful to see her married before anything happens to myself."

"And so you want to have my opinion of my nephew, Hamilton Shore?" "Just so. Is he a young man likely to make the girl a good husband, and the estate a steady master?"

It was on the tip of Ruthven's tongue to tell Sir Frederic the whole story of Hamilton Shore's treatment of Margaret, but he refrained. A man may use one girl ill and another well; it would be no proof of his nephew's want of affection for Miss Flower, and might injure Margaret's future prospects. No; if the lad was really unworthy, let them find it out for themselves, as he had done, and no better opportunity could be afforded them than that which brought the young traitor into contact with the girl he had deserted and the girl he had sworn devotion to at one and the same time. So he resolved to further the plan of Master Hamilton's visit to Abbotsville as much as lay in his power, and leave the result to its natural conclusion.

HE LIVED 106 YEARS. WONDERFUL AGE ATTAINED BY DR. W. R. SALMON.

A Member of the Masonic Fraternity for More Than Eighty Years—Remembered the Battle of Waterloo—Was on the Field Afterwards.

R. William Reynolds Salmon, M. R. C. S., the oldest freemason in the world, died on his estate of Penilly court, Cawbridge, Glamorgan, South Wales, recently, aged 106. The aged physician completed his 106th birthday on March 16 last. For ten years he has lived in retirement on his Welsh estate and for the past two years he has not been out of the two rooms in which he slept and ate, attended by two female relatives. There is no doubt whatever as to his age. Incontestible documentary proof exists that Dr. Salmon was born in 1790. He belonged to the ancient and honorable family of Salmons of Market Wickham, Suffolk. His father was a practitioner and a country gentleman of rank in the little English town where the dead centenarian was born. Dr. Salmon was the oldest member of the College of Surgeons, and that body has the proof of his great age. In his youth he was a spark—a dandy—and at one time a surgeon in the army. He was not in the battle of Waterloo, but was on the field a few days after



DR. W. R. SALMON.

the downfall of Napoleon. His career in the army was cut short by a fortunate marriage with the daughter of Major Deere. He inherited from the major the fine estate on which he lived for almost a century, and on which he died. Mrs. Salmon died at the age of 75 years in 1858.

Until a short time before his death the patriarch of Penilly court was well in health. He ate well, slept well and felt "hale and hearty." He rose at noon, dined at 6, and retired at 9. He used tobacco until he was 80, and then gave it up. But he never gave up his pipe, of which he drank two glasses daily. He was compelled to abandon his drives over his beautiful estate in his 100th year. On his last birthday he received congratulations from Mr. Gladstone, who expressed sincere wishes for him here and hereafter.

Dr. Salmon outlived all his contemporaries. His old friends, who knew him intimately, all passed away long ago. His children, with the exception of one daughter, are all dead, although he left many grandchildren, who, to him, seemed to belong to another world. Up to the last Dr. Salmon retained most of his faculties. His sight was bad, but his hearing was only slightly affected. His memory was clear in ancient matters, but poor for things of the last half century.

DR. WILLIAM SALMON. When he first joined the Masons he was a member of the Jerusalem lodge of London.

BISHOP M'CABE. Was Elevated to the Episcopate by the Cleveland Conference.

No man in the entire range of the Methodist ministry presents a character fuller of color than Rev. Dr. C. C. McCabe, whom the recent conference at Cleveland has invested with the episcopacy. That he was to be a bishop every one of his brothers believed, and Methodists will be well satisfied with the decision of the conference. He is now rounding his 69th year, and is a native of Ohio. In 1860 he was a minister, and wishing to take the part of a patriot-churchman, he became the chaplain of an Ohio regiment and marched to the war with his fellow citizens. It was at Winchester that he was shot and captured by the enemy, only to be sent to Libby prison, where after four months' captivity he was let go. He rejoined his regiment, which was then at Brandy Station, but his health had failed, and he was sent to the hospital. He continued his work as a speaker for the Christian commission in many cities of the country, and returned to the ministry when the war was at an end. He was now sent to Portsmouth, Ohio, where he improved his opportunities by building a handsome church. Later he took up church extension work and traveled for sixteen years in that cause. As secretary of the mission board his work was nothing short of marvelous. He has an absolute genius for collecting money for missionary purposes, and was sent back to his labors in that field in 1884, and still holds that post. He predicted when first he entered the missionary service that the Methodists should have \$1,000,000 for missions. His prophecy is now a fact. In four years he raised a debt



DR. C. C. McCABE.

of \$40,000 from the Metropolitan church in Washington. He is an earnest, zealous, virile man, light-hearted as a child and gentle as a woman.

A Professional Beauty. The United States now has professional beauties. Among them is Miss Marion McKeever.



MARION MCKEEVER. Marion McKeever, of New York. Her cast of features is essentially American. She is tall and dark, and she brushes her soft hair off from her white brow. The modeling of her figure is suave and beautiful; her carriage graceful. She made her debut last winter at the first Patriarch ball. When she entered the ball room she was the cynosure of all eyes. She was exquisitely gowned, and from that night she has been a great belle, and she is considered one of the handsomest women who have ever made their debut in America. Miss McKeever is a daughter of Chauncey McKeever, a prominent club man in New York. Her brother married last winter the charming daughter of the eminent Dr. Draper.

Mr. F. E. Cosgrove of the C. B. & Q. R. E. Buds, Ill., writes May 21st, 1890: "I have been sick for eight years with kidney and liver trouble and malaria. I have been taking Patent Medicines and Doctor's Medicines for eight years and spent \$3,000 and got no help until I took Dr. Kay's Renovator. I had poor appetite, indigestion, sour stomach, constipation, yellow skin and eyes, tired feeling, pain in back and side, nervous and wakeful, headache and dizziness, bloating of bowels and limbs, short dry cough, chills and fever. Dr. Kay's Renovator has removed these symptoms and I feel new again. God bless Dr. Kay's Renovator." It is sold by druggists at 25c. and \$1.00 or sent by mail by Dr. H. J. Kay Medical Co., 124 Madison, Neb. Send stamp for large sample and booklet.

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