

company.

her companion.

leaves them you lose your places."

The attendants were doing their best

to persuade, or force, the unfortunate

creature to quit the room when Carmen

and Hamilton Shore were added to the

"What on earth is this all about?" ex-

When she saw what it was about,

Ruthven expected she would look dis-

tressed or compassionate; but not at all.

She colored, it is true, but only with

annoyance, as she attempted to conceal

the presence of the mad woman from

room," she said to Hamilton Shore; and

In a few minutes the room was

"I am sorry you should have been

frightened and annoyed, my dear," said

really was no danger. That unfortunate

lady, though insane, is harmiess. She

"Oh, no, sir! Indeed, it was my own

"How did it happen, Margaret?" de-

"Oh, Ruthven, don't ask me!" she

tered before a figure jumped up from

eral times; then she rushed at me, and

"She called you 'Florence'?" said Sir

I ran away, and she followed me down-

Frederic, musingly, "and I can under-

stand it. You are very like my Flor-

"Bir Frederic, I do not know if I have

any right to tell you the truth," said

Ruthven; "but the parentage of Mar-

"How? What do you mean?" ex-

"I mean that I adopted her years ago,

and that I have no knowledge of her

antecedents, excepting that she was

supposed to be the child of a woman

"He means, Sir Frederic, that he took

me from a prison to make me what I

am," interrupted Margaret, proudly;

and that I owe him more than life

But Ruthven closed her lips before

"You agitate me greatly, Mr. Ruth-

"Margaret, you have been terribly

frightened, and are trembling all over.

room and lie down until you are more

girl to the door and there dismissed her.

discuss this subject before Margaret,"

he continued, returning to Sir Fred-

And they sat together for hours, com-

paring notes, dates, and circumstances,

whilst Margaret, tired out, slept the

CHAPTER XVI.

wretch Webb stuck up at the dinner

table to play propriety for us and Ham-

Margaret started from her sleep at

the sound of her friend's voice, though

only half comprehending the meaning

"Is anything the matter?" she de-

"Heaven knows! Any way Earth

has not had the grace to tell us! I know

uncle was a bear, but I thought Mr.

Ruthven might have had a little more

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Fifteen Thousand Hogsheads of Mead.

rangement of the details of the czar's

coronation in Moscow next spring have

ordered 15,000 hogsheads of mead, which

is to be made of pure honey. It is an old

Russian custom to regale the people

with mead for three days during the

The officials intrusted with the ar-

of her words.

politeness."

manded, quickly.

ERE'S a pretty ket

tle of fish!" cried

Carmen, in her im-

etuous manner:

'the two guardians

have run off to town

together without

having had the civ-

ility even to explain

the reason of their

desertion, and we

are to have that old

particular I know of her history."

time peacefully away.

"I think it best that we should not

ven. The resemblance is so remark-

she had had time to utter more.

garet O'Reilly is not known to me."

claimed the baronet hurridly.

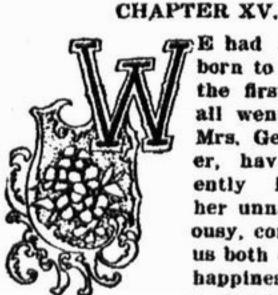
called Nan O'Reilly."

cleared, and the voice of the poor pa-

ready dying away in the distance.

he obeyed her mechanically.

"Come, let us go into the drawing-



had a daughter born to us, and for the first few days all went well, and Mrs, George Flower, having apparently laid aside her unnatural jealousy, congratulated us both on our new happiness, and was a constant visitor

at the bedside. One sultry afternoon, however, when my wife had fallen asleep, and the nurse, having deposited the infant in its cradle, had followed ber mistress's example, she waked to the terrible knowledge that the child Sir Frederic to Margaret, "but there was gone!"

"Gone!" cried Ruthven.

"Ah! Mr. Ruthven, forgive me. It is Carmen's mother. Ah! you may well happened years ago, and it was but a start; but your guardian shall tell you tiny infant, but I can not recall that the whole story by and by. But I can mysterious loss to this day without not understand how the poor creature emotion. Yes, it was gone! stolen from got loose. It must have been great carethe cradle! disappeared! No one knew | lessness on the part of the domestics." how-when-or by whom. All was wrapped in mystery. Of course, we fault. I had no right to enter the room; gearched and inquired high and low, but but Brown left the key in the lock, and without effect. The sad news could not I was curious to see who lived there." long be kept from my poor wife, who had a terrible relapse in consequence. manded Ruthven, as he stroked her Before she was out of danger, my flowing hair: brother George burst into the room in a state of frenzy, to tell me that his wife cried, shuddering. "I had hardly enhad gone mad!"

"How shocking! Really and truly the sofa and called out 'Florence!' sevmad?"

"Completely so. And she never re-Appreced her senses again. She had stairs and you know the rest." been out for an unusually long time, and when at last she returned, her speech was perfectly incoherent. In ther ravings we discovered that it was ence. I saw it the first time we met, who had stolen my poor infant and now, with all this golden hair about during its nurse's sleep, and carried it your shoulders, you might have sat for away some distance, where she had | the picture I have of her ups:airs." dropped and left it. Her doctor, however, always believed that in her mania she had killed the child, and so also I had come to believe. We made every inquiry possible, but nothing was ever heard of it again. Lady Flower never recovered the shock. She died about a year afterward, and I have remained as

I am since her death." "And your brother, Sir Frederic?"

"He did not long survive my Florence. When he found his wife was hopelessly insane he placed her under medical care, and went abroad with his child. In his last filness, however, he sent for me to take charge of Carmen. He was then haunted by the idea that his wife would recover of her malady. and wake up, as it were, to find him gone. He exacted of me, therefore, that as soon as he was dead I should remove | able; and who can tell whether my poor ber from the asylum in which she was then residing and bring her home to Abbotsville. As I had no intention of she was correct, and my infant never marrying again, and Carmen was heiress to all the property, I considered and-" poor George had a right to dictate in the matter, and readily undertook to carry out his wishes."

"Hark!" exclaimed Ruthven, suddenly, "What is that?"

Both men started to their feet as eries of distress became plainly audible, togother with the sound of flying footsteps coming toward them down the board staircase. Ruthven rushed to the door, and opened it just in time to receive in his arms the form of Margaret. who, with golden hair streaming down her back and a face pallid with terror. clung to him with a grip of agony.

He was about to demand the cause of her alarm, when an exclamation from Sir Frederic caused him to look up, and encounterione of the strangest figures he had ever seen. Before him-stopped there evidently whilst in the act of pursuing his poor little ward-was a woman, tall and powerfully built, with coal-black eyes, set in a white, senseless countenance, and black hair falling over her brow and shoulders. She was clad in a long, white garment, like a dressing-gown, which was fantastically adorned with bunches of colored ribbens, and her face was painted to correspond with streaks of blue and red. and yellow.

"Ruthven-Ruthven, save me!" cried Margaret, hysterically.

"My darling, you are safe," replied Rathven, as his quick mind guessed at the solution to the mystery.

Where is Brown?" exclaimed the barenet, angrily. "What is he about to let this woman leave her rooms?"

"Florence came to see me!" screamed the manise, "and I brought her back to See! there she is, with her golden hair, but where's the child?-where's the child? It can't be far off, for you ouldn't have come back without itfuld you?" she continued, addressing fargaret, who shivered at the sound of her voice. "You thought so much of the child-you did, with your golden hairs but mine got the money-mine the money!" and she began to dance ed the library, to the eminent disere of the haronet, who never ed to pull the bell.

appeared Mr. Brown and Mrs. festivities at the ancient capital.

WOMAN'S CORNER.

UP-TO-DATE READING DAMES AND DAMSELS.

The Princess Gown Is Rapidly Growing in Favor Again-Charming Frocks for Young Girls - For the Tired Housewife.



HE princess gown is rapidly growing in favor. It is a style especially adapted to a plump figure, the long, graceful lines going far to give an air of slenderness. It is a poor policy-indeed, almost a hopeless task-

for an amateur to attempt the princess gown. It requires skillful fingers to give perfection to the style. When claimed the girl, in a voice of disgust. | well made there is no gown more sat isfactory, but when botched there is no gown so utterly hopeless. A handsome model in prune tinted taffeta is made up in this style, fitting the beautiful figure like a glove, and made most severely plain, save for the rich braiding set around the foot as a finish. The front of the gown buttons diagonally from shoulder to belt, and then follows the outlines of the graceful limb to the foot. Small turquoise set buttons are done in rich shades tient, raised in expostulation, was al- of prune, turquoise blue and black, and relieves the air of severity about the gown. The stock is plain and high and built of turquoise blue velvet, fastened with the studded buttons. The rather smail leg o'mutton sleeves are caught close to the arms below the elbow, and finished at the wrist by a smart flare and a row of the turquoise

> are especially effective, it forms so good a body for any mode of decoration. A smart princess gown made up day in bed seems absurd to the tired

SATIN CAPE WITH RUCHINGS OF LACE AND PERSIAN RIBBON.

of Valenciennes was set in under the stock collar, and the sleeves were anished with flounces of the lace. A dainty frock of grass linen was

made with a plain skirt, with embroidered band about the bottom. The waist was cut blouse fashion with a large embroidered yoke over

the shoulders, cut in peculiar squares at the edge. Tiny ruffles of lace traced their way down blouse and sleeves. A large green bow at the nape of the neck and a hat of the same color completed the costume.—The Latest.

Rest for Tired Housewives.

If a vacation is impossible, try rest. advises a writer on women's work. There is no special satisfaction to the tired, overworked housewife at this season to be told that she must try change of scene and moderate exercise. There is no better preventive of nervous exhaustion, we are told, than reglar, unhurried muscular exercise. If we could moderate our hurry, lessen our worry and increase our open air exercise a large portion of nervous diseases would be abolished. But the tired housekeeper realizes only too well that it is not exercise she needs half so much as rest. For those who cannot get a holiday the best substitute is an occasional day in bed. Many whose nerves are constantly strained in their daily vocation have discovered this for themselves. A Spanish merchant in Barcelona told his medical man that he always went to bed whenever he could be spared from business and laughed at those who spent their holidays on toilsome mountains. One of the most successful working women in England, who had for many years conducted a large wholesale business, retains excellent nerves at an advanced age, owing, it is said, to the habit of spending one entire day of each week in bed. If we cannot avoid frequent Mourning gowns made in this style | agitation we ought, if possible, to give the nervous system time to recover between shocks. If the idea of a whole

WIT HUMOR AND SATIRE FOR SUMMER WEATHER.

The Wreath of Fame-The Origin of It -- Her First Affair-Original and Selected Jokelets-Looked Like Ma-A Point in Question.



ROUDLY the youth left the old homestead, His fame and fortune to seek, And said to his mother in confident tone. As he kissed her wrinkled cheek:

Fear not. mother, I shall succeed. And win renown and gold;

You shall see my name enrolled.

On the blazoned banner of deathless

Long years he tarried out in the world But at last be homeward turned. And he spread before his mother's gaze

The honor he had earned: 'I've reached the goal," he cried to her "I have won the wreath of fame, am captain of a foot-ball team, And a cigar bears my name."

-L. F. GERNHART.

Looked Like Ma.

He left the main traveled road and walked up to the farm-house door, one of the raggedest, dirtiest specimens of the tramping fraternity. A quiet-looking little woman came to the door and he immediately began to weep and wait bitterly.

"What in creation ails ye?" she

"Sure, me lady, but I can't help it. You do remind me so of my poor mo-

"Your mother, ye mizzerable critter you! You're ten years older'n I am !! you're a day!"

"I mean, lady, that you remind me of my poor sainted mother when she was your age. The livin' immidge of 'er! Oh ma! ma! boo-hoo-hoo! ma!

"Well, I'll carry the illusion a little further, mister, an' I'll tell ye that if ye shut up your bawlin' an go an' wash your hands an' face an' comb your hair"-the tramp ground-"an' chop an' bring in a wood-box full o' wood' he wept in dead carnest now-"I'll give you a piece o' bread an' merlasses, same as yer dear sainted ma used to do fer the same service.

"Ah! jist out o' the hospital, ch? I reckoned so. Well, you'd better skeer up stren'th enough to run at the rate of 'bout ten mile an' hour, fer I'm goin' to set the dogs on ye! Here, Lion! Here, Jack! Take 'im, Nero! Tige! Here, Bull! Here, Rove! Here, See 'im sprint! Look like his ma, do I? bet he won't try that dodge ag'in

Averted Catastrophe.

"Did you ---" The stern old merchant eyed his clerk critically, "Did you render Mr. Skinemgood his

The clerk qualled perceptibly beneath that penetrating glance, but presently be regained sufficient selfcomposure to make answer, saying: "No, sir, he rendered it himself, for

A nervous twitching about the eyelids was all that betrayed the clerk's "He tore it into infinitesimal por

The entrance of a stranger at that moment probably saved the clerk from

The Origin of It.

serious, if not mortal, injury.



She-I wonder where the custom of mothers taking their daughters watering places originated?

He-In the days of Abraham. Rebekah got her husband at one.

A Boomer Real Estate Agent-I tell you, we've been raising some great old wheat

crops up in North Dakota, "I expect so. So big, weren't they, that they crowded the mortgages right off the land into the rivers?"

Real Estate Agent-Well, I'll tell you one thing. Two years ago we had such a heavy crop that county lines bulged over until some of the counties looked as round as a full moon, and you couldn't tell where one township ended and another began.

Bankrapt. Dyer-What is your business, may I

Boorish Stranger-I'm a gentleman, sir. That's my business.

Dyer-Ah! You have failed, I sea.

Guilty. Wragged Whiskers -- Lemme Jedge: I didn't do nothin'. Judge Quick-Thirty days.

"Wot fer?" "Vagrancy."

THE JOKER'S CORNER.

in the army, I take it." Complacent One-Armed Man--"Never in my life."

"Machinery, maybe?"

"No." "Wreck?"

"Never was in a wreck." Five minutes silence. "Blood poisoning made it necessary

Exasperating.

Stranger (to one-armed man)-"Been

to amputate, maybe?" "Ever fight a duel?" "Never."

Ten minutes' silence. Finally the one-armed man spoke.

"I see you are naturally curious to know how I lost my arm. Well, I will tell you on one condition-viz., if you will ask no further questions." The assent was readily given.

"Well, sir, it was bit off."-Washington Evening Times.

Crushing Sareasm. "Our esteemed contemporary—we have to esteem him because the Lord made him, doubtless in a moment of abstraction-winds up his latest editorial," says the Plunkville Bugle, "with 'we think not.' It is the first bit of truth that has appeared in his lying sheet since it started."-Indianapolis Journal.

The question often asked-"Why are puplis of the New England Conservatory so uniformly successful as teachers or performers!"—is readily answered by those who have been fortunate enough to become acquainted with the institution. With an equipment superior to that of any other school, with both American and foreign teachers of the highest rank, with Boston, the art centre of America, to furnish the best operas and concerts, it is easy to see why one year of study there is better than two elsewhere. Its prospectus is sent free,

Convict's Cash Was in the Prison.

William W. Baird died in the Columbus, Ohio, prison a few days ago. Just before he died he told where he had hidden \$800 just after being admitted to the prison in 1890. The money was found and will be sent to his son at Columbus, Ga.

A Child Enjoys

The pleasant flavor, gentle action, and sootbing effect of Syrup of Figs, when in need of a laxative, and if the father or mother be costive or billious, the most gratifying results follow its use; so that it is the best family remedy known and every family should have a bottle.

A Valuable Man.

"Vat? You paidt seven tollar for dot sult?" asked Mr. Acheimer of the farmer. "I vouldt like to know der name of der robber dot soldt it to you. Dot man is vort twenty-fife tollar a week in any cloding house on eart'."-Indianapolis Journal.

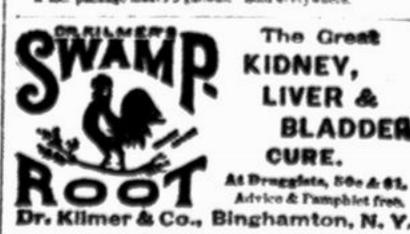
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child was killed or not. The woman said she dropped it in a wood. Suppose died, but was found by some passer-by. think you had better go up to your own in lustreless black silk is enriched with insertions of black silk lace and narcomposed, and I will see you by and row bands of cut jet. The insertion by," said Ruthven, as he conducted the is let into all the long seams, while each side is edged with the tiny cords of jet, giving an air of exceeding dressiness to the entire gown. The big leg o' mutton sleeves are intersected in eric's side, "because it may agitate and rows (running around the sleeves) of upset her without doing her any good. the insertion. The entire effect is Now we are alone I will give you every nost novel and decidedly dressy.

> Garden Fete Gowns. Recently a very unique garden paron East 37th street, New York. The garden belonged to Governor Morgan, and, though now the property of sev-



eral owners, the grassy lawns and fine old trees are still preserved.

The party was given under the auspices of the alumnae of Barnard college, and the gardens were gay with pretty gowns.

A white dotted Swiss there was, most appropriate for this festive occasion. It was made over white talfeta, the seams marked with insertions of white Valenciennes lace through which the silk shane prettily. A row | be 100.

mother and housewife at least deter mine to take half an hour's seclusion and rest after lunch, and it will prove a saving and not a loss of time.

Children's Bresses. A Paris firm in the Rue des Petits

Champs makes a special feature of underlinen and children's dresses. Here is a description of one of the last named: It is of cream printed foulard with a pattern of roses and eglantine, with foliage in dead green. The skirt has gathers at the waist, very closely ty was held in some private grounds placed behind. Twelve centimetres

> The corsage is low necked and Is slightly gathered at the waist both before and behind, and a small bouquet of gathers adds to the effect of the decollete. A fringe of mousseline de sole over a transparency of pink silk brings up the body at the neck, where it is trimmed with lace. The tour de cou is ornamented with a small broken collar of mousseline de sole and lace. and at the back are three small bows of green satin ribbon. There is a draped fict u which goes under the waistband; it is of cream mousseline de soie and trimmed with a flounce

The sleeves are short and balloon

Encouraged.

given you any encouragement, sir?" delphia American.

Her Father-"Has my daughter

from the bottom are two rows of embroidery with eyelets, through which

shaped, and are confined at the elbow by a green satin ribbon, which forms a bow. The waistband is of narrow green satin ribbon and fastens behind with a bow; in front two short ends end in bows over the skirt ten centimetres from the waist.

Suitor-"Well, she said you were always a very generous parent."-Phila-

who died at 107. Her mother lived to

are drawn narrow green ribbon.

and narrow insertion and Mechlin ecru

The late Mrs. Emily R. Talcott of Hartford, 105, had a great-grandmother