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THE ADVANCE.

FLESHERTON, ONT.

In Various Places.

There is now a small steamer on the Dead Sea.

To salute with the left hand is a deadly insult to Mohammedans in the east.

Experiments to reproduce dead men's features from their skulls are being made in Germany.

There is a disease peculiar to Japan called the kake. It is believed to be the result of eating too much rice.

Japanese workmen are obliged to wear on their caps and backs an inscription stating their business and their employer's name.

It is considered that Japanese men are among the best needleworkers in the world, their only equals being the women of Russia.

Coco is Spanish for bogie, and it is said the cocoanut was thus named for its resemblance to a distorted human face.

In China, which has long been known as "the land of opposites," the dials of clocks are made to turn round, while the hands stand still.

Moslems are forbidden to drink wines or spirits, but in Tunis they contrive to reach the same ends by smoking preparations of hemp flowers.

Before a Chinese woman is married she sends with great pomp and state to her future home her entire trousseau, which is packed in large boxes, the keys of which she keeps.

Marriage in Spain takes place by day or night, according to the fortune of the young people or their station in life. If well to do, the ceremony comes off in the early part of the morning.

Sure Regulators.—Mandrake and dandelion are known to exert a powerful influence on the liver and kidneys, restoring them to healthful action, inducing a regular flow of the secretions and imparting to the organs complete power to perform their functions. These valuable ingredients enter into the composition of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, and serve to render them the agreeable and salutary medicine they are. There are few pills so effective as they in their action.

The Lash for Wife-Beaters.

The crime of wife-beating has become so common of late that some extraordinary punishment seems to be needed for its suppression. When garroting became common in the streets of London some years ago the restoration of the whipping post for those convicted of the crime proved an effectual remedy. The New York Herald thinks perhaps a temporary resort to it here in the case of wife beaters would prove efficacious.

Good appetite, good digestion, refreshing sleep follow the use of Miller's Compound Iron Pills. 50 doses 25 cents.

Dog-Worshipers.

An American traveler in Persia reports being asked by a village soldier if he knew of dog worshipers. "I told him I had heard of fire-worshipers, cow-worshipers, and the like," he says, "but not of dog-worshipers. He said he had seen some in Teheran. Some foreigners there had fed them, fondled them in their laps and taken them riding in carriages. Were they not dog-worshipers?"

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Insurance Against Appeals.

Englishmen, according to The Critic, now insure at Lloyds against adverse judgments in lawsuits. On appeals the rate of premium varies according to the judge from whom the appeal is taken. The premium on Lord Chief Justice Russell's cases is ten per cent.; on those of one judge, whose decisions are frequently reversed, it is 90 per cent.

Miller's Worm Powders cure fits in children.

Some Market Quotations.

First Boarder (stabbing at the sugar that had called in the bowl)—Do you know why this table makes me think of a stock market? It's because sugar is firm.

"That isn't my reason," said his neighbor; "it's because coffee is weak."

Help your children to grow strong and robust by counteracting anything that causes ill-health. One great cause of disease in children is worms. Remove them with Mother Grave's Worm Exterminator. It never fails.

When a Woman Faints.

To care for a person who has fainted, lay the person down, keep the head low, loosen the clothing, give plenty of fresh air, and dash cold water in the face. Smelling salts and stimulants should only be used when consciousness has returned.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Miller's Worm Powders cure all ailments of children like magic.

Her First.

Adalbert—And so I am the first man that you have ever kissed?

Guinevere—Yes, Adalbert; the others all took the initiative.

Prepared for It.

Mrs. Brooks—Weren't you surprised to see your husband coming out of a saloon?

Mrs. Banks—No; I was prepared for it; I saw him go in.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

Christ's Problem.

How to make others serve us and lift us up is our problem. Christ's problem was how to get down and lift others up, to help them.

DOINGS OF THE WEEK

ITEMS OF INTEREST FROM AROUND THE WORLD

Pruned, Punctuated and Preserved in Pithy Paragraphs for the Perusal of Practical People — Personal, Political and Profitable.

THE AGRICULTURAL WORLD.

Already about one-tenth of the wheat crop in the Geneva, N.Y., section of the State has been destroyed by the work of the Hessian fly, one of the worst wheat-destroying insects known.

From information gathered throughout Nebraska, Iowa, northern Kansas, northern Missouri and northeastern Colorado, the indications are that winter wheat has suffered from winter-kill enough to affect the yield at least one-half.

CRIME AND CRIMINALS.

The Winnipeg French teacher, Pierre Lardon, guilty of attempted indecent assault, was given 25 lashes on Saturday.

Frederick Joyce was sent to Kingston Penitentiary on Friday from Toronto for three years for stealing $63 from the pocket of William Summerfeldt at the Woodbine.

A farmer named Wells became insane near Thurntown, Ind., on Thursday and threw four of his boys into a well, and then attempted to drown himself in the river. He was rescued and arrested. Two of the boys are dead.

RAILROAD RUMBLINGS.

Grand Trunk Railways earnings: May 31, 1898, $586,132; May 31, 1899, $686,985; increase, $100,853.

Canadian Pacific Railway earnings: May 31, 1899, $771,000; May 31, 1898, $710,000; increase, $61,000.

Sir Charles Rivers-Wilson, president of the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada, and Moreton Frewen, have sailed for Canada.

The C.P.R. is reported to be cutting the wages of the laborers and wipers and replacing English and Canadians with Galicians and Doukhobors. There is, according to the Edmonton, Man., papers, intense feeling against further foreign immigration.

THE FIRE RECORD.

Fire at Huntsville consumed the planing factory owned by D. McCaffrey. Loss about $2,000.

Archie McNair's saw mill at Hastings, B.C., caught fire Friday afternoon. The mill, dry kiln and several small buildings were consumed. Loss about $30,000. Two C.P.R. freight cars loaded with lumber were also consumed.

Jacob Smith's barn at Queensville, Ont., was struck by lightning and totally destroyed on Sunday. The contents, consisting of 800 bushels of oats, 1,000 bushels of wheat and a clover mill, with five horses and two cows, were burned to a cinder.

FOR MEN OF WAR.

A despatch from Manila to Madrid announces that General Rios, with the remainder of the Spanish troops, has sailed for Spain.

The Petit Republique has a report that Lieut.-Col. Du Paty de Clam, who was arrested and sent to the Cherche Midi prison on Thursday night, has attempted to commit suicide in prison.

The decoration of the Ridgeway soldiers' monument in Queen's Park, Toronto, on Friday was a very stirring and patriotic ceremony, in which the school children took a prominent part.

Japan is much aroused over the report from Shanghai that 13 Japanese spies had been captured by Russians at a place called Tosang, presumably on Liaotung Peninsula. Particulars of the affair were meagre, but it is understood that the men were executed in a fortress without a trial.

A decided hot wave struck London early Sunday morning, after a heavy thundershower. The temperature at noon registered over 90 in the shade, and had not decreased to any extent up to 7 p.m. The volunteers in camp at Carling's Heights passed a decidedly uncomfortable day and quite a few prostrations from the heat were reported.

CASUALTIES.

On Thursday morning Mr. J. Stewart Miller, employed in the Montreal Customs House, fell into the canal and was drowned.

A boy named Ernest Gilbert of Colby's Bay was kicked in the head by a horse which he was driving to pasture. His recovery is doubtful.

The Italian steamer Minerva foundered between Malta and Gibraltar on June 1, and her crew is missing. Her master and second engineer were saved.

On Thursday afternoon Loretto, aged 6 years, twin daughter of Dr. Lanthier, dentist, fell over the cliff from the ramparts opposite Laval University into the rear of Sault au Matelot street, Quebec, some 75 or 80 feet. The unfortunate girl lived but a couple of hours.

A young man named Laderout was drowned on Thursday at the Cascades in the Schyan River. He was working on one of Mr. J. R. Booth's (Ottawa) drives and fell into the river. The body has not yet been found. He was 25 years of age and came from Westmeath, Ont.

Soldiers flagged a G.T.R. train from Hamilton on Saturday at Long Branch rifle range. The engineer so promptly responded that the passengers felt unpleasantly the sudden jolt, and John Cruso, teller of the St. Lawrence branch of the Dominion Bank in Toronto, jumped out from the rear end of the fifth car. He alighted on some railroad ties, and broke both bones of his left leg below the knee. He is also suffering from shock.

UNCLASSIFIED.

The Legislature tour to Algoma has been arranged to leave Toronto on June 16.

The New York publishing houses of Harper & Bros. and the R. S. McClure Company have formed an alliance.

High Lights.

A woman is never afraid to marry a man who likes cats.

Mediocrity can talk, but it takes genius to get listened to.

He who reads can't always run; the book frequently puts him to sleep.

When a woman can make pretty gestures she knows she doesn't need to have much sense.

When a man has a tooth pulled he feels lonesome until his wife has coaxed him to say that it really did hurt.

A man convinced against his will only shuts up until he can get another man to talk to.

It is wonderful what a poor boy can accomplish when he has a rich father to fall back on.

The only true humorist is the unconscious humorist; he never laughs and doesn't get any pay.

Many men get famous by merely writing the things other people could have written if they had only thought of them.

They Wake the Torpid Energies.—Machinery not properly supervised and left to run itself, very soon shows fault in its working. It is the same with the digestive organs. Unregulated from time to time they are likely to become torpid and throw the whole system out of gear. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills were made to meet such cases. They restore to the full the flagging faculties, and bring into order all parts of the mechanism.

Arabian Horses in Battle.

Arabian horses manifest remarkable courage in battle. It is said that when a horse of this breed finds himself wounded, and perceives that he will not be able to bear his rider much longer he quickly retires from the conflict, bearing his master to a place of safety while he has still sufficient strength. But if, on the other hand, the rider is wounded and falls to the ground, the faithful animal remains beside him, unmindful of danger, neighing until assistance is brought.

The Coughing and wheezing of persons troubled with bronchitis or the asthma is excessively harassing to themselves and annoying to others. Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil obviates all this entirely, safely and speedily, and is a benign remedy for lameness, sores, injuries, piles, kidney and spinal troubles.

Absolutely Useless.

The Old One—My boy, now that you are starting out, remember there are two kinds of women in the world to avoid—the married and the unmarried.

The Young One—How about the widows, governor?

The Old One—Don't try. It would be useless.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

What He Really Said.

"And you say the idiot of a teacher told you that you had an extravagant fool of a father?"

"That's what he means."

"But what did he say?"

"He said it was criminal folly to waste money on the education of such a chump as I am."

Miller's Worm Powders are a wonderful medicine for the ailments of children.

His Unfair Trick.

Claribel—You told me you were never going to write to young Hankinson again.

Angie—He's written me a dozen letters I haven't answered, but in his last one he left a page out, and I had to write and ask him what it was about.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

The Savage Bachelor.

"Persons who stammer," said the pseudo-scientific bachelor, "do so because they think faster than they can talk."

"Is that the reason," asked the savage bachelor, "that we so seldom meet a woman who stammers?"

Quite Natural.

Bill—That fellow looks terribly twisted.

Jill—It's no wonder.

"Why?"

"Because I hear his wife turns him around her little finger."

DEAR SIRS,—Within the past year I know of three fatty tumors on the head having been removed by the application of MINARD'S LINIMENT without any surgical operation and there is no indication of a return.

CAPT. W. A. PITT
Clinton, N.B., Dondola Ferry.

Quite Proper.

Of every hundred Portuguese peasants only 20 can read and write.

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The best made. Send for Catalogue.
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BINDER TWINE AND ROPE.
ONTARIO BINDER TWINE CO., 113 Union Station Arcade, Toronto.

Short Of Hotel Butter.

Put about six ounces of nice butter on a plate; mix well with a little chopped parsley, pepper and salt and juice of half a lemon.

Pre-Eminent.

"Ma, I am at the head of my class."

"How's that, Dick?

"Teacher says I'm the worst of all the bad boys in school."

My daughter has improved so much that you would hardly know her—Miller's Compound Iron Pills did it.

Shut It.

When through the gates of Paradise
He goes to bliss for evermore,
And leaves behind all earthly sins,
I'll bet he does not close the door.

A Draw.

Tommy—Who is the lightweight champion, pa?

Pa—H'm, it's a draw between the coal man and the ice man, my son.

"You say the popular Miss Smith can play the piano. I never heard her."

"That's just the point. She can, but she doesn't."

Brantford STEEL TOWERS AND WINDMILLS
We also make Steel Flag Staffs, Grain Grinders, Iron and Wood Pumps, Saw Supplies.
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Fights off the hot sun, preserves the house, beautifies it as well, and gives satisfaction if you use
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YOU'LL NEVER HAVE TO WALK HOME.
THE GENDRON M'F'G CO. LIMITED
Toronto, Ont.

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Full strength: over 75 lbs. breaking strain. Full length: 60 feet to the pound. Full weight: 8 lbs. to each bale. No clogging in the binder—compactly wound; made entirely of pure Manila Hemp without adulterant of any kind, absolutely the best ever offered the Canadian farmer. 80 lbs. NATIONAL BINDER TWINE FOR $11 CASH with any one of the following valuable and useful
PREMIUM:
14-Karat GOLD-PLATED WATCH, stem-winding and stem-setting, guaranteed reliable time-keeper—lady's or gentleman's size—maker's guarantee with each watch.
SOLID GOLD RING set with genuine Garnet and Opal gems—stamped and warranted—with maker's Trade Mark and guarantee.
MUSICAL CLOCK, glass sides, in Nickel Silver and Gilt—a handsome ornament and accurate time-piece.
A never ending pleasure in the home.
HOW IT IS DONE: The National Farmers Co. sells direct to practical farmers, cuts out the jobbers, leaves no profits to middlemen or agents, does business only for cash, makes no losses—Every dollar does its full duty. We have a lot of NATIONAL BINDER TWINE on hand—so much that the bank rate of interest until after harvest, on the money locked up, will amount to many thousand dollars. We want to save that interest and give it to the farmer in return for cash. That is where the premium comes in.
This Company reserves the right to refund your money if the price of Hemp and Twine goes up or other supplies go down before shipment. Manila Hemp comes from the Philippine Islands. ORDER AT ONCE and make certain of your season's supply before Hemp advances.
Remit money to us by Express Money Order, Express Order or Registered Letter. Write your name plainly, give your post office address and also the railway station to which we are to ship the Twine. We will pay freight on the Twine from TORONTO, we send you the premium prepaid by mail or express from Toronto. Observe above directions carefully as we cannot make any mistake in forwarding your goods. Say whether you want a Gentleman's or a Lady's Watch, a Musical Clock or a Ring—if the latter, send a piece of string or paper size required.
Address all letters and make all remittances payable to
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Enquirers are referred to any Mercantile Agency and to the Editor of this paper as to our responsibility.

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I am a member of the newly established STANDARD MINING EXCHANGE and have some attractive Gold, Silver and Copper stocks on hand. I deal in British Columbia, Ontario and Republic issues. My favorites just now are Morrison, Winnipeg, Noble Five, Derby (copper), Golden Star, Republic, Lone Pine, Princess Maud, Reindeer and Jumbo. I have recent information relative to the best Republic properties.
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GOLD PLATED. Cut this out and send it to us with your name and address, and we will forward this watch to you by express for examination. It is a snap-lock and hood dust-proof case, stem wind and set, gold plated, handsomely engraved. It looks like a solid gold watch, is fitted with a Jewelled American Model Movement that we warrant to give good satisfaction, and at least the watch for trading purposes. If after careful examination you find this watch to be exactly as represented, pay the express agent $2.95 and charges, and it is yours.
Boys' 15
Terry Watch Co., Toronto, Ont.

WOMAN AGAINST WOMAN.

BY MRS. M. E. HOLMES.

Roy Darrell was kneeling by the body of his dead friend; and the girl who had promised to become his wife, pushed bravely on—on to face the long dreary road with all its dark night terrors; on to face the wrath of her aunt; on to sit and watch till morning came, bringing work for her slender hand and gentle heart in its golden sunbeam.

CHAPTER II.

"Valerie, you will not leave me, dear?"

The question was put in a loving, tender tone.

Valerie Ross turned her proud, imperious head. She was standing at one of the windows in the lofty morning-room of Darrell Castle.

An old lady was seated at the table, glittering with silver and costly china for the early meal; her hair was white, her face gentle, yet proud; she smiled as she met Valerie's dark eyes.

"I shall be so lonely," she continued.

"Then I will remain, dear Lady Darrell. To tell you the truth, I was beginning to fear I had extended my visit too long, and that you were tired of me."

Valerie bent and put her warm red lips to the white hand.

"It is dull here, I fear, Valerie," Lady Darrell said after a pause; "especially these two next days while Roy and Eustace are away, but they will soon pass."

Valerie's face had flushed crimson; now it was very white as she said, simply:

"I am perfectly happy; I want no one but you."

Lady Darrell patted the soft coils of hair that crowned the girl's head. It was glorious hair, of a warm, ruddy brown shade, that matched her eyes almost in color.

The skin was exquisitely fair, tinted with a delicate warmth of rose on the cheeks, and rivalling the fairest marble by its purity.

"You flatter me, Valerie; but now to breakfast. I hope, during the day, to have some line from Roy, and I hope also that by this time they have settled their little quarrel. Do you know, Valerie, this is the first time that I can ever recollect a coldness between Roy and Eustace, their friendship has been beautiful in its strength and warmth."

Valerie rose from her knees abruptly; her back was towards her hostess.

"Does Captain Rivers stay with his mother?" she asked, speaking in a hard, dry tone.

Lady Darrell did not seem to notice it; she laughed slightly.

"Well, no, dear; I cannot say that he does see much of her. Roy will have him here. Eustace, of course, has to leave us frequently to join his regiment at the different towns in which it is garrisoned, but beyond that, this is his home."

Valerie drew a sharp breath.

"I often laugh at Roy, and tell him one of these days Eustace will marry, and then they must be separated; but Roy does not seem to think Eustace will ever take a wife, nor do I for the matter of that."

"Why?" asked Miss Rose quietly, taking her place at the table."

"Well, because he is too selfish. Understand me, my dear. I am fond of Eustace Rivers. His father was my cousin and friend, and I cherish the son for his sake, apart from his own. But a man to marry must give up so much, and Eustace will give up nothing."

She was opening her letters as she spoke, and did not see the look of pain that crept over her guest's beautiful face.

"Ah, here is a letter from Lord William; he is coming down to-day. I must telegraph to Roy at once. How tiresome! What induced them to go to Westley? I cannot understand it at all."

"Lord Roy said something about new harness for your ponies," observed Miss Rose, pouring some chocolate into a priceless china cup.

"Ah," smiled Lady Darrell, "then I see what it is. Roy has made that an excuse for cementing the friendship afresh. He thinks no one knows any thing about horses but Eustace."

"Are you not jealous of this great affection?" asked Valerie suddenly.

Lady Darrell's face grew grave.

"Roy is so precious to me, you know, Valerie. I might be jealous, dear, if I did not love him so much; to see—to know he is happy is to me the height of all earthly bliss."

"Oh, that I had had you for my mother!" cried the girl; involuntarily her pale, beautiful head was bent.

Lady Darrell rose softly and kissed the young face.

"Look on me as such, dear Valerie," she whispered; "who knows, perhaps—"

Her sentence was not finished, for the door was opened, and the butler advanced into the room.

"My lady'there's a park-keeper in the servant's-hall begging to see you. We've told him it is impossible; but he will not go."

Lady Darrell seated herself at the table again.

"A park-keeper, Chelmick!" she repeated. "What can he want?"

"I don't know, your ladyship; but he'll tell none of us anything—only asks to see you, my lady."

Miss Rose looked at her hostess, who smiled.

"Some begging petition, I suppose. Well, Chelmick, I will break through my rules for once, and see the man. Perhaps," continued Lady Darrell as the butler withdrew, "poor fellow, he has got into trouble of some sort."

"He evidently knows where to apply for consolation," remarked Miss Ross.

In a few seconds the butler returned, and ushered in a man dressed in the ordinary fustian worn by keepers, a look of trouble on his honest, comely face.

"Ah, Miles, so you want to see me? Well, speak out, I am quite ready."

The man hesitated.

"I beg pardon, my lady, but if I can speak to you alone——"

Valerie rose.

"I will go into the next room," she said, and swept away.

"Now, Miles," said Lady Darrell quietly, though a vague sense of coming ill seemed to have fallen on her.

"My lady, I have bad news to tell you. I came straight to you, for I thought it best."

"Go on," said the lady quickly, as he hesitated.

"My lady, this morning on my way through the woods, I found—I found Captain Rivers lying on the ground; at first I thought him asleep, but on moving his body I found his dead!"

A broken sob came from the next room, it fell unheeded on Lady Darrell's ears; she had risen and was grasping her chair with her slender white hands for support.

"Dead," she repeated blankly; "Eustace Rivers dead!"

"There had evidently been a scuffle; it was out of the ordinary path, on the way to Madman's Drift. Poor Captain Rivers must have been stabbed, for there is blood about; but though I searched everywhere, I found no weapon—only a basket containing broken eggs, which must have been dropped by some market man or woman in their fright, and—and this."

Lady Darrell looked up. Her eyes, distraught with anguish, fell on a silver cigar-case with delicate initials and crest engraved on it.

"That!" she murmured hoarsely.

"I brought it straight to you, my lady," the parkkeeper said gently, laying it down. "I know it as belonging to his lordship; it must have fallen from Captain Rivers's pocket as he sank down to the ground."

There was a moment's silence.

"What have you—you done?" whispered Lady Darrell, still standing motionless.

"I have carried the body to my hut—you know I live quite alone my lady—and I came to you to know what I had better do next."

"Saddle a horse and ride to Nestley. You must fetch the police. We must find the murderer."

The words dropped like agony from the white lips.

"Shall I summon Lord Roy?" said Miles eagerly, seeing the agitation on the worn face opposite. "I would not go to him first, for I know how much he loved Captain Rivers, and knew the blow would fall so heavily. Forgive me, my lady; you are always so brave! I forgot you were a woman. I ought to have gone to his lordship."

"The blow has fallen heavily indeed," whispered the white lips; then rousing herself with an effort, Lady Darrell passed her handkerchief over her face.

"You are right, Miles, to come to me, and I thank you with all my heart. I—I will tell Lord Roy."

She put out one of her slender hands, and the keeper took it within his own brown, hard ones with reverence and awe.

"We must act now, not think," went on Lady Darrell hurriedly. "Yes, the police must come, nothing can be done till then. Go, Miles, at once. Send Chelmick to me. I must break the news to the household. What have you done with the basket you found."

"It is at my cottage, my lady."

"Good, leave it there. Wait an instant; I will write a note."

She moved to the bell and rang it, then stood with her hands locked together as silent as a marble statue till the butler came.

Miles gazed at her in admiration. He knew what an agony of shame and pain she was enduring, but there was no sign came from the lips, no womanly weakness was betrayed in face or limb.

As the butler entered, Lady Darrell in brief, quiet words, told of the discovery of Captain Rivers's dead body, and the supposed murder; then, as the old servant withdrew in fear and horror she wrote a few lines on a card and handed it to Miles.

"To the police station, Nestley; go at once."

Miles bowed and withdrew; as he went the door of the inner room opened, and Valerie Ross came out. Her hair was pushed from her brows, her face ghastly white, a fixed look of anguish in her glorious eyes.

Lady Darrell advanced to meet her.

"Ah, my poor child," she murmured, "you have heard—you have heard all?"

"All?" repeated Valerie blankly, "Is it true?" she asked after a moment's pause. "Is it true? Is he dead—murdered?"

"He is dead," answered the older woman almost mechanically. "Yes."

"And you can stand there so calm! Oh, Eustace—Eustace; gone, my—"

Valerie threw her hands up to her face, swayed to and fro for an instant, then she lay stretched prostrate on the floor.

With the same set face, Lady Darrell bent over the inanimate girl, and pressed her cold lips to the senseless ones; then ringing the bell again, she directed the servants to carry the still form to her room.

"Leave me alone," she said as they went through the door—"quite alone."

She stood silent as the small cortege disappeared, then her calmness went. Lady Darrell flung herself down on her knees and gave way to her feelings.

"They went away together," she whispered, a crimson wave of color dyeing her gentle face—"together in anger; now Eustace lies dead, and Roy, my angel, my prince, my son Roy! No. Oh, God, keep the thought from my mind, or I shall go mad! Let me think clearly. They were angry; they may have parted friends. Eustace may have met his death alone. Oh, God, pray that it may be so! Roy, my darling, my precious Roy, can there be blood on your hands, on your soul! Oh, what sin have we done that this awful curse should come? It is too much—too much!"

The agony of her thoughts overpowered her. Lady Darrell sank forward on to the chair, and buried her face in her hands.

A few seconds after the door was opened, a figure entered. In two strides Roy Darrell was beside his mother, had lifted her to her feet, and clasped her to his heart.

"Roy!" she gasped, fearfully. "Thank God! And yet, oh, my son, my son!"

"Mother," said the young man, "you know all. Hear me now, though I may never prove it. I know, I feel, I swear I am innocent of this crime!"

CHAPTER III.

"Answer me at once—at once, do you hear! Tell me what took you creeping out of the house at day-break, and why you were home so late last night."

"Let her be, Martha," grumbled Farmer Brown, who was trying to spell through the newspaper, after eating a hearty mid-day meal.

"I shall not let her be," retorted the angry woman. "She shall know who's mistress here, I can tell her. Taking advantage of my being wanted at Mrs. Dixon's farm last night, she must needs go trolloping about till any hour. I don't believe she went nigh the castle, Answer me! What kept you so late, and what took you to the town this morning, sneaking out when we were fast asleep?"

"I cannot tell you, Aunt Martha," the girl answered quietly—not sullenly, but firmly.

"Cannot tell me, indeed, you hussy! Well, we'll see whether I can make you. Do you think me and your uncle have got nothing to do but keep you in shoe leather—a great, idle, good-for-nothing girl that eats us out of house and home?"

Alice was silent, while her uncle stirred uneasily in his hair.

"There, Martha—that'ull do."

"No, it won't. I mean to make her tell me all. Where were you last night and this morning, where is the basket, and what message did Mrs. Grey send?"

"I cannot answer," said Alice, again very quietly.

"Then I'll make you!" cried Mrs. Brown furiously, taking up a farmer's whip that hung on a nail.

"Martha!" exclaimed her husband.

"Let her strike me, uncle," said the girl with flashing eyes. "If she does I will appeal to the Castle for protection."

Something in Alice's look checked the angry woman. She dropped her hand.

"The Castle?" she muttered sullenly. "A fine thing——"

A loud knocking at the door interrupted her words. She stared for an instant, while Alice grew cold and still. She knew the summons was come for her.

Mrs. Brown flung open the door, then courtesied respectfully as she saw before her, on horseback, the chief magistrate of the neighborhood, and three or four policemen.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Brown," said the magistrate, Sir Robert Carlyle. "I wish to ask you a few questions. Sergeant, hand Mrs. Brown the basket. Mrs. Brown, does that belong to you?"

Mrs. Brown took it, and recognized it at once as the one she had filled with eggs the night before.

"Yes, your honor," she said with another courtesy. "It is mine, but," glancing around rather fearfully at the policeman, "may I ask——"

"When did you see that basket last?" enquired Sir Robert.

"Last night, your honor. I packed it with eggs for Mrs. Grey, at the Castle, and gave it to our Alice to carry."

The farmer had risen, and was starting at the proceedings in alarm.

"Where is Alice?" enquired the magistrate next.

"Just behind. Here, Alice, you're wanted. Now, you'll find, miss," in a low whisper to the girl, "what it is to be rude to me; your punishment's come."

Alice took no notice. She moved forward into the doorway.

"What is your name?" asked Sir Robert.

"Margaret Dornton, sir, but I am always called Alice.

"Then, Miss Dornton, please will you answer me this question? Were you carrying that basket through the woods to the Castle last night?"

Alice looked at him straight.

"Yes, sir, I was," she answered.

"Then you must accompany me, please, at once to the Castle; you will be wanted."

Alice tied on her cotton sun-bonnet without another word, while her aunt stared, silent through amazement; at last she found her tongue:

"What has Alice done? Tell me, your honor. Is she going to be punished for——"

"There is an inquest up at the Castle, Mrs. Brown. Captain Rivers was murdered in the woods last night, and Miss Dornton is chief witness against the suspected murderer, Lord Roy Darrell."

"Mercy sakes!" ejaculated Mrs. Brown, as Alice walked quietly down the courtyard into the village fly that was waiting.

The girl sat back in her corner very quiet and silent. she was bowled along the wide country lane that led by the longest route to the Castle.

She was thinking, wondering if she still dreamt, whether the horrors of the past night, the strange, hurried marriage of the morning, the knowledge that she was no longer a free, lonely maiden, but a wedded wife, were after all but visions that would float away in mist.

She had had a great strain put on her young mind during the last few hours, but she was strong, firm to herself, knowing that she had done all she could, that a man's life had been in her hands, and she had saved him.

She had Roy Darrell's image always before her, careworn, haggard, his handsome face lined with agony; she could still see the look of gratitude that lived in his eyes as they separated this morning in the early sunshine, man and wife.

A strange sense of gladness was creeping into her heart, amid all the horror and fear that had nearly frozen it—a sense of happiness that she was linked to this man, that she had served him well.

The fly drove up to a side-door of the Castle, and Alice, dismounting, was led by the housekeeper to an empty sitting-room off the servant's quarters.

Here she was left without a word, Sir Robert Carlyle had forbidden anyone to speak to her.

The moments passed, and then she was summoned to leave the room.

She walked down many passages, ignorant of all she passed—of the beauty of the walls, of the grandeur of the house, ignorant of all but that the moment had come when she must act.

She was led into a large apartment as in a dream she saw Roy Darrell standing alone, one hand leaning on a chair, behind him three or four policemen.

At the table was seated Sir Robert Carlyle, one or two other gentlemen and Miles, the keeper, had evidently just given his evidence.

"Margaret Dornton," said Sir Robert Carlyle, speaking distinctly, "approach. Do not be frightened. Have you ever seen that gentleman before?"

Alice turned her eyes toward the silent form.

"Yes," she said, faintly yet clearly.

"Who is it?"

"Lord Roy Darrell; and—and my husband."

The clear tones rang through the still room like a bell.

The pen dropped from Sir Robert Carlyle's hand; he rose to his feet.

"Your husband!" he repeated blankly.

"Lord Roy, is this true?"

Roy met his glance full.

"It is quite true," he said.

"But since when has this marriage taken place?"

"We were married this morning, at Nestley, by the registrar."

"Good Heavens"

Sir Robert took out his handkerchief and wiped his brow, then he waved the policemen away. The other gentlemen had risen, and were whispering together.

Sir Robert advanced to the young

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Mother and Son at the Zoo.

I once watched a monkey, which had a baby in arms, being fed with grapes. The young one was most anxious to have a grape, but his mother, being either too selfish to allow him to share her treat or afraid the fruit might not be good for her son's juvenile digestive organs, would not allow him to have any and boxed his ears soundly for being rude enough to attempt to take a grape out of her mouth. The keeper in charge said she did not "spare the rod and spoil the child" when he became "obstreperous."

As his parent would not give him any fruit, the little fellow endeavored to obtain some on his own account and several times escaped from her arms and began to climb the wire netting in the front of his cage, but was promptly hauled back by the tail. At length he managed to get free, and, running up to the top of his cage, put one hand through the meshes of the galvanized wire and pleaded eloquently with his upturned dark little eyes for a "taster," while his mother actually bit herself in sheer rage over naughty boy's bad behavior.—Cassell's "Little Folks."

The Courage to Burn.

M. Jules Claretie is responsible for this story of Erckmann and Chatrian. Those who have studied the works of these men in the original can appreciate how conscientious they were. In the height of their popularity they agreed to supply the Journal des Débats with a romance. It is said that the skeleton of the story always came from one and the giving of flesh to it from the other. When the work was concluded, the joint authors sat in judgment over it and read it all over.

"What do you think of it?" asked one of them.

"It is very bad," said the other.

"Then let us make a good fire with it," and so page by page the manuscript was burned in a stove. The Debats had to wait. In time, however, a fine novel was sent to the paper, and the fame of Erckmann and Chatrian increased.

Prettiest Part of the Language.

Papa—So Emily stands at the head of her class in French?

Mamma—Yes. She and another girl were exactly even in the written examinations, but it was decided that Emily shrugged her shoulders more correctly like the French.—Tit-Bits.

NOT IN STOCK.

And Probably Not to Be Found Anywhere Else.

Fair Customer—I live in the suburbs and I want a watchdog.

Dealer—Yes, mum.

"But, of course, I don't want one that will keep us awake all night barking at nothing."

"No, mum."

"He must be big and strong and fierce, you know."

"Yes, mum."

"Yet as gentle as a lamb with us, you know."

"Yes, mum."

"And he must pounce on every brutal tramp that comes along and drive him off."

"Yes, mum."

"But he mustn't interfere with any poor but honest man looking for work."

"No, mum."

"If a burglar comes prowling around at night, the dog should make mince meat of him in an instant."

"Yes, mum."

"But he mustn't attack a neighbor who drops in for an evening call."

"No, mum."

"And of course he mustn't molest people who come hurrying in at all hours of the night to call my husband. He's a doctor, you know."

"No, mum. I see what you want. You want a mind reader dog."

"Yes, I suppose so. Can you send me one?"

"Very sorry, mum, but I'm just out of that kind."

Meets All Demands.

Emily—Why are you waving your handkerchief?

Angelina—Since papa has forbidden Tom the house we have arranged a code of signals.

Emily—What is it?

Angelina—When he waves his handkerchief five times, that means, "Do you love me?" And when I wave in reply it means, "Yes, darling!"

Emily—And how do you ask other questions?

Angelina—We don't. That's the whole code.—Tit-Bits.

Justice is Freaky.

"A Kentucky paper came out some time ago and said it had found the meanest man in the nation."

"Yes?"

"It said he lived in a certain section of the state, and a man at once got up and said he was the fellow."

"That was funny!"

"Oh, I don't know about that. He sued the paper and got $500 damages."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Overexerting Himself.

"Of course," said Mr. Meekton's wife, "a man and his wife are one."

"Not in our case, Henrietta," he answered with superabundant politeness. "In our case a man and his wife are at least eight and a half. I'm the half."

Applic Philosophy.

"Well," said the philosopher, "we must take thing as they come."

"I don't know about that," replied the sneak thief. "In my profession you've got to take whatever happens to be lying around loose."—New York Journal.

A Deduction.

"Hello!" exclaimed the man who poses as a great reasoner. "Aguinaldo has a sore throat."

"I didn't see that in the paper."

"No, but it says all is quiet in the Philippines."

A Load Off His Mind.

Mrs. Honkley (severely)—It's not necessary for me to ask where you were and what you were doing last night.

Mr. Honkley (brightening)—I'm glad of that, for I couldn't do it to save myself.

A Soul's Bitterness.

**"I hate you!" he declared bitterly, "and yet I must take you