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THE ADVANCE.

FLESHERTON, ONT.

Why?

Why isn't a wrinkle a nick of time?
Why isn't a pony of brandy a fiery steed?
Why are beads of perspiration the jewels of toil?
Why does a lawsuit invariably wear out at the pockets first?
Why does a man like to be mistaken for mere than he really is?
Why are the affairs of others always so interesting to most people?
Why shouldn't a wheel-barrow come under the head of garden truck?
Why isn't it superstitious to pick up pins at the end of a bowling alley?
Why would the average man rather be charged with malice than with making a blunder?
Why does the man who reiterates with emphasis that he will never do a thing always do it if you give him time enough?

A Sure Cure for Headache.—Billous headache to which women are more subject than men, becomes so acute in some subjects that they are utterly prostrated. The stomach refuses food, and there is a constant and distressing effort to free the stomach from bile which has become unduly secreted there. Parmelees Vegetable Pills are a speedy alterative, and in neutralizing the effects of the intruding bile relieves the pressure on the nerves which cause the headache. Try them.

When children are pale, peevish and restless at night they require a dose or two of Miller's Worm Powders. They are pleasant to take; no physic required.

Counsel and Client.

Any one can sit on a jury, but it takes a lawyer to sit on a witness.

It is announced that Hetty Green's spring suit cost $500. It was a lawsuit.

The manly art of self-defence consists largely these days of an insanity plea.

A legal light, who has won several umbrellas on slot machine play, justifies his hazard by pleading that he is laying up something for a rainy day.

"Your friend has a wonderful memory." "Marvelous." "Never fails him." "I don't know about that. I never saw him on the witness stand."

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

Only Religious Daily Paper.

Canada claims to have what is believed to be the only religious daily paper in the world. The Montreal Daily Witness has been in existence more than 30 years, and in its pages no advertisements have ever been inserted of theaters, public houses, or tobacco manufacturers, nor is general printing accepted for these trades. No dramatic criticisms ever appear, racing results have no place, and prize fights never find mention in its pages. There is no Sunday edition. The price of the Witness is one cent, and it consists of 12 to 14 pages, the Saturday issue having sometimes 22 pages.

MILLER'S COMPOUND IRON PILLS increase the power of assimilation, thus increasing weight and strength.

What Has Saved England.

In 1848, when every throne on the continent was either seriously shaken or overturned, the queen of England could walk and drive about as usual. M. Guizot, the French statesman of that era, said to Lord Shaftesbury: "I will tell you what has saved your empire. It was not your police, it was not your army, it was not your statesmen; it was the deep, solemn, religious atmosphere that is breathed over the whole people of England."

A Short Road to health was opened to those suffering from chronic coughs, asthma, bronchitis, catarrh, lumbago, tumors, rheumatism, excoriated nipples or inflamed breast, and kidney complaints, by the introduction of the inexpensive and effective remedy, Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil.

Range of the Human Voice.

The range of the human voice is quite astonishing. There are about nine perfect tones, but 17,592,186,044,515 different sounds; thus, 14 direct muscles, alone or together, produce 16,383 sounds; 30 direct muscles produce 173,741,823, and all in cooperation produce the number named, and these independently of different degrees of intensity and of the indefinable something called expression.

New life for a quarter. Miller's Compound Iron Pills.

Tight Lacing in Saxony.

Saxony's minister of education has issued a decree that all young girls attending public schools and colleges shall abandon the use of corsets and stays. It is alleged that girls of ten and twelve years were addicted to tight lacing.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

No Light Drinker.

Mudge—Yes, I do take a few drinks of an evening, but none during the day. I am no daylight drinker.

Yabsley—No one ever accused you of being any kind of a light drinker.

"Miss Flo, are you fond of clams?" In dulcet tones asked he.
The maid looked at him coyly, and "This is so sudden!" said she.

No worm medicine acts so nicely as Miller's Worm Powders; no physic required.

Snodgrass—The world has a place for everybody.

Micawber—Yes; the only trouble is, there's generally somebody else in it.

RIOTING IN LONDON.

STREET RAILWAY STRIKE REACHES A CLIMAX.

A Company From the Royal Canadian Regiment Called Out on Saturday Night—Revolvers Used—Several Cars Wrecked—Several Persons Injured.

London, Ont., July 10.—An acute stage of the Street Railway strike here was reached Saturday afternoon. At noon Saturday it was rumored around the city that the non-union employes of the company were dissatisfied with their wages, and would run their cars into the barns at 2 o'clock. In consequence of this report, a crowd of from 500 to 1,000 people gathered at the corner of Dundas and Lyle streets to watch developments. A squad of police was on hand, and these, aided by the company's special detectives, kept the crowd in motion, and there was no disturbance of any sort. At 2.40 the cars started to run into the barns, and it was evident to the crowd of onlookers that the "scabs" had gone on strike. Each car, as it rounded the corner and made for the barns, was loudly cheered.

But a few minutes later, when it was discovered that there had been a misunderstanding, and the cars started to run out again, the cheers were turned to groans and hisses, but no attempt was made to obstruct the cars, until Conductor Fitzsimmons, as his car rounded the corner on Dundas, drew a revolver and levelled it at the jeering mob. This action so incensed the mob that before he had time to make any use of the weapon he was lying a writhing heap upon the road, his head a mass of blood, the result of a dozen or so well-aimed stones.

The trouble might have ended here had not the company's "specials" and the non-union employes foolishly tried to intimidate the mob with pistols, one of the men going so far as to fire three shots, which fortunately were harmless, into the crowd. This action so infuriated the sympathizers that the police were powerless and the company's men were so roughly handled that one of them, Fred. Crystall, was thought for some time to be dead.

Fourteen cars which made their appearance in this section of the city were more or less wrecked.

Several cars reached the barns safely, but the crowd began to swell, and riot soon reigned again, and each car was greeted with a volley of stones and eggs. About this time No. 96 came along at a rapid rate. When it reached Adelaide street the stones and eggs started to fly from all directions. When it drew near Lyle street, missiles came so thick and fast that the motorman left his post and covered down under the seats. He did not reverse the motor, and a switch turning into the barns was closed, the car shot past and went east in the direction of the Fair Grounds. On arriving at the loop the motorman and conductor jumped from the car and ran through the Fair Grounds and escaped.

The next car to arrive in the East End was No. 86, which also overran the switch for a short distance. It was also bombarded with eggs and stones. Motorman Rigney was struck with several missiles. His nose and two ribs of his ribs were broken and his cheek was cut open and he suffered several scalp wounds. He was taken into the car barns, where Dr. Drake dressed his wounds. Rigney is now in the hospital.

Conductor Crittle of the same car took refuge under a seat, and, pulling a revolver, fired three shots at random. The police took his weapon from him. In the meantime Motorman Nielson and Conductor Juke, two of the strikers, volunteered to run the car into the barn. Juke climbed on the roof and held the trolley pole until the car reached the barn. Both men were loudly cheered.

The actual violence was done by a small proportion of the crowd, the great majority being merely passive spectators, several of whom were hit by flying stones. The antipathy of the unruly element was directed against the cars and their crews, but the police were let severely alone. The bluecoats made no arrests, but were busy taking names.

At about 9.30 p.m. Mayor Wilson, after many threats, read the Riot Act twice at the corner of Dundas and Richmond, but the mob refused to disperse, and the police were powerless in their efforts to control them.

Thomas Smallman, one of the directors of the company, had a close shave from being roughly handled when crossing from the company's office to the police station, and it was only with drawn revolvers the crowd was kept at bay.

At about 1 a.m. after most of the crowd had dispersed, Mayor Wilson sent a request to Wolseley Barracks for a company of soldiers. Thirty-two men, under command of Col. Buchan, Major Dennison, Lieut. Layborn and Lieut. Burnham, marched with fixed bayonets down to the corner of Dundas and Richmond streets. Mayor Wilson placed himself at the head of the militia. Sheriff Cameron, who had been sent for, read the Riot Act for the third time.

The police with drawn batons cleared the streets of the few hundred boys and youths who remained and without further difficulty the soldiers escorted the cars to the barns.

Colonel Holmes yesterday ordered detachments from the battalions at Galt, Guelph, Woodstock and Windsor, in all about 200 men, to report, equipped for active service, in this city this morning.

The First Hussars have also been ordered to report for duty at 8 a.m. this morning.

The Mayor says that these steps have been taken to prevent any further rioting and that the city will remain under martial law until perfect order is restored.

A warrant, based upon a complaint sworn to by the representative of a New York newspaper, was issued yesterday for the arrest of President M. Cannon of the Salt Lake District of the Mormon Church, charging him with polygamy.

Atmospheric Humidity.

The wet-bulb thermometer, for determining moisture in the air, is made and used as follows: Provide two thermometers and tie a bit of the thinnest muslin neatly around the bulb of one of these and keep it soaked with water. Lift this thermometer out of the water, and whirl it briskly through the air for two minutes, if the air is very dry, and for three or four minutes if the air is very moist. Read it quickly, and it gives the temperature of a thin layer of water evaporated under the influence of the wind produced by the whirling. The dewpoint of the air in which the thermometer is whirled is about as far below the wet-bulb as this is below the temperature of the dry-bulb similarly whirled and read rapidly. The two thermometers may be hung side by side on a short piece of string for convenience; and this is then called the "sling psychrometer."—Monthly Weather Review.

The World's 860 Languages.

Statistics gathered by a French geologist show that 860 different languages are used in the world now and that these are subdivided into 5,300 dialects. Europe has 89 languages; Africa, 114; Asia, 123; and America, 417. The remaining 117 belong to the large and small islands of the world, particularly of the Pacific seas. Many of those islands have their own distinctive language, although they are close to others in many instances.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars free.

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

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

What Makes a Man.

The longer I live the more certain I am that the great difference between men, the great and the insignificant, is energy—invincible determination—an honest purpose once fixed—and then the victory. That quality will do anything that can be done in the world; and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunity, will make a two-legged creature without it.

To Those of Sedentary Occupation.—Men who follow sedentary occupations, which deprive them of fresh air and exercise, are more prone to disorders of the liver and kidneys than those who lead active, outdoor lives. The former will find in Parmelee's Vegetable Pills a restorative without question the most efficacious on the market. They are easily procurable, easily taken, act expeditiously, and they are surprisingly cheap considering their excellence.

Special Rates.

"Do you make special rates to bridal parties?" asked the innocent-looking bridegroom.

"Yes," replied the honest hotel clerk. "We always charge 'em double rates.'

A Safer Method.

Biggs—There goes a man who has made a snug little fortune on the race track.

Boggs—Knows how to pick winners, eh?

Biggs—No, he used to run a peanut and lemonade stand.

If the children require physic none acts so nice as Miller's Worm Powders; very pleasant to take.

Painful Recollections.

Mrs. Slimdiet—You don't seem to like rice very well, Mr. Peck.

Henry Peck—It is associated with one of the most distressing mistakes I ever was guilty of.

Worms derange the whole system. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator destroys worms, and gives rest to the sufferer. It only costs 25 cents to try it and be convinced.

Anyone Ought to Know.

Mistress (to Norah)—What must be the condition of a person to be buried in consecrated ground?

Norah (in great surprise)—Dead, mum!

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

Before Election.

First Politician—The other side has more boodle than we have.

Second Politician—Yes; I think they'll carry the county by $40,000 majority.

Our Domestics.

Mistress—You have no young man, I hope?

Maid—Oh, no, ma'am; he's 50 if he's a day.

I was CURED of Bronchitis and Asthma by MINARD'S LINIMENT. MRS. A. LIVINGSTONE
Lot 5, P.E.I.

I was CURED of a severe attack of Rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT. JOHN MADER.
Mahone Bay

I was CURED of a severely sprained leg by MINARD'S LINIMENT. JOSHUA WYNACHT.
Bridgewater.

Nothing Worth Saving.

If the various powers get all they want in China the New York Press declares the emperor might as well throw away the key to the "open door."

The world is mine! And how, you ask,
Can such a wonder be?
I've won a little maiden, and
She's all the world to me.

FOR City Streets or Country Roads the GENDRON is without a peer. Light, Easy Running, Always Reliable. THE GENDRON M'F'G CO. LIMITED Toronto, Ont.

J. J. Vipond & Co., FRUIT AND PRODUCE COMMISSION MERCHANTS, MONTREAL. Correspondence Solicited. Advances Made on Consignments.

A Translation.

"I was almost electrocuted," said the modest Boston girl.

"Meaning that you were badly shocked at the vulgar display?" queried the one from New York.

"Yes."

Mental and physical activity are produced by Miller's Compound Iron Pills.

And Belonged to Her Father.

Hewitt—Do you like pointed toed shoes?
Jewett—Not when they are pointed toward me.

A new back for 50 cents. Miller's Kidney Pills and Plaster.

Proverbs That Contradict.

"A stitch in time saves nine," and "It's never too late to mend."

"There's honor among thieves," and "Set a thief to catch a thief."

"Out of sight, out of mind," and "Absence makes the heart grow fonder."

"A rolling stone gathers no moss," and "A settling hen gathers no feathers."

"Discretion is the better part of valor," and "Nothing venture, nothing win."

"Marry in haste and repent at leisure," and "Happy is the wooing that's not long a-doing."

"The man who is his own lawyer has a fool for a client," and "If you want a thing done well, do it yourself."

$2.95 GOLD PLATED. Cut this out to us with your name and address and we will forward this watch to you by express for examination. It is a snap-back and bezel dust-proof open face, stem winder and set, gold plated, handsomely engraved, and we guarantee this watch to stand with a gold watch. Stand with a jeweled American Model movement and we warrant it give good satisfaction, and is just the watch for trading purposes. If after careful examination you find this watch is as exactly as represented, pay the express agent $2.95 and charges, and it is yours. Box 15 Terry Watch Co., Toronto, Ont.

PAINT Fights off the hot sun, preserves the house, beautifies it as well, and gives satisfaction if you use Ramsay's HOUSE PAINT BARN PAINT ROOF PAINT. All dealers have it. Ask for card or send to us and we will tell you where to get it. A. RAMSAY & SON, PAINT MAKERS, Montreal.

T. N. U. 227

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Woman against Woman

By Mary E. Holmes

Alice listened to Frank Meredith's easy chatter quietly. She agreed with him in his estimate of the spot. Never had she seen so weird and strange a place, and as they came in full sight of the ruins she could not repress a shudder which the young man noticed.

"Yes: is it not dismal? It looks like a great, grey ghost. I really don't think I should care to venture into its gloomy vaults, even in broad daylight."

"Who owns it?" asked Alice suddenly.

"My friends did tell me, but I have forgotten. I will ask them again when I go home. Now, Miss Alice, shall I leave you here alone, or will my presence annoy you if I remain?"

"Oh, stay, please," cried Alice, her nerves unstrung still by the terrible strain put on them at the time of Eustace Rivers' murder; "perhaps they will not be alone."

"I wonder if I shall see you again," said Frank Meredith, after a pause while he stroked the horse's neck; "I am staying here another fortnight."

"You may, perhaps," answered Alice; she was drawn towards the young man by his frank ways.

He seemed little more than a boy to her, though he numbered over twenty years.

"It seems a strange thing to say," went on the young man quickly, "but if you ever want me to do anything for you, if I can, I will."

Alice blushed a little, then paled.

"Why do you say this?" she asked hurriedly.

"I cannot say. I only know I would give all I have to help you in your trouble. You don't look happy. I should like to help you."

Alice hesitated, then held out her hand.

"You shall," she said simply; "I have not one friend in the whole world. You shall be the first."

"Oh, thank you!" he cried. "If you want me, write to me there or there; be sure if I can I will always come," handing her two cards.

Alice took them silently. Some curious intuition seemed to come over her that she should need his aid, but she said nothing, and the next instant the sound of voices came to their ears, and the earl, Valerie and Lord Radine appeared before them.

"What a fright you have given us, Lady Darrell!" exclaimed the latter as he rode quickly up.

Frank Meredith drew back.

Lady Darrell! This young lovely girl who had just accepted his friendship! Could it be true? he thought.

"We thought you were lost, my Lady Alice," observed Valerie with a drawl, glancing at her young rival with an expression that said: "We wished it, too."

"How did you miss us?" asked Roy coldly of his wife. "You have come much the longest way round."

"I enjoyed my ride," Alice replied, quietly and coldly, too.

"I am so sorry you did not see me beckon," continued Lord Radine. "But now let us explore the ruins."

"By all means," cried Valerie. Then in a lower tone: "Who is this gentleman?"

"This is Mr. Meredith, who was kind enough to show me my way, Lord Darrell," explained Alice quietly.

The earl spoke a few cold words of thanks to the young man; then, with an expressive glance at Alice, Frank Meredith bowed and took his leave, still plunged in amazement, yet strangely pleased to think he was her friend.

"A very pretty boy!" exclaimed Valerie. "Don't you think so, my Lady Alice?"

"He looks good and honest," Alice replied, speaking her thoughts.

Lord Radine looked sulky, and Valerie observed once more, in alarm, that Roy was gazing at his wife with an expression of strange interest.

Could it be possible he was beginning to admire her, after all?

She must work this away, at all hazards.

"Now for the ruins! Roy give me your hand."

The earl was beside her instantly, and she jumped to the ground. Lord Radine got on his hand to help Alice.

"I don't think I will come," she said drawing back.

"What, Lady Alice afraid!" observed Valerie with a sneer.

"If you are nervous! remain out in the air, by all means," said Roy almost contemptuously.

When he was not looking at Alice, he forgot her charms, and only remembered her as the blot on his life.

"I will stay with you," whispered Lord Radine.

"No, I will go," Alice said firmly, her face growing white beneath Valerie's sneers. "I am only tired, not frightened."

She slipped from her horse, and gathering her habit in her hand, hurried after the others.

Lord Radine tied the reins of the four horses to a stout branch and followed her.

At first Alice could see nothing, as she crept through the damp, mouldy ruins of what had once been noble halls, but the forms of those two on ahead so lost in one another's presence, but as they penetrated into the gloomy vaults, her strange sense of fear returned, and she shuddered again and again. But for her pride she would have turned back and fled into the open air, but Valerie's taunting voice came to her ears.

They climbed up the broken fragment of stone steps to what had been a tower, Roy tenderly helping Valerie over the rough stones

Lord Radine went first up the steps, then bent to give his hand to Alice, when, glancing round nervously, she she thought she saw something glittering from a dark corner beneath an ancient archway.

She checked the cry that rose to her lips, and glanced again; this time she saw plainly the something that glittered were two dark eyes set in a pale, grim face.

She drew her hand swiftly from Lord Radine's hold.

"I can go no farther; I am tired," she said hurriedly, and turning, she fled white and trembling back to the entrance

"My Lady Alice is frightened after all," sneered Valerie with a short laugh.

Roy glanced at his wife's pale face contemptuously, then turned a look of love and admiration on the proud, beautiful woman beside him.

Lord Radine hurried up to Alice.

"You are looking quite startled and ill, Lady Darrell," he said in consternation. "What was it—did you see a ghost?"

"Yes, I saw a ghost," Alice answered faintly.

She did not add that the ghost was a man of flesh and blood, with an ugly scar across his face; she was silent beneath Valerie's scoffs and cruel sneers, forbearing to answer them as she might have done, for in that ghost in the dark corner she had recognized Valerie's disgraced and hated brother, Paul Ross.

CHAPTER VII.

The riding-party reached the Castle in time for a late lunch. Alice was lifted from her horse, and still white looking and nervous, gathered her habit in her hand and turned towards the staircase and her own apartments.

The glimpse she had caught of Paul Ross' sinister face filled her with a vague sense of alarm.

What was Valerie's brother doing in the Abbey ruins. Why was he lurking in dark corners?

It was a problem too difficult for the young girl to solve; she stood before her dressing-table and read the cards Frank Meredith had given her, mentally determining to keep them safe, for once again that strange sensation came over her that she might need him.

Then his offer of friendship, sudden and unorthodox as it was, had been like a ray of sunshine on her dark life.

She was so terribly alone—no relations or kinsmen near to hold out their hands to her, a wife hated by her husband, a girl loathed by her husband's love, Valerie Ross.

She took off her habit, and putting on a loose, flowing gown of soft white material, sat down by her fire to rest and think, holding the cards in her hand.

Her head ached with the multitude of sorrows and vague troubles she had to bear, so taking out the pins, she let the great masses of golden hair slip from their knots and fall in glorious waves over her shoulders almost to her feet.

She was trying to make some plans for her future life. She was so young—as yet but eighteen years had passed over her head, but she was brave. She saw what her lot must be in this great Castle—a countess, yet an outcast, and she determined to leave it to seek the world—to be lost to Roy Darrell for ever, and thus free him from his hateful bondage. She had no one to whom she could go. Farmer Brown and his wife had left England for America, sent by the earl's gold, and Alice had known no other family but them.

But despite the difficulties she was determined; life in a garret would be better than this state of gilded contempt and ill-disguised hatred.

While she was sitting musing she heard steps come along the corridor and pause at the door of her boudoir. In another moment a tap came to the bedroom door, and in answer to her summons the handle was turned, and someone came in.

"Is that you, Davis?" said Alice, wearily waking from her miserable thoughts. "I do not want you. I shall not dress to-night. I am too tired."

There was a strange silence; then rising, and looking round, Alice perceived a man's form behind her—the man of whom she had been thinking—her husband, the earl.

She blushed, and uttered a slight exclamation; while she slipped the cards unconsciously into her pocket.

Roy was gazing at her in speechless admiration, even though his heart was bitter towards her. Never had he seen a more lovely vision than the shrinking girlish form in the white gown and cloud of golden hair.

"I must apologise," he said hastily, breaking the silence, "for my intrusion, but I wished to speak to you very particularly.

"Yes," answered Alice, growing more composed and calling her pride to her help.

"I found on my return from our ride that the people around have determined to present an address of condolence and congratulation to me to-night. My mother, in my absence, took upon herself the duties of the countess, and organized at once a large dinner, to which the principal people will be invited. It was necessary to do so, but she entrusted me with her apologies to you for taking your duties on her responsibility, as I present them to you now."

Alice's head dropped; to her sensitive ear this speech ran with bitter sarcasm. She answered very low and coldly, after a moment's pause:

"Lady Darrell need not have offered me any apology. She must know how much she is in this house, and how little I am——"

Roy interrupted her angrily:

"Do you wish me to send my mother away that you say such things?"

"Send your mother away!" repeated Alice quickly. "You misunderstand me, quite; if anyone leaves the Castle it should be I."

"You are my wife," the earl said frigidly, thinking in his heart that Alice was about to reproach him; "do not forget that."

"I do not," the girl replied proudly and coldly. "Have you anything further you wish to say?"

"Only that I desire you to be present at this dinner. You must now take upon yourself the duties of the Countess of Darrell. This dinner is the beginning. Many of the people, I dare say, you may have seen when—" he stopped and bit his lip as he recalled her humble origin—"before you were my wife. Treat them easily and courteously. If—if there is anything you wish to know, let me advise you to consult Miss Ross. She will be able to——"

"I refuse to consult Miss Ross."

The earl gazed at his young wife in stern amazement; her lovely face was set and cold, her figure was drawn up to its full height, defiance was in every graceful line of it.

"I do not understand you. I suggest this, not only for the sake of yourself, but for the sake of my name and my family."

"He fears I shall disgrace him, and he despises me," thought Alice to herself; aloud she said slowly: "I will remember, my lord; your name and family shall be respected as of old. Have no fear."

Roy could not repress a feeling of genuine admiration at her proud courage; but the next instant it died down, and he only remembered her as the bar to his happiness.

"Please meet me in the large drawing-room at seven this evening," he said coldly. "We must stand together and receive the people."

Then with a low bow he turned away, and Alice was alone once more.

Her face burned with shame and pain. Would he never treat her with aught but contempt?

His presence brought her such an agony of humiliation as almost to banish the thrill of gladness that, do what she could, would steal into her heart when near him.

Yes, now more than ever she was determined it must end.

She would seek another life, and, perhaps, in the future have contentment and peace, if not happiness.

Davis came in after a while, and was full of the grand preparations for the dinner that were in progress.

"All the grand folk for miles round are coming, my lady," she declared. "Lady Darrell sent messengers on horseback to all the houses, and they were delighted to come. You see there's been so much excitement about the Castle lately first poor Captain Rivers being murdered, and then the earl marrying, and of course all the folk want to see what his bride is like, as of course——"

"I understand, Davis," Alice said gently, as the woman stopped, covered with confusion, "they want to see how Farmer Brown's niece plays the countess. It is natural."

"Oh, my lady, forgive me, but I can't help it. You ain't anything but a countess, I'll swear. There must be some mistake about it. You ain't like farmer-folks are; you are a lady born—I am sure on it—we all say so."

Alice's face flushed.

"A lady born!" she said to herself. "Oh, if that could only be true—that I might be his equal, what happiness it would be! No, Davis," she answered aloud: "it is but too true. I am the countess now, but I was Farmer Brown's niece, and people won't forget it."

"They'll call you a queen when they see you to-night," Davis cried enthusiastically.

She was draping the dinner-gown as she spoke. Alice for once determined to shine. She chose a most beautiful robe of gleaming white satin; in this, fitting her graceful rounded form to perfection, she scarcely knew herself as she glanced in the mirror.

Her glorious golden hair was gathered in one great knot at the back of her head, her delicate throat and neck rose from the soft lace-like marble in their purity. She drew on a pair of long white gloves, and then prepared to descend, when a tap came to the door and a footman stood disclosed, bearing a case and a message from the Dowager Lady Darrell, begging her son's wife to don the Darrell diamonds tonight, and to keep them in the future.

Alice waited till the man had gone, then hesitated.

Should she wear these gems!

What right had she, the low-born girl, to put them on—jewels that a race of patrician woman had worn for years?

Davis unlocked the case, and drew out the glittering ornaments with slight shrieks of admiration.

"Oh, my lady, you must put them on!" she cried excitedly.

Alice hesitated no longer.

She was the earl's wife, and true mistress of all he owned.

A something thrilled through her as the maid clasped the magnificent necklace round her throat—a feeling that the maid's words had been true—that she had the right to wear old honored jewels, not as his wife only, but through her birth.

Davis placed the diadem on the wavy, golden locks, clasped the gleaming bracelets on the rounded arms, then stood and looked at her mistress in silence.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

M. PAUL DESCHANEL.

The New Academician Is One of France's Foremost Politicians.

M. Paul Eugene Louis Deschanel, who has just been made a member of the French Academy, is one of the foremost politicians of France. Last year he was elected the president of the Chamber of Deputies. His father was Emile Deschanel, an eminent Senator and professor of literature. M. Paul, who is 43 years old, was graduated in the arts and in law when he was 20, and spent his probationary period at the Ministry of the Interior

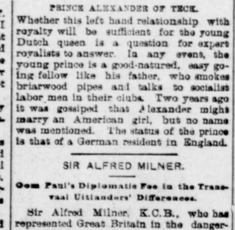
M. PAUL DESCHANEL.

under De Marcere and Jules Simon. His first administrative position was that of subprefect of Dreux. He occupied also the subprefecture of Meaux until 1881, and in that year he resigned to become a candidate for Parliament. In his first election he was defeated by the Radical candidate, but had his revenge four years later, when he was elected to represent the constituency of the Eure et Loire. Deschanel is the youngest president of the Chamber, with one exception—that of the distinguished Gambetta. His oratory has all the fire of youth, but is polished and lofty. His grace of appearance and manner is proverbial. His published works on political topics are valuable and voluminous.

PRINCE ALEXANDER.

The Scion of the House of Teck Who May Marry Queen Wilhelmina.

Prince Alexander George of Teck, who, as rumor has it, may become Prince Consort to the young Queen of Holland, is a son of the famous Duke of Teck, and a brother-in-law to Prince George of Wales, the future King of England. Alexander is not a royal prince, but only a "serenity," or what Thackeray calls a "transparency." His father is a German "Durlauchs," but his mother is the sister of the Duke of Cambridge, who thus connects Alexander with the royal family.



PRINCE ALEXANDER OF TECK.

Whether this left hand relationship with royalty will be sufficient for the young Dutch queen is a question for expert royalists to answer. In any event, the young prince is a good-natured, easy going fellow like his father, who smokes briarwood pipes and talks to socialist labor men in their clubs. Two years ago it was gossiped that Alexander might marry an American girl, but no name was mentioned. The status of the prince is that of a German resident in England.

SIR ALFRED MILNER.

Oom Paul's Diplomatic Foe in the Transvaal Uitlanders' Differences.

Sir Alfred Milner, K.C.B., who has represented Great Britain in the dangerous negotiations with President Kruger of the Transvaal, is the Governor of Cape Colony and high commissioner for South Africa. He was appointed to this position in 1897 in place of Lord Rosmead, and has given every satisfaction to his Government. Sir Alfred, although an Englishman of the purest type, was born in

SIR ALFRED MILNER.

Wurtemburg, in Germany, where his father was a physician. He was educated in Germany and at Oxford, studied law, and was called to the Inner Temple in 1881. From law he went into journalism, and then got into Parliament, where his talents at once distinguished him and secured his future. He occupied a number of positions in the Government. He is only 46 years old.

THE PERFECT BRUTE.

How He Wriggled Out of It When His Wife Caught Him Fibbing.

"I have a very simple scheme for wriggling out of trouble when my wife catches me in a fib," said a perfect brute to several congenial companions. "On such occasions it is a great mistake for a man to attempt any explanation. The thing to do is merely to assume an air of injured innocence. That attitude will puzzle a woman and shake her confidence in your guilt. She will begin unconsciously to cast about for some explanation, some theory, some clew to the mystery, and when she finds one, no matter how preposterous, she will be so pleased by her own cleverness that it is easy to persuade her to accept it out of hand. You see, I have reduced the thing to a science. To illustrate:

"I told my wife not long ago that I would be detained over my books until past midnight. After I left, some neighbors, confounded 'em, invited her to the theater, and during the last act she saw me, of course, with some of the boys in the parquette. When I got home, there was an explosion. I said nothing. I simply looked at her, sadly, wistfully, reproachfully. Next day there was another explosion. I resumed my tactics.

"That evening she said, 'Look here, Charley, I want you to tell me whether you really went to the theater to see Colonel Hawkins.'

"Then I remembered suddenly that Hawkins was seated at my left, and also that she knew I had been trying to close a large sized business deal with him. In the goodness of her heart the dear girl had arrived at the conclusion that I must have gone to the show to clinch that contract. I smiled wanly. 'I would have thought, Mary,' I replied with great gentleness, 'that something of the kind might have suggested itself to you before.'

"That was enough. She wept copiously. I was not a monster. I was a martyr. Eventually I forgave her upon her solemn promise never again to suspect me of an untruth. So you see how it is. If I had tried to explain, I would doubtless have made a mess of it and planted lasting seeds of distrust. As it turned out, the episode redounds to my credit. It's a great thing to have brains, boys, when you're dealing with women."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A PERFECT VIOLIN.

It Is Said That Such an Instrument Does Not Exist.

"After studying the art for 25 years and spending several thousand dollars in foreign travel to complete this investigation," an experienced musician said to me recently, "the fact confronts me, as well as the musical world, that there is not on earth today a perfect violin. Most of the old Cremonas extant I have tested, but as these have all had to be repaired in modern times, the attempt to bring them up to modern pitch requirements they have necessarily all been thrown out of the acoustic proportion and adjustment originally designed by their makers, and so are, consequently, imperfect makeshifts. Most of these have beautiful tone quality, but they are weak.

"As the violin is considered the foundation of all instrumental structure, I put forth the plea that some concerted action should be taken by those interested to perfect the violin. In doing this all instruments played with the bow will, of necessity, be improved, as their fundamental principles are identical.

"The first step in the solution of this problem is to abandon all the misinformation contained in the books on violin making, and also the advice of the violin makers and repairers, for these men all follow the books; consequently not one violin worthy the name has been or ever will be made by them so long as these errors are persisted in.

"Two hundred years of their gross stupidity in thus blindly following these delusions, with no results whatever, should be enough to prove the truth of my position. I take this decided stand only in the hope of advancing the art of music, and consequently the interests of thousands of musical artists, some of whom are obscure and needy only because they can get no instrument capable of exhibiting their skill.

"I am not content to accept an Amati, a Stradivarius or a Guarnerius as the highest standard possible. I want something better than was ever produced in the workshops of Cremona, and I know that concerted intelligence can produce it."

The Trouble With the Watch.

"I wish you would tell me what is the matter with this watch," said the customer, passing it over the counter.

"It stops occasionally, and you have to shake it hard to make it go, don't you?" inquired the jeweler after he had examined the timepiece with the aid of an eyeglass.

"Yes."

"Sometimes you have to open it and start the balance wheel with a toothpick or something of that kind?"

"Yes."

"Perhaps you don't blow blow through the works to get the dust out as often as you should."

"I've done that dozens of times, and it doesn't seem to do any good."

"Well, what really ails the watch is that it has a darned fool for an owner," said the jeweler.

This, however, was the remark he made to himself. What he said to the customer was that it needed about $5 worth of repairs

Ruins His Dignity.

Mrs. Stiles—I shall never invite Mr. Funniman to dinner again.

Mr. Stiles—Why not? He is a very entertaining chap.

Mrs. Stiles—That's just it. He tells such funny stories that he makes the butler laugh.—Harper's Bazar.

Costa Rica means the rich coast, and in most respects it is rich, particularly in the snake family, the most deadly of which is the deadly culebra de sangre (or blood snake).