

LIKE AND UNLIKE.

By M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "WYLLARD'S WEIRD," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XII.—(CONTINUED.)

Helen, the die is cast, and we must make the best of fate," said Constance. "Adrian is gone, and if we ask him to come back he would not do so," he exclaimed.

"I am not so sure," said Helen. "I have no doubt, that his presence would have been an embarrassment to you and Valentine. He leaves you mistress of your own life. And now I think, to be married, the sooner you and Valentine are married, and the more quietly business is done the better. But the thing is to obtain your father's consent."

"I will be dreadfully angry," said Helen, "with a shiver of apprehension. She sat crouching at Lady Belfield's feet, and when she had ceased, but her whole attitude expressed the depth of self-abasement. She is a man of the world, and we can only expect him to be pleased."

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would only lead to an elopement and a clandestine marriage. "My younger son may not be a good match," she said, quietly, after that interval of thought, "but he will not be penniless. He will inherit my fortune."

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"You must be so glad," said Matilda. "But I am not at all glad. I am very fond of Helen, and I am pleased to have her for my daughter upon any terms, but I had much rather she had proved true to her first love."

"She is very sweet," murmured Matilda, perceiving that it would not do to depreciate Lady Belfield's daughter-in-law, "but I cannot think, from what I have seen of her, that she has much strength of character."

"I know more of girls and their dispositions than you do, Mr. Belfield, and I believe this one is no common girl."

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WORLD NEWS... Friedrich's Alzheim... Condition... April 21.—The Emperor... on industriously exercising... during the past week... taking long walks over... and will return to the... ay much improved in... however, been able to... ing, of which she is p...

at this point, "to menahun de factat dat I ar in receipt of a letter dat I can't just make out. It reads as follows : (CONFIDENTIAL.) BALTIMORE, April 1, 1888. Brother Gardner : Dear Sir—I shall leave here on or about April 10th for Detroit, where I propose to open a "bank," and the object of this letter is to secure your co-operation. I have been engaged in the business for a number of years and feel assured that, with my long experience and knowledge of the business, I can offer you and the club a "system" that will command your confidence and support. By this "system," which is the result of years of constant study and practice, a carefully conducted "bank" will easily earn 200 per cent. per annum upon its capital stock. It will be necessary to have some well-known and reputable citizen act as President to inspire confidence and attract business. You are the man. Will you accept the office? The duties will be nominal and the salary large. A good, strong, sharp man will be required as doorkeeper, or, I should say, janitor. How would Pickles Smith do? Or can you suggest some one else whom you would like to have the position? Give this matter your careful consideration and be prepared to give me a definite answer upon my arrival. Please observe this communication is strictly confidential, and whether you accept or decline, "keep mum." Yours truly, JACK POT LIMIT. "Dar's de letter," said the President, when he had finished reading it, "an' prays some of de members kin explain what it means. Seems to me dat I hev at some time in my life knowed a man named Jack Pot, but dis heah pussen seems to hev dun gone an' got a 'limb' hitched onto his cognomen. If a respectable cull'd pussen an gwine to arrove heah to open a bank I feels dat he order be in-couraged, but dar's sumthin' bout dis letter which strikes me as ambiguerous. I will appint as a Committee of Investigation Col. Piker Johnson, Faro Smith an' Keno Davis, wid instruckhuns to report at dar arliest convenience." HE MAY. The Secretary then read the following : BARON ROTZEL, LA. Bro. Gardner : DEAR SIR—At a recent meeting of the Little Hatchet Club, of this town, you were elected (without a dissenting voice) an honorary member of our club, with the rank of "Broad-Ax." Our object is the economical use of the truth, and our motto is contained in that beautiful line of Horace (not Greeley) : "Non Tristis hanc Lias accipit hoc." Freely translated, it means : "Never waste truth when a lie will fit better." Our seal is a little hatchet, regardant with a cherry tree couchant. Given under my hand and seal this 25th day of March, A. D., 1888. Yours fraternally, H. RONALDSON President, F. A. (Foot Adze). B. F. TISDALE, Secretary, C. C. (Cold Chisel). "I ar' not quite c'lar on dis letter, either," replied the President. "I reckon I shall kerry it home wid me to-night an' try an' arrove at de facts in de case, an' if it ar' all right I shall accept de honor. Let us now formulate homeward." Some Underground Wonders. At Kirknitz, in the Austrian Alps, there is an intermittent lake that is a basin which at one season of the year is filled with water, at another is dried up and cultivated by the farmers of the neighborhood. The imperial forester has just examined the construction of that basin, and found in one part of it an immense cave called Karlova, which, when the surface of the water in the basin has reached a certain height, begins soaking up the water until the basin is empty. This cave leads to a long series of underground lakes, all connected with one another by a continuous current. The forester navigated the first five of them. Immense fields of sand and gravel accumulate, and alternately stop the current or are carried off by it. The roof of the caves in which this system of waters is located, at many places comes down very low, almost touching the water, and in such places the moving gravel beds frequently close the passage and cause the waters to rise in the higher cave. The forester, with three companions, was in one of the lakes when the entrance was suddenly blocked by a mass of rubbish tumbling down from the roof. For more than eight hours they worked as hard as they could until they succeeded in opening a passage by the side of the main entrance, which was happily still found dry, and they were enabled to reach the surface unharmed. But their boat and tools were left behind, and will be recovered again after the water shall have subsided.—[Ex. They Ought to Cry Quits. Whatever the upshot of the conferences between the Italian and Abyssinian forces, the most sensible course for both sides is to make peace. The extreme caution which they have both observed now for three months is a clear indication that each understands the elements of the other's strength as well as of his weakness. Gen. San Marzano has struggled part way up the heights that lead from the coast of the table land of Abyssinia, but has been obliged to draw back at each forward movement of King John, and undoubtedly the fear of a flank attack from the north has caused his main force to be not much further inland than Saati. The campaigning season is nearly past and the unhealthy season is at hand. King John, on his part, finds the Italians unable to confront him on ground of his choosing, but is himself hampered by a lack of supplies and by the fresh defection of his chronically rebellious tribes. He has found the Italians heavily reinforced; so repeating his blow of last year is no easy matter, especially on the plain at the foot of the heights. The best thing the opposing forces could do would be to come to an amicable understanding. A King on the Voters' List. The King of Holland is regularly enrolled as a parliamentary elector, standing on the printed list as follows :—"No. 4,609. Name—Of the Low Countries. Christian name—William III. Alexander Paul Frederick Louis. Occupation—King. Residence—Noorddeinde, 68. Taxation—679fl. 17c."—[Ex.