By M. E. BRADDON.

AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDILEY'S SECRET, WYLLARD'S WEIRD, ETC., ETC.

Mrs. Baddeley stayed with her father ill

after the trial, and did all in her power to support his spirits through that terrible time between the discovery of the body and the conviction of the criminal. Lord St. Austell went back to London immediately after Valentine's confession. He felt that there was no more for him to do. His murdered love was avenged. His identity with the dead woman's lover was never revealed by any of the witnesses -nor had Valentine mentioned his name. Yet St. Austell knew that there were very few people in England who would not come to know that he was the man who had brought about this evil.

So far as it was in his nature to feel sorry for any sin of his life, he was sorry for the sin that had brought Helen Belfield to an untimely grave. Yet, even while remorse was still new and keer, he was capable of arguing with himself that the husband was by far the greater sinner: first for neglecting his wife, and then for killing her.

CHAPTER XLIX .- A LAST APPEAL.

Colonel Deverill started for Marseilles directly after thetrial, escorting Leo and the poodle as far as London, on his way. From Marseilles he meant to cross to Ajaccia, and spend the next two or three months in Corsica. It was an out of the way Island, where he might get a little sport, and where he was not likely to meet many of his English acquaintances.

Leonora Baddeley was deeply shocked by fond of you." the events of the last three months, and even India was on his homeward way did not suffice to restore her spirits. Everything in her on capitally." life was at sixes and sevens; her creditors impatient; Beeching inclined to be objectionable; and the poodle's domestic comfort hardly compatible with a husband in residence, masmuch as he always required the most luxurious easy chair in any room he occupied, and could not sleep anywhere except on the fur rug by his mistress's bed, edduty on that small flatin Wilkie Mansions; unless you telegraph other instructions. and Leonora feared that when her kind, good fellow was restored to her one of his first acts of doors.

justified?

kind fellow's regiment had been forgotten by feeble. And now a sterner Captain than the authorities at the war office, and left in any of the officials at the War Office had India for the next ten years.

"They would have liked it," she told herself, and it would have been such a relief to

She parted with her father at Paddington, he having refused to spend a night in London. He was going by the night mail to Paris, and to Marseilles by the next morn ing's express.

I hate London, and England, and every place that can remind me of my poor girl,' he said.

He kissed his daughter in a sad farewell, and Tory stood up on his hind legs and licked the Colonel's face, deeply sympathetic, She had lost no weapon by which such woin the family.

"He's such a clever darling," said Leo, "I'm sure he knows disagreeable lettersbills and lawyers horrid threats in blue envelopes-for he always brings them to me | ner hand. with the air of being sorry for me. When shall I see you again, father?"

"I don't know. I feel utterly beaten. My life has been a failure in most ways, Leo but this last blow has crushed me. I don' feel as if I should ever take any interest in | place of the Baddeleys. No, the Baddeleys life again. I used to regret the passage time; hated the idea of being an old man but now I wish I were twenty years older, with my memory gone, and my senses dim, tottering upon the edge of the grave."

"It has all been very sad for us, but it | was not half so dreadful for her," argued expensive," mused Leonora, "and I am alshe suffered. A few moments of startled Aden, poor dear. There is no help for it." surprise—one swift, strong blow that ended life in a sudden flash, and she was gone. | and to the colonel, whom she knew, giving She died in the zenith of her beauty, adored | them full authority to act. And then she by her lover. It was ever so much better a wrote and sent off an advertisement for the fate than to have gone away with St Austell "Times." "Suddenly, at Aden-&c., &c., and for him to have grown tired of her in deeply regretted," in a thoroughly businesssix months, as he most assuredly would."

sternly. "There is no consolation anyway. fashion, telling herself how good he had al- all-She perished in her youth and beauty with ways been to her, how easy, how indulgent; her mind intent upon sin. She had not a trying to persuade herself that she had been moment for repentance. God be merciful desperately in love with him at the time of to the poor light soul, and let half the burd- her marriage, which she had never been at en of her sin rest on me, because I brought any time : telling herself that she would feel her up so carelessly, and never took pains to his loss immensely. She tried to awaken guide her steps into the right way."

might have done so well if she had only kept | thoughts wandered off to the all engrossing her head."

account of the trial. They had pored over wait no longer for remittances from India. they who had envied her for her beauty and fans, and feathers, and embroidered satin fate. Leo had to endure condolence from to the eye of admiring man. all comers, and to say the same set phrases "They would take you, my dearest treaover and over again. "Yes, it was all too sure, if they could," she cried, hysterically, with a heart—which you had not." dreadful. I believe that wretched man was flinging herself upon the hearth rug and half-n addened. There was always a strain snatching the alarmed Tory to her breast. let it be said Lee hearth rug and were to post back; five and thirty miles by must be mistaken, cook? Did you give him half-n addened. There was always a strain snatching the alarmed Tory to her breast. let it be," said Leo, haughtily. "We can moor and road, with a rest and a change of a plate of it."

time, and fashionable drawing rooms were the first that the property of the letters, from condoling friends the bright with tulips and narcisst, but Mrs. Baddeley went nowhere. She were deepest black, which looked wonderfully well against a tackground of yellow tulips; and she and who is Mrs. Baddeley's husband? And who is Mrs. Baddeley's husband? Stackground of yellow tulips; and she and who now wrote as if they had known that all was over. Of that and which had blasted so fisrcely for a first may rather be said that it had been put down for her, sirce the livery stable keeper of the remarks of the livery stable keeper of the livery stab

CHAPTER XLVIII.-No ALTERNATIVE. | had refused to supply her any longer with horse and man, and held her carriage in pawn while he sued her for his account. She spent her days yawning over the works of Mudie, and playing with Tory, just as she bad done in Devonshire; and she took her constitutional on the Bayswater side of Kensington Gardens early every morning, before the smart people were out. She would not drive anywhere, since there was degradation in the thought of a hired vehicle, while her pretty victoria, with its neat ap pointments, was locked in a mouldy coachhouse under a tyrant's embargo.

ter than anything of the famous Ponsonby's. pected you for keeping me at a distance."

and she was beginning to think about the to feel that her debts would be paid. little dinners she would give him and how

the knowledge that the kind tellow from | ways beats me," answered Beeching, bluntly. Yes. I shall like to come; Frank and I get only buried yesterday.'

> foreign telegram. The page had been sent home to his mother, as an expensive detail | this day six months?" that must needs be suppressed in adversity.

name unknown to Leonora Baddeley. where he made the quiet night musical with | died yesterday evening on board the Metis, | then. his snores. There was not room for a divid- of cerebral apoplexy. Will be buried here

"PHILPOTT, Regimental Surgeon."

The shock was severe, and there were grief. She remembered how recklessly she agitated. And then, little by little, her terrible in had pursued her self-indulgent course, carvolvements would be revealed to him; and ing only for the pleasure of the hour, proud the butcher and the baker, and the man who of her beauty, heedless of her husband's had supplied her with lamps and oil to feed | welfare ; content to lull her conscience with them, would demand their due. How was the belief that to be soldiering under an Inwas she to face those gruesome revelations, dian sky was the best possible tuing for him. how answer to her husband for having She remembered with how little gladness spent four times as much as her position she had anticipated his return, how willing she would have been to leave him in India She could almost have wished that the till his head was gray and his limbs were ordered him to a further shore than the uttermost border of Afghanistan, or the disputed limits of Burmah.

She had sighed over the loss of her independence—had feared to stand before the only man who had a right to interrogate her: and now he was snatched away and she was free—free to make the best of her unfettered life, free in the pride of her beauty, before time had put his withering finger on a single

With that telegram still in her hand she looked at herself in the glass, and told herself that her armoury was in good order. He was so fond of her: and I am like he said, "but at least I shall not be a They were married a few months late, men as she bave power over men.

"If he only cared for me," she said to away." herself, and then she stamped her foot passionately, and crushed the telegram in gram to Lord St. Austell, Park Lane.

Deverill was in Corsica; and she had no come." other near relation. Should she have her poor fellow brought home, to be carried into Gloucestershire, and laid in the buria had never done anything for him since his father's death. He had brothers, some rich, some poor. The poor brothers had sponged upon him when he was in England, the rich brothers had held themselves aloof.

"To bring him home would be dreadfully Leo, philosophically. " Think how little | most penniless. No, he must be buried at

She telegraphed to the regimental doctor, like manner; and then she sat down and within herself all those sentiments which a "It is all too sad," sighed Leo; "she loving wife ought to feel-and then her question of ways and means. Those harpy Mrs. Baddeley had her burden to bear in tradesmen would be more than ever ferothe way of sympathetic speeches and condol- cious now that she was a lonely widow. ing letters from all her particular friends, They would sharpen their claws to assail who had read and doubtless gloated over the her. They would listen to no more excuses, the unfinished letter; they knew all poor They would sweep off her pretty furniture, Helen's weakness, and her intended sin; her bamboo and beads, her Japanese jars, the effect she had made in society, and who portieres; all that bright hued plumage perhaps were secretly rejoiced at her evil which had made her nest so gay and pleasant

pauper-never while I have life."

tomary tributes, when the maid brought her a telegram.

"Major Baddeley was buried at seven o'clock yesterday morning, in the English tiny to be burdened with Beeching. Cemetery: Military honours."

"How nice," sighed Leo; "he could not have had them in Gloucestershire. Buried already! My poor, good-natured lamb. How dreadfully quick.'

She was still studying the telegram—those few words meaning so much-when the electric bell sounded again, and the maid announced Mr. Beeching.

"I see you have had plenty of letters already," he said, glancing at the scattered correspondence on her table. "I wouldn't write. I thought it better to come."

"You are very good," she faltered, giving him her hand meekly, with lowered eyelids, remembering that he was the one man among all her intimates who could help her out of her difficulties if he chose.

"I am not a humbug, Mrs. Baddeley I'm not going to pretend that I'm sorry for Mr. Beeching called upon her, but she said your husband's death. As a man, I liked not a word about the victoria. He had been | the Major very well. He was my very good somewhat sullenly disposed since his bargain friend, and I was his, I hope. But he was with Mrs. Ponsonby and quarrel with St. your husband, and he came between me and Austell. He said that he had found out the the woman I love. Come, Leo, there's no hollowness of friendship. Leo felt that there need to beat about the bush. You have would be no good in mentioning the victoria. held me at arm's length for years, because so she wrapped herself up in the dignity of you were a wife. And though I've felt that her grief, knowing that she looked very hand- I was being fooled-for you've blown hot some in the black gown for which Jay had and cold, don't you know, led me on and not yet been paid, and which fitted her bet. | held me off-yet, dooce take it, I've res-The days were drawing nigh in which she "I always knew you were generous mindmight hourly expect her husbands arrival, ed," said Leo, with a stifled sob, beginning

"You did your uty to your absent hu8" best she might soothe him, and reconcile him band, and I honour you for it," pursued best she might soothe him, and reconcile him band, and I nonour you for it, pursued to Tory's existence and to the burden of her Beeching, admiring the beautiful head with a year, and this happy union was the conparation of Constance Belfield's heart.

| Dand, and I nonour you for it, pursued a year, and this happy union was the conparation of the outer circles of the patented by the Bell Company. "We shall not entertain this season," she long lashes, the perfect figure set off by the told Beeching, "but you must come and dine close-fitting black gown; "but you are a here quietly whenever you can. Frank is so widow now, and you are free to reward my grief. Her son was to be released from they begin to drop Mrs. Beeching. devotion. When will you make me happy, "And of a hand at ecarte, at which he al- Leo? How soon may I call you my wife?" "My dear Beeching, my poor fellow was

"Yes, I know, I am not going to ask you I was the day after this little talk with to marry me to-morrow. There is the world Mr. Beeching, that Leo's maid brought her a to be thought of, I suppose, though I don't care a hang about it. Will you marry me

"Don't ask me anything to-day. I am so The telegram was from Aden, signed by a utterly wretched. I cannot get that poor fellow's image out of my mind. Come to see "Sorry to inform you Major Baddeley me again in a week. I shall be calmer

> Mr. Beeching would fain have persisted, but Mrs. Baddeley was firm, and he She rose from her sofa when he was

of authority might be to turn her poodle out pangs of remorse mingled with the widow's gone, and began to pace the room strangely

"To have lots of money, a house in Park Lane or Grosvenor Place, to give the best parties in London, to have all these people who have just tolerated me, at my feet They all worship money! Yes, that would be something. But then there is Beeching included in the bargain! To pass my whole never spoken. His disease was that slow life with Beeching- to see him every day -- and insidious malady in which the sufferer whither do these attentions and present: not to be able to send him away-to have hopes till the last. He knew that his conhim for my travelling companion wherever I stitution was shattered, but he did not went. Always Beeching; no escape, no variety. That would be terrible. Would or two at most. Grosvenor Place, and a four-in hand and a yacht and stalls for every first night, and as the prison rule allowed, and her presence out: "M-M-M-M-M-M y d-d-d-d-d-d but he everything in the world that I care cheered him like strong wine. He seemed could get no further. The d might have for, counterbalance that one drawback - always at his best when she was there; stood for any number of words, but the

sion she clasped her hands and cried, "Oh, which her lover dwelt so fondly. to spend my life with the man I love, the only man I ever loved! That would be Paradise. There may be a chance even yet.

"Let me ee you here for half an hour on

It was latein the afternoon when St. Austell wasnnonneed. The day was cold

and dull, and in that gray light he looked ill and worn, aged by nearly a decade since last season. He was in mourning, and his closely buttoned frock coat had a severe middle aged air.

"You summoned me, and I have come, he said, coldly touching Leo's offered hand. "I can't conceive why you should want to see me, and I think you ought to know how it distresses me to see you.

"I am sorry for that. I have had startling news, and I could not rest till I told you. St. Austell, I am a free woman. My poor husband is dead. It is no longer a sin for me to talk of the past. Why cannot we both forget the misery of last year? You "Don't talk about it," said the Colone 1 cried. She wept for him honestly, after her girl you tempted. But you may forget

"Never. I have been untrue to other women. I shall be faithful to her until my dying day."

"You think that now, perhaps. You will tell a different story next year." "I will wait for next year, and the heroine of the new story."

"And yet you once pretended to care for me," said Leo trembling with indignation. "It was no pretence. I did care for you many of the sisters were young, all were written. Is it possible, dear that away -very much at that time Only you cared so very well for yourself, you see! You cared so much more for yourself and for your own reputation than you cared for me. Orpheus trod the burning paths of hell in quest of his love. You would not have put your finger in the fire for my sake; and so, finding what you were, a woman of the world, worldly to the core, I fell out of love with you, somehow, just as easily as I had and love which levelled all differences. fallen in love. And then your sister came

"I suppose twins often are a little queer not over wise not their heads," replied one not over wise had the effect she feared, and the lawyers' was the only man whose accents had ever sound of hoofs upon the gravel arms of the dish."

She looked at him piteously, pleadingly, five. They might be expected mementarily. Had the effect she feared, and the lawyers' was the only man whose accents had ever sound of hoofs upon the gravel arms of the lawyers' truly!" in their heads," replied one not over wise had the effect she feared, and the lawyers' letters in a day or two were more peremp. The season was in full progress by this tory than before. There were also a shower on her kness at his feet and black and the mantelshelf?"

The season was in full progress by this tory than before. There were also a shower on her kness at his feet and black and blac The season was in full progress by this tory than before. There were also a shower on her knees at his feet, and kissed the she listened and waited now.

And then after a few trivialities, for St. Austell wishes her good day. There was no help for it. It was her des-

EPILOGUE.

Two years had gone by since that gray March day in which Lady Belfield saw her son led out of the dock as a convicted felon; and she was sitting in her accustomed place by the hearth in that innermost drawing room which was the favourite-the room that held her own particular piano, and all her chosen books. She was sitting in the spring twilight, sad and silent, but not alone in her sadness. A girlish figure sat on the fender stool at her feet, and a month old baby was lying in that girlish lap.

There were two Lady Belfields now in the old Abbey, a mother and a daughter-in-law who never disagreed, for the daughter was waiting for them in the glow of a great to Boston via Springfield, Mass. inst that one woman whom the mother would fire, and where the tea-table great to Boston via Springfield, Mass. just that one woman whom the mother would fire, and where the tea-table was that the problem of long have chosen out of all woman kind for her just the same as in the old days the bows that the problem of long have chosen out of all woman kind for her just the same as in the old days the bows that the problem of long have chosen solved, and

Little by little in the sad slow days after the trial, a new love had grown up in Adrain out the tea: and all tried to be glad been taken the this connection we learn the head come back to them, and it is a line of the same che Belfield's heart, and he had learned to he had come back to them, and all week building a line of the same changes and appreciate Lucy Freemantle's of sadness because they know to building a line of the same changes and appreciate Lucy Freemantle's of sadness because they know to building a line of the same changes and appreciate Lucy Freemantle's of sadness because they know to be glad been building a line of the same changes and appreciate Lucy Freemantle's of sadness because they know to be glad been building a line of the same changes and appreciate Lucy Freemantle's of sadness because they know to be glad been building a line of the same changes and appreciate Lucy Freemantle's of sadness because they know to be glad been building a line of the same changes and appreciate Lucy Freemantle's of sadness because they know to be glad been building a line of the same changes and appreciate Lucy Freemantle's of sadness because they know to be glad been building a line of the same changes and appreciate Lucy Freemantle's of sadness because they know to be glad been building a line of the same changes are the building a line of the same changes and the building a line of the same changes are they know to be glad been building a line of the same changes are the building a line of the same changes are the building a line of the same changes are the building a line of the same changes are the building a line of the same changes are the building a line of the same changes are the building a line of the same changes are the building a line of the same changes are the building a line of the same changes are the building a line of the same changes are the building a line of the same changes are the building a line of the same changes are the building a line of the same changes are the building a line of the same changes are the building a line of the same changes are the building a line of the same changes are the building a line of the same changes are the building a line of the same changes are the building a line of th admire and appreciate Lucy Freemantle's of sadness because they knew he had return tween Toronto, Hamilton, Brazentle character and unpretentions charms. ed only to die, It had come upon him as a revelation that she was lovely, and that strength and nobility of mind where the basis of that gentle womanly character. There was no by three of the potential has been a lovely three is no one in London to gersoll, Woodstock, and London, better known than the beautiful have a large business between a large business between a large business between a large business between a large business of the large large business between a large business of the large large business between a large business of the large large large large large business between a large business between a large nobility of mind where the basis of that Beeching. Her portrait has been put these points a perfect means of captle womanly character. There was no by three of the most famous and put these points a perfect means of the second put these points a perfect means of the second put these points a perfect means of the second put these points a perfect means of the second put these points a perfect means of the second put these points a perfect means of the second put these points a perfect means of the second put these points a perfect means of the second put t gentle womanly character. There was no by three of the most famous academican these points a point and discurbing cloud upon the dawn of this new love. It and has been exhibited for three with these points a point a point and discurbing the cloud upon the dawn of this new love. It and has been exhibited for three with the cloud. The instruments upon the dawn of this new love. cloud upon the dawn of this new love. It and has been exhibited for three consents other lines. The instruments use to him like the slow soft light of a seasons. Her dog Troy is a colob. came to him like the slow soft light of a summer morning, creeping up from the dark cold east, and gradualty, almost imperceptibly filling the world with warmth and people who are struggling to at the use of two complete copper the use of the use of the use of the length of the line. T brightness.

that was but too closely interwoven with altitude upon the social mountain before prison. He was to return to the house in which he was born, his crime expiated, his penance fulfilled; but he was to return only to die. For a long time his health had been broken. His strength had gradually decayed from the beginning of his imprisonment; and he had spent at least a third of his prison life in the infirmary. And now his mother knew that he was given back to her, marked for death.

She had been permitted to see him at stated times. The hard rules of prison discipline had even been relaxed in his favour. She had knelt beside his bed in the big white airy ward, and had talked with him hopefully of the days when he was to be free and restored to her in the home of his fore-

"I shall go back to you an old man, mother," he said, "fit for nothing but to sit by the fire and yawn over a newspaper. shall never hunt fox or stag, hare or otter. I shall never call myself a crack shot again. The springs are broken."

know that his life was a question of a year blush rose to his cheeks. He essayed b

Madge Dawley went to see him as often seemed paralyzed. Then he managed to ge and even the eyes of love were deceived by youn lady, justifiable, perhaps interpreted She walked up and down in silence for the brightness of his looks and the hopeful- it to stand for darling, and the youth's acut a quarter of an hour, thinking intensely. ness of his manner. It was enly when the "I don't think I care much for money, doctor told her the hard bitter truth-one or I should snatch at Beeching," she told lung gone, the other attacked—that she herself, and then in a sudden burst of pas. knew how vain a dream that was upon

future lite together.

"I am a poor feeble creature, Madge," so do I."

her: and he cared for me first. If it is hindrance to your good work. I won't pro- but Mr. Smith has never explained sate. ever so faint a chance, I will not throw it mise to clean the windows, but I can write torily to his friends whether he stuttered your letters and keep your accounts. You into matrimony of his own free will a She sat down at her desk andwrote a tele. must not live at the Forlorn Hope after our against it. marriage; but we can have a snug little villa in the Kilburn-road, and you can She had no one to help her. Colonel particular business. I shall wait till you give twenty-four hours in every week to the good work, as the other sisters do."

She opposed him in nothing, knowing that this dream of his could never be realised. She saw the traces of gradual decay at each new visit, saw that the shadows were deepening and the end drawing nigh. She saw this, and she mourned for him as one dead; but in all her sorrow she persevered bravely with the work which she had begun under such narrow conditions. The Forlorn Hope had prospered. There where three houses now in the dingy street off Lisson Grove, and there were a hundred and thirty-five ladies who each gave four and twenty hours in every week to the task of reclaiming fallen creatures of their own sex. The plan had answered admirably. The sisters did not renounce the world and its affections, its domestic ties, or its social pleasures. They wore no distinctive habit, they affected no ascetiasm beyond a strict economy. They only gave a seventh part of their lives to the task of helpind the wretched; but this much they gave ungrudgingly, and with a regularity which gave way to nothing less than serious indisposition. Any sister who showed herself light-minded and inclined to play fast and loose with her duties, was politely informed that she had no vocation for the work, and was entreated to retire. Frivolity was trip, "some of the letters you wrote me thus eliminated at the outset; and although while you were away were so wretchedly earnest, unflinching workers. Some were from my wifely influence you so far forgot rich and some were poor ; some brought the yourself as tocomforts and graces of life-flowers, and hot-house fruit, and books and music, and etters were probably written on a train run. rare old wines - from their luxurious homes, lining forty miles an hour." to cheer the sick and broken-hearted , some contributed largely to the expenses of the institution; others gave only their time and labour; but there was an equality of zeal

To-day Madge had gone to Dartmoor come and make Johnny let go of the sit with Sir Adrian, to assist in the Dartmoor pudding? We can't get a mouthful; he's upon the scene, younger, fairer, fresher, and with Sir Adrian, to assist in the release of got his arms around it, and—" were to post back : five and thirty will and ma -" Arms around the pudding! You of madness about him;" and so on, and so "But they shall never have you—no, not if forth, till she seemed to repeat the same you are worth eighty guineas and I am a change of the horses mid way. They were to have left Cook—"Yes, ma'am, I did, but he won't the prison at one o'clock, and it was now leave hold of the dish."

almost as if it had been his return fro honeymoon. He walked a little in sin of his companions, carrying himself erect ness. He shook hands han servants, looking at his mother all the ti and then held out his arms and claped

"At home at last, mother," he mid ing the pale forehead, and the soft ally hair, which had whitened in the days of cap'ivity, "no more prison bars, no m gailing restrictions. I belong to you

"To me and Madge. Yes, dear. In not dispute Madge's claim," answered La Belfield, holding out her hand to the pale girl in black, who had once been a ant in that house, but who now entered it

They all went into the drawing me York, and is 800 miles in le where Lucy had sent away her baby, and waiting for them in the glow of the state of t have chosen out of all woman kind for her just the same as in the old days of the min son's wife.

Little by little in the sad slow days after in a family circle while Lucy Rels.

tibly filling the world with warmth and people who are struggling to get up the whole length of the line. drawing room is the gate of know. It ments, and the method of a They had been married a little more than drawing room is the gate of a second-ne above wonderful result, are paradise, one of the outer circles at the Bell Company. smart world. The great family of Paris To-day that heart was to be tried by a joy Pushers have climbed to a consideral

[THE END]

Stuttered Into Matrimony. An unkind story, even if true, was the

me while I was in England of a young le who married a stuttering man. The von man was undoubtedly a stutterer of the me positive order, for I have heard him through paroxysms to get out a similar "Good morning!" The young lady when he subsequently married was of an eminet ly practical turn of mind. No maiden mod. esty or bashfulness cloyed her methods S spoke to the point, and never left a thon unexpressed if she deemed it pertinent After he had called upon her some three four times she decided that it was about time for her to know his intentions. So the next time he called, after they had seated themselves as usual on the sofa, she said quietly, but firmly : " Mr. Smith, I am very much flattered by the interest you have taken in me, and the flowers you have just given me are very pretty, but I feel that I Of the contingency or non-return he had shall not be doing my duty if I delayed any longer asking you what your intentioner lead?"

Young Mr. Smith rose to his feet and a speak. For a moment his lips and tours embarrassment to a modest confusion in making a formal proposal.

Anyway, she took Mr. Smith by the hard, and looking into his eyes, exclaimed: "Mr. Smith, I appreciate your embarrassment, He was never tired of talking of their but I understand what you wish to say. You may speak to papa, and if he approve

Had No Confidence in Himself. One of the patrol force arrested a citizen living away out Gratiot avenue the other day, and as they were ready to leave the

house he said: " I ought to put the bracelets on, I suppose, but if you will promise not to give me any trouble I won't expose you as a pris-"I'll promise," replied the man. They

l.ad only started, however, when he added: "Say, you'd better put 'em on." "But you promised." "Yes, I know, but I'am probably the

biggest liar in Detroit, and you can't trust me. I'm already wondering if I could out-"Put 'em on, ' said the wife, who stood by with a smile. "Jim is a good fellow

and a good husband, but he has'nt told the truth in twenty five years." "You see," continued Jim, as the handcuffs were snapped on, "I know myself and I don't want to take any unfair advantage. Now come on and I'll behave myself." But he proved himself a liar by running

off with the handcuffs. A Plausible Explanation.

"George, dear," said a young wife, seriously, whose husband had been off on a short

"Never," he interrupted hastily: thoes

Obeying the Scriptures.

Cook (appearing in a great hurry at the dining room door) - "Please ma'am, will you come and make Johnny let go of the plum

that motto there over the mantelshelf?"

TALKING 800 MILES.

Test of Telephoning f Tale to Boston and New Yo Buffalo Evening News rep new long distance telephone, ted by the officers and director Telephone Company recen cenections had been put in at 5 munication was at once opene coton, Springfield, New York, The wires worked well,

tions between the most dista ald be as easily carried on erties were within a block of the city. The line belongs to Telephone and Telegraph Co only be necessary to build a line sort from Hamilton to Buffalo Toronto and London to be pu with New York and Boston, ar pany would of course under sufficient business for such a li

The Prince's Speeche

relied on.

LONDON, Oct. 27 .- There is a Murray is going shortly to Prince of Wales' speeches. spoken in public for a quarter Many people believe that his written for him, the Prince on the finishing touches. It is ob must have an immense deal q for the subjects on which he s varied that it would be next t for him to prepare the material It will be interesting to see if natural development in them show the work of different ha

VIEWS ON THE IBISH QUE believe there has been no which the Prince of Wales has views than concerning Ireland ions on the desirability of hay residence there are perfecely His feelings on these matters a in higher quarters, and to the credit he has never allowed if they were in opposition to to become known. He is the

parent in England who never ever differences may have ar him and the Crown to become HIS AMUSEMENT IN PA The Prince has been spendi iu Paris incognito. Of cour knows what he has been doing

he has been breakfasting and royal highness is accompanied the Marquis de Lau. He h Mile. Granier in Barbe Varieties, Mlle. Lulu at the N and La Linido at the Eden; ed the art collections of Baron Eiffel tower; has dined wit Gallifat and the Grand Duke Sunday went on a shoot with l d'Rothschild at Ferrieres.

Shooting on the Sabba What will mamma say The Prince, on the day of l ed at the Elysee, but Preside out, as an official note in says, his royal highness left

Discontentmen

"A contented mind is a How true are these word there are who are content life. The peasant in his hu with labor, has his blessing His simple life gives him h ing sleep, without which, a nation would be no pleasu

With what anger and dis the life of those, who, in tunate enough to have a plan dle class. If he could onl he imagines, he would be n And they of the middle to gain a foothold on the r of the social ladder.

And those who have as nacle of earthly fame or jealous discontent they we ed, fearing they may mot pull them down from their Unless we can better ou erable means, and without happiness of those aroun be content with the statio in which God has placed ample, aid others to see t is best for us.

> That Pitiful The controversy betw

and the German docters of Emperor Frederick i to the courts, Messrs. hardt having decided to against their English as is really piciful; and it person would have depr troversy more than the plaining sufferer, over tare the current disagre

The Raw, Out Bring to the surface e change of even a fea difference between con persons. Happily dis Science is con new remedies Politicase, Politicase, Politicase, rere-has prove wile, for it

To and 25 o