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Love Came Too Late;

— OR —

A MAN'S FALSE HEART.

CHAPTER XXXXVI.

Yes, the woman whom Richard Barlow had been so madly infatuated with as to make her his wife had fled from him; there was no doubt of that; but she had not left one line for him—no message who ever behind her.

Alice flew in haste down through the grounds, hoping, praying, she might be in time to intercept them; but it was all in vain; her mission was useless.

She dared not go to her uncle with the terrible news, for it would surely kill him, and her heart bled for him with the profoundest pity when she heard him calling for Estelle as she crept back into the house again, and past the door of the sick-room.

She had felt that she could not endure standing by the bedside and hearing his wistful voice calling on Estelle, but she realized that there was now no one else to minister to him save herself, and she must overcome by sheer will force any nervousness she might experience.

Alice went quietly up to the couch, but instead of finding her uncle in the delirium in which the excitement attending upon his wedding had left him, she found him calm, except for the eagerness in which he called, again and again, "Estelle!"

"It is I, Alice, uncle," murmured the girl, laying a cooling hand on his burning forehead; and then the girl uttered the first wilful falsehood those pure lips had ever known when she added, tremulously: "I—I think Estelle, I — I beg your pardon, uncle—Mrs. Barlow—must be sleeping; she is tired out watching over you and has sought much-needed rest, I am sure; advise not disturbing her at present; you shall not be left alone, uncle dear; I am with you, and will stay by your couch as long as it pleases you to have me do so."

The sick man sighed wearily, murmuring:

"You are very good, Alice, my dear child—but you are not Estelle, my fair young wife, whom I love so well that I can ill bear her out of my sight during my waking hours."

Only the close clasping of Alice's hands and the twitching of the girl's lips showed how keenly his words hurt her.

"Still, she needs rest," he went on, wearily; "I must give her rest; youthful vitality is soon exhausted under great pressure, and Estelle has been attending me night and day, without taking time for food or rest, bless her."

Alice laved her hands in cooling water and laid them on his burning brow, murmuring quiet words to him until, much to her great relief, he dropped off into slumber, but even then the name of Estelle was ever on his lips.

Alice was thankful beyond words that the doctor came just then, and noting that her uncle still slumbered peacefully, she beckoned him into an adjoining room, and, with tears rolling down her pale cheeks and her sweet voice quivering with emotion, narrated just what had taken place.

"Great God!" exclaimed the doctor, in his gruff fashion. "What you tell me astounds me, Miss Alice. Are you sure there's no mistake? Come, we will make a thorough search of the house and grounds together without alarming the servants.

It was a fruitless mission, as Alice knew it would be, for the young woman her uncle had wedded had vanished; yet, to satisfy him, she went with him while he made his search.

"Shall we try to pursue and overtake them, doctor?" she asked, earnestly.

"My dear young lady," he said, laying a hand on her shoulder; "a woman who has so little affection and respect for a man as to leave him in company with a lover should not be brought back into the home they would willfully desecrate; a man is a thousand times better off without such a wife, I assure you. There are some grand old words which express the feeling, and they are these:

"Am I mad that I should cherish
That which bears such bitter fruit?
I will pluck it from my bosom
Though my heart be at the root."

"She is not worth one regret. We must bring your uncle, in time, to see the matter in that light." He looked very troubled, however, as he uttered the words, and Alice knew that the same thought which had weighed so heavily on her mind was troubling the doctor—whether or not this fair, false woman, who held all of Richard Barlow's earthly possessions would turn him out of his home, penniless, to die in the county almshouse.

"There is much to be thankful for," said the doctor, turning the conversation into another and quite as interesting a channel, "and that is, if Mrs. Barlow has fled with that handsome scoundrel Forrester, why, this same Forrester cannot have gone away with your little cousin, Corine. Perhaps the girl simply made that statement, that she had gone with him, to throw pursuers off the track. You can see for yourself that it is quite impossible for a man to elope with two different women at one and the same time. I am much more interested in following the movements of the detectives who are searching for pretty, madcap Corine. We must keep everything away from your uncle for the present, Miss Alice, or it would prove fatal."

"By the way, I have news for you," he added. "I received a letter this morning from our good friend, John Rockledge, who is in New York, stating that he intended leaving there for home in the course of a day or more at the furthest. I answered by telegram, telling him to come at once."

"Then Mr. Rockledge will start for home immediately?" queried Alice, eagerly, tears of delight falling from her face.

"I presume so," replied the doctor. "That dispatch from me will mystify him; he will readily surmise that something out of the usual order of events has transpired, and start without much delay, I assure you."

"You are the only one to whom I can look or ask advice from, doctor," said Alice, in a troubled voice.

"Ask of me what you will, my dear girl, and I will advise you to the best of my ability. I surmise, however, that it is regarding household matters."

"You are right, sir," answered Alice; and, after a moment's pause, she went on: "Having fled, that is quite proof positive that she does not intend to return, at present, at least, to Linden Hall."

"The best of proof," declared the doctor, laconically.

"Now, the question is, what ought to be done with the retinue of new servants whom she has installed here, doctor?"

"I should discharge them at once, and get the old ones back, if you know where to find them, the old housekeeper, Mrs. Sheldon, especially."

"I will do so," said Alice. "She is to come to-day after a few of her things that she did not take away with her; but, doctor, might they not all be turned out of the house at any moment by the woman who now owns it? Surely she has not gone away and given up—Linden Hall."

"The next move that she will make will be to dispose of it," said the doctor. "That could not be consummated in a week, or even a fortnight, probably. Remain where you are, with all the old family retainers gathered about you, until that time arrives. And remember, Miss Alice, you never can tell what a day nor an hour may bring forth. I should not permit the King of England to remove my patient, ill as he is, from Linden Hall for the present, depend upon that. The next ten days will tell the story whether Richard Barlow, your good uncle, will live or die. Be a brave girl, Miss Alice," he added, quickly, seeing the girl's lips begin to quiver. "Remember you have a great work before you; caring for your uncle; bringing him, with your careful nursing, from death to life, as it were; and being here to welcome the little truant runaway when she sets her face toward home, which little Corine will do, sooner or later."

"Your words give me courage and strength, doctor, said Alice, smiling faintly up into his good-humored and kindly face.

As she turned and glided quietly away, the doctor wondered how it was that he had never before discovered what a sweet and genial girl Alice Warren was ere this! Those few simple words: "I have no one but you to look to, doctor," had sent a strange thrill through his bachelor heart, and all the rest of the day he found himself thinking of the tender eyes and noble face of Alice Warren. "It would be a thousand pities for a girl like that to be thrown upon the world by her uncle's death, or, in fact, through any mishap. By George, she shan't!" he ejaculated, bringing his clenched fist down upon his ample knee with a resounding blow. "She shan't if I can help it. I'll ask her to be Mrs. Dr. Robinson, first—though I always did say that I would not marry the best woman that ever stepped in shoe leather. But sweet Alice is better than the best, that is my only excuse. Alice cannot be more than twenty, while I am thirty-nine. Well, young girls have not stood back for a little difference like that in the matter of a man's age before now. I always fancied she admired John Rockledge; but, pshaw! why not know my fate ere he returns. She did not say: 'I'll wait until John Rockledge returns to ask his advice,' she said: 'I have no one in the world to ask advice of but you, doctor.'"

CHAPTER XXXVII.

But to return to our little heroine, Corine, dear reader.

As the girl turned from Gilbert Forrester, seeing him as he was, an idol turned to clay, a merciless money hunter, it seemed to her that she should go mad with horror.

She fairly flew from the spot where he stood, not knowing, not caring, which way her feet turned.

On and on she went until her strength left her, and she sank down among the sweet pink clover and the nodding wild flowers, gasping for breath. Up to that time she had been too dazed to cry or utter a moan, and then a torrent of tears came to her eyes, easing the poor child's brain and her tortured heart.

There was none to hear save the frightened, wondering birds, and the wind that caught up the echo of those bitter sobs and sped swiftly by.

She lay like one wounded unto death among the long, tall, green grasses, exhausted from the force of her grief.

"And I loved and trusted him so," moaned the girl. "I would as soon have thought an angel from Heaven could be false as the man who swore to me that he loved me better than his very life, that he could not live without me."

When her tears had subsided she sat up in bewilderment and looked around her. She had not noticed that a fine rain had begun to fall, and that her garments were already dripping with it.

The handsome, sneering face of her lover who had so cruelly deserted her seemed to look up from the green grass and she could fancy she heard him saying: "If you will know the truth, it was your prospective fortune, and not you, that I was enamoured with, Corine. Be sensible and go back to Linden Hall. It is a thousand pities that you ever left there."

Go back to Linden Hall after she had written that letter to her father and Alice! Never! never! never! She would die first, she moaned, rocking herself to and fro.

She took no heed of time. The morning ripened into full noon, and the afternoon slowly waned, giving place at last to the dusk of evening.

Looking up, she saw the stars come out slowly, one by one, in the blue-arched dome above her, telling her how many hours she had been lying there, surely the most pitiful object that the night stars had ever shone on.

She would have laid there for an indefinite period of time, for neither hunger nor thirst had as yet come to her, had not a deep, rich voice close beside her startled her by saying:

"Great Heaven, what is this! A woman—no a young girl, lying by the roadside! Are you ill, or have you had an accident? What are you doing here, my good girl?"

Corine glanced up like one dazed, and found standing before her a young man dressed in a farmer's garb.

The idea crossed her dull brain that she must not betray her identity.

The face into which she gazed was kind, bluff though the man's manner was.

"I—I—met with an accident," she murmured, praying Heaven to forgive the words she uttered. "I must have stumbled and—and—have been lying here ever since."

"You attempted to walk to the railway station from here!" exclaimed the man, in consternation. "Why, it is many a mile. You are going directly away from it, judging by the way I find you. I am a farmer. I am on my way to market. See, my wagon stands out there in the road. If you don't mind, I'll give you a lift as far as the station, being as I pass that way."

It was in Corine's mind to thank him and refuse his kindly offer. Perhaps he read her thoughts aright, for he said: "I shall not take no for an answer, I say, so come along, miss."

It was by the greatest effort that Corine dragged herself to where the farmer's wagon stood, for she found that she was much weaker than she had imagined.

As if realizing that, he suddenly seized her in his strong arms, as though she had been a little child, and deposited her on the seat beside him.

They had not gone a mile when he saw how white she looked, as though she was going to faint.

"Are you hungry?" he asked, bluntly, turning and looking the girl squarely in the face.

"I—I—am burning with thirst!" murmured Corine, with quivering lips and the tears ready to start again from her blue eyes.

"There's an old pump and a drinking trough a little piece further on," he said "When we get there, which will be in a very few moments, you shall slake your thirst, and it is the coolest, clearest water to be had for miles around. In the meantime, you shall try some of my fruit. I was a chump, I'll be bound, for not thinking of offering it to you before. Come now, miss, eat your fill," he added, setting before her some luscious plums and grapes. "Fruit will be good for you. One minute you are pale, and the next burning with fever; you'll find them cool and inviting to the taste."

This was indeed true. They tasted like veritable nectar. Corine did not know until then how hungry and faint she was. They revived her wonderfully, put new life into her veins, and new blood bounding to her heart.

"You are a stranger hereabouts," he ventured, after a few moments of thoughtful silence.

"Yes," assented Corine, timidly, hoping he would not ask her name nor whence she came, for it was hard to find an evasive answer with those honest, keen eyes searching her face.

"Do you know, at first I thought you might be a victim of footpads," he said thoughtfully. "Why, it is not so long ago that they knocked down a market woman who was coming back from town and robbed her of all the proceeds of her labors. I found her sitting dazed by the roadside. I had to advance her money enough to get her to her home, for I was about to add, if anything of that kind happened to you, do not be afraid to tell me so, and I will help you get to where you are going—to New York. We are put here to help each other all we can, and I am going to do the share of good that is allotted to me. You can gamble on that fact, miss."

"You are more than kind to me, a total stranger, sir, and I thank you for it from the bottom of my heart. I assure you I am not in need of money. See!" and she produced from her pocket a well-filled purse which her father had left at the farmhouse for her when he had left her there.

"That certainly does not appear as though you were strapped," the farmer admitted. "I am surprised at your carrying so much money about with you. Take my advice and take out only a bill or two from that fat roll and hide the rest in your stocking or some equally safe place. It is not safe to be seen with so much money. Many a person has been killed for much less," he said, very earnestly.

Corine knew as little as a child of the value of money. She had a dim realization, however, that this good farmer's advice was well meant, and that she should follow it.

"I will do as you suggest, and thank you for reminding me of my carelessness," she said, gratefully, and, suiting the action to the word, she tied the roll of bills carefully in her handkerchief and thrust it into her bosom.

"Now I shall feel less worried over you," he said, in a tone of relief.

It struck him how unfit this slender girl, little more than a child, was to travel alone to the great, wicked city of New York, and his delight was great when he found at the station farmer friends who were just starting for the metropolis.

"Have you friends who are to meet you at the depot?" he asked the girl and when she answered "No," he suggested placing her in the charge of a man and wife journeying thither.

Corine made no demur. Indeed, it was of little use to oppose such kindly interest in her welfare, so she accepted the offer with a few murmured words of thanks.

"Is she a friend of yours, Joel?" asked the farmer's wife of Corine's protector, and he had barely time to whisper to her the circumstances as they had occurred ere the train pulled out of the station.

The farmer's wife, after the diplomacy of womankind, soon discovered from talking with Corine, that she had no particular business which was calling her to New York, and she grew greatly troubled over the beautiful charge who had been thrust upon her care so unceremoniously.

The good woman had a haunting presentiment that the journey would not come to a peaceful ending for the girl, for as the train rushed along through the darkness of the night, Corine began to grow feverish, if not hysterical.

She drew from the girl, little by little, that she had just had a terrible sorrow and that a handsome, false lover had been connected with it. Further than this she would not say, more than to add that she was going to the farthest ends of the earth from those who had known and loved her, to live down her great sorrow.

"Have you a mother, my dear?" asked the good farmer's wife.

The girl shook her golden curls drearily.

"No," she murmured, with quivering lips. "Had my mother lived I would not have been the madcap that I turned out to be."

She could not be induced to utter another word.

(To be Continued.)

JUST A DIG.

"Yes," said Mrs. Uppisch, boastfully, "we pay cash for everything we buy there."

"Yes?" replied Mrs. Knox. "Why is it, I wonder, that they are so careful about opening accounts with people?"

Only those who marry for money can afford to repent at leisure.

The Home

DELICIOUS FROZEN DESSERTS.

Frozen Buttermilk.—Put 2 qts. buttermilk, sweetened and flavored into the freezer and let stand until very cold; then add 1 qt cream that has been whipped, mix thoroughly and freeze. It is a delicious frozen dish.

Cocoanut Cream.—For this take 1 qt cream, 1 pt milk, 1½ cups sugar, 3 eggs, cup dessicated or fresh cocoanut grated and the juice and rind of a lemon. Beat together the eggs and the grated lemon rind, add this to the milk in a double boiler, and stir until the mixture begins to thicken; then add the cocoanut and set to cool. When cool, add the sugar and lemon juice mixed together, then stir in the cream, and freeze.

Kentucky Cream.—Make ½ gallon rich boiled custard, sweeten to taste, and 2 tablespoons gelatine dissolved in ½ cup cold milk. Let the custard cool, put in a freezer, and as soon as it begins to freeze add 1 lb raisins, 1 pt strawberry preserves, 1 qt of whipped cream, stir and beat well. Blanched almonds or grated cocoanut may be added, if preferred.

Brown Bread Cream.—This has a nutty flavor that is simply delicious. Any one who has tried the effect of a thin slice of brown bread, buttered with sweet butter as an accompaniment to ice cream, will appreciate the combination. A cup and a quarter of dry crumbs are to be soaked for 15 minutes in 1 qt cream, then add 1 pt cream, ¼ teaspoon salt, small cup of sugar, rub soaked bread through sieve, stir in the other ingredients and freeze. Half milk will answer if cream is rich.

Two Toothsome Ices.—Watermelon: Scrape the pulp from a large ripe watermelon and squeeze out all the juice, sweeten, mix with the whites of 3 eggs and freeze. The whites of the eggs should be beaten to a stiff froth before adding to melon juice.

Fruit Ice: To 4 cups water add 2¼ cups sugar, bring to boiling point and let boil 20 minutes. Add ¾ cup lemon juice, and juice of 3 oranges. Cool, strain and freeze.

SHERBETS OF MANY KINDS.

Apple: Press 1 pt unseasoned cooked apple pulp through sieve; add 1 pt cranberry juice, juice of 1 lemon, 1 teaspoon vanilla and 1 pt sugar; cook 10 minutes, cool and freeze as for ices. Serve in crystal glasses.

Raspberry: Measure 1¼ pts raspberry juice, 1 scant pt sugar 1½ pts water and the juice of 2 lemons. Boil the sugar and water together for 20 minutes, then add the lemon and raspberry juice, strain and freeze.

Pomegranate: Peel and squeeze the juice from 4 large oranges, mix with 1 cup powdered sugar; 2 tablespoons gelatine dissolved in hot water, 1 pt powdered ice, and 1 teaspon fruit coloring. Mix all together, flavor with 1 teaspoon of nectarine, turn into a freezer and freeze. Serve in glasses.

Currants: To 1 pt currant juice, allow 1¼ pts water, the juice of 1 lemon, 1 pt sugar and 1 tablespoon gelatine. Soak the gelatine an hour or two in a little cold water, and then dissolve it in ½ pt boiling water. When the gelatine cools add the pint of cold water, the sugar and the lemon and currant juice, and freeze.

Banana: Boil together for 5 minutes ½ pt sugar and 1 pt water. Let it get cold, then add the juice of a small lemon and of an orange, and ½ dozen bananas mashed fine. Freeze until it begins to thicken, then pour in 1 cup cream and freeze to the consistency of mush. Serve in punch cups.

Pineapple: Boil together 1 qt granulated sugar and 1 qt water until a thick syrup is formed, and pour this, very hot, over a can of grated pineapple or a fresh pineapple grated. Add the juice of 4 lemons, place the mixture in the freezer, add 1 pt cold water. Just as the sherbet begins to freeze, add the well-beaten whites of 3 eggs, and finish the freezing.

Mint: Bruise the leaves of a bunch of fresh mint; add the juice of 2 lemons, cover and let stand for 20 minutes. Put 1 pt granulated sugar and 1 pt water in a saucepan over the fire and stir until the sugar is dissolved; then cook undisturbed until syrup will thread when dropped from the point of a spoon. Remove from fire and add ½ cup grape fruit juice, cool and strain, and if you desire a brighter green, color with spinach coloring. Freeze in usual way.

Orange: Orange sherbet is delightfully refreshing and very effective when tinted a pretty pink. Made by the following method, it will be found very excellent. Juice of 3 oranges and 1 lemon, a heaping cup red sugar, 1½ pts water, 1 tablespoon gelatine, which has been soaked for an hour in the remaining ½ pt water; stir over fire until all is dissolved, then remove from the heat and add the orange and lemon juice and strain through a cheese cloth. Freeze the mixture when cold, and when half frozen add the whites of eggs beaten stiff. Lemon sherbet can be colored in the same way and is equally inviting.

Grape Juice Frappe.—One pt of grape juice, 1 cup orange juice and the juice of 2 lemons are required. Add 2 cups granulated sugar and 4 of water. Boil the sugar and water 15 minutes and add the fruit juice. Strain, add 1 qt ice water and more sugar if necessary. Remember that ices are sweeter before they are frozen than afterwards. Do not freeze too hard.

Pineapple Mousse.—Very dainty are the desserts made of fruit mousse, and in summer nothing seems to equal them. Almost every variety of fruit may be used, with this recipe as a foundation, adding more fruit or sugar as the case requires. Many prefer to strain the fruit, except in case of pineapple, simply using the juice, and if so, more fruit will be required. For pineapple mousse chop 1 fine large pineapple, add 1¼ qts water, sweeten to taste and add the beaten whites of two or three eggs and freeze. For lemon mousse allow 4 lemons to 3 oranges, and the same quantity of water. Serve in glass cups, with a cherry atop.

HINTS FOR THE HOME.

When stewing fruit add the sugar after the fruit is cooked. In this way only a small quantity of sugar will be required to each pound of fruit stewed.

Preserve ferns or grass in their natural colors by placing them in blotting-paper for forty-eight hours and then pressing them with heavy weights. Maidenhair fern can also be successfully treated in this way.

When scrubbing floors and tables do not use soda, for it makes boards a bad color and does not cleanse better than soap and plenty of cold or tepid water. The boards should be scrubbed the way of the grain, and not round and round, as so many young people prefer doing.

For the coffee-stains on your grey dress try an application of fuller's earth and water made into a paste. Apply this just on the stained part, and when dry brush off with a clean clothes brush; if necessary, have a second application of the paste.

To Render China and Glass More Durable.—Wrap the pieces separately in hey bands, or some soft material, place them in a large pot and cover with cold water. Place the pot on the stove and heat the water very gradually, until near boiling point, then lower the fire and allow the water to cool gradually.

To Keep Fish Fresh.—Clean the fish and sprinkle the inside with brown sugar. Keep the fish in a horizontal position, so that the sugar may soak into it as much as possible. Half an ounce of sugar will be found quite sufficient for three pounds of fish. If fish is treated by this method before salting and smoking, the flavor is much improved.

A Danish Way of Washing Delicate Fabrics.—Boil three pounds of potatoes in a gallon and a half of water for ten or twelve minutes, strain the water and let it cool. Wash the garments in this without soap, put the same potatoes into another gallon and a half of water and repeat the process. The fabric will then be clean; hang in the open air in the shade and iron while half dry with a moderately hot iron.

To glaze linen without the help of a polishing iron we should advise using this starch-gloss. Take a quarter of a pound of white starch, half an ounce of borax, one ounce of yellow soap, one dessertspoonful of glycerine, the same quantity of turpentine, and a teaspoonful of common salt. First dissolve the soap and borax in one pint of hot water, then mix all together and add half a pint more water. The great advantage of this preparation is that it keeps for months.

SERVICES STOPPED BY MOB.

Unemployed in Melbourne Invade Church Building.

A disgraceful scene occurred in the Scots' Church, Melbourne, Australia, on a recent Sunday, when the labor leader, "Tom" Mann, led a crowd of unemployed into the building during the services.

The mob attempted to carry a red flag into the building, but was restrained. Mr. Mann was then informed that seats had been reserved for his followers, but when he saw that they were at the back of the church, he called out, "Come up to the front, comrades!" and the "comrades" trumped up to the front.

When the Rev. Dr. Marshall began his sermon the disturbance broke out. He was constantly interrupted with cries of "rot." One of the leaders of the unemployed stood up and shouted: "Christ said, 'Sell all that ye have and give to the poor!'"

At this the mob cheered wildly and when the uproar had subsided, Dr. Marshall stopped the service and went into the vestry. The regular churchgoers left the building, but the intruders remained, passing ribald remarks at the people as they walked down the aisle. After a while three cheers were given for social revolution. The crowd left the building and held a meeting outside.

TRY RUSSIAN METHODS.

Home of German Deputy and His Desk in Reichstag Ransacked.

Herr Erzberger, a member of the German Reichstag who has made himself obnoxious to the authorities as an exposer of colonial abuses in Africa is being treated with scant consideration by the police. His apartments in Berlin have been serched for papers and documents which would enable the authorities to see from whom he obtained his information, and his desk in the Reichstag has also been rummaged with a similar object. From both places quite a number of documents have been taken.

Herr Erzberger claims immunity from such treatment as a member of the Reichstag. The fact that the Reichstag can be entered by the Berlin police, and the papers of members examined, creates an uneasy feeling in Berlin, and makes people feel that, after all, Berlin is not so far away from the Russian frontier.

The Government is conducting strict investigations into the abuses of the Colonial Office. It recently came to light that certain Berlin newspapers were being supplied with confidential information, and Herr Erzberger also is believed by the authorities to have been in communication with subordinate officials of this department.

PERFECTLY SAFE.

There was a man whose wife had an Aberdeen terrier of extreme ferocity. It bit the man a number of times. He expressed great hatred for it.

Finally the terrier bit a large piece out of the calf of the man's leg, and the next day it disappeared.

The man advertised widely for the dog's return. He offered a reward of $20 for it. His friends were amazed.

"I thought," said a friend to him, "that you hated that dog?"

"I do," the man admitted.

"Why, then, do you offer such a large reward for its return?"

"To please my wife."

"But, you're foolish," said the other. "Such a large reward will be sure to bring it back."

"No, no," said the man, with a smile. "You see, it's dead."

JAPAN FORGING AHEAD.

Rapid Strides in Industrial Pursuits of Mikado's Subjects.

"Japan is making rapid progress," says the British Commercial Attache at Tokio in his report on the trade of Japan for 1905.

In 1902 her imports and exports amounted to £54,107,552, in 1905, to £82,649,809.

Raw cotton of the value of £11,153,000 was imported in 1905, as against £7,296,000 in 1904, and 150,000 spindles are being added to the native cotton mills.

The two new giant battleships of 19,999 tons are being built with Japanese steel, and a leading Japanese shipbuilder has stated that ships can be built as cheaply, if not cheaper, in Japan than in the United Kingdom.

The native oil industry has nearly doubled in one year, "greatly assisted by the extra war duty."

SUNLIGHT SOAP

Wash oilcloths and linoleums with warm water and Sunlight Soap, rinse clean and wipe dry. The colors will be preserved and the surface unharmed.

Common soaps fade the colors and injure the surface. Sunlight Soap washes oilcloths and linoleums.

Sunlight Soap washes delicate fabrics, or the injure either clothes or h

Sunlight Soap is bet than other soaps, but is be when used in the Sunlig way (follow directions).

Equally good with ha or soft water.

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, Tor

clothes white without injury to the most hands, for it contains nothing that can

DIE WITH SEALED LIPS

CRIMINALS TAKE SECRETS TO THE GRAVE.

Remarkable How Many Persons Meet Their Doom With Some Secret Unspoken.

At Newcastle, England, few months since there was executed a ma preserved to the last the secret his identity. No one knows really was. He was arrested for the murder of a man in a lodging-house, and was not the slightest doubt of his guilt. He gave the name of Dickinson—and refused to give any other information respecting himself, saying that he did not wish to disgrace on his relations or they should dream what had become of him. In spite of a supposed identification by one of the prison officials, the name still remains a secret. So the prisoner was hanged and buried in the prison lime-strewn grave, and will never who suffered in him. It may be that there are those who have loved him somewhere waiting the return to them of that dead beneath the hard prison

STRANGE AGONY AT

What was the secret which Pearl carried with her in her agony when she spoke? She was condemned to death in 18 for the murder of Mrs. Hogg and child at Kentish town. Having her victim with her little girl rooms, she murdered them, wheeling the bodies in a under cover of night to Hampstead them into a ditch, and, returning resumed her ordinary work, knowledge of the sought-for Condemned to death, Mrs. only anxiety appeared to be the insertion of the following extraordinary advertisement in newspapers:

"M. E. C. P. Last wish of W. Have not betrayed."

The advertisement was duly inserted by her solicitor, who made her most solemn promise to that effect their last interview in Newgate was "M. E. C. P." and what was secret that the somewhat pretty with the fair hair, grey eyes, little, though firm, mouth would not stray?

Poisoners are usually men of peculiar reticence. The secrecy their horrible work seems to mark their character and to make them exult in stealth and take a fearful pleasure in baffling their fellow-creatures with respect to their dark doings.

LAMSON'S SECRET POST.

What poison was it that Cook, the victim of Dr. Palmer, ungelely murderer? Palmer was found guilty having murdered Cook with strychnine, but there was grave doubt as to the actual poison used. and Palmer was urged to confess it. He obstinately refused.

"Cook did not die of strychnine," was all that he would say. The question, "Of what, then, did he die?" caused his lips firmly, shook his head, and made no answer. The secret would be of no use to him, but it might be of use to Society. He preferred to keep his mouth shut.

Dr. Lamson, the poisoner of Percy Malcolm John, at a school, was suspected that had died under equally suspicious circumstances, and by whose came into a considerable sum of money. It was known that from the time of that mysterious decease Lamson had been afflicted with torturing restlessness that had driven him to drugs to procure rest. Did Lamson murder him? While he confessed the justice of his sentence in the case of Percy John, Lamson could induced to make no statement either way or the other as to the former sterious death.

'A MAN NAMED WILLIAMS,' who was convicted and executed for the murder of a sailor in a seaport town some years back, was found at the time when the police hunted him down to be in possession of a child—a fine young boy about six years of age. It was suspected that the lad, of whom Williams had always appeared fond and proud was not a child of his, and the wretched man admitted the fact after his sentence. But who the lad was he refused to say, nor would he offer the slightest clue that might lead to any discovery beyond the fact that the boy belonged to well-to-do parents in a good position. With that statement Williams stopped, and nothing more could be extorted from him. He died carrying his secret to the grave, refusing even to divulge it when the lad was brought to him the day before his execution, when he took him in his arms, kissing him and wetting his face with his tears. A few hours later the gallows had silenced for ever the only tongue that could have told who that lad was.

MYSTERY OF THE BLACK BOX.

What was the secret of the black box that was the chief thought of James Marsh after his condemnation for the murder of a Wapping sailor? The crime appeared to be merely one committed in brutal rage, and there were no mysterious circumstances connected with it. Marsh was a man of violent temper, and, in rage at an insulting word hurled at him by his victim had waited and slain him with a thrust of his knife. He did not appear, either at his trial or after his condemnation, to have a soul in the world that cared for him. No one spoke to him, no one visited him, and he sought communication with no one. His behavior after sentence was that of a thoroughly decent and penitent man, and he frankly acknowledged the justice of his sentence. He had a small amount of cash and this he instructed should be applied in inserting the following mysterious advertisement in a London newspaper:

"The black box Feby. 19th. J. M."

What was the black box? Marsh most solemnly declared that the words had no reference to any crime, that their import was perfectly innocent, and in fact, an act of justice to certain folk who would quite understand them. But he would give no further explanation. The black box was his secret.—London Answers.

A MOST UNLUCKY DAY.

"I tell you what it is," said a man, "I am firmly convinced that everyman has his particular day for good and bad luck. Monday was my unlucky day. I've been watching for it for years, and nothing can shake me in this belief. I never begin any enterprise, no matter how trivial, or start on any journey on that day. Therefore I make Monday an off day, and do nothing but potter about the house. Even in these little affairs everything goes wrong. Take the record of last Monday, a fair average, and be convinced:

"Smashed finger while nailing board on fence.

"Fell down cellar steps.

"Fell over a wheelbarrow while carrying a ladder.

"Sat down on chair where children had put a plate of batter.

"Got swindled by hawker.

"Got thumb pinched in gate.

"Dropped flat-iron on foot.

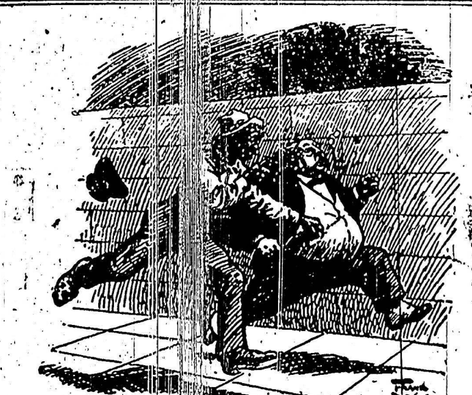
"Tax man called.

"While eating supper square yard of ceiling fell on dining table.

"Went to bed to escape further disaster. Had nightmare. Thought I was falling from top of Eiffel Tower. Fell out of bed and sprained wrist. Looked at clock, and saw it lacked fifteen minutes to midnight. Was afraid if I moved before Tuesday was ushered in would have broken neck. So I lay still.

"Yes, indeed," concluded the man, "Monday is my unlucky day, and I approach it with a feeling akin to terror."

George: "Are you ready to live on my income, dear?" Maud: "Certainly, dearest. If—if——" George: "If what?" Maud: "If you can get another one for yourself." George: "Another!" Maud: "Yes; another income."



Lazary of the Rich Man's Gait.—Life.