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Heiress and Wife.

CHAPTER IV.

"Daisy," said Rex, gently, as he led her away from the lights and the echoing music out into the starlight that shone with a soft, silvery radiance over hill and vale.

"Oh, no—no—please don't, Mr. Rex. I—I had no right to waltz with you," sobbed Daisy, "when I knew you were Pluma's lover."

"Don't say that, Daisy," responded Rex, warmly. "I am glad, after all, everything has happened just as it did, otherwise I should never have known just how dear a certain little girl had grown to me; besides, I am not Pluma's lover, and never shall be now."

"You have quarreled with her for my sake," whispered Daisy, regretfully. "I am so sorry—indeed I am." Daisy little dreamed, as she watched the deep flush rise to Rex's face, it was of her he was thinking, and not Pluma, by the words, "a certain little girl."

Rex saw she did not understand him; he stopped short in the path, gazing down into those great, dreamy pleading eyes that affected him so strangely. "Daisy," he said, gently, taking her little clinging hands from his arm, and clasping them in his own, "you must not be startled at what I am going to tell you. When I met you under the magnolia boughs, I knew I had met my fate. I said to myself, 'She, and no other, shall be my wife.'"

"Your wife," she cried, looking at him in alarm. "Please don't say so. I don't want to be your wife." "Why not, Daisy?" he asked, quickly. "Because you are so far above me," sobbed Daisy. "You are so rich, and I am only poor little Daisy Brooks."

"Oh, how soft and beautiful were the eyes swimming in tears and lifted so timidly to his face! She could not have touched Rex more deeply. Daisy was his first love, and he loved her from the first moment they eyes met, with all the strength of his boyish, passionate nature; so it is not strange that the thought of possessing her, years sooner than he should have dared hope, made his young blood stir with ecstasy even though he knew it was wrong."

"Wealth shall be no barrier between us, Daisy," he cried. "What is all the wealth in the world compared to love? Do not say that again. Love outweighs everything. Even though you bid me go away and forget you, Daisy, I could not do it. I can not live without you."

"Do you really love me so much in so short a time?" she asked, blushing. "My love can not be measured by the length of time I have known you," he answered, eagerly. "What is Daisy, the strongest and deepest love men have ever felt have come to them suddenly, without warning."

sure to come while the dew sparkles on your pretty namesakes!" he asked, eagerly. Before she had time to answer the cottage door opened and Septima appeared in the doorway. Rex was obliged to content himself with snatching a hasty kiss from the rosy lips. The next moment he was alone.

He walked slowly back through the tangled brushwood—not to White-stone Hall, but to an adjoining hostelry—feeling as though he were in a new world. True, it was hard to be separated from his little child-bride. But Rex had a clever brain; he meant to think of some plan out of the present difficulty. His face flushed and paled as he thought of his new position; it seemed to him every one must certainly read in his face he was a young husband.

Meanwhile Daisy flitted quickly up the broad gravel path to the little cottage, wondering if it were a dream. "Well!" said Septima, sharply, "this is a pretty time to be out alone dancing home, leaving me all alone with the baking! If I hadn't my hands full of dough, I'd give your ears a sound boxing! I'll see you're never out after dark again, I'll warrant."

For a moment Daisy's blue eyes blazed, giving way to a roguish smile. "I wonder what she would say if she knew I was Daisy Brooks no longer, but Mrs. Rex Lyon?" she thought, untying the blue ribbons of her hat. And she laughed outright as she thought how amazed Septima would look; and the laugh sounded like the ripple of a mountain brook.

"Now, Aunt Seppy," coaxed Daisy, slipping up behind her and flinging her plump little arms around the irate spinster's neck, "please don't be cross. Indeed I was very particularly detained." Septima shook off the clinging arms angrily. "You can't coax me into upholding you with your soft, purring ways. I'm not, Brother John, to be hoodwinked so easily. Detained! A likely story!"

"No," laughed Daisy; "but you are dear old Uncle John's sister, and I could love you for that, if for nothing else. But, I really was detained, though. Where's Uncle John?" "He's gone to the Hall after you, I reckon. I told him he had better stop at home—you were like a bad penny, sure to find your way back." A sudden terror blanched Daisy's face.

"When did he go, Aunt Seppy?" she asked, her heart throbbing so loudly she was sure Septima would hear it. "An hour or more ago." Daisy hastily picked up her hat again. "Where are you going?" demanded Septima, sharply. "I—I am going to meet Uncle John. Please don't stop me," she cried, darting with the speed of a young gazelle past the hand that was stretched out to stay her mad flight. "I—I—must go!"

CHAPTER V. "I say you shall not," cried Septima, planting herself firmly before her. "You shall not leave this house to-night." "You have no right to keep me here," panted Daisy. "I am—I am—!" The words died away on her lips. Rex had told her she must not tell just yet.

"You are a rash little fool," cried Septima, wrathfully. "You are the bane of my life and have been ever since that stormy winter night John brought you here. I told him then to wash his hands of the whole matter; you would grow up a wilful, impetuous mix, and turn out at last like your mother." Daisy sprang to her feet like

lightning, her velvet eyes blazing, her breath coming quick and hot. "Speak of me as lightly as you will, Aunt Septima," she cried, "but you must spare my mother's name! Oh, mother, mother!" she cried, flinging herself down on her knees, and sobbing piteously, "if you had only taken me with you, down into the dark cruel waters!"

IN THE TOILS. Royalty is Occasionally "Run in" by Zealous Police. Recently the Kaiser left the Imperial residence at Potsdam privately, in a suit of brown tweeds, as he often does. The guard, however, seeing him go out, did not know who he was, and questioned an official of the palace shortly afterwards concerning the stranger. This aroused some suspicion, and the Emperor was followed still unrecognized. He went to Berlin, where a regular detective was set to watch him, for any stranger who enters or leaves the palace at Potsdam is always well looked after.

The Kaiser went to a restaurant, and dined as an ordinary mortal might, for he is given to these little incognito excursions. He did nothing particular, beyond buying some cigarettes at a tobacconist's, and the detective, joined by another plain-clothes man, dogged the unsuspecting monarch back to the palace, which he entered unconcernedly. The guard saluted, but the innocent detectives, now convinced that something was wrong, darted forward and laid their hands on the Kaiser's shoulders, and demanded to know who he was. It took twenty minutes, and the corroboration of half the palace, to satisfy them that they had "pinned" the Kaiser, who enjoyed the joke hugely. He ordered the craft-fallen men to be given a sumptuous dinner and a hundred marks—\$50 apiece, as an appreciation of their zeal.

Not long ago the Duke of Cambridge, who was traveling incognito from Edinburgh to Canterbury, broke the journey unexpectedly at London, and spent the night there, stopping at an hotel in the West End. The greater part of the next day he spent in London, and a wonderful experience overtook him—he was arrested, and charged with impersonating himself. At the hotel he continued the incognito under which he was traveling, but absent-mindedly subscribed himself in the visitors-book as the Duke of Cambridge. He had only a valise with him. Next day he made some purchases, also under his true title; but the news had leaked out in the hotel, and the manager was suspicious. The Duke was supposed to be elsewhere, and the police were communicated with.

The end of it was that, by a series of official blunders, the Royal Duke was arrested in a side street off Piccadilly, and conveyed to the nearest police-station in a cab, and it took the amused duke some time to satisfy the authorities that he was not an impostor. He was about to be charged with impersonating a Royal personage with intent to defraud, but when the bewildered detectives were convinced of their error, the matter was kept as silent as possible.

The late King of Italy, who fell by the hand of an Anarchist, was fond, like the famous "Arabian Nights" monarch Haroun-al-Raschid, of dressing in plain clothes, and moving among his subjects as one of themselves. It was on one of these occasions, while traveling in a third-class railway-carriage from Florence to a town a short distance away, that King Humbert was accused by an old orange-woman, who sat next to him, of picking her pocket. She seized his wrist and held on to him most valiantly, till they reached the station, where she gave him in charge. The King disproved the charge, without disclosing his identity; but he was recognised immediately afterwards by one of the officials of the police-court.

The King showed great good humor and used to relate the story against himself. It is strange to think he sometimes moved, unknown to them among the dregs of his people in the slums of Naples, and was never molested, escaping only to be assassinated in public by a fanatic.

The Emperor of Austria, just before he came to the throne, was arrested on a charge of suspicious loitering, "with intent to commit a felony," by a wooden-headed constable, who found him sauntering and smoking quietly in a secluded part of some public gardens at Buda-Pesth. The police of the town used to be very prone to extorting blackmail by threats of arrest for alleged offences. This policeman, however, caught a Tartar, and the sequel went far toward stamping out the practice.

LEADER OF FASHION. In her day the Empress Eugenie was the leader of fashion, and her pin money for dress was fabulous. Her feet and hands were so small that her maids who had her shoes and gloves as perquisites could find no market for them, so they were presented by the Empress every year to the orphans of the Eugene Napoleon Asylum, where 50 fatherless and motherless girls were educated at her cost. All the white shoes and white gloves which those girls wore at their first communion were those which had been worn by the Empress.

WHEELING ON MUDDY DAYS. For riding on very muddy days the tires of a bicycle should be pumped much harder than for riding on dry roads. This matter of inflating the tires is one of importance, as a really hard tire is not nearly so liable to slip as is one that is only moderately hard.

ASTRONOMERS AT WORK. British West Indies a Favorable Spot for Their Investigations. Our great satellite, the Moon, will be studied as never before this coming winter. The Astronomical Observatory of Harvard College is about to establish a station on the island of Jamaica in the British West Indies. Members of the staff of the observatory are now engaged in packing the instruments and preparing for speedy departure.

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ONE GIVES RELIEF The luminiferous ether is the highest substance in nature. This substance pervades the universe, and means of its vibrations, light is transmitted from place to place. Yet must be almost absolutely without weight. The earth, the moon, and the planets pass through it, but the motion is not perceptibly retarded by it. The calculations of astronomers on the motions of these bodies are based upon the supposition that they are moving through empty space. It is certain that the ether is a substance, for it is impossible that empty space should vibrate, and by the ferent modes of its vibration should produce the colors of the solar spectrum, the green of the landscape, the blue of the sky, and the varied tints of nature and art. The slightest substance that has been actually weighed is hydrogen gas. It is less than one fourteenth of the density of the air, and hence it is the best substance for inflating balloons.

GO HOME. Gentlemen, said our candidate, ex-Army officer, I have fought against the Afghans, the Zulus, the Matabele, and with Kitchener, I terminated the dervishes. I have often had no bed but the battlefield, and no canopy but the sky. I have marched over the barren desert in every step was marked with blood. His story took effect, with a voice shouted out; Did you say you fought against the Afghans, the Zulus, the Matabele, and the dervishes? Yes, my friend, proudly replied the candidate. And that you slept on the ground with only the sky over you? I did, hundreds of times. And that your feet bled in marching? That they did! cried the candidate, son of Mars. Then I'm sure you've enough for your country, and have a good rest. I'm going to vote for the other fellow.

JUST COMMONPLACE Candidate, alighting from carriage in very muddy road, to voter: How do you do, my dear Mr. And how is Mrs. Considerate Voter.—"Hi! stop! Go into that mud. I'm going to vote for you, anyhow!"

The Human Body a Bundle of Nerves

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