

# Heiress and Wife.

**SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS:**—Rex Lyon secretly marries Daisy Brooks. They are separated by force of circumstances on their wedding day. Daisy thinks that Rex has cast her off. He is true but believes that she is dead. According to his mother's dying wish he engages himself to Pluma Hurlhurst, the daughter by the first marriage of the master of Whitestone Hall. Hurlhurst's second wife, who he loved better than the first, died and her child is supposed to have died with her. After seventeen years' absence, his dying housekeeper confesses that his child did not die, but was stolen. He sets out to find her. Pluma was responsible for Daisy's removal. Lettice Stanwick, her tool, threatens to expose her if she will not marry him. She defies him. Daisy after many vicissitudes determines to visit her Uncle John, but falls ill and is cared for by Detective Tudor whose aid is sought by Hurlhurst in search for his missing daughter. In Daisy's effort to stop the marriage of her husband and Pluma by telling Mr. Hurlhurst that she is Rex's wife, Tudor reports that she is Mr. Hurlhurst's long-lost daughter. Pluma discovered in a conference with a woman who proves to be Hurlhurst's first wife, and who tells Pluma she had his daughter, and of her anger on finding him married again.

**CHAPTER XXXIX.—Continued.**  
"The thought maddened me. I stole the child from its mother's arms, and fled. I expected to see the papers full of the terrible deed, or to hear you had betrayed me, a stranger, wanting the key of the gate."  
"My surprise knows no bounds when I found it was given out the child had died, and was buried with its young mother. I never understood why Basil Hurlhurst did not attempt to recover his child."  
"I took the child far from here, placing it in a basket on the river bank, with a note pinned to it saying that I, the mother, had sinned and had sought a watery grave beneath the waves. I screened myself, and watched to see what would become of the child, as I saw a man's form approaching in the distance."  
"I fairly caught my breath as he drew near. I saw it was my own husband, whom I had so cruelly deserted years ago—your father, Pluma, who never knew or dreamed of your existence."  
"Carefully he lifted the basket and the sleeping babe. How he came in that locality I do not know. I found, by some strange freak of fate, he had taken the child home to his aunt Taiza, and there the little one remained until the spinster died."  
"Again, a few years later, I determined to visit Whitestone Hall, when a startling and unexpected surprise presented itself. Since then I have believed in fate. All unnecessary of the strange manner in which these two men's lives had crossed each other, I found Basil Hurlhurst had engaged my own husband, and your father, John Brooks, for his overseer."  
Pluma gave a terrible cry, but the woman did not heed her.  
"I dared not betray my identity then, but fled quickly from Whitestone Hall for I knew, if all came to light, it would be proved without doubt you were not the heiress of Whitestone Hall."  
"I saw a young girl, blue-eyed and golden-haired, clinging like a lark in the fields. One glance at her face, and I knew she was Basil Hurlhurst's stolen child. I had brought it quietly to her father's home. I questioned her, and she answered she had lived with Taiza Hart, but her name was Daisy Brooks."  
"It is a lie—a base, ingenious lie!" shrieked Pluma. "Daisy Brooks the heiress of Whitestone Hall! Even if it were true," she cried, exultingly, "she will never reign here, the mistress of Whitestone Hall. She is dead."  
"Not exactly!" cried a ringing voice from the rear, and before the two women could comprehend the situation, the detective sprang through the silken curtains, placing his back firmly against the door. "You have laid a deep scheme, with a cruel vengeance; but your own weapons are turned against you. Bring your daughter forward, Mr. Hurlhurst. Your presence is also needed, Mr. Brooks," he called.

"Not a muscle of Pluma Hurlhurst's face quivered, but the woman uttered a low cry, shrinking close to her side."  
"Save me, Pluma!" she gasped. "I did it for your sake!"  
Basil Hurlhurst slowly put back the curtain, and stepped into the room, clasping his long-lost daughter round his breast. Daisy's arms were golden round his neck, and her head rested on his shoulder. She was sobbing hysterically. John Brooks, deeply affected, following after.

"A stag at bay, the woman's large seemed to return to her, as she stood face to face after all those years with the husband whom she had so cruelly deceived—and the handsome man who stood by her side, whose life she had blighted with all her keenest and most cruel blow of all."  
Basil Hurlhurst was the first to break the ominous silence.  
"It is unnecessary to tell you we have heard all," he said, slowly. "I shall not seek redress for your deed of crime. Leave this locality at once, or I may repent the leniency of my decision. I hold you guilty of Pluma's death, and you are not my added, gently. You are not my child, yet I have not been wanting in kindness toward you. I shall make every provision for your future com-

fort with your father," he said, indicating John Brooks who stood pale as death on his side.  
"Pluma, my child," cried John Brooks, brokenly, extending his arms. "I shall not care if you die, but the scornful laugh that fell from her lips froze the blood in his veins."  
"Your child!" she shrieked, mockingly. "Do not dare call me that again. What care I for your cotton fields, or for Whitestone Hall?" she cried, proudly, drawing herself up to her full height. "You have always hated me, Basil Hurlhurst," she cried, turning haughtily toward him. "This is my triumph! Write in the next hour I shall be Rex Lyon's wife."  
"I shall not care," cried John Brooks, "but I shall not be deceived. You are Rex Lyon's wife, and I have won him from you. You can question it over Whitestone Hall, but I shall not care. I shall be queen of Rex's heart and home! Mine is a glorious revenge!"  
She stopped short for want of breath, and Basil Hurlhurst interrupted her.  
"I have to inform you are quite mistaken," he replied, calmly. "Mr. Rex Lyon will not marry you to-night, for he is already married to my little daughter Daisy. He produced the certificate as he spoke, laying it on the table. "Rex thought her dead," he continued, "but I have seen for him to break the starting news of Daisy's presence, and I expect him here every moment."  
"Pluma," cried Daisy, unclasping her arms from her father's neck, and swiftly crossing over to where her derelict stood, beautifully, proudly defiant, "forgive me for not knowing I have caused you so much pain. I did not know I was an—ah—heiress—or that Mr. Hurlhurst was my father. I don't want you to go away, Pluma, from the luxury that has been yours; stay and be my sister—share my home."  
"My little tender hearted angel!" cried Basil Hurlhurst, moved to tears. John Brooks hid his face in his hands.  
For a single instant the eyes of these two girls met—whose lives had crossed each other so strangely—Daisy's blue eyes soft, tender and appealing, Pluma's hard, flashing, bitter and scornful.  
She drew herself up to her full height.  
"Remain in your house!" she cried, haughtily, trembling with rage. "You mistake me, girl; do you think I could see you enjoying the home that I have believed to be mine? Life it is the man I love to see—kiss your lips—and kiss me calmly! Live the life of a pauper when I have been led to believe I was an heiress! Better had I never known wealth than be cast from luxury into the slums of poverty," she wailed out, sharply. "I shall not touch a dollar of your money, Basil Hurlhurst. I despise the trappings of wealth around me—the petted child of luxury—all in vain—all in vain!"  
Basil Hurlhurst was struck with the terrible grandeur of the picture she made, standing there in her magnificent, scornful pride—a wealth of flashing on her throat and breast and twined in the long, sweeping hair that had become loosened and swept in a dark, shining mass to her slender waist, her flashing eyes which far outshined the jewels upon which the softened gas of remorse softened her once gleaming in its cruel, wicked beauty. Her jeweled hand suddenly crept to the pocket of her dress where she had placed the vial.  
"Open that door!" she commanded. The key fell from her mother's nerveless grasp. The detective nervously picked it up, placed it in the lock, and opened the door. And just at that instant, Rex Lyon, with the letter in his hand, reached it.  
Pluma saw him first.  
"Rex!" she cried, in a low, hoarse voice, staggering toward him; but he recoiled, clutching her, and she saw Stanwick's letter in his hands; and she knew in an instant all her treachery was revealed; and without another word—pale as death—but with head proudly erect, she swept with the dignity of a princess from the room, her bitter defeat, closely followed by her covering mother.  
Rex did not seek to detain her; his eyes had suddenly fallen upon the golden-haired little figure kneeling by Basil Hurlhurst's chair.  
He reached her side at a single bound.  
"Oh, Daisy, my darling, my darling!" he cried, clutching her in his arms, and straining her to his breast, as he murmured passionate, endearing words over her.  
Suddenly he turned to Mr. Hurlhurst.  
"I must explain—Rex. That is quite unnecessary, Rex. My boy," said Mr. Tudor, stepping forward with tears in his eyes; "Mr. Hurlhurst knows all."  
"I never occurred to handsome, impulsive Rex to question what Daisy was doing there. He only knew Heaven had restored him his beautiful, idolized child-bridle."  
"You will forgive my harshness, won't you, love?" he pleaded. "I will devote my whole life to blot out the past. Can you learn to love me, sweetheart, and forget the cloud that drifted between us?"  
A rosy flush suffused the beautiful flower-like face, as Daisy shyly lifted her radiantly love-lit blue eyes to his face with a coy glance that fairly took his breath away for rapturous ecstasy.  
Daisy's golden head nestled close to his breast, and two little soft, white arms, whose touch thrilled him through and through, stole round his neck—that was all the answer she made him.  
John Brooks had quietly withdrawn from the room; and while Basil Hurlhurst with a proudly glowing

face went down among the waiting and expectant guests to unfold to them the marvelous story, and explain why the marriage could not take place, the detective briefly acquainted Rex with the wonderful story.  
"I sought and won you when you were simple little Daisy Brooks, and now that you are a wealthy heiress in your own right, you must not love me less."  
Daisy glanced up at her handsome young husband's face as she whispered, softly:  
"Nothing can ever change my love, Rex, unless it is to love you more and more."  
And for answer Rex clasped the little fairy still closer in his arms, kissing her rosy mouth over and over again, as he laughingly replied he was more fortunate than most fellows, being lover and husband all in one.  
The announcement created an intense furor among the fluttering maidens down in the spacious parlors. Nobody regretted Pluma's downfall, although Basil Hurlhurst carefully kept that part of the narrative back.  
"Oh, it is just like a romance," cried Eve Glenn, rapturously; "but still we must not be disappointed, girls; we must have a wedding all the same. Rex and Daisy must be married over again."  
Every eye was on the tip of expectancy to see the beautiful, little heroine of a double romance.  
Eve Glenn, followed by Birdie, found her out at once in the study.  
"Oh, you darling!" cried Eve, laughing and crying in one breath, as she hugged and kissed Daisy rapturously; "and just to think you were married all the time, and to Rex, too; above all other fellows in the world, he was just the one I had picked out for you."  
Rex was loath to let Daisy leave him even for a moment. Eve was firm.  
"I shall take her to my room and convert her in no time at all into a veritable Cinderella."  
"She is the prettiest young girl that I have loved her so much ever since, even if I couldn't remember her name," cried Birdie, clapping her hands in the greatest glee.  
In the din of the excitement, Pluma Hurlhurst shook the dust of Whitestone Hall forever from her feet, muttering maledictions at the happy couple. She had taken good care to secure all the valuables that she could lay her hands on, which she would fortune in themselves, securing her from want for life. She was never heard from more.

Eve Glenn took Daisy to her own room, and there the wonderful transformation began. She dressed Daisy in her own white satin dress, and the golden curls, clapping her hands at Daisy's wondrous beauty—kissing her, and petting her by turns.  
"There never was such a little fairy as you," she cried, exultantly, leading Daisy to the mirror, and I haven't any diamonds, and I won't mind any to lend you; but who would mind such trifles, gazing at such a bewitching, blushing face and eyes bright as stars? Oh, won't every one envy Rex, though?"  
"Please don't, Eve," cried Daisy. "I'm so happy, and you are trying to make me vain."  
A few moments later there was a great hush in the vast parlors below, as Daisy entered the room, leaning tremulously on Rex's arm, who looked as happy as a king, and Basil Hurlhurst, looking fully ten years younger than his long-lost daughter. The storm had died away, and the moon broke through the dark clouds, lighting the earth with a silvery radiance, as Rex and Daisy took their places before the altar, where the ceremony which made them man and wife was for the second time performed.  
Heaven's light never fell on two such supremely happy mortals as were Rex and his bonny blushing bride.  
Outside of Whitestone Hall a motley throng was gathering with the rapidity of lightning—the joyous story of the long-lost heiress and the double romance.  
Cheer after cheer rent the air, and telegraph wires were busy with the startling revelations.  
The throng around the Hall pressed forward to get a glimpse of the pretty little bride. Young girls laughed and cried for very joy. Mothers, fathers, and sweethearts fervently cried; "God bless her!"  
All night long the young people danced to the chime of merry music, and all night long the joy-bells pealed from the currets of Whitestone Hall, and they seemed to echo the chorus of the people, "God bless sweet little Daisy Lyon, the long-lost heiress and wife!"

**BADEN-POWELL'S RUDENESS.**  
During the campaign in South Africa, last year, General Baden-Powell tapped a telegraph-wire, and heard the Boer commander Grobler ask General Botha to send reinforcements at once, as the British had cornered him.  
This story was related by the London papers, and Baden-Powell was much applauded for his strategy and good luck.  
But one little girl, five years old, had opinions of her own concerning the exploit. She listened very attentively to the account of the proceeding and to the approving comments of the elder members of the family, and when they had finished she said, decisively:  
"Well, I think it was very rude of him to listen."  
**WHERE TO FIND REST.**  
Doctor—You are mentally exhausted. I advise you to send your family to the country.  
Patient—But I can't leave my business.  
Doctor—Of course not—you stay in the city and get a rest.  
**WINTER VIOLETS POTTED IN MAY.**  
Violets have become par excellence

# The Home.

## SALADS AND SANDWICHES.

**Hindoo Salad.**—Arrange four slices of tomato on a bed of shredded lettuce. Pile some shave celery on two of the slices and on the other two some finely cut water cress. Garnish with small pieces of tomato and serve with French dressing.

**Tomato and Cucumber Salad.**—Arrange alternate slices of tomato and cucumber until six slices have been piled one on top of another, arrange on lettuce leaves and garnish with strips of red and green peppers. Remove seeds from peppers and parboil one minute before using.

**Monte Carlo Salad.**—Remove pulp from grape fruit, add an equal amount of finely chopped celery and apple cut in small pieces. Mix with mayonnaise and garnish with cooked carrot cut in shapes and truffles.

**Pepper and Grape Fruit Salad.**—Remove the tops from six green peppers, take out the seeds and refill with grape fruit pulp, finely cut celery and English walnut meats. Use one-half as much celery as grape fruit, three halves each of nut meats, and if liked one-half teaspoon of finely chopped green pepper to fill each pepper. Arrange on chieory or lettuce leaves and serve with green mayonnaise.

**Green Mayonnaise.**—Mix one teaspoon each of mustard, salt and powdered sugar, add a few grains of cayenne, the yolks of two eggs and one-half teaspoon of vinegar. Add very gradually one and one-half cups of olive oil and as the mixture thickens dilute with vinegar and lemon juice, adding in all two tablespoons. To one-half of this amount add one-quarter cup of heavy cream beaten stiff and color green with color paste.

**French Dressing.**—Mix three-quarters teaspoon salt, one-eighth teaspoon of paprika, two tablespoons of lemon juice and four tablespoons of olive oil.

**Nougette Sandwiches.**—Scald one-half cup of milk, add one-half cup of boiling water, and when lukewarm, three-quarters of a yeast cake dissolved in three tablespoons of luke-warm water, one-half tablespoon each of lard and butter, two tablespoons of molasses, one cup of nut meats, one-half cup of white flour and enough entire wheat flour to knead. Make and bake the same as ordinary bread. Let the loaf stand 24 hours then slice as thinly as possible and put currant jelly or orange marmalade between. Cut in fancy shapes if liked.

**German Sandwiches.**—Spread slices of zwieback thinly with jelly or marmalade and sprinkle with finely cut English walnut meats.

**Zwieback.**—Cool one-half cup of scalded milk until lukewarm, add two yeast cakes, one-half teaspoon of stock and one cup of flour; cover and let rise until very light, then add one-quarter cup of sugar, one-quarter cup of butter, three unbeaten eggs and flour enough to knead. Shape like finger rolls and place on buttered sheet in rows two inches apart. Let rise again and bake 25 minutes. Cool and slice.

## HANGING WALL PAPER.

As it is hard to find a professional paper hanger to go into the country, many women do their own papering. The professional hanger in my childhood was a woman, and she went about town and country doing the paper hanging, writes a correspondent. The houses were low studied to what the modern ones are, making the work much easier. I learned from this lady how to paper rooms, and have formerly papered some of my own rooms with a sister's help. An amateur should select patterns that match readily. The cheaper papers put on easiest.

Trim from the rolls the widest margins. All the rolls needed should be trimmed before beginning the job. Make the paste the day before, using three quarts water, half cup sugar and a little glue dissolved in the water. Wet two pints flour to paste and stir into the water when it boils. Mix thoroughly and remove at once from the fire as cooking spoils the sticking quality. Place a long board on two tables. Place a roll of paper on it and cut into the desired lengths, making sure the figures match. This is done by placing the first piece out on top of the roll, the figure on a board, and the figure below. Turn all the pieces out face downward on the board, leaving the margin of each a little beyond the edge of the other.

Take a paste brush and apply the paste evenly to the uppermost piece. Catch the bottom part way up, making a firm grip, and remove at once. Right. Hold the top of the piece in your fingers, and by the aid of a stepladder stick the piece to the top of the side of the room; or as far up as will be covered by a border. The latest is not to have a border. Take a brush, sweep the paper, creases and wrinkles appear, pull up from the bottom and sweep them out. Make sure your first piece is put on straight and exact as the following ones will follow with no trouble.

Now, take the next strip and proceed as before, matching the top figure with great care. Trim off the surplus length, if any, with a sharp knife at the base board. Having finished the sides of the room, put on the border, cut into yard lengths. If the ceiling is papered it should be done before the sides of the room.

**THE SHEEP'S CONGENIAL HOME.**  
Sheepmen are agreed that low, wet lands are not congenial sheep quarters. In countries where there is excessive rainfall these animals do not succeed, and hence rarely are found in such sections.  
High, dry, hilly country seems to be peculiarly adapted to sheep husbandry. Sheep seem to delight in roaming over the grass-topped mounds, bluffs and mountains, and it is where the topography conforms to this description that they quite largely are found.  
While broken land is regarded as better for sheep raising than level or prairie land, it is nevertheless true that on the latter none of the best and most widely known flocks are found.  
No other climatic condition seems so unfavorable to the sheep industry as rainfall. Cold rains penetrate the very marrow in the animals' bones, and unless they are properly housed, when such rains prevail loss follows.  
Sheep like to make paths over hills and down along the brook's edge—they like a picturesque country. That they are naturally inclined to hilly land is attested by the fact that they climb upon barrels, boxes or bales of hay in the barn, and when chowing their front feet resting on a little rise if it may be found.

Coal is cheapest in Austria, averaging 6s. at the pit's mouth, against 6s. in England, and 8s. 2d. in France.

# SUFFERING BRITISH HUSBANDS.

## They Organize a Society for Protection Against Drunken Wives.

A peculiarly pathetic bond of union existed between a small company of men gathered in one of the rooms of St. George's hall, Westminster Bridge road, says the London Chronicle. They were the husbands with drunken wives, and they had met for the purpose of forming a society to secure legal protection for themselves and others in like case.

They were mostly superior workmen—one might have been Stephen Blackpool stepped straight out of the pages of "Hard Times"—but others were evidently in a better position. They had all the same tale to tell.

"It was to be May day all our lives," said the chairman, "when we took our girl wives to church, but this curse of drink has broken our hearts and ruined our homes." Although the company was small, the organizer of the meeting, a cabman with twenty-five years' experience of a drunken wife to look back upon, gave the assurance that he might have got many thousands to attend. But some could not come because their wives were drunk and noisy. Others did not care to make their affairs known in any gathering of their fellow men; a number could not afford to take a long journey to Westminster.

For grim tragedy there was nothing to choose between any of the club members. Others left their wives in bed, recovering from Saturday's bout; all dreaded the effect of the mother's example on the children.

**ESPECIALLY THE GIRLS.**  
One workman had bought back his household effects six times in twenty-five years, his wife having sold them article by article for drink.

"Here," exclaimed another, with dramatic effect, "is what I found before I left home this morning," and he produced a bundle of twenty-five pawn tickets—mute witnesses of a wrecked home.

"I've got hundreds of 'em," said a weather-beaten cabman; "I sell 'em every six months."  
And so the terrible indictment ran its course, but with a strong chivalrous sentiment in it, in spite of its fierceness.

"I love my wife," said one; "my wife is a perfect angel when she is sober," exclaimed another, with the emphasis of strong conviction, "but when she is drunk, and we cannot utterly cast them off," said a gentlemanly young fellow, "but we must have more protection than the law at present gives us." If there was any dissent to this "casting off" sentiment it came from a man of thirty years' experience, who admitted he was weary of it. His wife was something like a wall in his voice. "My daughter, a young 'bag of twenty-five, only lately married, has been led away by her mother's example, and is now lost—lost!"

Surely devotion to flowers could hardly go much further than this. Not a few suburban householders usually find their gardens just outside the nursery door, and they exercise their horticultural ingenuity upon the tiny slip of ground in which the considerate jerry builder has carefully buried his superfluous half-bricks. In various parts of the county, notably in the neighborhood of the great London and North Western railway, there are some gardens three miles away from the residences of their owners, so that when visitors are invited to "come and have a look around the garden" it means a somewhat lengthy excursion. These allotments are, however, greatly appreciated and carefully attended, despite the fact that the time taken in getting to and from them plays and havoc with their owners' scanty leisure.

Of gardens in cemeteries, there appears to be only a solitary example in this country, the one which Sir Joseph Paxton of Crystal Palace fame formed at Coventry.

Gardens may be made on open umbrellas as far as obtaining a substantial fund of mustard and cress is concerned. It is only necessary to open the umbrella, wet it thoroughly, and sprinkle the seed over it. If the fabric is kept damp the seed will soon begin to sprout, and in a few weeks the time taken in getting to and from them plays and havoc with their owners' scanty leisure.

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# TRICKS OF TELEGRAPH.

## INSTANCES WHERE IT HAS BEEN OF USE TO THE SWINDLER.

Yorkshire Gentleman Robbed of Several Hundred Pounds Worth of Property—Assisted a Criminal to Escape—London Stockbrokers Victimized.

The swindler of to-day is a man of much ingenuity and many accomplishments, and he is the last man in the world to overlook an implement that would be of the slightest use to him in his profession. It is not surprising, therefore, that he should turn even such an innocent and useful medium as the telegraph to his own uses, says London Tit-Bits.

In the spring of last year the housekeeper of a certain Yorkshire squires, who was spending a few weeks in town with his family, received the following telegram, signed in his master's name:

"Surveyor and assistant will arrive to-day. Make them comfortable, and give facilities inspecting house and land.—B—"

The zealous housekeeper made every preparation for the entertainment of her master's guests, who arrived early in the afternoon with luggage which suggested a stay of some weeks instead of a few hours as he had anticipated. Still, she was far from suspecting anything wrong; and as they were very courteous and amiable gentlemen exerted herself to the utmost to entertain them well, and personally conducted them over the house. When, on the following morning, they and their luggage left, she was unfeignably sorry to lose them, although not reluctant to accept the sovereign they gave her as evidence of their gratitude.

**FOR HER HOSPITALITY.**  
It was some hours later before he missed certain small articles of value from the drawing-room, and in her alarm reported the matter to her master, together with an account of the surveyor's visit. When he made his appearance, as quickly as a train could bring him, it was to discover that his safe had been ransacked and that the "available" and self-invited gentlemen had taken away with them several hundred pounds worth of his property, including some valuable jewellery that had been in the family for generations.

In another case a well known nobleman was the unconscious means of assisting a criminal to evade justice. While his yacht was lying at Southampton the captain received a telegram instructing him to get up steam and prepare to take a friend, Captain S—, to any destination he named.

Before the captain had time to verify the telegram, Captain S— came on board, and proved to be a man of such distinguished appearance and charming manners, and so intimately acquainted with the lordly owner of the yacht, that all suspicion was disarmed.

After a singularly pleasant voyage Captain S— was landed at Santander and it was not until his return to England that the captain of the yacht discovered that he had been the victim of a forged telegram, and had unwittingly taken as passenger a man who was very much

**WANTED BY THE POLICE.**  
Only a few months ago a firm of London stockbrokers, who had sold certain shares for a country client, received this telegram on the eve of settling day: "Pay £100 to E— S—, who will call to-morrow; and remit balance." On the following morning Mr. S— made his appearance, and in support of his identity produced a telegram from the client saying that the brokers had been authorized to pay him £100. The amount was duly paid and the balance remitted to the client before the discovery was made that E— S— was an impostor of whom the client knew nothing at all, although, as subsequently appeared, the police knew a great deal about him.

In another case where a stock broker had sold certain shares for a North of England client he received a telegram just before despatching the cheque: "Don't send cheque. Coming to town. Will call." On the following day a parcel called, introduced himself as "Mr. A—," and asked to be paid for his shares by "bearer" cheque as he had come away without his cheque-book, and wanted to pay away a large sum at once.

The cheque, for several hundred pounds, was made payable to bearer and was cashed within a few minutes, and was some days later, when the country client wrote to ask why the cheque had not been sent, that the stockbroker made the discovery that he had been the victim of a daring swindler and impersonator.

**RARE AND CURIOUS GEMS.**  
The rarest and the costliest of gems though not always esteemed the most beautiful, are pigeon's blood rubies, fine opals and diamonds, that are pure but shed a distinct glow of blue or pink. A very perfect pearl of generous size and lustrous skin, tinted a rarely beautiful golden-green, was valued, uncut, at over £300. A faultless green pearl is very rare. A curious stone is the Alexandrite. It is a dark green stone that is polished cut, and set, very like a fine topaz or amethyst, in large showy rings, surrounded by diamonds. By the light of day the Alexandrite has no special beauty; but its fine nature, but directly a shaft of artificial light strikes the dull stone, deep gleams of red flash out of the green, and under the gas or in the firelight one ignorant of this vagary would instantly pronounce it a ruby.

**NOT WHOLLY LOST SIGHT OF.**  
How is your Shakespeare Club getting on? Oh, we talk about Shakespeare every once in a while.

Mrs. Nubbins—My husband is a perfect brute. Friend—You amaze me. Mrs. Nubbins—Since the baby began teething, nothing would quiet the little angel but pulling his papa's beard—and yesterday he went and had his beard shaved off.

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