CHAPTER VI.

If the first fear that he would find his daughter such a one as he must be ashamed of, ever occurred to Sir Richard, it was only to be dismissed with a smile and an increased wonder that she, who had lived as she had, could accommodate herself to her new situation, with an ease

which no one could have surpassed. He could not keep his eyes from her, but watched her as she presided at the table with all the grace and nonchalance of one who has done the same thing so often as to be unconscious of the details of her movements. And yet Maida Carringford was acting as she never before had acted, recalling the many bits of "business" with which she had tak-But after the meal there came a

harder trial than merely sitting at a tea table and acting as if she were at home there. Sir Richard, anxious to please her, gave her his arm as they rose from the table, and led her into the little gallery where he had sat that night awaiting her coming. With a pleased smile on his face he

led her from picture to picture, without making any comment on any of them, and she got the idea, somehow, that an ordeal was being prepared for her, and she was on the alert to meet it, whatever it might be. It came, but it was different from anything she had foreseen, and it nearly betrayed her.

The portraits had not interested her, and she had given them but than yourself?" scant attention, so that when Sir Richard stopped in front of the looking at it. He saw that she was thinking of other things, and gently called her by name: "Constance!"

"Father!" and she looked at him,

to her eyes, and she shrunk back, sight of her mother just now. murmuring:

"No! no!" The last time she had seen that face was in the dim light of a gray morning, after which she had taken from her that which was to aid her in robbing her of her birthright. Yes she was dead, and she had said she might have the little book, but was it not a betrayal of the gentle, loving girl's trust? She covered her face with her hands, and moaned softly to herself.

Sir Richard was alarmed at the effect of the picture on his daughter. and exclaimed, in an agony of selfreproach:

"My darling, what have I done? It was wrong to bring you to your mother without a word of warning; became aware of his presence and the estate." but I thought only of surprise."

"Yes, yes!" she murmured.

"Forgive me, will you not?" "It is unnecessary."

"I have always kept it covered by the doors, but it is yours now, and I brought you here to give you the

He took a little golden key from his pocket and put it into her listless hand. She took it, mechanically, and then, recovering herself by degrees, lifted her eyes steadily and gazed full into the calm, sweet eye of the woman whose child she was wrongly pretending to be. The eyes seemed to look back into hers with a pitying glance, and it seemed to her that if she had to see that face often she would surely betray her-

"My mother!" she made herself say, and then, with a deep-drawn breath, walked to the picture, and, closing the doors, locked them. Then she put the key in her bosom, and whispered, "Let us go away.

Her father led her away, blaming himself for this want of tact, and not until they were in the drawingroom again did she venture to look at Guy. He was regarding her intently, but he blushed, and dropped his eyes like a schoolboy when he found himself observed. She did not believe he suspected her, but the thought that she was under observation gave her the self-control she needed, and she turned to her father and said:

"Are you fond of music?" "Very. Do you play?"

"Do you like any particular thing? Have you a favorite?'

"You are too tired to play tonight," he said solicitously. "I am not too tired," she answer- Guy, and it is not as if he were a ed, and, without another word, she

sat down at the piano and ran her fingers over the keys to try them, was coming, but she only looked exbetraying, as she did so, a thorough pectantly at her father, and he went familiarity with the instrument.

"Could anyone help loving her, he asked proudly. "She is very beautiful," was the

answer, accompanied by a sigh. "Is she not? Why did you not tell me she was beautiful and accomplished?-so different from what I had every reason to fear she might be. Blood will tell, Guy. Why, she bears herself as if she had been accustomed to having the whole world at her

How little either suspected that the doting father's words were true in a sense neither thought of. Yes, she had been accustomed to having the world at her feet, and more than once that evening she had thought, with a bitter sense of humor, how she was merely practising on a small audience what she had been used to doing on a large one.

Guy assented to his uncle's words en the part of the lady on the stage. with another sigh, which this time spoken between the cousins. did not escape the old man's notice. He turned quickly, and asked:

"Have you told her. Guy, what is the dearest wish of my heart?"

"You mean-" He hesitated.

"I mean your marriage." "How could I?"

"True." assented Sir Richard, with a light laugh, "it would not have come with very good grace from you, would it? I am not mistaken in the symptoms, am I, Guy-you love her, do you not?" "Too much, I am afraid," was the

almost inaudible reply. "You do not mean"-the old man turned pale with a sudden fear-"that there is a more favored one

"I do not think we need to fear

that. She told me there was no one picture of his wife, she was not even in the world to regret her since her mother died." "Her mother? Has she said much

to you about her mother?" "Very little. Nothing of her own accord. She told me of her life and and then, following his glance, turn- all that was necessary to establish ed her eyes on the face in the por- her identity, and then begged me to say as little as might be. You saw A look of startled horror crept in- how deeply affected she was by the "They must have suffered. And

> she has locked the picture into darkness again. Well, it is best. It will be the burial of the past. I can never do enough for her Guy." The thought of the dreary past

into a chair, and with downcast eyes rested his head on his hand. "Guy," he said a moment later, 'do not tell me for a few days any-

thing about her past life. I would enjoy her as she is without any thought of the past if I can." Guy answered by a sympathetic

glance and crossed lightly to the please you. piano, where, unnoticed by Maida he stood and watched her with admiration and longing. Presently she looked swiftly up, catching his glance and interpreting it. An inin an instant, and, ceasing the pa- parable from me." thetic thing she was playing, she

Guy turned away moodily for he had noticed the effect of his presence on his cousin, but the old man looked up gayly and began to nod his head in appreciative time to the am used to exposure. music. He arose and went over to her side, and when she stopped, said,

enthusiastically: "You play and sing divinely." "I am glad if you are pleased." "More than pleased. Guy!

was here a moment ago." "He has stepped out on the veran-

"He wished to smoke, I suppose Constance, how do you like Guy?" "He is handsome, good and noble. A true man, I should say." The old man smiled in a pleased

way and stroked the dark hair. "I am glad to hear you say that," "Why? It seems to me nobody

could say less of Guy." "Guy is all that you say, and I am glad that you-you-like him. fore you were found, and when we feared- You will forgive me for what I am about to say, will you

She turned a little pale, but answered steadily that she would. "I will not speak of it now, when you have just returned home, but that it seems better to have it understood at once. Besides, you know

stranger to you." She seemed to comprehend what

it a solace for her troubles when it seemed as if you could not be what move her garments. No one would any further talk about Maida Careverything else failed, and so, as she |-what you are, we had formed a have supposed, to see her then, that ringford, and the subject was not sat there now, she forgot those who little plan. I could not have hoped she had ever disrobed without a taken up again. were in the room with her, and in- that you were so beautiful, so fit to maid, she submitted herself to her "You are looking pale, my dear," stinctively drifted into one of those grace the throne of a queen if neces- offices so naturally. wonderful songe without words into sary; and then we had arranged—

But she dismissed her maid as She smiled faintly, by way of an- or that there are wounded to look teen years ago the idea of a military by the gifted Mendelssohn poured Cuy, and I—that he would issue that the men are tired, interest ago the idea of a military by the gifted Mendelssohn poured Cuy, and I—that he would issue the control of the which the gifted Mendelssohn poured Guy and I—that he would insure soon as she could, and then locked swer, for she had not yet recovered after, condemns the general who uses cyclist was treated with mild deri so much feeling and emotion. Her your proper reception by the world herself in with a sigh of relief. She from the shock of the memories it as incompetent to command. execution was marvellous, and show- by marrying you. And now that threw herself into an easy cushioned which Guy's words had recalled to ed careful training, but her expres you are what you are I am afraid chair, and knitted her brows in deep her. sion—which is to music what the I do not express myself as I should and troubled thought. Alone there, "She must have outdoor exercise, be fed, and the enemy naturally is interesting to notice that other soul is to the body-proved her a --but if there is no obstacle, could with no fear of prying eyes to sur- Guy. It won't do to have her look- burns and destroys all behind him is interesting to notice that other burns and destroys all behind him countries are beginning to regard the you look forward to being his wife. prise her thoughts on her face, she ing pale." Sir Richard and Guy stood en- Remember, my darling, that your gave way to her feelings. tranced, listening to the weird, sor- will shall be the law. If you have All of her past life, from the night quiesced with his uncle.

tion from me. Do not answer now. Take time to consider it." The beautiful face was downcast. now, and very pale. And as she listened to her father she could not help thinking of that night in San Francisco, when Caryl Wilton had told her of his love. She did not know why she thought of it. She did not love the man, and yet she had thought of him more than once since she had become Constance Hartleigh. It seemed very long ago. She was silent for a few moments after her father ceased speaking, and then said, in a low tone, devoid of

"I do not need to consider it Something told me that you had this at heart. I know of no reason

all emotion:

"In time, of course," agreed the delighted old man, "in time. You night, Guy?"

would be wise to come out here." pressed her readiness, and started for the window, and would have gone out had not her father laughingly detained her until he could wrap something about her, saying:

"The night may be beautiful, bu it is none the less treacherous." "Beauty and treachery do some times go together," she said, as i thinking aloud. And then she stepped through the window and stood alone in the moonlight with the man she had said she would marry.

CHAPTER VII.

stance was gazing out across the man is, could you have made me ride horseback, now." lawn, seemingly watching the flit- promise as I did? If you had known ting moon shadows as they chased how true and generous Guy is could you," she said. each other across the tree-tops. Guy you have wished me to deceive him "Oh, then, if you can ride, it will was so often the case, she became hands-"is it not justice after all? the stables she can ride, Guy?" conscious that he was looking at her Is not his atonement for the other and she turned quickly toward him and said:

"Why do you look at me so much?" "I have seen poor little children looking in at a jeweler's window, Oh, mother, mother, I must think of longing for the diamonds there." She turned away again, and said, man!" coldly:

"Hartleigh Hall is very beautiful." "Very," he answered. you?"

and the title, will be mine in any "But my coming will make some playing.

difference to you? "Nothing that affects me. Your father's wealth, of which there is a lamp and retired to her luxurious great deal, will be lost to me; but I hope I do not need to assure you that I am only too glad to lose it under the circumstances." "I know you are generous."

"I am not generous in this," he answered.

"How so?" she demanded quickly. "The happiness of pleasing you long?" overshadows every other feeling. am rewarded for any loss by the overcame the old man, and he sank feeling that you have gained something thereby." "That is very nicely said," was

> her only comment, made in a chilling tone. "I do not know how it was said, Constance," he replied, sadly.

> only know that I would give title, estate, and all if I could but She affected to misunderstand him,

> and said, lightly: "But I do not want the title, nor

"I wish you did want them," he said, quickly, and then, as she did describable air, in which pity and not ask him why, as he had expected coldness were mingled, came over her he went on, "because they are inse- his coffee.

"Then of course, I could not want changed the tune and broke into a them. Let us go in. How cool your nights are." "I hope you have not caught cold,"

exclaimed her father, who had overheard her last words, as she stepped through the window. "Oh, no. I am not so delicate.

The old man flushed at the words as if feeling that they carried a reproach to him, but with touching humility said nothing that would in-

dicate it. "You must be tired," he said Shall we not say good-night?" "Perhaps it would be better." she

answered. "I hope you will have sweet dreams and refreshing sleep the first night of your return home." he said gently, as he took her hand and kis-

sed it. Her demeanor had been studiously cold, but at this act a struggle seemed to take place in her breast. She had already taken a step to leave him, but she suddenly turned, and putting both hands on his shoulders kissed him on the lips. He caught her in his arms and murmured brok-

"My daughter! my daughter! how good you are to me!' "I wish I could be," she cried: "for, oh! you are my father.'

Neither Sir Richard nor Guy understood what she meant then; they thought it was merely the cry of a forlorn heart; but in times after they remembered it and understood better. chamber-a perfect gem which Sir fall on the floor and had scalded hercommand. Her maid awaited her, really scalded after all. She was a ready tired with a long day's lightand conducted her into the dressing- great deal more frightened than hurt. ing. She loved music and could find in 'Before you were found, and when room where she assisted her to re- She contrived, however, to prevent Every consideration gives way to



The Sale of the King's Horses at Wolferton: A Tandem Pair.

interest is taken by horse dealers of variably realized. Glad of any diversion, she ex- the best class and the horse-loving

King Edward VII., as is well public generally on the occasion of Soon after his arrival among the Manchester cotton-spinner who he years, an enthusiastic breeder of ty's stud. As can well be imagin-"It could not be more beautiful. horses and stock. With the care ed, there is active competition at If you would like to see an English taken in their selection it is not to these sales and the bidding is alnight at its best, Constance, you be wondered at therefore that much ways brisk, 'long' prices being in-

> clear to her as if it had been burned | choice for color, Constance?" mother dying and vengeful; the words about me. If I am pale it is only of her promise to the dying woman for the moment, and proves what a piness. Since then she had been liv- his take the slightest risk.

"how could you blight my life with days, for all the county will call woman, and not a particle of it for the horse as ever trod turf." the poor, wronged outcast-made so by his act-and never even re- stance, will you ride?" membered? I must look at it so. that or I shall falter! The poor old self."

wept fierce, bitter tears. Some of not select for me too tame a horse." them were for herself and some were | "I see we shall have to watch her "If I had not been found would for Guy; but most of them were for Guy. She is disposed to be reckthere have been any difference to the old man, who, whatever his sins, less. was her father. After a while she

> And so, torn between her emotions, she mechanically extinguished her couch to fall into a slumber which lasted until late the next morning. Sir Richard was waiting for her Guy?" when she went down stairs, and she kissed him with such an air of tenderness that he flushed with joy.

said. "Have I kept you waiting her brown ones. "Not at all. I always breakfast caught the glance, and then, late, and Guy is always early. He that strange coldness which had so has been out for a gallop or a row often repelled him, walked to the

has the mail with him." Guy came in, with the flush of exercise on his cheeks, and looking as handsome as any woman could desire. He greeted his cousin with some embarrassment, and put his uncle's mail by his plate. Then he Exactly What to Do When Your sat down in an easy chair and asked permission of his cousin to read his papers. She gave it with so gracious an air that he sighed softly and looked wistfully at her, whereupon she seemed annoyed, and turned to her father to ask if he would have both cream and sugar in

"You must not trouble yourself, my dear," he answered. "But it will be only a pleasure," she said, as she took her seat at the table and arranged the cups. "Wil,

you not drink a cup of coffee, Guy?" "Thank you, no. Sir Richard looked around at his nephew, and said, laughingly: "Guy wants nothing now, but to be allowed to read his theatrical news. He is daft on the drama,

Constance." "Not quite as bad as that, uncle," remonstrated Guy. "I am fond of the theatre though." "And still fonder of amateur theatricals. Have you ever acted, Constance? I mean on the amateur

stage?" and the old man looked smilingly at his daughter. A quick flush, followed by a deadly pallor, showed on the fair face, but she answered steadily:

"Never." claimed Guy, without looking up from his paper. "Do you remember that Maida Carringford, who made such a sensation in California and was to have come to London?" Sir Richard answered yes, but Maida only put down the cup she

was holding, and listened with a set face. Guy continued: "It seems that she was killed in an attack on an overland stage in which she was traveling. Why, Constance, it must have been about the

-oh! What is it?" She left them and went to her own stance had let a cup of hot coffee the infantry can come up and fall

said Sir Richard, suddenly.

every incident of that time was as and get them for her. Have you any into her memory. She could see her | "Oh, you must not be worried

with the sweet face upturned to hea- | Sir Richard shook his head in lovven, rigid in death; then herself flee- ing dissenting dissent, for he would ing from her. There ended her hap- not have this wonderful daughter of

ing a life full of falseness and wrong. You will have a trying ordeal to "Oh, mother, mother!" she wailed, pass through during the coming few For some minutes no word was the wrongs of your own? If you upon you," he said, "and you must. Con- knew how gentle and good the old not be worn out. If you could only diers.

"I can do that, if it will please was watching her. It was enjoy- as I must? And yet'-she started be all right until we can get the ment enough for him. Suddenly, as from the chair and clenched her ponies for you. Is there a horse in "Scamp is safe, and as spry a lit- risings of the tribes have been, and He was released next day, but not

> "What do you say then. Con-"Anything to please you." "But I want you to please your-

She threw herself on the bed and gallop, and only ask that you will

And the old man glanced at his "The Hall, with a small estate, arose and dried her tears, and with beautiful daughter with so much a reaction of bitter scorn hated her- pride and affection that she arose self for the unworthy part she was with a sudden impulse and went around to him and kissed his forehead, saying:

"You will spoil me." "We can't spoil you," answered he fondly, "but we will do all that love can to make you happy, won't we,

Guy looked quickly at his cousin a bright flush mounting to his cheeks, and there was a world of "I am so sorry to be so late," she meaning in the blue eyes that met Constance flushed slightly, as she

on the lake. Here he is now, and he window and looked out. To be Continued.

HOW TO PURSUE.

Enemy Has Had Enough.

running away, is to give him some about 20,000 men, and is equipped The wise general gives his beaten enemy no rest, but continues to push

and hammer him until a vanquished army retreating in good order becomes a broken and disorganized mob of men with rifles. This part of the work is done by

the mounted men, and the general who fritters away his cavalry during an action instead of keeping them fresh for the pursuit should be shot. A little more, please. Wait a mo- tates in France, the West Indies, Arrangements for pursuing the enemy are begun the moment he gives tokens of having had enough. The chief of the staff details the troops to take each road by which the cnemy can retreat-details of each having, of course, been ascertained beforehand through the Intelligence Department-and indicates to the generals in command of each column

their line of route. The general who can combine daring and dash with adroitness is the still too severe. Relax theman to command a pursuing column. Caution and ability to manoeuvre coming out from behind the screen near the road. He ran across to try are not so important in such work. and glaring at her savagely, smile, "Here's bad news," suddenly ex- To hammer and annoy and harass confound you! Smile. the flying foe till he is

FINALLY CRUSHED is the object of pursuit, and the cavalry leader who errs on the side of recklessness rather than that of

caution is to be selected. The enemy naturally uses his freshest troops to cover his retreat, and his cavalry and horse-artillery are prepared to give trouble. The pursuing general, whenever he comes up with the flying foe, hammers him with guns and charges him with cavalry. He hits him in the flanks It was nothing very much. Con- if possible, so as to retard him while

following up the enemy. Having The excuse that the men are tired,

rowful strain as it poured sadly for the awakesed instrument. Sir for any reason you would rather not from the awakesed instrument. Sir placed his rand on Guy's have it so, you need fear no oppositions ago. But to the city at the first opportunity unless disaster is to occur.

This the life, from the night quiesced with his uncle.

"We must have a pair of ponies for her. Guy. You must go down have it so, you need fear no opposition to the city at the first opportunity unless disaster is to occur.

A XX-CENTURY SCOTS MER CENARY.

Kaid Maclean, Commander-in- INSTANCES WHERE PAUPER Chief of the Sultan of Morocco's Troops.

The Commander-in-Chief of the

Moorish army, Kaid Maclean, now accompanying the Moorish mission to the King, is a Scotsman who has been for twenty-three years in Morocco. He is a member of the Highland clan of Maclean, which in by- the Stock Exchange it is quite comgone days took part in many feuds mon to hear of lucky speculators and Lowland forays. Entering the clearing thousands in a day. But British army some thirty years ago, the romance of the Stock Exchange he saw fighting during the Red River is a sordid thing compared with the. expedition. When Mulai Hassan, the extraordinary accidents which every Sultan of Morocco, decided to reor- now and then turn a pauper into a ganize his army, he applied to Eng- millionaire, as if by the wave of a land for a drill-master, and Kaid magic wand, says London Answers, Maclean received the appointment. Take, for instance, the case of Moors he won the Sultan's confi- worked hard for years for \$7.50 dence, and became not only the Com- week. He had the misfortune of late ruler. He reorganized the army it appears, enough to kill three or and his daring deeds in battle im- dinary men, yet did not die, and s pressed the natives so much that he remarkable was the case considere the throne on the death of Mulai London paper on the subject. Th much influence.

seize the throne, but as Kaid Mac- and quite lost sight of the rest of were before her eyes in blazing let- foolish girl I am more than anything persons present when the Sultan land, looked up his brother, and died within two days' march from when he died last year left him \$90.-Marakesh, they had the body con- 000. veyed secretly to that city, where Here is another instance of what they announced the death, and had at first appeared a disaster resulting Mulai Hassan's son, Abdel-Aziz pro- in money and fame. Henry George, claimed in his stead, and a slight the writer of "Progress and Pove outbreak was quickly suppressed by erty," was sent to Ireland during Maclean's admirably disciplined sol- the Fenian agitation as special cor-

The new Sultan being only 13 At that time George was an unyears of age, a regent was necessary, known man, and his book equally and Ben Mussa was appointed, with so, although it had been published Kaid Maclean's influence, power, and for several years. Hardly had the hand behind him. Any incipient op- correspondent landed before he was position which broke out was sup- arrested at Loughrea as a suspect pressed with a strong hand, as all and lodged in gaol. notably that of the Missiwa tribe a before his name was in all the pafew years ago. To prevent, if possi- pers. Without delay he brought out ble, the recurrence of such incidents, a new cheap edition of "Progress the heads of fifty prominent Misfiwa and Poverty" in London. The tribesmen figure on spikes over the Times gave a whole page to it, and city gates of the port of Rabat, and the entire edition went off in twenty-"I like nothing better than a good a similar number adorned the gates four hours. Its author cleared at Fez. Maclean always leads the thousands, and became the mostpunitive expeditions himself, and has talked-of-man of the year. thus seen much tribal fighting. On A mouse-hunt brought fortune to the death of Ben Mussa last year a Parisian market woman named the Sultan took up the reins of Gov- Jaques. She espied the tiny creaernment, Kaid Maclean still retain- ture under the grate in her lodgings ing his predominant influence.

Gael, the bagpipes, of which he is claim. much enamored, is appreciated quite the pipes as thoroughly as the High-Celtic fervor and humor.

The Kaid, whose full name is Harby long residence in Morocco, has M.G., and is 51 years of age. He is her life. married and has three daughters and one son living. At Fez and Marakesh the family live in palaces of was a widow but she refused, saying The rule in warfare when your en- Oriental magnificence. The army she had promised her dead husband emy has had enough, and signifies over which this intrepid Scotsman never to marry again. But she begthe same in the usual manner by is the commander-in-chief comprises ged Hawthorne to accept a portion with European rifles.

> DID MRS. CHEESEMAN SMILE? Mrs. Cheeseman, arrayed in her

Your expression-pardon me-is a received word that the lady he ha trifle too severe, said the photo- saved nearly forty-seven years before grapher, looking at her over his was dead, and had left him owner of camera. Relax the features a trifle. nearly \$100,000 a year, including es-

He came back, made a slight change in the adjustment of the head fortunes, but only as a wile after rest, then stood off and inspected the long years of toil. Now, then. Ready. Beg pardon- seamster, who went to America some the expression is still a little too three years ago, and got work on a Relax the features a trifle. cattle ranch in Montana.

again-pardon me, the expression is minutes' rest. Jemima! roared Mr. Cheeseman,

VALUATION OF LOST LIMBS.

According to a scale of value furnished by the miners' unions and miners' accident insurance companies of Germany, the loss of both hands is valued at 100 per cent., or the whole ability to earn a living. Losing the right hand depreciates the value of an individual as a worker 70 to 80 per cent., while the loss of the left hand represents from 60 to 70 per cent. of the earnings of both hands. The thumb is reckoned to be worth from 20 to 30 per cent. of the upon him. Reserves of infantry (if earnings. The first finger of the Richard had fitted up with all the self a very little. She was ashamed any) will at this juncture naturally right hand is valued at from 14 to luxury wealth and good to be been spied out. No self a very little. luxury wealth and good taste could to have cried out. No, she was not be used, so as to spare the foot al-

> MILITARY CYCLISTS. The decision of the War Office to

makes the most of it, and gives the send nearly a thousand Volunteer beaten enemy no time to breathe. cyclists to the front is a striking instance of prejudice overcome. Fifsion. Now, however, there are from The staff has a busy time in pur- 10,000 to 15,000 Volunteer cyclists suits, for the pursuing army has to in Great Britain; at the beginning of dents and only 20 kings. in his retreat. Moreover, every hour countries are beginning to regard the Guy glanced keenly at her and actakes the pursuers farther away from bicycle as a serious item in modern their base. Thus the men who are warfare. The French Minister of

FORTUNES MADE IN A DI

HAVE BECOME RICH.

A Poor Cotton Spinner's Luck-Fortunate Result of a Mouse Hunt.

In these days of wild gambling of

mander-in-Chief of the Sherefian Ar- day in 1897 to be accidentally my, but the trusted adviser of the poisoned with acetic acid. He took practirally held the nomination to that a well-known doctor wrote to Hassan, although the Grand Vizier, letter was copied into an Australian Ahmed Ben Mussa, also possessed journal, and there seen by the cot ton-spinner's brother, who had emi-The Sultan's brother was ready to grated when young, made money.

respondent of a New York paper,

but when she tried to catch it it dis-The Moorish commander-in-chief, appeared in a crack in the brickby long residence in Morocco, ha? work. She pulled away a loose now become a "Moor of the Moors." bundle of dusty papers. They prov-He is sun darkened and swarthy in ed to be bank-notes to the value of complexion, and wears the pictures- \$8,000. By French law she may que costume of the native Kaid. His claim the whole amount in a year's protracted absence from his native time if no one else can prove a country has been broken by periodi- title. Seeing that the notes are cal visits to Scotland, and the mu- many years old it is very improbasic of the barbaric war slogan of the ble that anyone will ever make a

Sometimes it is a dead hand that as much among the Moroccan moun- dowers a pauper with unexpected tains as among the Bens of the millions. Henry Hawthorne was in Highlands, the Kaid having succeed- 1854 a boy of eighteen. He was ed in introducing the instrument to bathing in the sea near a Kentish his adopted country; the young Sul- village when he saw a small sailing tan, indeed, enjoys the skirling of boat nearly a mile out suddenly up-Flinging on his clothes he land clan stories which his com- jumped into his boat which was mander-in-chief can tell with genuine pulled up on the beach, launched it, and went to the rescue. A woman was still clinging to the capsized craft. He pulled her in and saved

> Afterwards he fell in love with her and asked her to marry him. She of her income, as, she said, she had more money than she could spend. Hawthorne refused, went to America and enlisted in the U. S. Army. He served in the Civil War in

1864, was mustered out, and has for best gown, was sitting for her photo- some years been an inmate of a soldiers' home. A few months ago he England and Australia

Mines have given many men sudden luck of George Cormican, an Irish A little more, please. Direct your coming across the plains with his gaze at the card on this upright wagon one day last autumn when he All ready. One moment stopped to give his tired mules a few

> Suddenly he noticed a badger disappear into a hollow under a tank Then he noticed yond his reach. some blue stones lying at the mouth of the hole. He picked a few up and took them home. They proved to be blue sapphires, equal to the very finest Oriental stones. Cormican's chance find has made him a rich man already, and he will probably be a millionaire within a very few years. Almost equally startling was the rise of Maxmilian Darun, twenty years ago a clerk in the City of Mexico on \$750 a year. He saved a little from his small salary and went into business as a money-lender. Taking over a supposedly worthless mine for a bad debt, he tested the workings, and discovered the great El Promentario silver lead, which now gives him the comfortable income of \$600,000 a year.

> > NO EFFECT THAT WAY.

There is a tendency now to abbreviate the spelling of the Gainsborough hat to Gainsboro', said Mrs. Bunting to Mrs. Perkasie. But it doesn't reduce the price.

There are in the world 24 presi-

A gallon of water weighs 10 lbr. a gallon of mercury 1,357 lbs.

The eye of an useducated v averages 2,500 mine at reading is lifetime.