Maida's Secret.....

By the Author of.....
"A Gipsy's Daughter,"
"Another Man's Wife,"
"A Heart's Bitterness,"
Etc., Etc.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.—Maida Carringford the illegitimate child of Sir Richard Hartleigh, meets her half-sister Constance on a stage-coach in America. The stage is attacked and Constance is wounded. Maida leaves her for dead and goes to impersonate her in England. Caryl Wilton, who knew Maida as a famous actress, meets her at some amateur theatricals in her new home.

CHAPTER XVI.

In the meantime what was he doing who was the cause of all the agony which rent the soul of the erring woman?

He watched the carriage as it drove out of the grounds, and then with a set purpose took his way after it. It did not matter to him how far the Hall was away. It suited him for the moment to follow the woman he loved.

He strode after the carriage careless that it outstripped him. He knew the way to the Hall and he was going there. And when he reached there he entered the grounds and looked up at the windows that were lighted. And when he discovered, by the shadow on the curtains, which room was Maida's he threw himself on a bench and watched it.

"Yes," he said to himself "up there in the room of Constance Hartleigh, is Maida Carringford. By what right is she there? Is she Constance Hartleigh? She may be, but she fears me for the knowledge I have that she is Maida Carringford, and that she once acted on the stage.

"To think that I should have hunted for her hither and thither, and given up the search, only to find her at the last by a mere piece of luck. Luck! No, it was not luck. Luck to have that particular invitation of a hundred brought to me? No, it was fate if you will, but luck—never.

"But how comes she to be here? How comes she to be Constance Hartleigh? And that she is a Hartleigh, who shall deny after seeing her and her father? If by chance there be something in her life to conceal, does the old man share the secret? And if he does not, what will she do to keep it from him?

"Why, Caryl Wilton, you talk like a scoundrel. You talk as if you would persecute a woman. Persecute her? Ay, and persecute again! And she shall love me and be happy in my love! Oh, I know I am as mad with this love as ever Romeo, and I have fought the fight against it and been conquered. I will never try again. I will do anything to make her mine, and to make her love me.

"And then, after all, if she will not love me? Well, then which Heaven forbid, I will let her be happy in the love of the best man she can find; and if my death would help her to greater happiness, then I would die, and willingly. But first she shall have no chance of doubt if she can love me, for I will have it so if such a thing be possible. And if she suffer in the doing what of it? Will not the end compensate?"

Whatever his dreams, or whatever his rest that night, no one would have supposed the next morning that anything unusual in his life had taken place, for he entered the breakfast room with his easy, imperturbable nonchalance, and made his apologies to the Duchess for his desertion from the ball the previous night.

And she forgave him, because there was nothing else to do, as everybody did for him very nearly as he wished.

"Where is Algy?" he asked, looking round the table.

"Sick abed, where he will be now for a week recovering from the strain of his success."

"Poor Algy! I will go see him after breakfast."

And he did. Lord Algy was lying in bed in a darkened room, but he was glad to see Caryl, who had over him something of the soothing influence of the mesmerist; though, if he had any of that power, he never exercised it, and the effect was rather a moral than a physical one.

"I am glad to see you, old fellow. Good of you to come up here out of the sunshine."

"Sorry to see you in bed, Algy; but if you will dabble in theatricals, why, you must suffer."

"But what a success, Caryl. And did you ever, now, on your honor, see such a Juliet before?"

"She certainly did well for an amateur."

"Do you mean you do not really think it was good acting?"

"Oh, it was wonderful when you consider it was her first attempt. It was her first attempt, was it not?"

"Certainly. She said so herself."

"Well, don't fire up so about your idol, Algy. By the way how does she happen to be the daughter of Sir Richard, when I did not know he had such a thing."

"Nobody knew it until recently."

"Do tell me the mystery of her life. There is no harm in supposing a mystery, is there?"

"There is no mystery that I know of or have heard of, or have heard hinted at. Her mother was wrongly suspected by Sir Richard, and fled from her home— I think it was twenty years ago. He afterwards discovered that she was innocent, and sought for her, but only succeeded in finding the daughter, who was an infant at the time of the mother's flight."

"Why was not the mother found?"

"She was dead."

"Ah! When did she die?"

"How should I know? It is not the kind of a question you would care to ask Sir Richard, and he has not volunteered the information. Whose business is it?"

"By which you mean it is none of mine. Well, I don't suppose it is. She is a pretty girl, is she not?"

"Pretty?" cried Lord Algy, with scornful emphasis; "she is beautiful. I never saw her equal. It is not mere beauty of feature either. You can see the beauty of her character shining out of those glorious eyes."

"Rather enamoured, aren't you, Algy?".

"I would not care for more than her friendship and the chance to serve her. Besides, there is another."

The dark eyebrows went up, and there was a strange glint in the dark eyes.

"Another, did you say? And who is the lucky dog?"

"Her cousin Guy."

"Oh, she loves him, eh? Well, he is a fine-looking fellow. Of course he reciprocates?"

"He worships her. Who that knows her does not? Always excepting you."

"Oh, you must always leave me out of the question."

And with this he went off to prepare for a walk to the Hall. And a half hour later he was striding along leisurely, swinging his cane easily, and soliloquizing:

"It is just as well to go at once," he said to himself; "for if she really is in love with this Hercules, or even if she is not, but only intends to marry him, she may as well know that I am in earnest, and have not forgotten the day I offered her my heart. Yes, she may as well know that Caryl Wilton has forgotten nothing."

It was in a strange frame of mind that he walked up to the great door of the Hall and knocked for admittance. He was prepared for a struggle, but no one looking at his careless grace of demeanor, would have guessed it.

CHAPTER XVII.

The great doors of the Hall were wide open, as if Sir Richard were desirous of keeping up the ancient and hospitable ways of his ancestors, who maintained open house to all comers. After knocking, Caryl stepped into the wide hall, and there waited until a servant in livery came and took his card.

"Sir Richard," said Caryl, and stepped into the drawing-room, the doors of which stood open.

Presently he heard a door open—his ears as well as his eyes were as quick as a North American Indian's—and, turning, saw a figure coming with a quick, graceful step toward him. It was Maida.

A sudden thrill of surprise and admiration ran through him.

"Good-morning," she said, holding out her hand. "The man told me you were here, or I am not sure I should have recognized you without your paint and doublet."

There was no start, no embarrassment, no trace of anything but a sweet, natural, womanly candor. Her acting, if acting it were, was perfect.

He took her hand and bowed over it, speechless for a moment before this vision of pure womanhood. It was not the Maida Carringford he had dreamed of, but his heart left no doubt that in this as in any other guise he must equally be the slave of her personality.

"I am the bearer of countless messages of gratitude and anxious enquiry, Miss Hartleigh," he said. "I need not ask if you are well," and he glanced significantly at her peach-like face.

She blushed at the implied compliment, and laughed softly and musically.

"They are very kind," she answered. "Yes, I am well, and not at all tired. And you?"

His dark eyes lighted up with an unmistakable meaning a s he answered:

"Had I been ill last night's experience would have cured me. One cannot play Romeo to your Juliet without experiencing a quickening of his life-blood. My pulses still beat faster." Then, with a sudden change of expression, "Lord Algy does not get off as well. I left him in bed, sick with one of his headaches. Excitement and exertion."

A warm light softened the dark eyes.

"I am very sorry," she said simply. "I was afraid it would be so."

There was a moment of awkward silence, his eyes resting on her face. Then she looked up.

"Did you see Guy—my cousin—on the lawn, as you came up the walk?"

"No; I have seen no one but you."

There was a double meaning in his words, but she would not seem to see it, and went on, naturally:

"He is about the grounds"—looking out of the window—"and is sure to come in presently. I will go in search of papa," and with a slight inclination of the head, she glided away from him.

Caryl Wilton sank into a chair and looked after her, with a singular smile curving his lips. What a wonderful woman. Not a sign of embarrassment, not a tremor of the eyelids, not a quiver of the red lips. But for the throbbing heart within his breast he must have been deceived.

He heard footsteps again, and presently she entered, with Sir Richard on her arm.

Caryl Wilton had seen him years ago, when he was a mere boy, and he remembered him a tall, upright, iron-visaged man, with stern eyes and mouth. He could scarcely reconcile the bent, gentle, sinking old man with the figure of his memory.

"Mr. Wilton? Yes, yes," said Sir Richard, extending his thin, white hand. "Glad to see you. Very kind of you to remember us, I'm sure Not overcome by the exertion of last night? You did well, Mr. Wilton. It was the universal verdict that it had never been so well done. How are their graces? Sorry to hear Algy is not well. You are an old friend of his, are you not?"

"Very; but I have not seen much of him for some years, because I have not been in England."

"Ah, travelling," said Sir Richard, nodding affably, his hand toying carelessly with Maida's white sleeve, his eyes wandering to her face with that strange look of anxious, craving affection. "And where have you been?"

"In many places," answered Caryl leaning forward so that his own face was in the shade, while the beautiful face of the young girl was in the full sunlight. If she noticed the manoeuvre it was only to defy his purpose by bringing her face more squarely into the light. "The place I last visited was America."

"Ah, yes, quite new ground," said Sir Richard. "In my day we did not go so far. You visited New York and Boston, I suppose?"

Maida seemed to feel the answer before it was made, for a slight shiver ran over her, but her eyes never lost their smiling look of interest.

"Yes," said Caryl, softly, "New York and Boston. But the last city I made an extended stop at was San Francisco."

He looked at Maida and she smiled back without a tremor. Then, with a perfectly natural movement, she let her arm slip out of her father's and went over to a table on which were some flowers, several of which were in danger of falling out of the dish. She had her back to them as she arranged these, and Sir Richard went on:

"Yes, yes; and I suppose you are not sorry to be back in old England again, eh? And I am safe to say old England is glad to have you back."

Caryl bowed and answered with a smile:

"You are very kind, Sir Richard. I can only answer for myself. England holds to-day all that is dearest in the world to me."

"I am glad to hear you say it, sir. We cannot afford to have such men as you from us long. I shall never forget the treat you gave us last night. And my daughter"—he looked around, and Maida glided to his side, put her hand on his shoulder, and stood with eyes veiled by their white lids—"my daughter is indebted to you for your masterly performance. It made hers what it was."

"Pardon me if I resume to differ," retorted Caryl. "Anything I did was only possible with the inspiration drawn from your daughter's acting. It was truly great."

Sir Richard nodded, with brightening eyes.

"Yes, a surprise, too, sir, even to me, her father. I can scarcely believe it. And her first attempt, Mr. Wilton."

"Her first attempt, yes," said Caryl, his eyes fixed on the now downcast face.

It was clear then, that the old man new nothing of her being Maida Carringford. She had concealed it from him.

"I hope you will make a long stay at the Castle," said Sir Richard.

There was a moment's pause. Maida's dark eyes looked up suddenly, and as suddenly dropped again; but not before Caryl Wilton had noted the glance and caught the shadow of the despair in the depths of the eyes. His heart was moved to a fierce sort of pity, and he would willingly have said to her, "Maida, my darling, let me end this torture of you whom I love so passionately. Let me say that I love you, and do you give yourself to me. I will protect you." But, no, he could not do this. He knew that in her then mood she would yield nothing. No; he must wait until the end came naturally, and if he made her suffer, if he caused her to think he delighted in torturing her, it must be so. He would some day prove that of all the world he loved her most faithfully.

"It depends on circumstances, Sir Richard," he said, slowly.

"Well, well," said the old man, "I trust you will not forget us, Mr. Wilton. Pray look upon the Hall as your second home. My nephew—where is Guy?—will be only too delighted with a companion through the preserves. We have some game, Mr. Wilton. I am no shot, myself, but I can answer, I think for the game. You are an artist, I believe, too?"

Caryl Wilton bowed with a deprecatory smile.

"An admirer of art, Sir Richard."

The old man nodded amiably and said:

"Well, they used to tell me that we had some good pictures at the Hall. They may be out of fashion now. Will you go through the gallery?"

"I shall be delighted."

Sir Richard rose, and drew Maida's arm through his.

"We will show you what we have," he said.

To be Continued.

PROSPECTIVE WIVES.

Like the Turks and many other dwellers in Oriental lands, the Moors prefer "moon-faced" wives rather than lean ones, and are more solicitous as to the number of pounds which their brides weigh than about the stock of accomplishments they possess. A girl is put under the process of fattening when she is about twelve years of age. Her hands are tied behind her, and she is seated on a carpet during so many hours every day, while her "papa" stands over her with a maraque, or big stick, and her mother at times pops into her mouth a ball of couscoussou, or stiff maize porridge (kneaded up with grease, and just large enough to be swallowed without the patient choking). If the unfortunate victim declines to be stuffed she is compelled, so that ere long the poor girl resigns herself to the torture and gulps down the boluses to avoid being beaten.

The building with the largest stones in the world is not in Egypt, but at Baalbec, in Syria. The stones are 60 ft. long and 20 ft. square.

STATUE OF QUEEN VICTORIA AT TORONTO.

The statue to be erected in Queen's Park in front of the Parliament building, at Toronto, Ont., will be a worthy memorial of Queen Victoria. It is by the Italian sculptor Raggi, who has long been one of the foremost exponents of his art in England where he has lived for many years. The statue will be of bronze, a replica of one in Hong Kong. Her Majesty gave the sculptor a number of sittings, and warmly praised the result. The panels in bronze set into the granite base will represent scenes in Her Majesty's life.

About the ....House

SHORT TALKS ON HEALTH.

Rye is very nutritious, but not so digestible as wheat.

All manicures will tell you it is better for the nails if you file them instead of cutting them.

Ether is not likely to lose its efficacy in repeated trials, but the person may rebel against repeated applications.

The parched, drawn condition of the skin is due to lack of natural oil. Use a good skin food.

The requirements of health are few. The rewards many. Good air, good food, exercise, cleanliness, rest and suitable clothing.

Heavy bed clothing does not allow the proper radiation of heat from the body, and restlessness is the result. Give the body a chance to breathe.

Feather pillows are more heating than is desirable for comfort or health. The head cool and the feet warm is a trite saying.

Dandruff, in many cases, may be destroyed by rubbing a cut lemon into the roots of the hair as frequently as the case may demand.

Tired feet may be quickly rested and greatly benefited by bathing them in warm water and then sponging them or rubbing them with alcohol.

All cereals containing much starch require thorough mixing of the saliva before deglutition (swallowing) in order that the starch may be properly acted upon, otherwise the paste like substance coats the lining of the stomach and prevents the flow of the gastric juice.

For tender feet we would advise the use of footwear made with specially prepared soles, low heels, soft, pliable uppers.

Barley contains almost as much nutriment as wheat, but has more fat and salts and less proteids and carbohydrates.

One who is ill should not be forced to eat. Give the stomach a rest. The brain, in this case, draws uuon the fatty tissues of the body when there is a shortage in the region of the stomach.

Large pores are caused by an inactive skin and lack of attention. Use only pure soap on the face, cleanse thoroughly and then apply a good cream or skin food.

Oats contain all the nutrient properties, but not in so well balanced proportions as in wheat. Oatmeal should be thoroughly cooked to open the starch cells, else it is indigestible.

The use of any drug to produce sleep is injurious. It does not remove the cause. "Only eight or ten grains?" Beware. Only eight or ten grains now may mean eighteen or twenty by and by.

A cold water bath in a cold or cool room is a luxury to one having sufficient vitality for reaction. The use of cold water in a warm room is to be recommended in preference to the use of warm water in a cold room.

Sugar is useful in warm weather or in warm climates, as it supplies energy in the body without the overheating effects of large quantities of fat. It is more readily assimilated than starch, fats or oils.

A CATSUP CHAPTER.

In making catsup, use a granite or porcelain kettle; vinegar boiled in copper forms acetate of copper, which is a greenish poison. Always stir catsup with a wooden or silver spoon. The vegetables and fruits should be fully ripe, solid and free from decay. Put the contents through a colander, then through a sieve to make the pulp fine. Simmer rather than boil, and stir often to prevent burning. Mix and sift all the condiments before adding them to the pulp.

Seal catsup in bottles, which should be perfectly clean and free from cracks. If they are stained inside put some finely chopped raw potato in them, add a little water and shake vigorously. Soak the corks in boiling water; while hot drive them into the bottles as far as possible, then cover with sealing wax; over this tie two thicknesses of cloth saturated with the wax. Seal the catsup while hot. When cold, put in a dry, cool place, resting the bottles on their sides.

Plum Catsup.—Wash the plums and stew until tender in enough water to prevent burning, then strain and weigh. To four pounds of pulp allow one pound of sugar, four teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, two teaspoonfuls of cloves, two teaspoonfuls of pepper and salt to taste. This is an excellent relish to serve with roast meats.

Grape Catsup.—Wash, drain and put into a preserving kettle. Mash well, place on the fire and cook until tender, and then strain. To every ten pounds of pulp allow six pounds of sugar, one teaspoonful each of cinnamon, cloves, allspice and pepper, and a teaspoonful of salt.

Tomato Catsup.—Scald, peel, slice and core a peck of ripe tomatoes. Use the bright red tomatoes. Place in a porcelain kettle and cook until tender, and then strain. To this quantity of tomatoes and three large onions chopped very fine one tablespoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of cayenne pepper, five tablespoonfuls of ground mustard, and a tablespoonful each of ground black pepper, ground cloves, and celery seed in a bag. Simmer about six hours.

Cucumber catsup.—Pare large, ripe cucumbers, remove the seeds; grate fine and measure. Place the pulp in a colander and drain well. To every quart of the pulp allow a teaspoonful of cayenne pepper, one teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of grated horse-radish, and a pint of good cider vinegar. Mix together thoroughly; do not cook; bottle and seal. Try this with fish and game.

PLASTER OF PARIS.

It is not at all uncommon for the brass top which is fastened on the lamp in which the burner screws, to come unfastened. With the smallest quantity of plaster of paris wet to a thick paste with cold water, and enough put in this brass top to fill up the space in which it was first then fit down quickly (for it hardens rapidly) on the lamp, and the lamp will soon be as good as new. As soon as you fit the top on, press it down firmly and evenly with a soft, damp rag, wipe off all the plaster that oozes out, and set your lamp where it will not be disturbed until dry, which will generally be in less than an hour.

Nail holes in plaster can be quickly mended with this, and should be done before re-whitewashing or repapering the walls.

Plaster of paris eggs answer for nest eggs.

A pretty use to put the plaster to is to make paper weights of it by putting it either in a round or square paper box, and while soft press down into the plaster either a leaf, or spray of leaves or a flower, anything with large veins to make a distinct impression, and when dry and firm you can remove the leaf, leaving a perfect impress of itself. Ten cents' worth of the plaster will do much work.

TO CLEAN BROADCLOTH.

A bottle of ammonia, a small sponge and a piece of dark flannel will clean a broadcloth skirt as well as the best cleaner if one takes time and pains. The cloth should be wet only slightly, broadcloth never being soaked through. The proportions of ammonia to water should be for black goods one tablespoonful to a cup of water. For light colored material it is better to make a weaker solution, lest the ammonia fade the color.

A BOY'S ESSAY ON WATER.

A very original essay on water is quoted by a contemporary. One or two of the writer's ideas upon the subject are strikingly novel. For instance, he divides all water into four sub-headings—rain water, soda water, holy water, and brine. Water, he continues, is used for a good many things. Sailors use water to go to sea on. Water is a good thing to fire at boys with a squirt gun and to catch fishes in. But the strangest of all uses for water is this: Nobody, he says, could be saved from drowning if there wasn't water to pull them out of. This reminds one of the boy's essay on pins, in the course of which he said that pins had saved many lives by people not swallowing them.

HONEYMOON'S SPENT APART.

Sometimes Done by Accident—Sometimes by Design.

The average couple usually leave while the wedding bells are still ringing, glad to embrace a week or two of quietude before shaking themselves down in earnest to the serious business of life.

Ideas of spending the honeymoon differ. A recently married pair went to their separate homes immediately after the ceremony, the wife taking her usual place at the sewing machine as if no unusual event had marked the day; while the husband dressed himself in ordinary holiday clothes, an early train carrying him to Scarborough, England, where he enjoyed himself in solitary style for nearly a fortnight. During this time he never wrote a line to his wife, nor was she acquainted with his address.

Returning to the home of his parents, he permitted a couple of days to go by before calling on his better half. Then it was to inform her that he intended going to America, and would send for her in due course. A week later he sailed without so much as bidding his wife good-bye. She entertains little hope of ever seeing him again, and the neighbors wonder why the pair ever got married.

A gentleman who never permits any occurrence to interfere with business was married in great style to the pretty daughter of a wealthy merchant. The same afternoon witnessed him running about London, up to his ears in work, while his darling went to Paris for a month, accompanied by her mamma!

Pleading the poorness of trade as an excuse for not taking a holiday after the wedding, a fairly well-to-do grocer left his wife in her new home while he proposed going to his shop. Towards evening the young woman received a telegram stating that her spouse had gone to Doncaster races, but would return within a week. He returned with empty pockets—his favorites came in third, as usual, and a gold watch was the means of raising the fare home.

Pretty state of things to quarrel on the marriage day! A young bride wished to spend the honeymoon on the Continent; her partner voted for Douglas. As neither would give in they went their separate courses, much to the surprise and amusement of friends and guests. This peculiar couple never spend their summer holidays together—seemingly they intend to go on in the way they commenced.

Not only did a newly-married couple agree to spend their holiday apart, they also occupy different cottages though living in the same street. Occasionally they take walks together as during the courting days, otherwise their behavior appears to be merely friendly.

QUEBEC AS A GRAIN PORT.

Shippers Said to be Satisfied with Their Experiment So Far.

The Leyland Steamship Company and the American capitalists who are associated with it in its efforts to divert the export shipments of Western grain from New York, Boston and Portland to Quebec are more than satisfied with the result of their first shipments from Quebec. H. H. Melville of Boston and Col. James McNaught of New York, who are heavy stockholders on the Great Northern Railway of Canada, by which road the grain is shipped over the shortest existing route from the Great Lakes to the ocean steamships are authority for the statement that immediate steps are to be taken for more than doubling both the sailing of grain ships and the terminal facilities of the railway at Quebec.

In little more than two months the Great Northern has already shipped nearly a million and a quarter bushels of grain from Quebec, while for the month of August the Leyland Steamship Company has decided to run four grain-carrying steamships to Quebec instead of two, one of which will be the new cargo-carrier Kingstonian of 9,000 tons capacity, now on her maiden voyage to Quebec.

The doubling of the railway terminals at Quebec to accommodate the increased shipments of grain from the West has already begun and the discharging of barges and other vessels having cargoes of Western grain, by means of the marine leg of the new elevator equipment belonging to the Great Northern Railway, is going on concurrently with the elevating of grain from the cars.

The enormous spurt which the company's operations have given to the business of Quebec is illustrated by the fact that all the available storage accommodation upon the wharves has been taken up, necessitating the immediate construction by the Harbor Commission, of a series of new sheds, each 850 feet long, and 80 feet wide, one of which has already been completed. So promising is the development of this trade that large improvements are being made to the roadbed of the railway to enable it to meet the new demands upon it. New stretches of road are being built to avoid difficult curves and grades, and heavier rails are being laid wherever necessary.

A SKIN SEWING MACHINE.

A sewing machine for the skin is a recent French notion. It was exhibited by Dr. Paul Michel at the late Congress of Medicine, and is, of course, intended for the use of surgeons. The instrument is quite small, easily held in the hands, and has received the Barbier Prize of the Faculty of Medicine. In future a surgeon need not slowly stitch the edges of a wound. With the left hand he keeps the two lips together, and with the right he fastens it by means of little clasps or "agrafas" of nickel, having points which only penetrate the epidermis, and are not painful.

TRYING TO HIRE ROYALTY.

"TO USE OF H. R. H. FOR THREE HOURS—$500,000."

The Many Schemes Adopted to Get Into British Society.

Where royalty will go the nobility will, with a very few superior exceptions, flock willingly. Thus, if a plutocrat can inveigle a prince or princess to one of his entertainments he may assure himself that he will never subsequently have any difficulty in attracting an aristocratic crowd to his drawing-room and as an invitation must be made in return for his hospitality he is socially established in the lap of aristocracy. Hence, the whole matter is one of capturing an efficient prince, princess or royal duke, says Pearson's Weekly.

The writer has it from a friend whose position in attendance on the royal family makes his word quite incontestible, that numerous attempts were essayed to make King Edward, when Prince of Wales, the bait to attract the nobility to the houses of wealthy people who hankered after titled friends. Such attempts were never, of course, made directly, but generally through an equerry or other member of the royal suite, and always glossed over in the most delicate manner possible.

For instance, in the Diamond Jubilee year a certain American millionaire made a frantic attempt to get into the best London society, and received a series of blighting snubs in consequence, as he had not the most excellent character in the world. His final effort, the failure of which completely extinguished him, was in arranging an elaborate party to which the richest of his compatriots staying over in London were to be invited. He wrote to the Prince saying that a party was to be given, and that during the evening a collection would be made on behalf of the

PRINCE'S HOSPITAL FUND

and that he intended to start the collection with $50,000 if His Highness would be graciously pleased to appear at the entertainment, since that event would encourage the collection! And he actually had the effrontery to add that, as nobody but himself would be aware of the amount of his contribution, it would be left to the Prince's discretion to do with it exactly as he pleased, which was one way of saying "keep it."

Had the Prince been trapped, the pushful millionaire would have sent out a few hundred invitations to the flower of English nobility requesting their attendance "to meet H.R.H., the Prince of Wales," and they could hardly have declined the invitation. As it was, however, a reply was sent saying that H.R.H., having so many engagements, and taking into consideration that the entertainment was a purely private one, he, not having even the claims of acquaintanceship upon the hospitality of the millionaire, found it impossible to accept the invitation; but he trusted that the entertainment would be an unqualified success, and that a substantial sum would be collected and sent direct to the secretaries of the Hospital Fund. The party was postponed indefinitely.

Other members of the Royal Family have been subjected to the same kind of thing, albeit, of course, the King, when Heir Apparent, being next in rank to our late beloved Queen was the most desirable "draw." A few of these would-be royalty-buyers, however, knowing how severely H. R. H. could snub those who required it, shied at the idea of attempting him and turned their undesirable attentions to lesser personages, and it is said that a certain English plutocrat once succeeded in tempting a royal duke into his house by flourishing

A BIG CHEQUE

but the report is quite unworthy of credence as the duke in question was every bit as "stiff-necked" as any other member of the Royal House.

A few years ago the Duke of Cornwall and York was approached through one of his suite to attend at the house of a now well-known South African millionaire. There is a strong reason for the belief that no less a sum than $100,000 was the present offered in the case and that other sums had been disbursed in order to get the proposition before the Duke. There was a financial as well as a social side to the desire to get royal patronage in this instance, which may account for the immensity of the sum offered. The temptation was not, however, too great for the Duke to resist, and not only was the millionaire very badly snubbed, but the Duke's attendant who conveyed the proposal to His Highness was relieved of his services forthwith.

Great as was the offer in that case, if the figure is correct, there are at least a score of Britons who would be glad to pay three or four times that amount for the honor of entertaining a Royal personage at dinner, and who only refrain from making such offers because they have the good sense to know that they would not be accepted, and would only insult the personages approached. A famous multi-millionaire used openly to declare he would be quite pleased "to drop" $500,000 to anyone or anything securing for him the honor of entertaining the Prince and Princess of Wales (as they were then) to a dinner, and it was said in all sincerity.

BRITAIN'S INDIAN ARMY.

The full strength of Great Britain's Indian Army is 300,000 men, of whom 230,000 are native and 70,000 British soldiers. In addition to this military force there are about 20,000 enrolled European Volunteers, and a native police, officered by white men, nearly 200,000 strong.

A NOVEL RAILWAY.

In the western part of British Columbia is a novel railway, two miles in length. The rails are made of trees, from which the bark has been stripped, and these are bolted together. Upon them runs a car with grooved wheels to suit this wide.