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--WE REPAIR--
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I am prepared to fill orders for and shingles.
CHARTER SMITH,
DURHAM

Maida's Secret.....

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.—Maida Carrington, the illegitimate child of Sir Richard Hartleigh, meets her half-sister Constance on a stage-coach in America. The stage is attacked and Maida is dead and goes to impersonate her in England. Constance, who knew Maida as a famous actress, meets her at some amateur theatricals in her new home and visits the portrait gallery at Hartleigh Hall. He is passionately fond of her and is often in her presence asks leave to paint her portrait.

CHAPTER XVIII.
Caryl Wilton lost no time in making preparations for the painting of Maida's portrait, but he did not wish to seem too eager; so while he sent to London by his valet for the brushes, and colors and canvass and had them in his possession within twenty-four hours after he received permission, he did not go to the Hall again for three days.

He was met and welcomed by Sir Richard, who was standing on the broad verandah sunning himself. He smiled at sight of the tell-tale easel, which Caryl took out of the carriage and said: "I was beginning to think you had forgotten about your little commission, Mr. Wilton."

And he shook hands with his visitor with marked cordiality. Maida then joined them and added a rather dubious welcome to that of the old man. "And now where shall the studio be?"

"I had thought the little gallery would suit, if you had no objections," replied Caryl. "The light there will be of the best."

Nothing more was said between them, as they all walked toward the gallery. When they reached it, Maida stood by one of the windows, looking listlessly at the colors and canvass, saying a word now and then to the old man, but keeping his eyes for the most part on the fair form by the window.

"Are you ready?" he said at last. "I shall first get the outline, and he worked deftly with the charcoal, glancing constantly at his model, who had fallen in a reverie, to all appearance, and had her eyes cast down. But for all her seeming indifference she was aware of every trace he cast his eyes upon her. She could feel them burning into her soul. How she hated him at that moment!"

"Ah," cried Sir Richard, suddenly, "how well you have caught the bend of the head. Wonderful! I shall believe no more in your modest assertions of your own inability."

"Thank you for your encouragement, but I know only too well how weak the effort is."

Sir Richard was about to make some laughing reply to this, when a servant entered the room with a salver on which were some letters. Sir Richard found that one of them demanded immediate attention, and asking to be excused, left the room. As soon as he was gone Caryl suspended his crayon, and gently asked: "Are you tired?"

"You will not hesitate to tell me when you are?" "I will not."

"Because I am but the slave of your will."

She looked up with a glance of angry scorn and seemed about to make a cutting remark, but he held up his hand with respectful deprecation, and then went on, as if unconscious of the feeling he had aroused:

"Slave seems a singular word to use in the connection, and I grant that it seems exaggerated. Yes, it is exaggerated. There are no slaves now in the old sense of physical servitude, but there is another form of slavery in which the bonds are as firm, yes, firmer, for they are forged by the wearer, and are willfully strengthened day by day. But perhaps I tire you by such talk."

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

"Well, after that, she completely disappeared from the world. The report even gained ground that she had been killed; and this man was frantic until he followed her and discovered that she had been in her company, had been killed. But so much a slave was he to this woman that he said to himself that he would tell nobody what he had discovered, since it was very likely that she wished the world to think her dead."

"He sought her everywhere but she was not to be found, until one day he came upon her in a most unexpected place. She recognized the man who had told her of his love, and she would have denied knowing him if that had been possible. And he, knowing that he had her in his power, for her family did not know her as he did—she had concealed that from them—he was inclined to use his power to force her to love him—to take him at the least feeling that his own great love for her must cause her to love him in return."

"But he very soon saw that he was making her unhappy, that he was bringing out only the worst side of her character, and so he gave up the idea of coercing her—an unmanly thing to do—and sought but for some means of letting her know that he was aware of her secret, but would not, on any account do a thing or say a word to betray her."

He wished her to know that he did not ask even a sign of consciousness from her; that he did not ask any reward beyond that of making her happy; that even if she wished—his joy, he would only assure himself that she was worthy of her, and that she loved him."

"But, and it was his only assertion of his old self, he swore to himself that he would not let her marry any other except because she loved him. He knew that he had injured his own cause with her, and he hardly dared hope that she would ever forgive him, but he would not consent to sacrifice himself except for her good."

"Ah! if that woman could have but known—really known—how that man worshipped her, she never would have been afraid of him. It must have been a terrible passion indeed, that could cause him in the first place to consent to try to coerce her, and then later to voluntarily submit to practically efface himself for her. It was the kind of a love that should plead with a woman. But does that sort of love ever plead with a woman, Miss Hartleigh?"

Guy felt something like an eavesdropper, to sit there listening, and he started once more to move; but somehow, the music held him as music never held him before. He had never been so happy as he was now, as if the music floated down to him, bearing an actual message of comfort and consolation, soothing him to a peacefulness in harmony with the solemn character of the place."

He leaned his head on his hand and looked up at the organ loft, but the red curtain was an effective screen; music was evoked by an unseen hand.

"Some musician, on a holiday trip, has found his way in here, and is amusing himself," he thought; but presently, as the strain continued, he lost all idea of the musician and gave himself up to the enjoyment. Presently the harmony grew louder and more pronounced; the lit-tle church was filled with the sound of a roaring tempest that sent the blood gushing through Guy's veins; and, then as suddenly it ceased, and, like the return of sunshine, the divine melody which had awakened him floated softly through the air."

"It was so exquisite, so unlike anything he had ever heard before, that he was half persuaded that he was not yet awake; and, to assure himself, he arose to his feet and moved into the aisle. As he did so, the music ceased, and there fluttered, just for one moment, a faint touch of light blue above the curtain."

"An angel, after all!" muttered he, with a smile. "And there is the tip of his blue wing." And then, not wishing even an angel to find him an uninvited listener to the celestial music, he made his way out of the church and stood in the porch shading his eyes from the dazzling light beyond.

And as he stood, the organ began again; but this time it was not an accompaniment with it, the tones of a woman's voice. He waited until the hymn ended, and then strode off, his heart filled with a singular longing to know the creator of the music. He had quite unconsciously turned to the left on leaving the church, and was, when, raising his head, he stopped in front of a small cottage, which, half hidden by ivy, nestled prettily under some high elms.

"By George!" he muttered with a smile, "I was forgetting Dame Chester. It will never do to let her know that one of us from the Hall has been in Lougham without calling on her."

And lifting the latch of the little gate, he went up the narrow path, lined on each side with the cottage flowers, which, for perfume had simple beauty, outvied the rarest of their hothouse cousins. He knocked with his whip-handle at the bright green door, and a cheery-looking old lady, in the cleanest of china gowns and the neatest of white caps appeared.

watch his face, and hang on his words as if—Pshaw! Confound him! I suppose I am jealous. I'll go watch him paint her portrait. No, I won't—I couldn't stand that. I'll go for a gallop. I will give Hotspur a chance to work off some of his fiery energy."

He walked to the stable and gave directions for saddling Hotspur, a great, bony, Irish hunter, which he had bought in Connemara. "I'll go over to see Jones and have it out with him. No, I won't. I'll go anywhere," and he sprang upon the horse, and putting spurs to him, sent him at a leap over the paddock fence.

And Caryl, sitting at the window of the drawing-room, saw him, and muttered: "Her cousin and destined husband."

As for Guy, he chattered along the road to Lougham, his mental trouble in the physical exhilaration. But although he found himself better able to look at his trouble, he did not in any way lighten it. So he was still moody when he rode into the little village.

Lougham was a picturesque little place, with a charming little church, which, as an almost perfect specimen of early Norman architecture, often attracted the attention of tourists and antiquarians. Guy dismounted at the village inn, and was about to enter it when a loud burst of laughter came from the open door, and he turned away, not feeling in the mood to meet boisterous tourists.

"Wash his legs," he said to the groom, "and give him some water presently—only a mouthful; and don't let any of these noisy young gentlemen fool around him, for he is rather quick with his heels."

"All right, sir," grinned the hostler, who knew both horse and rider well, and who watched Guy walk up the street with undisguised approval.

Guy was in just the mood to do the first thing that suggested itself, and so the church being the nearest attractive object, he sauntered along to the square in the little church. He had no special purpose in being there; but as he sat inside he found the silence and coolness refreshing, and sat down in one of the pews to think.

For a tired man to sit down in a cool and quiet place to think is about the same thing as sitting down to sleep. At any rate, at that moment, he was not thinking. He hardly knew he had been asleep; but he was gently awakened by the sound of soft music; some one was playing the organ.

He was about to rise and go for Hotspur, when he became conscious that the music which was floating overhead, was something different from the usual performances of contemporary organists. He leaned back and listened, and his suspicion was confirmed.

Screened behind the red curtain in the big organ-loft was a skilled musician. Guy felt something like an eavesdropper, to sit there listening, and he started once more to move; but somehow, the music held him as music never held him before.

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WHAT THE QUEEN'S CORONATION ROBES MAY BE LIKE.

Queen Alexandra's coronation robes will, it is expected, soon be in course of preparation. So many years have passed since a Queen Consort was crowned that records and precedents have had to be consulted in regard to the type of robe a Queen Consort must wear. Quite recently the robes of Queen Adelaide, Consort of William IV., were brought up from Scotland for the Queen's personal inspection. These robes, which are of black velvet, trimmed with gold, with large sleeves, became a perquisite of the Duchess of Gordon, who was Mistress of the Robes in 1831.

They were kept for some years at Gordon Castle, and afterwards at Huntly Lodge, and when the Duchess died she left them as an heirloom to her relative, Brodie of Brodie. The robes have since been preserved at Brodie Castle.

she had not been his faithful nurse through more than one illness, and had she not snatched him from the very threshold of death on one occasion? "Young and hearty as ever, eh? I declare, dame, you will never grow old, will you? And I hope you won't. Surprised to see me?" "Come in, come in, Master Guy." "The dame, holding him by the coat-sleeve and looking up into his handsome face. "Mind your head, dear. Ah, remember when you couldn't crawl over that doorstep. It's my belief you grow still, Master Guy."

"Oh, yes, I grow," he laughed—grow uglier and worse tempered every day.

"Sit down, Master Guy, and how lucky that you should come in just now, for I was just going to get tea, and there's the kettle boiling in the next room. You'll have a cup, won't you, Master Guy?"

Guy stretched himself in the easy-chair and lazily looked around him. As he did so he noticed that the little table was laid for two. "Expect a visitor, it seems, dame," he said.

"Lor, now, think of you noticing the extra cup," she exclaimed laughing. "Isn't a visitor, Master Guy? It's a lodger—a regular lodger."

"And I've got his easy chair, no doubt," said Guy, smiling. "Oh, no, it isn't a he, but a she," said the dame. "I was going to tell you about her when I heard that the kitchen was in a row. She's—oh, here she comes."

Guy rose and stood looking at her as one might look at a bewilderment, at a beautiful picture, suddenly and unexpectedly disclosed to view. He noticed that the face was surpassingly beautiful, with a winning, tender loveliness, and that soft brown eyes gazed out from under long, dark lashes, with the innocent frankness of a child. A certain restfulness fell upon him as he looked, and he waited eagerly for Dame Chester to introduce her.

To be Continued.

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AFFECTED 1,500 FAMILIES
SMASH OF THE LEIPSIK BANK
COST \$25,000,000.
Ruin Followed German Bubble —
Victims Exhume Director
Exner.

Never since Germany stepped into the arena of industrial and commercial powers has the financial outlook of the country been so troubled. All the greed and lust of gain have not been free from a element of criminality.

The smashes culminated in the stoppage of payment by the Leipzig Bank. This was an old-established, conservative concern. All went well until about five years ago, when a certain Herr Exner became director. The capital of the bank was about \$5,000,000 when he joined it. He rapidly ran it up to \$16,000,000. Exner saw his way to a great coup and singled out an insignificant grain-drying establishment in Cassel which he determined to boom. It was probably worth \$100,000. The Leipzig Bank began to support it and Exner ran up the shares. In a few years the bank had lent the Cassel grain-drying firm about \$200,000,000 and the enterprise was paying some years fifty per cent. dividend—of course, out of the money lent by the bank. Exner bought Cassel shares when they were next to nothing and sold them when they were quoted high above par. He must have realized \$5,000,000 on the shares.

THE CRASH CAME.
Like a bolt from the blue sky came the crash. The directors of the bank announced that they had stopped payment, but informed their victims that if they only had patience all their claims would be met. They were about \$25,000,000 to the bad then. Days of panic and wild talk such as Leipzig had never known followed. The customers of the bank stormed the desks closed. Women wept, fell fainting, and were carried out. Lohmann's big flannel works dropped \$200,000; a huge paper manufacturer lost \$370,000; the Humanitarian Institute of Leipzig, a concern supported by Government, lost \$125,000, and it is computed that of the small people concerned over 500 families were practically ruined. Exner was arrested at his villa and lodged in jail, where he hears the execrations of the crowds he has ruined. The banker, Edward Krohmann, believed to be implicated, and feeling the disgrace coming, shot a bullet through his head. Henry Schaffer, one of the directors, followed the same course. Robert Kohlmann, a man in a large way of business, an iron merchant, hanged himself. Ferdinand Rabden, a wool merchant, cut his throat. A man in Coburg, driven to despair by his losses, shot himself dead after shooting and severely wounding his wife and daughter. One of the smaller traders ruined by the crash flung himself into the Elbe at Dresden.

A BARGAIN VICTORY.
She was shopping with her husband and was looking for bargains. Here is how she got one. "I don't want quite so much as there is in that piece, she said to the saleswoman who held up a piece of dress goods. I require only two yards and a half."

"But that piece is two yards and five eighths, and I couldn't cut two yards and a half off, explained the young woman behind the counter. "But I don't want so much, protested the customer."

"Well, I am sure I cannot cut it, repeated the saleswoman. "But can't you call it a remnant?" persisted the woman who wanted the goods.

"No; it isn't a remnant, madam, calmly replied the young woman. "Well, I shall not buy it, said the customer, determinedly. I don't propose to pay for more than I want unless you make it an object."

"Well, I'll call it two yards and three-quarters," said the saleswoman as the customer started to move away. "All right, I'll take it, exclaimed the customer without hesitation, as she glanced at her husband in a satisfied way. "The man's admiration for his wife's victory was expressed in his face."

CLEAN RAILWAY-CARRIAGES.
Some important recommendations for insuring the health of travellers have been sent by the French Minister of Public Works to the various railway companies. It is suggested that the sweeping and dusting of railway-carriages and waiting-rooms should be entirely prohibited, and daily washing substituted. With this end in view the necessity for the substitution of linoleum or some similar substance for carpets, and the periodical disinfection of compartments is emphasized. Bedding and pillows should be disinfected by hot air process after each journey. A decree has been in operation for some time to the effect that persons suffering from contagious diseases must travel in separate compartments, which should be disinfected after each journey.

A CITY OF DRESSMAKERS.
Paris leads the world in dressmaking. It is estimated that there are 75,000 persons employed in the dressmaking establishments of the city, and if one includes the workers who design and make the materials used by the dressmakers, about 1,400,000 persons are engaged in the struggle to satisfy woman's love of chiffons.

Tourist (in French restaurant).—I want some mushrooms. Waiter.—Pardon. I not understand. Tourist.—Mushrooms, mushrooms, and talking a paper he drew a sketch of one and rushed off to execute the order. In a few minutes he returned with an umbrella.