ESTELLE'S INFATUATION: A NOVEL

CHAPTER XX.

THE SHIPWRECK. Gone ! Gone like a stone in the water, like the path of a bird in the air. Gone, and no trace left by which to track her, no clew by which to find her. Had the earth opened and swallowed her up, or had a flery chariot taken her to heaven, she could not have disappeared mere wholly from the world, nor completely have effaced her path. She had gone, and no one could say when, nor where, nor how, nor whether she had been taken by force or had gone of her own free-will—whether she had been companioned or alone. gone of her own free-will

and gone or ner own iree-wall-washer ahe had been companioned or alone. When Anthony came home rather late from his magisteral duties at that distant town, he found his household in consternation. Mrs. Harford, they said, had gone for a walk before luncheon and had not returned. No one had seen her save the constant of the same of the save the same walk of the same of the save t rown, he found his household in consternation. Mrs. Harford, they said, had gone for a walk before luncheon and had not returned. No one had seen her save the nurse, who, as he passed the window, called into the inner room by the cry of the awaking child, caught a glimpse of her young mistrags standing on the upper terrace, as if looking at the view beyond. When she repassed with the child Mrs. Harford was not there. Save for this rapid glimpse, which told nothing, no one else knew of her movements. The gardeners and work-people were at dinner; none of the servants were about; for the moment the place was deserted, and witness there was none. She had disappeared as if she had sunk into the central fire, or had evaporated like a dew-drop into space.

No search, however careful, which Anthony instituted, came on the footprints of his lost love.

He knew nothing of the return of Charlie Osborne to England, nor that he had suddenly left Kingahous; still less that he had come to Thorbergh—called by mysterious summons which left the door open for all possibilities of intrige and

had suddenly left kinganouse; sim! less that he had come to Thorbergh—called by mysterious summons which left the door open for all possibilities of intrigue and romance—nor that Mrs. Latimer's nephew had dropped down from the clouds on a visit to his old aunt. Who was to tell him all this? He had no casual correspondents at Kingshouse, and Mrs. Clanricarde had been as careful not to mention the fact of Charlie's return in her letters to Estelle as she was now to ignore it in her answering telegrams to Anthony. And even if he had known of his return, he would not have connected it with Estelle's strange disappearance. He would not have suspected her of flight with her old lover. That she could have deserted him, her child, her place, her honorable name of wife, her fair fame among women, for a girlish fancy that could never have justified itself by a serious union, and the very existence of which he had almost forgotten—no; he would have needed over very existence of which he had almost for-gotten—no; he would have needed over-whelming proof before he could have believed her capable of this disgrace -she

whelming proof before he could have believed her capable of this disgrace—she whose faults were surely not those of unbridled passion or carelessness of her duties and contempt of moral decencies.

He thought—and feared—that she might have killed herself in some fit of insanity following on the duller depression of her days. However much he tried to fight against is, deep down is his heart he knew she was not happy. His marriage was not a success. He had made heroic attempts to blind himself to the truth, and force himself to believe a lie. He had not succeeded. He had staked his all, and lost. And she had not deserted him for another. There was some explanation to this deadly mystery which would leave her as spotless as his love would have her—as nature had made her.

By degrees he ceased to think that she had died. She had gone, and gone of her own free-will. But some day she would one baok. The mother's instinct would bring her, and the wife's love would reawaken. Some day she would some baok. The mother's instinct would bring her, and the wife's love would reawaken. Some day she would some baok. The mother's instinct would bring her, and the wife's love would reawaken. Some day she would some baok in her hearty. He would welcome

Med fall. But has men and good the proposal will be compared to think the best of the proposal property of the property of the

an Extraordinary Invention.

An Extraordinary Invention.

A London correspondent writes: The extraordinary invention patented here by the Food Preservation Company, which, by means of a vapor, succeeds in fortifying all food against putrefaction, and keeping it sweet and fresh, is likely to have an enormous influence on the frozen meat trade. At present the cost of freezing mutton and transmitting it in refrigerating chambers from the antipodes is about 2½d, per lb.—that is, 10s. 5d, per sheep of 50 lbs. But by the new process, I learn that half a dozen sheep can be "preserved" at a cost of 6d. or 7d, and the freight for these as ordinary cargo, as which, it is asserted, they may be shipped after treatment, would be under ½d, per lb., or 2s. 1d, per sheep of 50 lbs. Thus the whole cost of preservation and transit would be 2s. 2d, per sheep, against 10s. 5d, by the freezing process. These figures speak for themselves.

The Daughter of Dr. Chalmers.

A Cork Bonnet.

A clever milliner—and not a French milliner either—at the Ladies' Dress Association in London has invented a cork bonet. It is built wholly of the bark of the cork tree, and the milliner says she had some trouble in getting such odd materials made up. It is an ordinary shaped bonnet, that would suit any woman, and is trimmed with rosebuds and leaves and green ribbon. The bonnet is very light. Alastian bonnets, although they look very flat, have been modified lately with ospreys, passementerie and gold lace. They are very quiet and ladylike. Nearly all the milliners, however, say that they are not popular yet. A hat at the Dress Association was trimmed with dissites, butterfiles and follage. It had a streamer of dissites behind. This was a model, and had been copied many times, but always with a streamer.

Crops in Oklahoma.

They will likely "raise Cain" as a first

streamer.

Crops in Oklahoma.

They will likely "raise Cain" as a first crop in Oklahoma before even corn is planted.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

They are likely to try to "raise the wind" as a second crop.—New York Herald.

It seems to us that the very first thing raised was the d—l.

A Momentary Interruption.

In high-toned Wisconsin society.
Guest (at a swell reception)—Where is the hostess? I haven't seen her for twenty minutes.

Another Guest—I believe the cow got out of the back gate. She'll be back in a moment.

Guest (at a swell reception)—Where is the hostess? I haven't seen her for twenty minutes.

Another Guest—I believe the cow got out of the back gate. She'll be back in a moment.

No Shamming There.

Bagley—I understand your wife is sick. Bailey—Yes, she hasn't spoken a word for three days.

Bagley—Sp gracious i She must be a pretty sick woman!

—"The girl of the pariod," writes a fashion gossip, "grows sweeter and sweeter." Dun't know how she can, but suppose she does.

Wrong Premises.

The Professor—You have "the most twenty in the professor—You have "the most is trongly developed bump of veneration I ever saw. Clinchy—Tak yure hand aff'r that. Th' ould woman sized me out o' bed this mornin', an' I shtruck me hid agin the first mornin', an' I shtruck me hid agin the first battle of Alamssasa in 1861, when a Union coldier fired the ball into him.

A philanthropist seath a box of cigar and a skelin of thread. "Grace," he france, "we have been untying knots, let us see if we cannot tie one which will act us see if we have been universed to the search of the se

A Fool and His Honey," etc.

Mrs. Ammon has become a pauper in
Sharon, Pa. She was the mother of "Coal
Oil Johnny" Steel. Oil was struck on
her husband's farm along in the sixties,
and her son suddenly came into possession
of millions. These he soon squandered
with a reckliessness that became proverbial
in that section of the State. He soon had
nothing and had to support himself as best
he could. He was killed near his old home
not long ago while walking on a railway
track. His mother now goes to the poorhouse, as ad example of the fickleners of
fortune, when the jade is not cautiously
treated.—Utica Herald.

Two of a Kind.

First stranger (in the far west)—Be you one of us? Second stranger (with dignity)—I do not know what you mean by "one of us." I am President of the International Aggregated Trusts to Force Up the Price of the Necessaries of Life. First stranger (genially)—Your hand, pard; I'm a train robber.

A Yankee Baroness Deserted. The Baroness Von Sucrow, formerly Miss Millie Constable, of Baltimore, is on her way across the Atlantic in search of her husband, who left New York suddenly last Tuesday after telling many strange stories about fortunes he had inherited abroad.

covery, and the entire cost of treatment was just \$10.

covery, and the entire cost of weatment was just \$10.

[The name and post-office address of the author of the foregoing truthful narrative will be furnished any interested party who may apply therefor, either in person or by letter, to the World's Dispensary Medical Association, of Buffalo, N. Y. For personal reasons the author prefers not to have his name published broadcast, and it is in deference to his wishes that we omit it.—EDITOR.]

First Young Lawyer—What are you doing now?
Second Young Lawyer—I am interested in a suit that may make my fortune.
First Young Lawyer—What is it?
Second Young Lawyer—I am trying to marry a rich girl.
There's a struggle in progress in New York city to pull down the telegraph poles.
They are no longer needed there, as lynching is out of style.—Hutchinson (Kan)

Lots Like Him. Wales—I suppose women are all alike.

My wife is always coming to me for money.

Albert—What does she do with it?

Wales—She doesn't do anything with it;

I never give her any.

Not Fair.

It is reported of Daniel Webster that he proposed to Miss Fletcher while aiding her to unravel a skein of thread, "Grace," he remerked, "we have been unitying knots, let us see if we cannot tie one which will and unite in a life-time!"

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND on the cook of the cook will be the see if we cannot to make the many time.

Making Himself Solid.

The wife of Politicus, who has been electioneering, lets him in at 3 o'clock in the morning. Politicus — 'Lashkey won't work, dear.' Wife — 'What have you been doing all night?' Politicus (smiling) — 'Hio! Making myself solid with the boys, hio!' Wife—'No, sir; you have been making yourself liquid.''

DOW L. 19 89. THIRTY LIVE FOX CUBS
want-d by 15th May. HAROLD LAMBE,
Haghson street, Hamilton, Ont.

MERCHANTS, BUTCHERS TRANDBERG We want a good man in your locality to pick up

CALF SKINS for us. Cash Furnished on satisfactory guaranty Address, C. S. Page, Hyde Park, Vermont, U. S Address, C. S. P.Ags, Hyde Park, vermon, U. v. The Shoe & Leather Reporter, N. Y., and Shoe & Leather Review, Chicago, the leading trade papers of the U.S. in the Hido line, have sent their representatives to investigate Mr. Page's business, and after a thorough examination and comparison the Reporter gives him this endorsement "We believe that in extent of light-needight resematerial collected and corried, Mr. Page holds the lead of any competitor and that his present stock to the largest hold by any house in the country."

stock is the largest held by any house in the country."

And the Review says:

"After a most thorough investigation of Mr Page's business as compared with others in same time, we have become judy satisfact that in a specialty, tightereigh income and the same time, and the same particles of the same time, and the same time to the same time time to the same time?

IMPERIAL PEN AND PENCIL STAMP. With your mame, to print cards, mark books, linen, etc. Single stamp 25c. Club of six, \$1.00. Cash to accompany order. H. HARNARD, Rubbet Stamp Works, Hamilton, Ont.

DUNN'S THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND