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HONORE'S FATE.**CHAPTER IV.**

It was no very new thing for Capt. Trent to be walking with Honore Craven along the road which lay between Deergrove and the Larches; but something seemed to strike him as new in the performance tonight.

"You are not talking at all, Honore," he said at last, when the reason of the novelty dawned upon him. "What a very unusual thing! It does not show nicely-regulated manners to talk a good deal at one time, and say nothing at all at another."

"Hervey," said the girl, pausing suddenly in her walk, and turning her eyes upon him so that he could see their laughter in the gloom, "don't you lecture me when nobody is present. When Mrs. Trent and Theodora are by it affords them great pleasure to hear you, so I don't mind; but when we have no audience, we will have no performance, please. On those occasions—being, as they are, few and very far between—we will imagine ourselves on an equality. Now we will talk as much as you like, for I shall soon be at home. Hervey, do you want to know?"

"Why do you want to know?" inquired Capt. Trent, speaking sharply, but whether in consequence of Honore's introductory remark or of that last question was not clear.

"It does not signify; I can find out from Lawrence."

"He is as likely to be an adventurer as not," suggested Hervey, spitefully; "looking after Theodora for her fortune, and for her expectation of a share of old Myddelton's money."

"I should have thought you old enough to know a true gentleman when you met him," observed Honore, with provoking gravity. "And, if he really is come to woo Theodora, what shall you do?"

"Why?" he asked, his tone a trifle harsh, either in anger or self-consciousness.

"Because you are to marry her, you know."

"Do not say 'you know,' Honore; it is unnecessary and inelegant, and I do not know, though you do, it would seem."

"Of course I do; everybody knows it."

"Of course I could win her if I chose," mused Hervey, complacently, "if that is what you want, your everybody knowing I am to do so."

Honore's laugh rang fresh and clear on the night air, and she naturally clung to Capt. Hervey's arm, and said, "It is most childish to laugh at nothing, as you do."

"Only yesterday you told me it was childish to laugh at everything. You are inconsistent, Hervey, if you guide me at once in one way and then in another."

"If Mr. Keith wins Theodora and her fortune," remarked Hervey, presently, "with an idea of stopping retaliation, what will Lawrence, Honore, do?"

"Cause everybody knows, as you say, that Lawrence is to marry a rich wife if he marries at all."

"No answer, so he put the question direct."

"Do you think Haughton will marry a rich wife?"

"I hope he will."

"Why?" she answered, with a tightening of her lips, "he won't be at all happy if he does—men never are who marry for money, pretend you are. It is you who are laughing at nothing now, Hervey."

"Your notions of the world seem to be gleaned from novels. Why do you not wish he would marry a penniless wife, just to spite Jane?"

"Because—Jane would break the heart of the penniless wife."

"Honore!"

"Yes, I'm here."

"Why, you have tears in your voice! Are you so unhappy at the Larches?"

"I was not thinking of myself," returned Honore, hastily.

"Don't grieve for Phoebe," said Hervey, in a tone of relief, "she doesn't feel these things. It is far harder for you, Honore, to bear the love of the man you scorn, than it is to her to bear the scorn of the man she loves—poor girl!"

"Hervey! how dare you speak so?" cried Honore, passionately. "You know nothing about it—about Phoebe's love about me. I will not allow you to talk so to me of my cousin, or of myself. Do not ever again pretend you can teach me how to be a gentleman, for you do not yourself know how to be a gentleman. Go back! I'm quite safe; I would rather not have you."

"My dear Honore," he began, in his

most plausible tones, "you should try not to be so hasty. Why should I not mention what, to use your own words, everybody knows? Phoebe makes no secret of her infatuation for Lawrence, and Lawrence makes no secret of his indifference to her, so why should I? You make no secret of your indifference to Lawrence, and he certainly makes no secret of his infatuation for you, so why should I?"

"It is most ungenerous!" said Honore, hotly, and then she maintained perfect silence for the rest of their walk.

The Larches was a sombre, red brick house, standing a little way from the road, and separated from it by half a dozen yards of brick wall between two white gates at either end of the curbed drive which passed the front door. At this door Honore stood in the darkness, wondering rather anxiously how she would let her in. Hervey had left her at the gate; but, though she did not know it, he was lingering there, waiting to see her safely into the house. He had not long to wait; the door was opened promptly to her summons, and he saw her enter the lighted hall.

"It was Haughton himself who let her in," muttered Capt. Trent, as he walked away. She will be vexed if no one else has waited up for her; and certainly it cannot be by Phoebe's own choice, that she has left Haughton to do it alone."

He hastened on now, "whistling as he went, for want of thought," and by this time Honore and Mr. Haughton had entered the warm and lighted drawing-room.

"Everyone gone to bed?" she exclaimed, a note of keen vexation in her tone. "Why did not Phoebe sit up for me? She promised she would, and I am as early as usual."

"I told Phoebe to go to bed," returned Mr. Haughton, gently taking off the soft white hat which Honore had worn under her dark cloak. "I chose to wait for you, and I did not need anyone to keep me company."

Honore glanced at him for one moment as he stood in the full light, and then she quietly pushed away the chair he had drawn up to the fire for her.

Honore's guardian was a man of 40, a little above the middle height, but so broadly built that he looked below it. His hair was thickly streaked with gray, and his mustache—gray, too—was heavy and coarse; his eyes were shrewd and caustic, and his eyes keen and restless; for any other expression which might be upon his face tonight, or at other times when he was alone with Honore, was not its customary one. He was a powerful man, both physically and mentally, a man who seemed to have his passions and his words completely under his control, and who, if he had not, might be, perhaps, a dangerous man to thwart or anger. His clients spoke of him as a safe, self-concentrated lawyer, as hard to understand as to defend, a clever fellow, whose soft, white fingers could unravel, in that constant silence of his, the most intricate knot in law. But there was one inmate in his house who knew him in two characters, and who put no trust in either.

"I have coffee ready for you, Honore," said Mr. Haughton, taking the coffee-pot from the table and carrying it to the table where stood one solitary cup. "I know it will refresh you after your walk."

"Thank you," said Honore; but her voice, for all its gentleness, was utterly indifferent, and Lawrence Haughton noticed this.

"Have you had a pleasant evening?" he asked, rather nervously pursuing his unwelcome and womanish task.

"A little better than usual," she said, quietly; "but I am very sleepy, Lawrence. May I go to bed?"

"Just wait until you have drunk this coffee, dear. I made it myself, on purpose for you, and I have kept it hot, and fancied you would enjoy it."

He had come up to her then, with the cup in his hand, and she could not turn away. She took it with a little laugh, for she knew that Lawrence was looking at her with a subtle eagerness in his tone. "There is no task I would not attempt for you, Honore."

"I hope there is," she answered, very gently; "and please let Phoebe keep her promise next time, and sit up for me, Lawrence."

"Anyone but me," he said, with a dark flush rising in his face; "yet my only pleasure is to be with you, and the anticipation of these minutes, when I should have you here to talk to me, and look at me, as you rarely do when you have others to select or speak to."

There was silence between them then, while he tried to school his tones to easy indifference, such as he hoped she would wonder childishly whether her guardian's culinary achievement was known to his sister, whose one strong idea was that it was he who ought to be waited on by all the household.

"Who was at Deergrove tonight, Honore?"

Lawrence was standing against the mantel-piece, and the face of the girl beside him; and it seemed as if when she answered the question, his gaze grew more intent and even stern.

"No one," she said, and then she continued.

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The World of Labor.

The Brickmakers' Journal is the latest publication of the brick trade. It is published at Blue Island, Ill., and is devoted to the brickmaking craft.

There is no truth in the report that the headquarters of the national association of street railway employees would be removed from Detroit to Chicago.

Capitalists who attempt to run combinations on a cheap basis, and workers who endeavor to run their unions on the same plane, invariably fail.—Exchange.

English unionists complain that their wages are adversely affected by the child labor of the United States, with which their employers are obliged to compete.

The United Garment Workers of America will put forth every effort to strengthen and extend the organization this fall, special attention being directed to the unions in Canadian towns and cities.

Five very important amendments to the constitution of the International Typographical Union, which were forwarded to subordinate unions, a vote on which will be taken in December, after a thorough discussion of the various proposals from the superintendents of the 10 per cent increase in wages asked for will be granted.

Since 1894 it has been the custom to issue certificates of re-entrance to cattlemen going to Europe with cattle, says a Washington, D. C., dispatch. Discovering that some certificates have been sold to Anarchists and other undesirable, Commissioner Powderly has abolished their issue.

Rev. Dr. De Paradis, pastor of the Roman Catholic church at Cool City, Ill., is in Chicago on a mission of charity for the relief of 500 families of starving coal miners in the district surrounding his home.

The condition of the miners, according to Dr. Paradis, is pitiable in the extreme.

The action of the Detroit Trades and Labor Council in refusing to send a delegate to the convention of the American Federation of Labor will doubtless be rescinded at the next meeting.

It is understood that the convention is to be the most important in the history of American trades unionism, and the officers chosen will have charge of the general movement to establish the eight-hour day, which is set for May 1 next. There are other matters fully as important, and the results will be awaited with intense interest by organized labor everywhere.

Since the last convention of the Longshoremen's International Association, unions have been organized in the following places: Union of 125 lumber shovers at Frankfort, Mich.; two at Cleveland, Ohio, one of coal and one of lumber; a union of 600 men; a union of 400 handlers at Fairport, Ohio; another of 80 members at Ashland, Ohio; one of lumber shovers at Buffalo, N. Y., between 400 and 500; a union of coal and ore handlers at Lorain, Ohio, with 600 members; a union of 20 general merchandise handlers at Port Limerick, Costa Rica; a union of 400 lumber shovers at Erie, Pa.

"The labor movement in its broadest terms is the effort of men to live the lives of men," says R. E. R. "It is a systematic, organized struggle of the masses to obtain primarily more leisure and larger economic resources, but that is not all. It is a struggle for the end and purpose of it all is a richer existence for the toilers, and that with respect to mind, soul and body. Half-consciousness may be killed and 33 wounds, with the corresponding loss of life was not to be ascertained, but the British expenditure of a number of child soldiers in the full and harmonious development in each individual of all human faculties—the faculties of working, perceiving, knowing, loving, the development in short, of whatever capabilities of good there may be in man."

The employers' liability bill, which was adopted by the French Chamber of Deputies, is of a dramatic character. It imposes upon the employer the payment of an indemnity to workmen who are accidentally disabled, if they are made idle for over four days. If a workman is disabled for life, the employer must pay him a pension of 40 per cent of his wages lost, and in the case of partial disablement, the employer must also pay him two-thirds of the wages thereby lost. In the case of temporary disablement, the employer must pay half the wages the workman thereby loses, and in the case of permanent disablement, the employer must pay a pension to the workman's widow amounting to 20 per cent of the wages he earned, in addition to the pension for his child, rising to 40 per cent for single children, until they reach the age of 18. In the case of orphans, the pension to be paid by the employer is 20 per cent of the wages formerly earned by the workman, for each child, up to a total of 40 per cent. In the case of bachelors supporting their parents, the indemnity goes to the parents. In order to secure these payments, even in the event of the employer's insolvency, the bill compels employers to insure their workmen against accident.

A HERO OF CHITRAL.

Surgeon Whitechurch's Rescue of a Mortally Wounded Officer.

Charles Lowe contributes to the November Century an article entitled "The Story of Chitral." Mr. Lowe says: "It was in 1895 when the fort was regained by Townshend's party and at 8 o'clock Surgeon Captain Whitechurch also returned, staggering along under the burden of poor Captain Bairo, who had been mortally wounded early in the action; because the failure of his flank force of 50 men to co-operate at the expected moment with that of Townshend in a bayonet rush upon the loop-holed village. But for the most unfortunate wounding of the gallant Bairo the Chitral defense might have taken a very different course."

Whitechurch had brought in Bairo by a circuitous route of nearly three miles, in the face of great difficulties and dangers. With a little guard of a dozen devoted Ghorakhs, several of whom were killed and wounded, they had to fight their desperate way back to the shelter of the fort. Repeatedly they had to set down their wounded charge and rush with bayonets on guns and stone breastworks, thrown up right across their path. Whitechurch himself frequently used his revolver with effect. Bairo was again twice hit by bullets.

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No matter how violent or excruciating the pain the Rheumatic, Bedridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuritic, or prostrated with disease may suffer.

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Instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammation and cures congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels or other glands or mucous membranes.

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CURES AND PREVENTS Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Influenza, Bronchitis, Pneumonia, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Asthma, Difficult Breathing.

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Dear Sirs—I have been keeping in the house your Radway's Ready Relief for the last six years. I have used it in every way, and found it to be the best on earth. Six years ago I was sick; I used all kinds of medicines, but they did me no good. My father saw a bottle of it, and by using it three days I was able to be out. I have kept it on hand ever since, and have told my neighbors about it. My wife has been troubled with toothache, and I have used it, and it cured her. I cannot be too thankful enough. I could write a great deal more, but this paper would not hold half of what I could write. Yours truly,
JACOB J. KAPPLER.

Dr. Radway & Co.—I have been a sufferer from rheumatism for more than six months; I could not rest my hands or my head, nor turn my hands behind me, nor even take off my own shirt. Before I had finished three-fourths of a bottle of Radway's Ready Relief I could use my arms as well as ever. You can see why I have a great deal to tell you. Will it please you to send me a bottle of it? Yours truly,
W. C. BAKER.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF USED AS A PAIN EXTRACTOR.—A half to a teaspoonful of Radway's Ready Relief in a glass of water, or in a glass of wine, or in a glass of beer, or in a glass of stout, or in a glass of rum, or in a glass of brandy, or in a glass of whisky, or in a glass of gin, or in a glass of port, or in a glass of sherry, or in a glass of claret, or in a glass of champagne, or in a glass of any other wine, or in a glass of any other liquor, or in a glass of any other beverage, or in a glass of any other drink, or in a glass of any other food, or in a glass of any other thing, or in a glass of any other matter, or in a glass of any other substance, or in a glass of any other element, or in a glass of any other compound, or in a glass of any other mixture, or in a glass of any other preparation, or in a glass of any other medicine, or in a glass of any other remedy, or in a glass of any other treatment, or in a glass of any other method, or in a glass of any other system, or in a glass of any other doctrine, or in a glass of any other philosophy, or in a glass of any other religion, or in a glass of any other faith, or in a glass of any other belief, or in a glass of any other opinion, or in a glass of any other view, or in a glass of any other theory, or in a glass of any other hypothesis, or in a glass of any other conjecture, or in a glass of any other surmise, or in a glass of any other guess, or in a glass of any other speculation, or in a glass of any other imagination, or in a glass of any other fancy, or in a glass of any other dream, or in a glass of any other vision, or in a glass of any other inspiration, or in a glass of any other revelation, or in a glass of any other prophecy, or in a glass of any other promise, or in a glass of any other reward, or in a glass of any other punishment, or in a glass of any other consequence, or in a glass of any other result, or in a glass of any other effect, or in a glass of any other action, or in a glass of any other reaction, or in a glass of any other influence, or in a glass of any other power, or in a glass of any other force, or in a glass of any other energy, or in a glass of any other strength, or in a glass of any other vigor, or in a glass of any other courage, or in a glass of any other valor, or in a glass of any other bravery, or in a glass of any other gallantry, or in a glass of any other heroism, or in a glass of any other patriotism, or in a glass of any other loyalty, or in a glass of any other devotion, or in a glass of any other sacrifice, or in a glass of any other martyrdom, or in a glass of any other heroism, or in a glass of any other patriotism, or in a glass of any other loyalty, or in a glass of any other devotion, or in a glass of any other sacrifice, or in a glass of any other martyrdom.

Ladies' Vests, high neck and long sleeves, sale price 15c.

Ladies' Vests, high neck and long sleeves, good quality, sale price 30c.

Ladies' All-Wool Vests, high neck and long sleeves, selling at 50c.

All-wool Health Vests, selling at 50c, 75c, \$1 and \$1.25. These are magnificent values.

We sell Berlin, Andalusian, Zephyr and other Fancy Wools at 5 cents an ounce; and we sell the NEW IDEA Patterns, which are considered the best in the market, at 10 cents each.

Black Cashmere Hose, plain or ribbed, sale price 25c. This line would be considered a bargain anywhere at 39c.

Ladies' Black and Colored Ringwood Gloves, sale price 15c, 20c and 25c.

Ladies' and Children's Black Wool Mitts, sale price 15c, 20c and 25c.

Black Cashmere Hose, "Extra" sale price 50c; well worth 65c.

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This Hosiery and Glove Sale will be one of our greatest attractions. During these days we will sell all kinds of Ladies' Hosiery, Gloves and Underwear at very low prices. It's a sale every lady should take advantage of, for the bargains offered will be of the very best kind; good reliable makes of first-class goods at much less than regular prices. No department in the Big Store has grown more rapidly than

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And the following specials for Saturday and Monday should attract hundreds of buyers. Everything will be found as advertised, and no exaggeration!

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