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**A HEALING CREAM**

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Antiseptic Germicidal

Opal Pots Wholesale

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**etter a Peasant Than a Peer**

CHAPTER XXIV.

HIS EXCELLENCY, COUNT MIKOFF

Hal looked up the winding path, and then at the stream, and lastly toward the village, with a puzzled and slightly gazed look on his handsome, boyish face. Then he lights his pipe, puts up his red, and saunters through the valley, up the clean little street, which is nearly deserted, save by the little cart drawn by its two dogs; by the stableman at Der Krone Hotel, who apparently do all their work while leaning against the posts outside the gate, and by the little hump-backed fruit-seller, who sits under the huge yellow umbrella, looking like a china image in her green dress and snowy white cap.

Hal, pulling at his pipe, goes up the hot, white street, nods to the stable-keepers as they hover, and elaborates how upon him, stops to stare at and pat the two panting dogs in the mill-cart, buys three ripe figs of the old woman, and then clatters through the paved hall of the Krone, and, clattering up the broad stairs, saunters into one of the old rooms on the first floor of that most respectable hotel.

Sitting by a table at the open window is the Reverend Peter Bell, writing a letter with one hand, and beating off the gnats with the other. Respiration is upon his forehead, for the gnats are numerous and the battle has raged long; his sleek hair is twisted by the heat, and his long coat of Oxford mixture is dusty; but he looks up with the old good-tempered smile, and greets the youth with the old: "Well, Hal?"

"Well," says Hal, dropping into the chair nearest the window, and pulling

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**"AFTER EVERY MEAL"**

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Tins of 4 and 10 Cubes

**CUBES**

Bell, meanwhile, returns to his letter, the completion of which is not greatly facilitated by the low and incessant whistling which Hal carries on. Suddenly the whistling ceases, and, without looking around, he says: "Did I ever see a princess, Bell?" "Did I ever—no; oh, yes, once, in Kensington Gardens," says Bell, mopping his forehead and smiling meditatively.

"I forget which princess it was, but she was very fair and stout, and looked in a pleasing manner."

"Oh," puts in Hal, "I don't mean that sort of thing. Anybody can see a princess in a carriage or at the theatre—or at Madame Tussaud's. Were you ever in the same room with one—ever speak to one?"

"No, Hal," says Bell, blandly, "I don't remember that I have."

"Hem!" comments Hal. "Supposing one meets a princess—and gets into confab with her, is it the right sort of thing to call her 'your highness'?"

"Merely the thirst which consumes me for every kind of information," says Hal, grimly.

Bell smiles, and goes back to his letter, but Hal has not finished yet.

"I say, Bell," he says, "ain't it a rather rum thing for a princess to be getting about alone? I fancied that they were generally attended by a companion—a what do you call it, sort of attache?"

"Not always," says Bell. "Oh, no, especially on the Continent. The high orders of nobility are more numerous with foreigners than with us."

"That means that princess and dukes grow on every bush, like blackberries, in Germany," says Hal. "Well, a princess anywhere, isn't she, Bell?"

"Certainly, my dear Hal," assents Bell, sedately; "but I fall to gather the relevancy of your questions."

"Merely a wild kind of cackle on my part," says Hal. "Perhaps I'm going in for etiquette, now I'm going to visit at a real castle, and live with a real live marquis. Have you been up to the castle yet?"

Bell blushes.

"Yes; I took an opportunity of walking up yesterday afternoon. It is a wonderful place, Hal, truly grand and wonderful, and, of course, I saw it at a disadvantage, as the whole place was in a state of confusion with Vane's—I mean the marquis—expected arrival. By the way, a very amiable and good-natured gentleman, the major-domo, who seemed to have the general direction of the whole, on being informed by me that you were a brother of the marchioness, declared his intention of coming down to the hotel and inquiring if he could be of any service."

"Did he, by Jove?" says Hal. "Then I'll take care to give instructions that I'm out whenever a big man with a bald head and shaggy eyebrows puts in an appearance."

"My dear Hal—"

"Oh, thank you, Bell, I don't want to be killed by another interview with a German who doesn't understand my language, and thinks I understand his. No, you shall receive the major-domo. Haven't I avoided the castle for that very reason, although I'm dying to see what sort of a place it is? No castle that was ever built is good enough for me, until there are some people in it who can speak my native tongue. Making great preparations, are they, Bell? It doesn't seem real, does it? Fancy Jeanne having half-a-dozen castles to choose from! George! most people are content with one. I begin to believe that when that long-nosed woman at Baden—I forget her name—said to me: 'Your sister's a lucky, very lucky woman, Mr. Baartram; she about spoke the truth.'"

"Bell sighed, and nibbled the tip of the penholder.

"When did you hear last, Hal, from Jess—from the marchioness?"

"Oh, when?" replies Hal, half out of the window again. "Why, a week or two ago, wasn't it?"

"She was quite well, I think you said—and happy?" inquires Bell, softly, and blushing timidly.

"Quite well, and happy, I suppose," says Hal, absently; "why shouldn't she be? She never was one of your melancholy moopers, at the worst of

times, and she's got no reason to be now, by George!"

"No—no," says Bell, thoughtfully; "Jeanne, she's happy! As you say, how could she be otherwise? And, with a sigh: 'So good, so unselfish, so thoughtful of others—how could she be otherwise, oh, Hal!'"

"Just so—you're right, Bell!" he says, coming into the room, and beginning to stride up and down, as is his wont when excited and energetic, which he is once in every quarter of the hour. "Gad! there aren't a 'gooder' girl going than Jeanne. Thoughtful! Why, Bell, if we would have allowed it, she would have lavished every blessed penny of her income, enormous as it is, on us! Look at the money she gives me—more than I want, more than I'd take, only that I mean to use it properly, and do something in the future to make her feel it hasn't been thrown away. Bell!" he goes on, stopping short, with his eyes flashing, "there isn't another girl like Jeanne in the whole world!—and I wish this day fortnight were here, and she was with us now."

Bell looks up, with a moist look in his eyes.

"So do I, Hal," he says. "I—I am an old friend, and, of course, it's only natural that I should wish to see her, and rejoice in her happiness, isn't it?—only natural."

"Just so," says Hal. "Hallo! there's that old cracked bell for the table d'hôte. What a blessing one doesn't have to put on swallow-tails. I'll just wash my face, and be down in a minute. Keep a place for me, Bell, and say, I wish you'd ask them if they've got a bottle of Bass—that yellow wine, with ten stomachaches to a bottle, doesn't agree with me!"

And he clatters out of the room.

Bell puts up his writing-case—"A present from the marchioness to the Reverend Peter Bell, Curate of Newton Regis," inscribed in gilt letters on the outside thereof—and, sighing softly, slowly descends to the Speise Saal, or dining-room.

Hal runs up to his room, his servicable boots still clattering on the polished floors; but instead of making straight for his washing-stair, with the ridiculous pile dish and milk jug, which German hotel-keepers provide for ablutatory purposes, he seats himself on the bed, and slowly rubs his head, as is his way when he wants to think.

"Princess!" he says. "Princess of what, and whether the King of George, she's too good—too good! I shouldn't I call! Or course, it's the proper thing to do. Yes, I will!"

Then, with much and eloquent abuse of the pie dish, he performs his limited toilet and goes down.

Bell has saved a seat for himself on the bill as "Pa Lale, two shillings and sixpence!" A waiter brings him some soup, exchanges it for some apparently raw salmon soured in vinegar, which Hal immediately and emphatically declines, and is about to bring him the next dish, when he turns aside to usher in a new and late arrival. He is a short, thin individual, whose face is so covered with a network of wrinkles that he may be ninety, but whose upright bearing and light step would lead one as readily to believe that he was fifty. His hair, which was iron gray, is cut short to his head, his mustache is thick, and white as snow, and his breast is covered by orders and decorations.

Every one looks up and stares, as everybody invariably does at a new arrival, and the waiter, with much fussy embarrassment, makes room to place a chair next to Bell, and requests to know, in an audible voice if "this Excellency, Count Mikoff, will partake of any soup?"

His excellency, with a comprehensive bow to the company, seats himself, wipes his mustache with a napkin, displaying a hand almost white, and then falls to at the soup.

"If his excellency is a Russian he ought to enjoy that soup," whispers Hal; "there's plenty of grease in it."

Bell looks a timid prayer for silence, and the dinner proceeds.

(To be continued.)

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**C. W. Sherrin**

(To be continued.)

**Fashion Plates.**

A NEW AND STYLISH GOWN.

3317

Pattern 3317 was employed for this design. It is cut in 7 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size will require 5 1/4 yards of 42 inch material.

Serge and fancy silk or satin braided with soutache or with floss would be attractive for this model. It is also good for velveteen, taffeta, velours, duvetyne, jersey cloth, faille or broad cloth. The width of the skirt at the foot is about 1 1/2 yard.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A COMFORTABLE COAT FOR THE "LITTLE ONE."

3467

Pattern 3467 is portrayed in this style. It is cut in 4 Sizes: 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. A 6 year size will require 4 yards of 27 inch material.

Cheviot, serge, chinchilla, caracul, velvet, and other pile fabrics may be used for this design.

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**Mr. Grocer!**

If the demand for "KLIM" during the stormy spurt of the past few days has depleted your stock—Please Phone 454 and a new supply will be immediately sent you.

**Strange Ceremony.**

During a journey from Pekin to Kailin, in China, we were favored with a most extraordinary sight, says a correspondent. Near a beautiful temple we came upon a great company of men, each carrying two eagles. They said, when questioned, that they were taking the birds into Marjolia to recover their plumage, for the purpose of making eagle feather fans presently the men got up and went off carrying their burdens, went along.

about forty very large eagles and many smaller ones. The smaller birds sat each upon a basket dangling from the man's shoulder pole. Each basket was apparently full of something or other, but the larger eagles sat on the poles at the other end, and it was amusing to see them turning round and balancing themselves comfortably before setting off. The men seemed not to have the least anxiety lest these fierce creatures, with their powerful beaks, should take a nip out of the cheek nearest them as they

**The Naval Folly.**

Mr. Hoover says "there is no more inconceivable folly than this continued riot of expenditure on battleships at a time when great masses of humanity are dying of starvation in certain parts of the world while warships are bursting with rotting food in other places." It gives point to the saying that the other planets use this world as their "lunatic asylum."

Toronto Globe.

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