

THE DEAREST GIRL IN THE WORLD

The state of Lord Wedderburn's mind was not to be described. That he was in trouble with an utterly low and unprincipled woman was the one undeniable fact.

At the home of Lady Emily Marchmont there was much surprise over the non-appearance of Lord Wedderburn.

Lady Emily was nervous, but Lady Home was taken violently ill and a physician had been summoned.

There lay Lady Home violently ill, desiring the presence of her son, and he could not be found.

Lady Emily declared herself disgusted with Lord Keginald, but said little. At last she repaired for a few moments rest to her room.

"They have not found Lord Wedderburn yet!" she asked.

Lady Emily replied in the negative. Miss Staunton seated herself at Lady Emily's feet.

"Do you believe that Marsten does not know where he is?" she asked.

"Most assuredly I do," replied Lady Emily.

"Then forgive me for saying so, but I do not, I am sure I can find his whereabouts in an hour."

"You!" said Lady Emily, in utter astonishment, "don't you know no English girl would dare to do such a thing? You would compromise yourself seriously."

"I can not understand how. Lady Home is ill and wants her son with her. You are nervous that he does not come.

"I assure you that nothing will happen me. I am an American, and have been educated to rely on myself. I can not understand how I could compromise myself by driving a few squares alone, to oblige my lady, who is ill."

Lady Emily was not convinced, but she was mollified.

"Remember I do not consent," she said at last.

"If you will only pardon, then," Miss Staunton said, kissing her tenderly, and she knew by the kind light in Lady Emily's eyes that she could rely upon Lady Emily's love in any case and she hurried to her room.

As soon as Lord Wedderburn recovered himself he called a cab and went with his friend, Captain H—, to the home of the actress.

"I should go and board the lion in the den. It's by far the best plan. If you let this get into solicitors' hands they will make a mountain out of it. This is my advice." They soon reached the house and were ushered into the drawing-room, when Madame made her appearance, wearing a most injured look.

"I wish you to explain these letters," said Lord Wedderburn.

"Why do you not ask your friend to explain, he certainly heard your conversation that evening in my daughter's room," said Madame, haughtily.

"I beg your pardon," said Captain H—. "I was so heavily drunk as was my friend here, that I do not remember one word that passed the entire evening. It would be an exceedingly difficult matter to recall a conversation that passed between drunken revellers."

The fact is, Mrs. Halden had found no one sober enough to remember anything, and she was beginning to see she had made a mistake. It had been better to have courted my lord's friendship than to have driven him away.

his mind then and there to lose his place, but no word concerning it was ever mentioned.

In all his life Lord Wedderburn could never hear the rattle of wickets over curfew-bell, that he did not feel a deep sense of shame and humiliation, and it always brought before him a deep sense of his utter unworthiness.

The visit of Lady Lett and Miss Staunton was drawing to a close. In a few days now they would leave for Scotland, and as Lord Wedderburn was obliged to accompany his mother down to Castle Royal, they promised to await his return before leaving.

When he left them, for the first time, Miss Staunton realized that she had learned to love Lord Wedderburn very tenderly in spite of all, and to long with pleasure for his expected return.

Lady Marchmont's keen eyes soon discovered this secret, and in her heart she rejoiced exceedingly for the whole-souled American girl had won a tender place in her heart, and she had determined that her great wealth should be added to that of the Homes.

Lady Home was recovering rapidly, but the young lord would not leave her just yet.

"I am the first unworthy one of them all," he thought bitterly; "the first one to bring disgrace on a proud old name."

He walked over the fields. He walked down the pathway that led to the sea. The warm September sun had just begun to tinge the leaves with russet, gold and brown.

"I can not understand how. Lady Home is ill and wants her son with her. You are nervous that he does not come. The servants will notice it. You have a trusty coachman, let me have your coach an hour, and I will go for you."

"It is not to be thought of for a moment," ejaculated Lady Emily.

"I assure you that nothing will happen me. I am an American, and have been educated to rely on myself. I can not understand how I could compromise myself by driving a few squares alone, to oblige my lady, who is ill."

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"Did your granny say that?" She was mistaken. I never said it. With all these woods around here, I would have been glad to say that. Do you wish to offend me?"

"I beg your pardon, Lord Wedderburn, but your mother is ill and wishes you," she said.

this was a novel discovery to Lord Wedderburn.

"Take my coat," he said, handing it to her.

"Do you think I'd do that," she said. "You would be cold, and I won't for I am used to it."

She handed it back to him.

"Then you do want to offend me?" he said.

Without a word she took the coat and threw it over her shoulders.

The coat was a rich, dark blue one, and her fair hair fell over it in a golden shower, and it drew out the lovely fairness of her face.

All in a moment the strangely elfish look vanished, and she looked more human-like.

"Dear old Granny," she said; "if she don't like me, no wonder, and she's all my own."

She noisily left the room and went to her own which was cold and dark, and laid down on the cold floor, where, despite its cold, she slept the sweet sleep of childhood—that unbroken, deep sleep that invigorates, and she did not wake until the morning sun peeped through the old ivy leaves that served as a blind for the window.

"Get up, you are to go to the castle and take home the work; I am ill and need every penny. Get up at once. Look up in that cupboard and get the box of keys. The one with the black string, mind you. Take it and open the great black box. Find a dress and a pair of shoes; make yourself tidy, all in a moment, and run with the bundles to the housekeeper. Do not lose a penny, or it will be the worse for you."

She had unconsciously relapsed into the old harsh tones.

If the heavens had fallen Dorothy could not have been more amazed. All her life those keys had been veritable "Bluebeard's" keys to her. She had seen them only a few times, and then she remembered the chills had passed over her.

The thought of going up to the castle was a strange one to her. She could not tell whether it was pain or pleasure. She had seldom dared venture near the great castle, lest those grand people should see her.

What a glorious opportunity of taking Lord Wedderburn's coat home, for it must be returned. Then, too, what a glorious chance to go by the village shop and get those presents for Granny. She bounded up the rickety old steps two at a time, the rickety surely was growing suddenly into a paradise, and for her too, for such as she!

A paradise for a beggar! It was almost too good to be true. She thought a moment as she unlocked the old box and raised the lid. There before her eyes were wonders. Lead! It should be only a dream—one of those fascinating ones inspired by the devil and would instantly vanish like smoke—she thought of praying. If God would be good enough to give beggars such a paradise as the world was now, he would be a beggar's prayer.

She knelt down by the box, but what could she say? A moment more and she was whistled.

"Dear me, you won't let this paradise melt in smoke, will you? and these clothes are real clothes, ain't they?"

"Bless old Granny, I wish she would love me, but she do hate me that bad—and no wonder! I ain't smart, nor nothing but a beggar."

She could think of nothing more to say. Her world had seemed crowded with beauty. There before her lay the clothes, whose entrance gigantic and bright-hued flowers ran in dire confusion. There were impossibly large, bright green leaves everywhere. She looked at its beauty, mute with pleasure. She put it on over her ragged one, but that did not matter at all, as the ragged one was the shortest. The waist was only a few inches in length and the neck uncommonly low, but that could not be remedied. There lay a lace scarf. That was the very thing to cover her naked arms and shoulders. There was a pair of soiled silk slippers. They had once been pink, but age had stolen the color, as

"I ain't going home least ways I ain't going for a long time, for granny don't sleep so powerful sound, and she do hate me that bad! She drives me right out of sight. I have to stay here till the moon goes over the hills here."

Here she pointed with her finger to the moon that was just beginning to shine. The air was cool. Lord Wedderburn felt the chill of the air from the sea.

"You are going to light a fire?" he asked, pointing to a bundle of fagots beside her.

"No, don't need no fire. I gathered them, and when I go home I'll slip in granny's room to make her a fire. Granny don't like me to have a fire. Did you think I got this wood on your land? Well, I didn't. My granny said you got mad when I did, so I got it high onto two miles from here, at the old tower woods."

"Did your granny say that?" She was mistaken. I never said it. With all these woods around here, I would have been glad to say that. Do you wish to offend me?"

MAGIC BAKING POWDER THE STANDARD AND FAVORITE BRAND



it steals everything else on earth, and left them a faint white. The toes were very square across, and the soles about an inch wide, but, by dint of real hard work, they went on. There was a pair of snowy white stockings there, too. She chose these as the most suitable.

There was a Bonnet, too. It was such a queer bonnet—with such a peculiar shape that she had to put it on every way to make it fit—having no mirror there to see, so she chose the most comfortable position as the right one, and was deliciously unconscious that it was upside down, so that the poor old feathers, and pitiable old flowers were hanging upside down in the most helpless manner possible.

She was always late. It is true that the sun was just peeping over hills and that it was too early for people to be out, but she must be up and gone. She took up the bundle, and met her granny. Such a strange look came in the old woman's eyes—a most unearthly look. She adjusted her spectacles, then took them off and wiped them on her soft, old apron. She put them on and surveyed Dorothy calmly, then turned, and, without a word, entered her room and closed her door. This strange manner made Dorothy decidedly uncomfortable, but she shook it off as she tripped along gaily down the path with the castle bundle and the coat rolled and pinned with thorns instead of pins. The birds along the path sang merrily until Dorothy appeared before them, then their happy songs died in their throats. I wren they were much astonished at the strange apparition before them. They fluttered their little wings, and, with a cry, flew to safer fields. Little headed Dorothy that the birds were frightened, or that the winds blew keen and chill through the thin dress her world had suddenly opened before her, and her mind and soul were filled to overflowing with its beauty.

There loomed before her the great castle. She walked up the gravelled path to the side door and rang the bell. This was answered by the old housemaid, who opened the door, stared at Dorothy and fled precipitately, leaving her standing there. She rang again and a footman appeared, and with great ceremony threw open wide the door. He regarded Dorothy for a moment, then shut the door and fastened it.

For a moment Dorothy was nonplussed. "I wonder what the matter with them? It is not I, I am some grand lady," thought Dorothy, with all the assurance of childhood, and she hurried around to the great front door, and rang the bell, which was opened by another footman near whom stood the housekeeper.

"(To be Continued)"

A GERMAN POSTER. The following is a copy of a poster put up by the Boards of Health in Germany:

Give your children not a drop of wine. Not a drop of beer. Not a drop of brandy. Why? Because alcohol of any kind, even in the smallest quantity, brings only harm to the children.

(1) Alcohol checks the bodily and mental development of the children.

(2) Alcohol develops sleeplessness and early nervousness.

(3) Alcohol weakens the resisting power of the body and thereby leads to the development of all kinds of disease.

(4) Alcohol prolongs the duration of every illness.

(5) Alcohol continually awakens renewed thirst and on that account easily leads to habits of drinking.

That is only one of many ways by which beer-drinking Germany is trying to teach the people the dangers of drink. These posters are not put up by temperance organizations, but by the Boards of Health. When will our Board of Health wake up to a sense of their duty in the most important of all their duties?

H. Arnott, sen.

SLEEP. The depth of a person's sleep varies according to the diet, the habits, and the temperament of the individual, but the following facts apply to the average person in good health. Physicians have experimented with large numbers of persons, and have ascertained that the sleep of those who retire regularly at about 10 o'clock gradually increases in intensity at about 11:30. Within five or six minutes of this time it begins slowly to decrease in intensity, and about 12:30 is about the same depth as it was at 11:30. From then until two o'clock there is practically no change; from two till four the sleep deepens, and from four onward becomes gradually lighter until the customary hour of waking.

GOLD FISH. North Sea in a Year Yields Harvest Worth Millions.

To the United Kingdom the North Sea is the most profitable fishing ground. Last year the value of the fish landed on the northeast coast was £3,740,014, over a third of the total value of the fish landed in the whole of England and Wales, and £400,000 worth more than was landed in the whole of Scotland and Ireland combined during the same year.

The number of crabs and lobsters landed showed an increase of 330,749 crabs, and 15,421 lobsters, but oysters showed a decrease. Whereas in 1891 there were landed 4,090,000 oysters, valued at £8,638, last year, only 162,000 oysters, valued at £192, were landed.

Taking the returns at the various ports, compared with twenty years ago, Sunderland showed a slight decrease; Hartlepool, an increase of £19,614; Staithes, a decrease of £2,587; or nearly half the value landed in 1891; Whitby, a falling off of £4,779; Filey has just doubled its landings; Flamborough shows an increase of £1,191; Bridlington, an increase of £1,709; Hornsea, a falling off of about half the value; Hull, an increase of £430,851; and Grimsby, where the total value of fish landed in 1911 reached £2,662,626, an increase of £1,437,862.

During December, January and February last the amount of wet fish landed was 1,094,935 cwt., being an increase of 100,059 cwt., as compared with the corresponding period of last year. The total value of all kinds of fish landed, including shell fish, has been £290,151, being an increase of £90,402, compared with the corresponding period of last year.

Smith—Can you cut my hair with my collar on? Barber—Yes, sir; with your hat on, too, if you like.



WHO STOLE THE BIRD'S NEST? To-whit! To-whet! Will you listen to me? Who stole four eggs I laid, And the nice nest I made?

"No, I," said the cow, moo-oo, Such a thing I'd never do; I gave you a wisp of hay, But I took no nest away, Not I," said the cow, moo-oo, Such a thing I'd never do."

Bob-o-link! Bob-o-link! Now what do you think? Who stole a nest away? From the plum-tree to-day?"

"Coo, coo," said the cuckoo, "Let me speak a word, too; Who stole the little nest From the little yellow-bree?"

"Cluck, cluck," said the hen, "Don't ask me again; Why, I haven't a cluck Would do such a trick."

We all gave her a feather, And she wove them together; I'd scorn to intrude On her and her brood. "Cluck, cluck," said the hen, "Don't ask me again."

A little boy hung down his head And hid himself behind the bed; 'Twas he who stole the pretty nest From that poor little yellow-bree."

GREAT BRITAIN AND GERMANY. (Philadelphia Public Ledger) It were idle to think the fact that industrial and commercial competition between them is keen and bitter, and this would account for some measure of hostile feeling, but at the root of all the present trouble is Germany's sudden development as a naval power. Germany could still exist and thrive had not a single battleship been built, while Great Britain's security is wholly and absolutely dependent upon the maintenance of their full efficiency of its defensive fleets. The British Naval policy is based by the logic of facts, and while it is true that every nation must decide for itself the standpoint of its own interests what naval increase is necessary, the British position cannot be justly considered arrogant or aggressive.

How often it is that carelessness simply breaks the most dainty romance. Manchester Union.



Are you one of those to whom every meal is another source of suffering? Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablets will help your disordered stomach to digest any reasonable meal, and will soon restore it to such perfect condition that you'll never feel that you have a stomach. Take one after each meal. 50c. a Box at your Druggist's. Made by the National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited.

RASH SO BAD BABY CAME NEAR DYING

Head Broke Out. Spread to Arms, Legs and Entire Body. Itched So He Would Scratch Until Blood Ran. One Box of Cuticura Ointment and Nearly One Cake of Cuticura Soap Cured Him. Has Had No Return.

"When my boy was about three months old, his head broke out with a rash which was very itchy and ran a watery fluid. We tried everything we could but he got worse all the time, till it spread to his arms, legs and then to his entire body. He got so bad that he came near dying. The rash would itch so that he would scratch till the blood ran, and a thin yellowish stuff would be all over his pillow in the morning. I had to put mittens on his hands to prevent him tearing his skin. He was so weak and run down that he took fainting spells as if he were dying. He was almost a skeleton and his little hands were thin like claws."

"He was bad about eight months when we tried Cuticura Remedies. I had not laid him down in his cradle in the daytime for a long while. I washed him with Cuticura Soap and put on one application of Cuticura Ointment and he was so soothed that he could sleep. You don't know how glad I was he felt better. It took one box of Cuticura Ointment and pretty near one cake of Cuticura Soap to cure him. I think our boy would have died but for the Cuticura Remedies and I shall always remain a firm friend of them. He was cured more than two years ago, and there has been no return of the trouble. I shall be glad to have you publish this true statement of his cure. (Signed) Mrs. M. C. Maitland, Jasper, Ontario, May 27, 1910."

For more than a generation mothers have found a speedy, agreeable and economical treatment for their skin-tormented little ones in Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Although they are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere, liberal samples of each may be obtained free from the Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., sole manuf., 53 Columbus Ave., Boston, U.S.A.

STEAD. The Erie has its Empire and all English reading people subjects of his influence. He was the last great exponent of personal journalism—the first great Muck-raker.

This pen was in turn a scalpel, a scourge. He was not awed by any human power—he feared no lord save the Lord. Kaiser, Czar and Kings he met as men. Without diplomacy, he was master of diplomacy.

His intuitions were Sybilline. Again and again he foretold the course of destiny—proclaimed the fruitage before the planting of the seed.

By dint of astounding industry he earned enormous sums of money, then poured his wage into the nearest needy hand.

He was simple of taste, careless of dress and content of habit. He wrote more books than most men read within a lifetime.

His greatest pride lay in the prison stripes he had worn in the cause of decency. England will never forget his terrible assault upon the titled panders of the East End.

The courts found him guilty of libel, but the virginal sacrifice to the Mino-taur ceased.

The full record of his benefices will never be known—his only secret habit was charity.

As Horace, he might well have written this for his epitaph: "I shall not all die; the greater part of me shall elude the grave, for I have built a monument more lasting than bronze."—Herbert Kaufman in Woman's World for June.

MOSQUITOES. People Who Tolerate Stagnant Pools Will be Bawled Out. Montclair, N. J.—The Montclair health department has served notice on the local water utility company that every property owner will be held accountable for breeding places of mosquitoes, and that the names of those who ignore the department's warnings will be made public.

On Wednesday inspectors made the rounds to ascertain the situation of every mosquito breeding spot and sprinkle oil on the pools of water. The health department has ordered that the following precautions be adopted to reduce the local mosquito population.

Pick up all cans and bottles. Turn over every pail or tub that may hold water. Drain off every little depression. Clean up the edges of ponds and brooks.

See that the roof gutters are not stopped up, and that they have a proper fall. Not only tolerate but assist the special inspector who will visit your premises once each week. Every citizen will benefit by whatever relief is obtained as a result of these inspections. Watch your neighbor and report him if he violates the law.

CONSERVING THE CHILD. What is a baby worth? Who can answer this question? One scientist has tried to do so. He says a baby at birth is worth \$2,400.

This enormous loss is largely preventable. They do things better in France, here the baby saving work started.

The decreasing birth-rate aroused the French to the need of child conservation. They were first to establish public milk supply stations and to educate mothers.

The health officers from England visited the French milk depots. They carried the idea home, as did the Germans, the Spanish and the Americans.

All the civilized cities in the world now recognize the need of child conservation. In Montreal, Canada, they commemorated the coronation of King George and Queen Mary.

They did not erect a monument, but established 13 milk stations for babies. This proved more popular than the plan of having a \$2,500 fireworks display. The milk stations have been the greatest help with their accompanying mother training.

In New York city about 300 doctors and trained nurses are at work in the poorer sections. They form the official staff of the Division of Child Hygiene of the Municipal Health Department. All the local child welfare agencies held in the baby saving campaign, which in New York city has reduced the infant mortality rate 29 per cent. for the four summer months.

Advertisement for Zam-Buk Piles. Text: 'You will find relief in Zam-Buk! It eases the burning, stinging pain, stops bleeding and brings ease. Perseverance with Zam-Buk means cure. Why not prove this? All Druggists and Store-keepers have it.' Includes the Zam-Buk logo.