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HONORE'S FATE.

CHAPTER XJIV.

The entrance into English society of the Anglo-Indian millionaire and her adopted heiress was one of the grand events of that year, when, after a few months' travel on the continent, the splendid mansion in Kensington was thrown open to the London world, beautified to suit those fair spring days, but retaining all its old substantial pomp and heavy splendor.

The old lady's shrewdness and eccentricities had almost as much power as had her marvelous wealth, to make her one marked out in any crowd; and Honore's beauty, with that nameless charm of varying moods and girlish piquancy, made her, even independent of her vast expectations, the star of the season.

Although her introduction into the highest society of Europe had been so sudden, nothing in the girl's manner betrayed this. Just as much at her ease was Honore when presented at court as she used to be when she performed the imaginary ceremony in Phoebe's bedroom, stooping to make her dress very long, and bringing down on her devoted head the "How ridiculous!" evolved from Phoebe's common sense. The freshness of her enjoyment, the thoughtfulness that ran below her brightest speeches, the true self-forgetfulness, the total absence of vanity or affectation, the perfect impossibility of either spiteful or inane speeches, and, perhaps, above all, her winning, watchful care of the old lady, her bright, exhaustless patience, and her constant tender remembrance of her, were an irresistible charm about the girl, and it was little wonder that hands and hearts were at her service everywhere. Little wonder that introductions were sought as precious boons, and that, in the crowd which waited for her smiles, men of the noblest name and highest rank—with those who had won their country's honor, too, or won themselves a fair, undying fame—should struggle eagerly.

It was in a strange spirit that Honore received this adulation; sometimes to all appearance unconscious of it; sometimes brightly turning it aside; sometimes gently, and almost pleadingly, resisting it; never proud of it; never meeting it willingly, and never, above all, encouraging it.

"Honore," remarked Lady Lawrence one day—it was toward the close of the season, and the old lady, after one of her crowded receptions, threw herself on a couch in her dressing-room, and looked up quizzically at Honore, who had just come in, pretty beyond words, in her dressing-robe of quilted satin, with her bright hair let down, and curling heavily and richly at the ends—"Honore, do you regret my decision for tonight?"

"Regret it!" echoed Honore, as she sat down beside the old lady, and leaned her head against the arm of the couch, with a pleasant brightness in her eyes; "I will not say I am quite certain, auntie, but I think that, even if you had left the choice with me tonight, I should have stayed at home. It is after midnight now, and we have had a day of ceaseless excitement. No, I am really glad we did not go to the duchess' ball."

"Nonsense, Honore. I know how thoroughly you would have enjoyed it."

"I know I should," said Honore, her lips as well as her eyes smiling now; "but I am enjoying myself here, too. What a rare thing it is for us to have any time to sit alone together!"

"Very rare"—the old lady's voice was low and grave, but her eyes filled with a great tenderness as she put out one hand, and laid it caressingly on the girl's head—"so rare that it is of great value to me, my dear. Old people need some pauses in the busy march when the evening time is come. The present is not everything to them, Honore, when the great future is so near."

Without a word, Honore took the little caressing hand within hers, and held it fondly.

"If I saw that your heart rested only in those gaieties and excitements which I see that you pleasantly enjoy, I would not take you away, my darling, even as I have done tonight; but I know it is not so. Your love for your old aunt is no hollow love. I lean upon it—ah, my dear, you hardly know with what firm and pleasant trust I lean upon it. As little as you could understand, in your simple truthfulness, how severely I was making trial of you last year, so little can you guess what you love was to me when it came so richly and lavishly in my lonely old age."

"And you," said Honore, "can never guess, auntie, what your love has been to me, who never knew till now what a mother's love was like. Ah! no; you can never guess."

"Honore——" There had been a pause after the girl's low words, and Lady Lawrence broke it now with a new tone of anxiety in her voice. "Honore, one thing has struck me often since we have lived together, and tonight I am going to speak of it for the first time. I can keep no secret from you, my child; not even this thought of mine, for I know it can never obtrude itself as a barrier between my child and me. I told you I felt weary tonight, and that it was natural for an old woman to do so. It is that feeling—for it comes often, dear, and will not be ignored—which brings me sometimes a great anxiety for you. Only sometimes, for generally I can feel strong and content, knowing in whose care you will always be; but sometimes, as I said, and tonight is one of those times. Of course I could not have this anxiety if I knew I should leave you in a husband's care, but I have noticed that such a thought as choosing among those who sue for your hand seems as far removed from you as if you were a young wife enjoying her first triumph, or even as if you had told your seventy years, as I have. Honore, tell me why this is so."

The girl's eyes had softened to a dreamy sadness, and the smile had died utterly from her lips. "I—I cannot care for them," she faltered; "not for one, I mean, more than others. That is my only reason, auntie."

"The only one?" The old voice faltered like the young one; the dim eyes on the pillows had grown as wistful as those radiant ones beside them. "Is that the only reason, Honore? Do not wonder at my doubting it—do not be hurt by my suspicion. If I did not know you so well, I might read nothing in your eyes and tones; but I do know you well, my dear, and I can see that the reason why no one, in this new life of yours, has won this heart which is so true and worth winning, is because they were too late. Honore, for months we have been separated from that old life of yours, but we will bridge the separation over, if it would give you happiness. For whom, in that old home, does your heart yearn?"

"I should like to see Phoebe!" a little amusement in her low tones.

"Phoebe!" The exclamation was scornful, truly, but the note of relief was audible. "Only Phoebe Owen! We will manage that some day; but you know as well as I do that Phoebe would rather stay with Lawrence Haughton than come to you. Is there no one else you long to see?"

"No," said Honore, speaking very readily when she detected the pain in the question.

"That is well; but I think that I never had any real fear, Honore. You would never wed with either Lawrence Haughton or Hervey Trent."

"Never," said the girl, in simple and surprised dissent.

A long pause, and the words the old lady next uttered were in a different tone.

"Honore, how many times, during the season, have we met Royden Keith, of Westleigh Towers? Very few times, eh?"

"Very few."

The answer was so quiet and easy that there seemed no cause for Lady Lawrence's swift glance into the face beside her.

"Very few, as you say. How many times has he been here?"

"Not once, auntie."

The answer was so slow and calm that there seemed less reason still for the half-smile.

"Not once, as you say, Honore. When I was a poor, insignificant old gentlewoman, sharp and shabby, Royden Keith always behaved to me as a courteous gentleman; he was always attentive and generous, thoughtful both for me and my sick friend, and kind to both; when we lived in cottage lodgings, he spared himself no trouble if he could serve us; seeing no shame in being the friend of such as we seemed then; bravely facing ridicule to make our lives a little less cramped and dull than he fancied they might be. And so patient and pleasant was he always with—ah, my darling, my little darling, tears at last! Yes, lay your head here—think it was your mother's breast, my child; fancy these your mother's arms about you, and whisper it to me presently—only presently. I know so much, that it will not take you long to tell. Dear, could I have lived with you so long, and so closely taken you into my heart, if my love could not teach me that secret? No, do not look into my face just yet. I—I will wait a little. It has brought back so many thoughts from that far past; and—and from the future, dear, which may be so near. Honore, our separation will be so hard to bear, but I think its chief terror will be gone when I can leave you in his strong and tender care. My darling, why those anguished eyes? Ah, we will let the story rest tonight, and tomorrow all will be clear and bright before us once again."

(To be continued.)

Strength Has Returned.

"My whole system was run down. I was so weak I could scarcely get around to do my work. I finally began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, and after using five bottles I found that my strength had returned and my appetite was better. I now feel as strong as ever." MRS. KELLEY, 9 Wellington avenue, Toronto, Ontario.

HOOD'S PILLS cure nausea, sick headache, indigestion, biliousness. All druggists, 25c. c

Those days are lost in which we do no good; those worse than lost in which we do evil.

LIFE SAVED.—Mr. James Bryson Cameron writes: "I was confined to my bed with inflammation of the lungs, and was given up by physicians. A neighbor advised me to try Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, stating that his wife had used it for a throat trouble with the best results. Acting on this advice, I procured the medicine, and less than half a bottle cured me; I certainly believed it saved my life. It was with reluctance that I consented to a trial, as I was reduced to such a state that I doubted the power of any remedy to do me any good."

The female pack peddler is becoming a nuisance in Maine.

In business three things are necessary—knowledge, temperance and time.

Yellow Skin and Eyes.

Biliousness causes yellow skin and eyes, tired, weary, sluggish feeling, etc. BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS cleanses the blood and regulates the liver, curing all its diseases. "From a child I suffered from biliousness and headache, and all the money I spent for medicine brought me no relief. Four bottles of B. B. B. cured me completely, however, and I gladly recommend it." Mrs. W. COLEMAN, Toronto, Ont.

The "Bicyclist's Best Friend" is a familiar name for Trask's Magnetic Ointment, always ready for emergencies. While a specific for Piles, it also instantly relieves and cures cuts, bruises, salt rheum, eczema and all affections of the skin. It never fails. 25 cents. 27

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which has the indorsation of its president as a perfect food, being delicious, and only takes five minutes to cook. We keep it, and if you have not tried it, please do so on our recommendation and you will be delighted.

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Cabled Comment

On European Topics—The Queen's Merry Party at Osborne--Innovatioh in the Line of Christmas Cards.

Germany Perplexed Over the Situation in the Far East—Britain Is Not Going To Be Elbowed Out—Everyone Studying the Chinese Puzzle — British Parliamentary Programme — London's Slums Disappearing.

London, Dec. 27.—The temperature is seasonable, and fog has given way to comparative brightness. The week has been the coldest of the season, ten to twenty degrees of frost being registered, and skating has commenced. Queen Victoria had a merry party at Osborne. There was a grand Christmas tree, loaded with presents for the royal children, the members of the household and the servants. The party included the Battenbergs, Connaughts, Lornes and Albanys. A royal baron of beef, cut from a Devon ox, fed on the royal farm at Windsor, and roasted at Windsor by the cooks sent by the London caterer, was forwarded to Osborne on Friday with the boar's head and woodcock pie, which traditionally occupy the Queen's sideboard at Christmas.

Alfred Rothschild made his annual distribution of six thousand pheasants to the omnibus drivers and conductors, every 'busman getting a brace of birds.

AN INNOVATION.

According to the newspapers, the ladies of upper tendom, married and single, are tired of the hackneyed Christmas cards, and are sending their favored friends photographs of themselves as attired for bed. The Chronicle thinks that although such souvenirs are suggestive of a good deal, nightdress pictures are less improper than presentments of the same figure in ball dress.

THE WAR CLOUD IN THE EAST.

In well informed circles the general impression is prevalent that the scare in the newspapers, and among the public in regard to the far east is at least premature. While the members of the government are reticent, they are evidently sincere in disclaiming the least alarm. The impression gathered in ministerial quarters is that Great British is carefully watching events, biding her time, and that she certainly will not fail to act promptly and vigorously at the proper moment. It is intimated in quarters usually well posted on such matters that Germany either has or wishes to have an understanding on the subject with Great Britain. This view is strongly supported by Prince Henry's visit to Queen Victoria at Osborne, by his subsequent trip to London, and by the autograph letter which the prince is said to have taken to her Majesty from Emperor William, of which confirmation is forthcoming. The emperor's letter to the Queen is regarded as being a distinctly conciliatory step on the part of Germany. But there is no doubt that Great Britain is quietly preparing for all eventualities. Should it become clear that Germany and Russia have really commenced a game of grab, Great Britain will be prepared to assert her claims.

BRITAIN WIDE AWAKE.

At the Chinese embassy the view prevails that there is some understanding between Great Britain and Germany.

The public scare seems to have arisen from the idea that the proceedings took Great Britain by surprise. This is impossible, for since the intervention in the China-Japanese war it has been known that Germany has only been waiting an opportunity to obtain a foothold in China, and at various times it has been reported that Lappa, Quemoy and Amoy had been secured, while a year ago German ships surveyed Kiao-Chou Bay, all of which was known at the British foreign office. The reception of the German squadron at Portsmouth, the facilities which the ships were afforded, and will be afforded at all the British coal depots on their way to Hong Kong, points to the sympathetic support of Great Britain. That Russia does not expect trouble is shown in the fact that she has not one battleship in the far east. But, of course, if Russia does not leave Port Arthur in the spring, her stay there may lead to grabbing. The British government is, however, not borrowing trouble. From a trading point of view it is pointed out that even in the event of the opening of three foreign ports they will be probably as little harmful to Shanghai as Boston, Baltimore and Philadelphia are to New York.

DIFFERING VIEWS.

The London correspondents devote considerable space to the situation in China. Strange as it may seem, the correspondents are unanimous in saying that come what may England remains supreme in the far east, and has only to move her great Asiatic squadron to the troubled center to prove that, isolated as she may be, no combination of fleets can force her to relinquish that supremacy.

Not a few people regard the Times' editorial expressing satisfaction at the Bering sea settlement and protesting against the "loose insinuations of bad faith on the part of the United States government, which have been thoughtlessly and unjustifiably made in England," and Japan's attitude she had assumed in connection with Hawaii as indications of a desire for an Anglo-Japan-American alliance.

POPULAR SENTIMENT.

Harold Frederick says: Of course, England is clamorous with wild voices demanding that everything Chinese in sight should have a Union Jack hoisted over it without a moment's delay. It may be said at the outset that England will undoubtedly effect the naval occupation of some port much further north than Hong Kong, but there is really no reason why she should rush at it in a frenzy of eagerness. She is still very much "all right" in that quarter of the globe. She has a vast preponderance of the Chinese trade. She has absolute naval command of the Chinese seas. By the mere fact that she could, if she choose to do so, prevent all other European squadrons in the Chinese waters from getting coal, she remains impregnable and master of the situation. Moreover she tacitly assented a long time ago to Russia's having Port Arthur, and has no earthly objection to Germany having a coaling station in the Yellow Sea. Her commercial interests do not lie in the north of China. Why should she plunge frantically forward in pursuit of William's will-o'-the-wisp? There is one sinister contingency in all this, however, which I have not here seen canvassed, but which is worth setting forth. Suppose Germany has proposed something to her two indifferent partners in the Pacific, at which, so to speak, they pricked up their ears, perceiving in it undoubted advantages to themselves. Suppose that something to be the practical annihilation of Japan as a sea power before she gets her ten new battleships, now building, which are to make her queen of the Pacific. The most ingenious and pretty checkmate to this game would be for the British fleet now understood to be on the move from Hong Kong to quietly drop into Wei-Hai-Wei next week and anchor in its magnificently spacious harbor for winter shelter alongside the Japanese vessels already there. Its occupation could be temporary, of course, just as Russia's in Port Arthur and Germany's in Kiao Chau is temporary. Its presence there next spring, however, would throw an altogether different light on the plan of forcing Japan to humbly withdraw her fleet. Nobodly would dare to attack Japan if English ships were riding side by side with hers. As said last week, that is the solution of the problem which most Englishmen feel in their bones is the right one, and I am sure if Lord Salisbury were to send a squadron to Wei-Hai-Wei and let the world see the British tars fraternizing with the Japanese sailors the English, as a nation, would dance with joy.

MR. SMALLEY'S VIEW.

Mr. Smalley, in his dispatch, says: The favorite holiday game is the Chinese puzzle, and, like other toys, it is made in Germany. Each great power is trying to drive its own pigs into clover, while the native pigtails are wondering whether the Caucasian is really played out. It is a fascinating game, with spare holes for every player, even Italy, and with inexhaustible resources for combination. Every correspondent in continental capitals has been working at it, and every leader writer has solved the puzzle in his own way, with the help of maps, diagrams and inner consciousness. It is a confusing pastime, because nobody seems to understand what are the real points, but it offers capital sport for dull times. Several plain conclusions may be drawn, after this holiday recreation. First of all, the German emperor has a remarkable theatrical talent, as is shown by his power of concentrating the attention of the world upon his Chinese campaign, and leading everyone to believe that with the preaching of his new evangel the end of the ancient and populous Flowery Kingdom is at hand. Secondly, diplomatic combinations are more important on paper than sea power, since China was saved by a European coalition when defeated in a naval war, and is now under the protection and at the mercy of Russia, Germany and France, without reference to the superiority of the English fleet or the gallantry of the Japanese navy, but sea power is still a momentous factor, and England, with her naval resources, is in no panic. Thirdly, the partition of China, with its vast hives of population, is a very different operation from carving a Christmas goose for dinner.

BRITAIN IS READY.

Whatever may be said respecting the necessity of a new naval base for England at Chusan, within striking distance of the three harbors now occupied by Germany, Russia and Japan, it is still evident that modern warfare is a battle for markets, and that the chief interests at stake in China are commercial. England has what is more important than a naval station on the Pechili Gulf—the largest share of the immense trade with China. This trade may be menaced if Russia obtains the right under a protectorate or treaty to close the chief port of Manchuria, but not otherwise. To German competition England can offer no objection unless the collapse of the Chinese government occurs unexpectedly. Her commerce is secure, and nothing will be done except to strengthen with additional battleships the fleet which is already superior to any other in those waters. England may be without any on the continent, but every European power knows that her commerce cannot be taken away from her without a naval war, for which she is fully prepared.

A RIDICULOUS SPECTACLE.

The correspondent of the Sun has this to say: Prince Henry's mission to China, which has never been regarded very seriously by the British public, and was smothered with ridicule by his oratory at the Kiel banquet, has become more than ever an object of derision here since the warships Deutschland and Gefion entered Spithead to beg coal almost at the outset of the long voyage. If the mailed fist is ultimately to hit the British face, it is a trifle ludicrous that Prince Henry should have to go, cap in hand, to a half-dozen British coaling stations before he reaches the striking ground. As a matter of fact, he will take British coal on board successively at Gibraltar, Malta, Port Said, Aden, Colombo, Singapore and Hong Kong. Weeks ago secret purchases by the British admiralty of enormous quantities of Welsh steam coal was announced. It looks now as though Whitehall had had prevision of impending exceptional needs. All the British coaling stations are known to be fully stocked, and more big contracts are on the point of conclusion. The British admiralty and the French ministry of marine are always alive to this coal question, but, incredible as it may seem, information emanating from a reliable source shows that the Germans had not brought their philosophic minds to bear upon the question until the last moment before the departure of their ships, with the result that if British and Japanese supplies were barred, Emperor William's warships would be reduced to impotency.

GERMANY PUZZLED.

Government officials at Berlin are reticent concerning the operations in China. The reason is given that Germany herself does not know how she stands, or how far the other powers will permit her to go. The mission of Prince Henry is characterized as "spread eagle." A diplomat is recorded as saying that Russia's occupation of Port Arthur is permanent, she thereby securing the much desired terminus for the Siberian railway.

From a missionary the correspondent of the Associated Press learns that the Bay of Kiao Chou is by no means so valuable as at first believed. Part of the harbor freezes during three months of winter, and ice-breakers are required to keep it open. The hinterland is barren and treeless. If Germany concludes to retain it she will have to spend large sums of money.

LONDON LANDMARKS OBLITERATED.

The slums of London are disappearing one by one, and among the latest that is now under sentence is the maze of narrow, tortuous and filthy streets at the back of Limehouse Church, where Dickens laid the scene of the quarter frequented by Rogue Riderhood in "Our Mutual Friend." In it also was located the opium den that figured in "The Mystery of Edwin Drood." The neighborhood has apparently never been touched by any social crusade or sanitary reformer, and the daily and nightly scenes of vice and violence are said to make the place a very inferno. According to the Councilor and Guardian, however, the local government board has ordered a survey of the district, preparatory to a complete clearance being effected.

THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT.

The government, on the reassembling of parliament, will attempt no important legislation until after Easter. The debate on the address and the army proposals will be sufficient to occupy what is regarded as the first stage of the session. No one expects anything else than that the government will meet parliament with their plans for the reform of the Irish local government in a complete state, and that will do well if the Irish local government bill is laid on the table in the house. There appears to be not a little doubt as to whether the bill will get much further than the education bill of 1895, and it is even believed that the government may in the end be glad, in order to secure agreement among their followers, to substitute a bill for the creation of an agricultural department in Ireland for the more ambitious measures now promised.

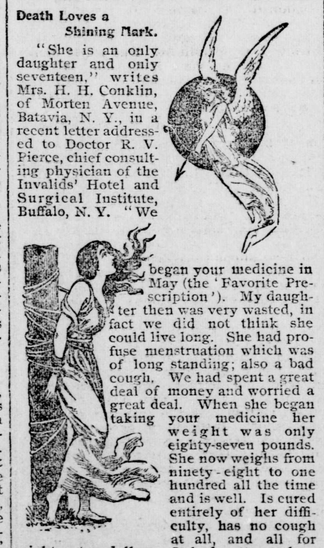
THE ENGINEERS.

The striking engineers in their second ballot upon the proposals of the employers, the result of which is returnable on Dec. 28, to which date the conference of the masters and employes adjourned, are again rejecting the propositions made by the masters in the conference. The leaders of the strikers insured this result by combining two questions in the ballots. These questions were: "Are you in favor of the propoal of the masters in regard to their management of workshops?" and "Are you in favor of a working week of 51 hours?"

CRIME IN PARIS.

Paris police statistics, just published, effectually prove that murder does not pay from a financial point of view. They enumerate 21 murders by which the assassins averaged $18, and all the criminals were guillotined. The statistics also cite cases of over 100 more or less famous murders, yielding in many cases but a few cents. The biggest haul was $65, although in many cases large sums were overlooked.

Death Loves a Shining Mark.



"She is an only daughter and only seventeen," writes Mrs. H. H. Conklin, of Morten Avenue, Batavia, N. Y., in a recent letter addressed to Doctor R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y. "We began your medicine in May (the 'Favorite Prescription'). My daughter then was very wasted, in fact we did not think she could live long. She had profuse menstruation which was of long standing; also a bad cough. We had spent a great deal of money and worried a great deal. When she began taking your medicine her weight was only eighty-seven pounds. She now weighs from ninety-eight to one hundred all the time and is well. Is cured entirely of her difficulty, has no cough at all, and all for eight or ten dollars. It had gotten to be a serious question with us. We had done all we could for her. We are truly grateful to you for all your kind advice and sympathy in the matter. We feel that you are a personal friend."

No living physician has a wider practical experience or enjoys a higher reputation in the treatment of diseases peculiar to women than Dr. Pierce. In cases of this nature he will send by mail careful professional advice without charge, and instructions whereby the most obstinate ailments may be entirely overcome. His "Favorite Prescription" is the only proprietary remedy ever designed by an educated, authorized physician specifically to cure women's diseases. It is the only medicine which makes motherhood perfectly safe and comparatively easy and painless.

Say "No" and stick to it when urged to accept a substitute.

Don't drudge.
Use Pearline.

There is the secret of a comfortable, pleasant, healthy life for women. Don't stand up over the wash-tub, doing that grinding hard work, that isn't fit for any woman. Use Pearline. Soak the clothes over night, while you sleep; boil them a little; then there's no work to do but to rinse them. Don't make a slave of yourself trying to scrub things clean in the ordinary ways. Use Pearline, and make all such work easy and quick and more economical. 637

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it is your own fault
if you don't get it.

I don't take anything that comes along. I go straight for the 'Granby' for I know it is the best.

In days gone by dealers were able to sell people just what they pleased, but the public of to-day are inclined to find out for themselves the best article in every line and they insist upon getting it.

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AND OVERSHOES

are known throughout the whole country to be the best in fit, finish, quality and durability and that is why people *will have* Granby's and no other. The extra thickness at ball and heel makes them last twice as long.

GRANBY RUBBERS WEAR LIKE IRON.

Rev. Charles Fish, Methodist Minister Dunn Ave., Toronto, Cured of Eczema.

About ten years ago I felt the beginnings of what is commonly known as Eczema. The disease commenced in my ears and spread entirely over both sides of my head and also developed on my hands. During those ten year I was a great sufferer. Specialists on skin diseases treated me. As I write this I am commencing on the fifth box of Dr. Chase's Ointment, and, judging from the rapid improvement effected I am certain that before the box is used I shall be completely cured. Charles Fish, Methodist Minister, 192 Dunn avenue, Toronto.

An ounce of vanadium is worth $77, and can be purchased only by 30 ounces of gold.

Is Your Heart Strong?

Or have you palpitation, throbbing or irregular beating, dizziness, short breath, smothering or choking sensation, pain in the breast or heart. If so, your heart is affected and will in turn affect your nerves, causing nervousness, sleeplessness, morbid anxious feeling, debility.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills

Cure all these complaints by regulating the heart's action and building up the nervous and muscular system to perfect health and strength. Price 60c. per box or 6 boxes for $2.50. At all druggists.

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