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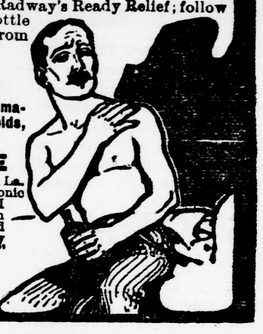

Wayward But Winning

So joyous that Carrie forgets her qualms about her dresses, forgets the ordeal which awaits her in the meeting of the grand folks, and when the train puffs into the junction at which they are to alight sh is startled and confused at the rapidity of their journey.

"Yes," says Lord Cecil, "we have only half an hour's drive, and we shall be home."

It is a gracious speech, and encourages Carrie, though her heart sinks a little as a footman, tall and superb, comes to the door, and she sees waiting outside the station, a big charlot with a coachman in a wig and a footman to match his fellow.

It is not only the handsome carriage, or the imposing liveries of the servants that impress her, but the manner and tone of the latter.

If they all three had been a duke and duchesses of high degree, these gorgeous giants could not be more deferential and respectful. The footman who has come to the train guards Carrie's and Philippa's dresses from the carriage door, as if they would be polluted by coming into contact with it; the porters, who crowd forward, are waved aside as if too common a clay to be permitted to approach; the station-master, who stands, hat in hand, is, so to speak, awed back by the attendant giants, and, as Philippa says afterwards, their progress to the charlot was like a march of triumph.

But Carrie, on whom all this makes such an impression, glances at Lord Cecil's face, and sees that it makes no impression upon him; he takes it coolly, as indeed is natural seeing that the homage and attention are matters of common usance to him.

The footman shuts the door and then joins his fellow behind the carriage, and they depart.

Lord Cecil feels a timid hand steal out toward him, and he takes it in his and presses it lovingly.

"We shall soon be home, my darling," he murmurs.

She glances at him with a little quivering smile and sinks back into her corner—into the satin-lined cushions that yield so softly to her pressure, and keeps her eyes fixed on the windows.

As she does so she sees that the signs of respect which attended them at the station are extended along the road. Every man they meet doffs his hat to the grand chariot, every woman and child drops a curtsey. They pass a village inn, and she sees that it bears on its swinging signboard the Fitz-Harwood arms.

Every now and again, as they pass the railings of a vast park on their left, they come upon a pair of massive gates bearing the same coat-of-arms, and upon quaintly ornamented lodges, from which women and children emerge to curtsey and bolt.

"Does all this belong to the castle?" Carrie asks, with a faint smile.

Lord Cecil nods in a matter-of-fact fashion.

"Yes, we are skirting the park now. It is rather pretty just here; we will walk over and see it tomorrow."

Presently they enter another village, with its thatched roofs clustering under the shelter of a pair of gates more massive and imposing than any other they have passed, and standing in the wide semi-circular gravel roadway. There is a lodge, almost as big as Howells, at the side, and a man comes out and, with a touch, noiselessly throws up the huge masses of iron of which the gates are composed.

The chariot rolls up a drive almost as smooth as marble, and running under an avenue of gigantic elms, and suddenly at a bend of the road, a vast pile of white stone looms before Carrie's eyes, and Lord Cecil, with a smile, says:

"Here we are! This is the castle."

It is so vast, so stupendous, so overwhelming that Carrie can only stare at it. Never for a moment does the thought flash upon her, "Some day you—you, Carrie Harrington—will be mistress here!" If it did it would have seemed too improbable for reception or belief.

The chariot rolls swiftly round the curve, and the horses pull up, champing and chafing, in front of a magnificent doorway of pure white stone, without a single carving to relieve—or spoil — its majestic dimensions; the footmen open the carriage door; Yates, who has preceded them in a swift dogcart, comes forward to help them to alight, and Carrie, as Lord Cecil takes her hand and whispers some loving word, sees the vast doors of the hall swing back, and two footmen stand on either side, like the sentinels in some fairy story.

For a moment, the silence, the grandeur, the quietude of the reception, which is nothing out of the ordinary, and would await any guest, take her by surprise, and she falters; but Lord Cecil is by her side, and his voice reassures her.

"Jove!" he says. "I am quite stiff. Yates, is the luggage here? See that it is sent in at once."

Simple words, yet spoken in his calm, musical voice, they do more to encourage and help her than any direct attention could do.

In the simplest manner possible he draws her hand upon his arm, and leads her up the broad steps, and they enter the hall.

Carrie is conscious of having entered a vast apartment that is like a church, with its dark oak rafters and paneled walls, and its windows of stained glass; then from the dimness, which is rather confusing after the broad glare of the sunlight, she sees a tall, stately figure, dressed in a plain dress of black merino, relieved by a plain linen collar, gliding toward her.

She has only time to see that the lady has eyes and hair like Lord Cecil, when he says:

"My mother." And taking Carrie's hand he approaches the countess, and says, "Mother here are Carrie and her sister Philippa."

The lady takes Carrie's hand, looks her in the face with a smile wonderfully like Lord Cecil's, and then leans forward and kisses her.

"I am very glad to see you, my dear," she says, "and you, Miss Harrington."

That is all. The next moment a lady's maid, who has been waiting in the background, comes noiselessly toward them, and whispers:

"This way, miss, if you please," and as if in a dream they follow her up the broad carved staircase."

It is Carrie's first entrance to Fitz-Harwood Castle, and often in the coming years she will think of it, recalling it with an aching heart and a vain longing to forget it.

CHAPTTR XIX.

"To sum it all up in a phrase," says Philippa, "you are 'a complete success,' my dear Carrie."

And it is the simple truth. A week has passed since Carrie made her appearance at Harwood Castle as Lord Cecil's future bride, and the seven days have been seven days full of satisfaction and triumph. Carrie has come out through the rather trying ordeal not only unscathed but with flying colors. Though the castle has been full of guests, among them belles of the last season and debutantes of the present, all clad in costly garments and with the polish of town and ton, Carrie Harrington, the farmer's daughter, has not suffered eclipse. Her sweet, fair, young face has shone to advantage among them all; and even her simple dresses seem to have possessed a touch of freshness and simplicity which has made them welcome and pleasant to the eye.

That she has found favor in the sight of the all-powerful countess is soon made apparent; at the stately meals her ladyship has caused Carrie's chair to be placed next her own; and it is with Carrie as her companion that she takes her slow and gentle promenades along the terraces and about the exquisitely-arranged flower beds. Even the earl surrenders to the "little country maid," as he calls her, and when he has a minute to spare—which is not often—will come and seat himself beside her, or bend over her chair, a pleasant smile on his intellectual face, as he talks of her father and the old days when they were at school together.

As for Lord Cecil, he is in the heyday of his happiness. That Carrie would prove irresistible, he, of course, was quite assured; but he could have scarcely hoped for greater success than she has made; and not once, but a hundred times, he tells her, in their walks and drives, how proud and happy her popularity makes him; and notwithstanding that for the past few days he has to play the part of vice-host, he manages to snatch many a half-hour for "sweet converse" with his darling.

And, strange to say, it is "sweet converse." Carrie's "temper," which Philippa knows so well, seems to have changed, and, like the lion in the fable, turned to a dove; so much so, that Philippa is both amazed and amused.

"Really," she says, with her good-natured cynicism, "It would appear that if young couples wish to agree, the best thing they can do is to prelude their engagement with a good quarrel. Now, anyone would have felt quite secure in prophesying a stormy time for poor Cecil, whereas you have behaved yourself in a manner as extraordinary as it is exemplary."

"Perhaps," retorts Carrie, "it is because I am so palpably on my good behavior. But who could be anything else than good in such a place?" she adds with a little sigh. "Look at it," and she waves her sunshade toward the house; they are seated on one of the velvety slopes of the Italian garden the air perfumed with the flowers, the white walls of the castle stretching before their eyes. "The place fascinates me. A kind of spell fell upon me when I entered the house a week ago and it has not risen or vanished yet."

"It is a wonderful place," says Philippa.

"Yes," goes on Carrie, dreamily, "wonderful. I think I could have borne it if it had been gorgeous and magnificent; but its exquisite simplicity and age overmaster me. Do you know, I never enter the doors but I fancy I can hear an organ wailing out softly in the distance; and never glance up at the pictures in the gallery but I expect the stately figures to come down and descend the staircase. One reads and hears so much of 'tone,' that one grows sick and tired of it, but I know what it means now. Not all the wealth of a millionaire could purchase the tone of Harwood Castle."

"And it will be yours some day—tone and all," says Philippa.

Carrie starts.

"Yes. Do you think I do not think of that? I awake in the night sometimes, Flippa, with that thought suddenly flashing on me, and then I feel—you cannot tell how acutely—my insignificance. I remember the countess, how she walks and speaks like a countess or a duchess, and I wonder whether I shall ever acquire that grande air; whether I shall ever learn to speak and smile, the slow, gentle, yet queenly smile; or acquire that walk of hers, so stately and yet so unpretending. Look where she is walking there on the terrace; see how that gray satin dress trails behind her, not snatching and draggling as other women's would, but just sweeping and falling into every movement of her body. When I look at her, I feel in despair of ever becoming in the very least like her."

"It will come in time," says Philippa philosophically. "In time, if one lives, I shall see you with the same grande tone, the same smile."

"You think so?" with anxious doubt.

"Yes, but anyway, don't make yourself unhappy about it."

"Unhappy!" echoes Carrie, and a smile of pleasant confidence fills her eyes. "Philippa I am so happy that at times I feel afraid. I have told you so before, but I feel it more keenly now. You know what it is to feel like that—as if you were happier than you deserved?—as if something must happen to knock one's castle down and prove it but one of cards? I feel like that!"

"What nonsense!" says practical Philippa. "What can happen? You are as certain—death excepted—to be the Viscountess Neville as if you and Lord Cecil were already married."

"Yes, death excepted," says Carrie slowly, "and I don't feel like dying."

"And he doesn't look it," said Philippa with a smile. "My dear, you are an extremely lucky young person, I'll admit, but I don't think the gods are yet envious enough to seek your destruction."

"I hope not," says Carrie, "I hope they'll let me run my litle course uninterruptedly."

[To be Continued.]

Economy

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100 DOSES ONE DOLLAR

CHICAGO GONE DIVORCE MAD

Homes Ruined by Court Interference in Marital Affairs.

Chicago, Dec. 5.—Chicago has gone divorce mad. More than half a hundred cases of family discord were docketed in one day, occupying the attention of six judges and probably a hundred lawyers. Nineteen decrees of divorce and one of separate maintenance were granted, and the others are under advisement by the judges.

On Friday there were issued in Chicago only thirty-eight marriage licenses. There were seventeen decrees of divorce granted on that day—all by one judge. On the same day there were eighty burial permits issued. According to the method of computation employed by statisticians, thirty-two of these would be for husbands or wives. Forty-nine families were therefore broken up by death and divorce, while there were only thirty-eight new families created.

On some other days of the week Dan Cupid fares better in his contest with death and divorce, but the question is raised whether the little god of love is not losing ground to the local divorce mill.

During the week there were granted fifty-seven decrees of divorce and one of separate maintenance. There were issued 373 marriage licenses. This would indicate that an average of more than one out of seven local marriages come to the divorce courts.

On July 1 the new divorce law for the State of Illinois went into effect. It was a reform law. It provided that the parties divorced could not remarry until one year after the granting of the decree, and when the divorce is given on statutory grounds not for two years.

This law, if not avoided by the performance of the marriage ceremony in another state, may be operating as a handicap to Cupid, some observers think, because it limits his list of candidates.

"If the law is having any deterrent effect upon those who would seek divorces I have not observed it," said Judge Brentano yesterday. "It is the same old grind. It is only the suits for separation that are brought to our attention, therefore we do not know what the parties do after they get divorces. They may go to other states if they wish to remarry, but they may be perfectly willing to remain single, glad of their escape from the marriage tie."

Judge Mack also said that he had not observed any effect of the new law.

The would-be divorcees come from all walks of life, but there is a surprisingly large number of them from the higher social, professional and business circles.

Desertion, cruelty and drunkenness are the common charges in the divorce bills of the poor, while such allegations as the maintenance of separate homes for women other than their wives and the purchase of automobiles for the objects of their devotion abound in the divorce bills of the wealthy.

CANCER of the FACE

Stott & Jury, Bowmanville, Ont., will gladly send you the names of Canadians who have tried their painless home treatment for Cancer in all parts of the body. Some of the cures are simply marvelous.

HE PREFERRED CAREER OF CRIME

Social Leader Plays Roll of a Raffles.

AND ROBS EVEN HIS FRIENDS

Uses an Automobile to Speed Away With Loot of Rich Men's Houses.

Philadelphia, Dec. 5. — Disclosures following arrest of Alfred Smalley, in Philadelphia, and his subsequent removal to Elizabeth, N. J., last week, show that he chose the path of the criminal when he might have lived in ease and surrounded with every refining influence. Just now he will have to answer several charges of burglary in Elizabeth, and after that he may have to go to his old home in Clayton, N. J., to answer a charge of burglary at the residence of his neighbor and old friend, Dr. Edward Moore.

Smalley is a handsome young man, with a pretty wife and two little boys. He is the son of Levi Smalley, one of the most prosperous citizens of the glass-making town of Clayton. He has several brothers who have become prosperous business men, and with a good education and bright prospects he was in a fair way of reaching a high station in the world of business. Tiring of college he chose to enter business life, and secured employment with Swift & Co., the meat packers, Philadelphia. His work was so satisfactory, and he was so well liked that he was gradually advanced till two years ago, he was made manager of the company's station at Bayonne, N. J., at a salary of $50 a week, but he appears to have sought the more exciting field of adventure as a burglar, and many crimes in many sections may be traced to his account.

Deserts Business Life.

Two months ago he gave up his place in Bayonne and stated that he was going on the road as the agent of a typewriter company.

He sent his family to Clayton and sent them money each week, but he was always very vague as to the details of his business. He made frequent trips home, however, as his wife never had the least suspicion of anything wrong. The dread news of her husband's dual life came to her last week, soon after his capture in Philadelphia. Mrs. Stanley is the daughter of a prosperous glassworker of Clayton, John A. Stewart, and prior to her marriage was counted the belle of the borough.

Smalley's record at Elizabeth reads like one of the "Raffles" stories of modern fiction. While he was on a visit to his wife in Clayton last August the handsome home of his friend, Dr. Moore, next door, was rifled of much valuable property, but no one ever suspected Smalley. An automobile was heard running from the town late that night, and it was indefinitely connected with the robbery when the crime became known. Next day a pawn ticket calling for goods pledged in Elizabeth in the name of "James Hagan" was found on the street in Clayton. It was sent to Elizabeth and the police began to look for James Hagan. A policeman who had camped upon his trail came upon him on the street one night, but for his pains in attempting to arrest the man was promptly knocked down and his quarry escaped.

Alert Policeman's Discovery.

The train of the burglar was lost completely, but a lucky policeman picked it up most unexpectedly one morning two weeks ago. A well-dressed young man, carrying a basket came along and the policeman was curious to know his business at that hour of the morning. The young man was very polite and informed the officer that he was merely on his way on a fishing trip with his friend, Mr. Levering. The policeman knew Mr. Levering, a well-to-do citizen of that neighborhood, but he couldn't help accompanying the young man to the house.

Even when the young man produced a key and walked in the policeman was not satisfied. He walked in, too. Next minute he was lying senseless in the hallway. His suspect had used a blackjack, and when the policeman recovered consciousness he was gone.

That was the beginning of the end, however. Investigation showed that the man was "James Hagan," so much needed to explain things, but it was Mrs. Levering, not her husband, who was his friend. In her trunks the police found much of the loot from sundry robberies of mysterious character which had baffled them for weeks. They learned, too, that Mrs. Levering, much to the astonishment of her trusting husband, had loaned her young and handsome friend the automobile her husband had given her. It was the same automobile that dashed out of Clayton that night in August with the loot from Dr. Moore's home. The basket he left contained a kit of burglar's tools.

The Elizabeth police got on the trail of "Hagan" once more, and finally located him in Williamsport, Pa. There his arrest was accomplished last week, and he was brought to Philadelphia. It was at first supposed that he had been connected with numerous mysterious robberies in Germantown, but the police say there is nothing to show such connection. But one thing that was established when the man was brought here was his identity as Smalley, the once social favorite and idolized son of well-to-do parents in the Jersey borough. He made no effort to hide these facts, but he declared that the efforts to connect him with the Germantown robberies were absurd. He had robbed the home of Dr. Moore, but that was his only crime in Clayton.

Was Ready to Shoot.

When Dr. Moore was summoned to Elizabeth to see his old friend and neighbor, he could scarcely credit his ears. I slipped into your house, Doc," Smalley is declared to have said, "and waited until you went upstairs from the library, and then I swiped everything in sight and cleared out."

"What would you have done if I had caught you in the house?" said the doctor.

"Shot you like a dog," is said to have been the prompt response. "I didn't intend to be caught."

Smalley is said to have confessed to the Moore robbery, but to have denied the others. No effort will be made to release him.

The people of Clayton are naturally astonished and deeply moved by the revelations of Smalley's career of crime. It has been so short a time since he was among a popular social circle, that they did not see how it was possible for him to take such a course. His heart-broken parents have gone to their winter home at Wilmington, Del., and young Mrs. Smalley has gone with them, for they love their boy's pretty wife and the two grandchildren.

Doesn't Grow Rancid.

Preparations made of fish oils or animal fats generally cause stomach or bowel troubles when taken during warm weather. Angier's Emulsion is the ideal remedy. It never grows rancid. It is made of petroleum, combined with glycerine and hypophosphites, and is in every way better than similar preparations. It is pleasant to take. Try a 50c bottle.

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Santa Claus Is Wise

Santa Claus knows that toys are needed, but he's wise in the purchase of gifts. He believes in sending useful articles—he knows that Jackets, Handkerchiefs Gloves, Hosiery, Umbrellas, etc., have to be purchased sooner or later, and he picks on such things so as to make the Christmas giving time less burdensome. Santa Claus will come here for a lot of his most useful articles, and being wise he will come early.

Everything is Christmas Now.

Children's White Bear Cloth Coats, a large assortment to choose from, Pretty styles in all sizes and at all prices.
Children's White Bear Cloth Muffs.....50c, 75c and $1.00
Children's White Bear Cloth Stoles 75c, $1.50
Carriage Rugs in square and pocket styles in all prices.
A large variety of styles in Bear Cloth Bonnets and Tam O'Shanters—all the new and up-to-date things for children.
Children's Fleece-Lined Corset Waists to fit a child from 2 to 15 years, 35c and 40c
Ladies' Embroidered Hose in pale blues, red and white silk designs. Per pair 50c
Ladies' Golf Coats in Norfolk, and blouse styles, red, blue, black and white.....$1.25, $2.00, $2.75 and $3.00
Narrow Persian Ribbons at per yard.....5c
Fancy Hat Pin Holders, fancy shirred ribbon, all shades, new and dainty for Christmas gifts. Price only.....50c
Cuff and Collar Sets, French Valenciennes Lace, deep cuff, medium collar, very fine quality. Price per set.....75c
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Embroidery Tab Collars, linen foundation, colored embroidery, washable. Regular price 25c. Now special at three for.....25c

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Give one of our Bed Comforters filled with white batting. Nice range of coverings. Will give comfort for years. Good $2.50 value for.....$1.69

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Our personal guarantee as well as that of the makers goes with every stove. Call and see the Souvenir Ranges

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HIS BRAIN BURNED OUT

Doctors Fear MacDowell's Creative Work Is Over.

New York, Dec. 5.—Blissfully ignorant of his real condition, Edward A. MacDowell, formerly professor of music at Columbia University, and recognized as one of the foremost composers of this country, lingers on the verge of nervous prostration at the Westminster Hotel in this city, nursed constantly by his wife. At 43, this wonderful man who has 130 pieces of music of the highest quality to his credit, and who succumbed so suddenly last March, as the result of overwork, is believed to have ended his creative career. His physician hopes for his improvement physically, but they despair of his ever recovering the mental power to compose music again.

Hamlin Garland, the author, for fifteen years the warm personal friend of Mr. MacDowell, yesterday quoted an eminent specialist, referring to MacDowell as a "case of an over-sensitive, highly-wrought brain burning itself away in overwork."

The report circulated when Mr. MacDowell left the chair of music in Columbia, because of friction between him and President Butler, that this contributed to his illness, has been vigorously denied by his family. The composer's wife, Mrs. Marian MacDowell, again denied it yesterday. She said it was the strain of his work alone that had broken down her husband's health.

Cheerful and happy in the ministrations of his wife and the visits of his many friends, the composer passes his days. He betrays no ambition. His once active brain is passive. He suffers no pain. He sits up daily in his rooms.

He smiled yesterday when told that an organization recently formed in New York had been named in his honor. Its membership roll bears the names of Sarah Bernhardt, Frederick McMonnies, William Dean Howells, Augustus St. Gaudens, Richard Watson Gilder and others whose names are household words.

Mr. MacDowell's music, which has been played the world over, includes among his celebrated works, "Sea Pieces," "Chorus Sketches" and "Indian Suite."

A pet jackdaw was missing in a large machinery shop near Kilmarnock, Scotland, the other day, but was found inside a large flywheel, after it had circulated for over two and a half hours at 176 revolutions a minute. The bird was unhurt.

One of the largest works of man's hands is the artificial lake, or reservoir, in India, at Rajputana. This reservoir, said to be the largest in the world known as the great tank of Dhebar, and used for irrigating purposes, covers an area of 21 square miles.

To Get More Strength from Your Food

LOTS of people are starving with a full stomach.

You know, it's not how much we Eat, but how we Digest that makes us Strong, or Brainy, or Successful.

When the Bowels are filled with undigested food we may be a great deal worse off than if we were half starved for want of Food.

Because, food that stays too long in the Bowels decays there, just as if it stayed too long in the open air.

* * *

Well, when food decays in the Bowels, through delayed and overdue action, what happens?

The millions of little Suction Pumps that line the Bowels and Intestines then draw Poison from the decayed Food, instead of the Nourishment they were intended to draw.

This Poison gets into the blood and, in time, spreads all over the body, unless the Cause of Constipation is promptly removed.

That Cause of Constipation is Weak, or Lazy, Bowel Muscles.

* * *

When your Bowel-Muscles grow flabby they need Exercise to strengthen them—not "Physic" to pamper them.

There's only one kind of Artificial Exercise for the Bowel-Muscles.

Its name is "CASCARETS," and its price is Ten Cents a box.

Cascarets act like Exercise on the Muscles of the Bowels, and make them stronger every time they force these Muscles to act naturally.

The stronger these Muscles propel the food, the stronger does the friction of the food act on the flow of Digestive Juices.

The more of these Juices that act on food, the more Nutriment does that food turn into, and the richer nourishment do the little Suction Pumps of the Intestines draw out of it.

It needs only one Cascaret at a time to stimulate all the Bowel-Muscles enough, without purging, discomfort or loss of nutrition.

So, if you want the same natural action that a six-mile walk in the country would give you, (without the weariness) take one Cascaret at a time, with intervals between, till you reach the exact condition you desire.

* * *

One Cascaret at a time will properly cleanse a foul Breath, or Coated Tongue, thus proving clearly its ready, steady, sure, but mild and effective action.

A coming Headache can be warded off, in short order, by a single Cascaret, and the cause removed.

Heartburn, Gas-belching, Acid-risings in the throat, and Colicky feeling are sure signs of Bowel trouble from food poisons, and should be dealt with promptly.

One Cascaret will stop the coming trouble, move on the Bowel load, and free the Digestive Juices, if that one Cascaret is taken as soon as the first signs are noticed.

* * *

Don't fail to carry the Vest Pocket Cascaret Box with you constantly.

A thousand dollars a year spent in amusements could not buy for you half so much hearty Happiness, solid Comfort, Cheerful Temper and Health Insurance, as that little ten cent "Vest Pocket" Box of Cascarets will bring you.

All Druggists sell them—over ten million boxes a year, for six years past.

Be very careful to get the genuine, made only by the Sterling Remedy Company and never sold in bulk. Every tablet stamped "CCC."

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