## ESTELLE'S INFATUATION:

A NOVEL. CHAPTER XX.

THE SHIPWRECK.

from the work, for outperson, and no one could say when, nor wheter she had been taken by force or had gone of her own free-will—whether she had been companioned or alone.

When Anthony came home rather late from his magisteral duties at that distant town, he found his household in consternation. Mrs. Harford, they said, had gone for a walk before luncheon and had not returned. No one had seen her save the nurse, who, as she passed the window, called into the inner room by the cry of the awaking child, caughts glimpse of her young mistress standing on the upper terrace, as if looking at the view beyond. When she repassed with the child Mrs. Harford was not there. Save for this rapid glimpse, which told nothing, no one else knew of her movements. The gardeners and work people were at dinner; none of the servants were about; for tile moment the place was desorted, and witness there was none. She had disappeared as if she had sund, into the central fire, or had evaporated like a dew-drop into space. No search, however careful, which Anthony instituted, came on the footprints of his lost love.

He knew nothing of the return of Charlie Oeborne to England, nor that he had sunddenly left Kingshouse; still less that he had come to Thorbergh—called by mysterious summons which left the door open for all possibilities of intrigue and romance—nor that Mrs. Latimer's nephwhad dropped down from the clouds on a visit to his old ann. Who was to tell him all this? He had no oasual correspondents at Kingshouse, and Mrs. Clanricarch had been as anow to ignore it in her answering telegrams to Anthony. And even if he had known of his return, he would not have connected it with Estelle's strange disappearance. He would not have suspected her of flight with her old lover. That ahe could have deserted him, her child, her place, her honorable name of wife, her fair fame among women, for a girlish fancy that could never have whelming proof before he could have believed her capable of this disgrace—she whose faults were surely not those

The state of the control of the cont

An Extraordinary Invention.

A London correspondent writes: The extraordinary invention patented here by the Food Preservation Cotapany, which, by means of a vapor, succeeds in fortifying all food against putrefaction, and keeping it sweet and fresh, is likely to have an enormous influence on the frozen meat trade. At present the cost of freezing mutton and transmitting it in refrigerating chambers from the antipodes is about 24d. per lb.—that is, 10s. 6d. per sheep of 50 lbs. But by the new process, I learn that half a dozen sheep can be "preserved" at a cost of 6d. or 7d, and the freight for these as ordinary cargo, as which, it is asserted, they may be shipped after treatment, would be under 4d. per lb., or 2s. 1d. per sheep of 50 lbs. Thus the whole cost of preservation and transit would be 2s. 2d per sheep, against 10s. 5d. by the freezing process. These figures speak for themselves.

A clever milliner—and not a French milliner either—at the Ladies Dress Association in London has invented a cork bonnet. It is built wholly of the bark of the oork tree, and the milliner says she had some trouble in getting such odd materials made up. It is an ordinary shaped bonnet, that would suit any woman, and is trimmed with rosebuds and leaves and green ribbon. The bonnet is very light. Alsatian bonnets, although they look very flat, have been modified lately with ospreys, passementerie and gold lace. They are very quiet and ladylike. Nearly all the milliners, however, say that they are not popular yet. A hat at the Dress Association was trimmed with disies, butterflies and foliage. It had a streamer of daisies behind. This was a model, and had been copied many times, but always with a streamer. A Cork Bonnet.

Crops in Oklahoma.
They will likely "raise Cain" as a first crop in Oklahoma before even corn is planted.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.
They are likely to try to "raise the wind" as a second crop.—New York Herald.
It seems to us that the very first thing raised was the d—l.

In high-toned Wisconsin society.
Guest (at a swell reception)—Where is
the hostess? I haven't seen her for
twenty minutes.
Another Guest—I believe the cow got
out of the back gate. She'll be back in a No Shamming There,

A Momentary Interruption.

No Shamming There.

Bagley—I understand your wife is sick.

Bailey—Yes, she hann's spoken a word
for three days.

Righey—By gracious! She must be a
pretty sick woman! "The girl of the period," writes a fashion gossip, "grows sweeter and sweet-ar." Don't know how she can, but suppose she does.

A Fool and His Roney," etc.

Mrs. Ammon has become a pauper in
Sharon, Pa. She was the mother of "Coal
Oil Johnny" Steel. Oil was strock on
her husband's farm along in the sixties,
and her son suddenly came into possession
of millions. These he soon squandered
with a recklessness that became proverbial
in that section of the State. He soon had
nothing and had to support himself as best
he could. He was killed near his old home
not long ago while walking on a railway
track. His mother now goes to the poorhouse, a sad example of the fickleness of
fortune, when the jade is not cautiously
treated.—Utica Herald.

The Daughter of Dr. Chalmers.

First stranger (in the far west)—Be you one of us? Second stranger (with dignity)—I do not know what you mean by "one of us." I am President of the International Aggregated Trusts to Force Up the Price of the Necessaries of Life. First stranger (genially)—Your hand, pard; I'm a train robber.

The Baroness Von Sucrow, formerly Miss Millie Constable, of Baltimore, is on her way across the Atlantic in search of her husband, who left New York suddenly last Tuesday after telling many strange stories about fortunes he had inherited abroad. Wrong Premises.

The Professor-You have the most strongly developed bump of veneration I ever saw. Clinchy—Tak yure hand aff'r that. Th' ould woman aised me out o' bed this mornin', an' I shtruck me hid agin th' flure.—Boston Post.

A musket ball was recently extracted from the right shoulder of J. E. Floyd, of Mount Calvary, Ga., which he had carried since the first battle of Manassas in 1861, when a Union soldier fired the ball into him.

A philanthropist sent a box of eigar-ends to the workhouse at Brighton for the use of the immates, and the guardians passed a vote of thanks.

orrectness of my statement.

The boy is still in the land of the living, and well at that, and both he and his father will back my statement.

It was Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and the entire cost of treatment was installed.

covery, and just \$10.

(The name and post-office address of author of the foregoing truthful narrative velocities and the foregoing truthful narrative velocities. The foregoing truthful narrative velocities are supported to the foregoing truthful narrative velocities. The World's Dispensary Medical Association Baffalo, N. V. For personal reasons the authories and the foregoing velocities and the foregoing velocities and the foregoing velocities and the foregoing velocities.

There Was a Limit. She—"You are sure you love me? He "Love you? Why, I am ready t die for you." She—"When we're marrie will you always get up and start th kitchen fire?" He—"Er er—pray b reasonable, my dear."

A Fair Political Econ Edwin (who likes his Angelina to take an intelligent interest in the leading topics of the day)—What a terrible thing this sweating system is—and no cure for it!

Angelina (who is of a medical ture)—Have they tried massage, darling?—Punch

An Interesting Suit.

First Young Lawyer—What are you doing now?
Fecond Young Lawyer—I am interested in a suit that may make my fortune.
First Young Lawyer—What is it?
Second Young Lawyer—I am trying to marry a rich girl. A Western View of It.

There's a struggle in progress in New York city to pull down the telegraph poles. They are no longer needed there, as lynching is out of style.—Hutchinson (Kan) Lots Like Him,

Wales—I suppose women are all alike.

My wife is always coming to me for money.

Albert—What does she do with it?

Wales—She doesn't do anything with it; I never give her any. Not Fair. Heard from the platform of a city street

car; .Conductor—Get in, ladies; get in! But

"Boat, Ahoy!

The rapids are below you!" cried a man to a pleasure party whom he descried gliding swiftly down the stream toward the foaming cataract. And we would cry "Boat, ahoy!" to the one whose life bark is being drawn into the whirlpool of consumption, for unless you use eff citive measures you will be wrecked in Death's foaming rapids. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will strengthen and restore your lungs to a healthy condition, and is a sure relief for coughs and colds.

Making Himself Solid.

The wife of Politicus, who has been electioneering, lets him in at 3 o'clock in the morning. Politicus — "Lashkey won't work, dear." Wife — "What have you been doing all night?" Politicus (smiling) — "Hic! Making myself solid with the boys, hic!" Wife—"No, sir; you have been making yourself liquid."

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