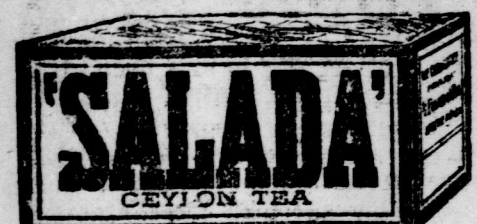


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WON AT LAST

"Don't dare to talk to him," flashed Vere. "Harry, I don't know who told you that of me, but you're pointing to Ernest—with his own wicked lips told me that you were dead. Perhaps, with laughing scorn, 'he invented both lies.'"

"I did it to save you pain," Ernest cried, sharply; "I knew him to be false and thought you would rather think him dead than know him unfaithful. I knew he was married."

"Married!" cried Vere; but Harry stooped over her.

"Don't notice him; he is jealous and angry. I can explain everything, my darling. Trust me."

"And now, will you come?" cried Mr. Chetwynd angrily; and he forced his daughter away from Harry, and drove her home himself, scolding her all the way. But Vere was too radiantly happy to heed him.

Harry had returned; he could explain everything. What did anything matter?

There was a great scene when the house was reached. Everybody talked at once. Mr. Chetwynd and Ernest urged and entreated in vain. Vere meant to marry North, and he meant to marry her, and no one could move them.

"It's excessively awkward," said Mr. Chetwynd. "I am to sail tomorrow. What's to be done?"

"Oh, I will gladly take Vere in till her marriage," said Lady Martyn.

Lady Martyn was the wife of Mr. Chetwynd's eldest brother, the head of the family.

"Will you really, aunt? Father is leaving me three hundred a year," murmured Vere anxiously.

"Oh, I shall be glad to have you, dear," said Lady Martyn, graciously; and so it was settled.

"May I speak just once to you?" Vere turned and saw Ernest Kerry. His face was white and haggard, and his eyes were full of passionate pain.

She glanced round. Everyone else was busy talking. Harry North was the center of one group, her father of another. Everyone had forgotten the poor fellow who should have been now a husband. His own family had not come to the house.

"Just one moment," he urged. "For pity's sake! I may never speak to you again."

"I have nothing pleasant to say to you," retorted Vere sharply.

"I dare say not, but I was to have been your husband."

"Don't remind me of that," she said, but in spite of herself the look in his eyes gave her a little compunction, and she moved towards the door.

"You must be quick," she said. They entered a smaller room on the same floor, using a saying a word against Mr. North, he began.

"No use at all," said Vere sharply. "I only want you to believe that, when I spoke as I did, I believed him to be a villain—I really thought it was better for you to regard him as dead."

"I can't believe that," Kerry. Your motive was too obvious."

"Very well," he said bitterly. "Will you refuse my poor little request, that you will keep the only two things I have given you?"

"I—I don't think—"

"Remember that I am suffering!" he said passionately, "and don't refuse that little thing."

"Very well," she said doubtfully. "And—if you should not be happy with your aunt—"

"Of course, I shall be happy," she said laughingly.

"Does she know of your altered circumstances?"

"No, but I am not penniless," Vere said, proudly; "I have still three hundred a year."

Ernest Kerry smiled sadly.

"Yes, but—Well, don't forget that if ever you want friends you will find them at Ravenscroft. My mother will always be delighted to see you—for my sake—for indeed I love you, Vere," he ended brokenly.

The door opened and Harry North entered. "It's getting late, Mr. Kerry," he said, with a hint of civil insolence, "won't they be wondering where you are?" and then turning to Vere, "Vere, my darling, you need not have done this. It was quite unnecessary."

He drew the girl's hand within his arm and led her away, but, as she went, she caught a glimpse of Ernest Kerry's face, and it haunted her for days.

CHAPTER XII

On the following day Mr. Chetwynd sailed, and Lady Martyn went away, taking her niece Vere, and also Harry North, who was asked to accompany them to London, where they were at

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present. On reaching town Harry went to his club; but every day called in Hyde Park Square, and for a few days Vere was radiantly happy.

Lady Martyn and the girls could not make enough of her, and Harry was most devoted. He explained satisfactorily to Vere his marriage with a poor girl who loved him. How he had never cared for her, and she had died, leaving him free. Vere was quite satisfied with this and all his other little attempts at action for a short time she lived in paradise.

One day, about a fortnight after their arrival in town, came the first cloud. Harry and Vere were walking in the park, when suddenly a woman came behind them and touched Harry's arm.

He turned sharply, and the woman muttered a few words, Vere saw his face turn ghastly white; but he tried to speak as usual.

"Will you walk on, dear? A poor beggar here—" and the rest was mumbled; but Vere walked on quickly.

He rejoined her in a few moments, and she saw with surprise that his face still retained its ghastly pallor, and that his hands shook as he tried to switch his cane carelessly.

"The woman who had spoken to him passed them, walking quickly, and Harry's body and curiosity at Vere as she did so. Vere could not help thinking that she looked the least like a beggar; she was particularly well dressed.

"Who was it, Harry?" she asked.

"A poor woman—sad case—helped her name," mumbled Harry; but Vere could not help wondering if he were not concealing something from her.

Their walk was not very pleasant after that, and they soon cut it short and returned home. Lady Martyn met them as they entered the hall.

"Oh, the young people," she said cheerfully. "I want to talk to you. Come in here." She led the way into her own particular sanctum, and Vere and Harry followed. "Now," she said, when they were seated, "I want to know whether you have made any arrangements about this wedding of yours—when is it to be?"

"Oh, soon, I think," said Harry.

"The end of the season, I suppose? We ought to be thinking about houses. Vere, it isn't so early to get a good town house, and I hear Lord Orkhill wants to let his."

"But that's too big," objected Vere. "You see," smiling at Harry, "we are not rich now."

"But you will be," said her aunt, placidly.

Vere shook her head placidly.

"It may take father a long time to make a second fortune," she said. "In the meantime I have only my three hundred a year, you know."

"I don't understand," cried Lady Martyn and Harry together, and then Vere had to explain to her secretly horrified listeners that her father was once more an aristocratic pauper, and that she, Vere Chetwynd, was not a millionaire's daughter any more.

"You should have informed me of this, my dear," said her aunt stiffly.

Harry said nothing then; but later, that night, when they met at a dinner party, he informed her that he had been thinking it was hardly the thing for him to marry again within a year, and also, that perhaps it would be better to keep their engagement a secret for the present. "No good letting fools gossip, you know, and it is better not to offend the proprietors," he said, smiling.

"Very well," Vere said; but secretly she was very much hurt, and regarded with dismay the prospect of a year's delay of her marriage while she lived with Lady Martyn.

As the days went on she began to find a great change in her aunt and cousins.

They no longer consulted her tastes and wishes. She was very often completely ignored in all their plans. Frequently she was left at home, long weary evenings, while they went about.

This she could have borne, but Harry began to come less frequently, and when he came he was less loving than he could have wished.

Often her cousins would mention his name as having been at some of the smart functions they frequented, but his visits to Vere grew less and less often, and now she was seldom taken out with her aunt.

Lady Martyn was going to give one of the balls for which she was famous, and Vere looked forward to it with an almost feverish eagerness. Harry would be there, of course, and she would be able to find out whether or not she had been foolish in thinking he was cooling towards her.

[To be Continued.]

INSULTING AN ARTIST.

"According to the witness," said the police justice, "the man called you vile names and you paid no attention to him, but when he spoke to the monkey you picked up a brick and knocked him down."

"Yessar," replied the organ grinder. "He tell de monk it looka like me."

Chicago Tribune.

A Dive to Death.

The woman who would risk a leap from the masthead of a ship would be considered foolhardy in the extreme. What, then, of the thousands of women who take the dive to certain death by neglecting their health in a womanly way.

When a woman finds that she almost constantly suffers from headaches, weak back, and nervousness, irritable and despondency, she may be certain that all is not well with her special weak organ. There is a disease there, and unless it is cured, it will lead to general debility and death.

There is a remedy promptly cure trouble. It may be in the privacy of the without the necessity of noxious examinations or treatment. It is Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It makes the blood pure and healthy, and builds up the system, and restores health to women broken down by weakness and disease.

"I had female trouble for eight years," writes Mrs. L. I. Dennis, of 328 East College Street, Jacksonville, Fla. "For three years I suffered continually. Words cannot express what I suffered. I sought relief among the medical profession and found none, until induced by kind friends to try Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. When I commenced taking this medicine I weighed 95 pounds. After taking 'Favorite Prescription' I was built up until now I weigh 125 pounds—more than I ever weighed before. I was so bad I would lie from day to day and long for death to come and relieve me of my sufferings. I had internal inflammation, a disagreeable drain, bearing down pains in the lower part of my bowels, and such distress every month, but now I never have a pain."

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Interesting Annual Report by Librarian Blackwell.

Londoners Do Much Reading—Average Attendance 600—The Circulation Department Flourishing.

Mr. R. J. Blackwell, librarian and secretary of the Free Library, has presented his annual report for 1898, which contains a large amount of very interesting information. The total circulation for the year was 98,096 volumes. This covers magazines and periodicals. The average attendance was 600 per day. The report is as follows:

To the Chairman and Board of Management of the London Public Library.

Gentlemen,—I beg leave to present my report for the year ending Dec. 31, 1898:

The report shows a small increase in the circulation. Adult fiction remains about the same; juvenile, a falling off of about four per cent. The young people are reading more important works than formerly.

There is plenty of room for expansion in the juvenile class, if the school teachers would devote a few minutes each week, in talking to the scholars about books, and advising them what and how to read, I have no doubt it would do an immense amount of good. Children must be guided in their reading by teachers and parents. Allowing them to come to the library and take anything they can get is not the way to make good use of their privileges.

One boy tells another that such a little book is good, because it is a little adventure in it. If the teacher would outline some of the books of travel, biography, natural science, etc., it would make the children eager to read them. Another lesson that should be taught both at school and home is the proper care of books. Some children handle books very roughly, when a little care would make them last much longer. Some tear them, some soil them, and some carry them in their hand through the rain to the library.

During the year about one thousand volumes were added to the library, nearly all new publications, making a total of 11,893 volumes, among which are a large number of reference books and government reports, not for circulation.

The library committee have ordered about five hundred volumes of standard works, which are expected shortly. When added to stock, they will very materially increase the resources of the library for purposes of study and information.

I am sorry to still report the small use made of the reference room and the small number of persons who consult it. There are many books that would be of use to the student, mechanic or business man if they will come and examine them.

The library should have a room, close to the stacks, where books could be placed, and where they could be served more promptly than at present.

The reference room is now occupied by the ladies, which leaves no place for quiet study, as every person must wait their turn at the desk. In the afternoon, a student, who cannot find a book, may have to wait half an hour before getting it.

I must again draw your attention to the crowding in the reading room and circulation hall.

The book stacks may hold another year's supplies, but the reading room is much too crowded, and is often used for other purposes, to pleasure or profit reading in such confined space.

The first annual supplement was issued rather late in the year, at no cost to the board, and it appears to give satisfaction. Our card catalogue is ways up to date, and the public can always find what they want by referring to it, or making inquiry at the desk. We invite the public to ask for assistance when in search of information, either in reference to particular books or subjects, and we will be pleased to assist them to the best of our ability, but we do not like borrowers who always want a good, new novel, and never want to use the catalogue for themselves, but want the assistants to show them book after book. Time will not allow it. The indicator will tell what books are in the reading room, and the assistants for the year have been selected by the board, and are now at the desk.

The thanks of the board are due the city papers for their kindness in publishing lists of new books.

To promptly serve the public, another assistant should be appointed to the work of preparing books for circulation, repairing old ones, notifying delinquents, keeping record of new members, occupies all the time that can be spared from the desk.

Two assistants should be at the counter all the time, one to receive books, and the other to deliver books, after hours and evenings. The work is more than two can do with satisfaction to the public. One point to remember is that each assistant only works eight hours, while the library is open thirteen hours daily.

Details of circulation, receipts and expenses follow. Yours respectfully,

R. J. BLACKWELL,
Librarian and Secretary.

CIRCULATION FOR THE YEAR.

Number, Per cent.

General works 2,987 3.6

Philosophy 632 0.7

Religion 1,217 1.2

Sociology 707 0.7

Philology 50 0.0

Natural science 1,029 1.0

Useful arts 1,248 1.3

Fine arts 908 0.9

Literature 1,720 1.7

History 2,070 2.1

Travels 1,099 1.1

Biography 16,236 16.5

Juveniles 51,466 52.8

Adult fiction 1,357 1.3

Library use 1,134 1.1

Magazines in library 13,044 13.3

Total 98,096 100

No record kept of books consulted in the reference room or of the daily or weekly papers.

Average circulation of books per day 280

Average circulation of magazines per day 42

Total 322

Estimated average attendance, 600 per day.

Total attendance for 1898, 184,000.

STATEMENT OF RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURE FOR 1898.

Receipts—

Balances 189 02

Government grant 1,306 53

Library rate (city) 8,092 00

Sale of cards 122 05

Sale of catalogues 28 95

Fines 233 12

Books lost 9 25

Books damaged 5 59

Incidentals 23 75

Rent, Women's Art Club 165 00

Totals \$9,097 05

Expenses—

By debentures \$1,839 55

Books 1,306 53

Periodicals 422 35

Binding 323 00

Repairs 1 85

Furniture 53 00

Insurance and phone 144 00

Light, heat and water 406 13

Salaries 2,800 02

Printing 23 75

Incidentals 105 31

Stationery 90 67

Balance (covered by accounts and books on order) 1,548 90

Total \$9,097 05

NUMBER OF VOLUMES IN THE LIBRARY.

Dec. 31, 1897 0,707

Accession in 1898: 28

By donations 28

By periodicals bound 98

By purchase 1,067

Total 1,203

Less lost and paid for 5

Less destroyed by M. H. O. 17

Total 11,893

About 400 volumes to accession and catalogue. The books are classified as follows: General works, 1,126; philosophy, 209; religion, 720; sociology, 895; philology, 69; natural science, 736; useful arts, 482; fine arts, 302; literature, 1,160; history, 887; travels, 635; biography, 787; juveniles (including duplicates), 894; adult fiction (including duplicates), 2,885; total, 11,893.

Number of cards issued in 1898, 1,115

Total issued to date, 6,469

Number of notices sent for overdue books, 3,500

Number of books reserved to the library, 900

Number of volumes sent to the library, 1,203

A large number of books were repaired by the assistants.

The words of praise bestowed upon Hood's Sarsaparilla by those who have taken it prove the merit of the medicine.

When a married man turns out bad his mother says his wife didn't understand him, and his wife says his mother spoiled him.

Glorious News

Comes from Dr. D. B. Cargile, of Washita, I. T. He writes: "Four bottles of Electric Bitters have cured Mrs. Brewer of scrofula, which had caused her great suffering for years. Terrible sores would break out on her head and face, and the best doctors could give no help; but her cure is complete and her health excellent." This shows what thousands have proved—that Electric Bitters is the best blood purifier known. It's the supreme remedy for eczema, tetter, salt spurs, ulcers, boils, and running sores. It stimulates liver, kidneys and bowels, expels poisons, helps digestion, builds up the strength. Only 50 cents. For sale by W. T. Strong & Co.

The lack of money is the root of a great many evils.

Dr. J. G. B. Siegert for his private use that they have become generally known as the best appetizing tonic. Beware of counterfeits. Ask for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.

Law court records show that the defective list case in 47 out of every 100 cases tried.

Sir Henry Irving's business affairs have been practically taken into the hands of his friends, who are organizing a stock company to manage the Lyceum, with an arrangement with Irving to play there not less than eight nights each season. Several prominent managers and other notables have been raising money to take a lease of the Lyceum, and possibly buy the property. Comyns Carr, the manager and dramatist, will control the theater when Irving is absent.

No matter how much a man wants he is compelled to put up with the little he gets.

Montague, of Dunville, cured of Ulcerated Itching Piles.

Mr. Robert Montague, of Dunville, Ont., writes: "I was troubled with itching piles for five years, and was so badly ulcerated, they were very painful, so much so that I could not sleep. I tried almost every medicine known, when I was recommended to use Dr. Chase's Ointment. I purchased a box and from the first application got relief. Have used two boxes and am now completely cured."

Theatrical posters must have the approval of a committee of the city council in Hartford.

Those Tired Kidneys.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills help tired kidneys to do what they must do if you are to be a healthy man or woman.

The unbidden guest affords his host great pleasure—when he goes.

Worms cause feverishness, moaning and restlessness during sleep. Mother's Friend, the Extremator is pleasant, sure and effectual. If your druggist has none in stock, get him to procure it for you.

The screw of an Atlantic liner costs about \$20,000.

Just Arrived Per G. T. R., 60 Cars Fresh-Mined.....

Chestnut Coal

Call and get at once.

Campbell & Chantler,

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