

# Cupid Tries Again

Several days passed before Carrington had another opportunity of being alone with Mrs. Fane. His beloved, Mrs. Bayley, was now permitted to move into the drawing room, where she lay upon the sofa, while Miss Onslow and young Kenneth Morton usually spent their evenings there. Still Carrington always came, and he always asked Mrs. Fane to sing, which she rarely refused. He seemed to enjoy listening, as he sat silent and immovable, his tall, dignified figure reclining in an easy chair. He and Mrs. Bayley were quite alarmingly civil to each other, as Mrs. Fane observed with some amusement; but the latter never failed to dart some stinging queries as to his family connections and experiences, whenever he left the smallest opening.

She was growing intensely anxious for Morton's return. His enforced absence at such a juncture was most unfortunate. That wretch Moseenthal only passed through town, and promised to be back in a week, so poor Sir Fred was detained day after day.

The weather had been bad and variable, and Mrs. Fane was not able to take much exercise; but about a week after this conversation with Carrington, having left Violet Onslow in attendance on Mrs. Bayley, she called Midge and set out for a solitary ramble through the same woods where Carrington had walked and mused, she was soon aware of rapid steps following her, and almost immediately a now well-known voice said:

"If I am intruding, pray send me away, Mrs. Fane. I saw you leave the hotel and followed. I have some news you may care to hear. May I come with you?"

"Yes, I am curious to hear what you have to tell."

"It seems a year since our talk last week," began Carrington, abruptly. "I sometimes feel I may have spoken too freely. But I am bound to plead for myself. I know he would be glad to be forgiven and I ought to mention that his poverty and your wealth have been obstacles to his seeking a reconciliation."

"I don't see how that affects the question."

"Well, I think I can."

"Do you mean, Colonel Carrington?"

"Fane is in England, and most anxious for an interview with you. Nay, hear me out," for her cheek flushed and her lips parted as if to speak. "His great desire is to meet your wishes—to carry out your views. He knows that I have met you. He is anxious to atone for the past. If a final separation is essential to your happiness he is prepared to assist you in obtaining it. If—but it is absurd to suppose you would contemplate reunion with him."

"It is," said Mrs. Fane, gently, but firmly. "With our memories, our long estrangement, how could we make each other happy? I am not a bitter or ungenerous person. I must make some effort to rouse your interest and compassion. Do sit down here, and listen to me."

"Here" was a seat placed by a paternal Town Council at the beginning of a little wood, on a rising ground, commanding a pretty view of the links and the bay. Mrs. Fane replied by sitting down in one corner of it, and taking Midge into her lap.

"I will listen, and then you must," she said.

Carrington looked at her for a moment, with a lingering, pained, imploring expression that affected her strangely, and then began in a low tone, while he beat the ground softly with his walking stick.

"I wish you had remembered the advice of the French diplomatist to his subordinate, 'above all, no zeal,'" said Sir Frederic, sulkily.

"I can tell you you want all my zeal. Things have not been going on as we could wish. That Carrington turns out to be a spy of Colonel Fane's—confessed it himself; any yet that silly woman has not sent him about his business, as she knows well how to do. I suspect he is perpetually urging her to make friends with that reprobate of a husband, and she will not listen to me when I want to tell her the facts my nephew, Dr. Bayley, is ready to prove."

"I cannot make out who this Carrington is; no one seems to know him. Had he not been introduced as an old friend by that tower of respectability, Dalrymple, I'd suspect him of being a detective or an adventurer," said Morton, after a pause.

"What have you been doing with yourself?" asked Mrs. Bayley. "You look awfully thin and worn."

"Fighting wild beasts at Ephesus; or, worse, trying to melt that unscrupulous old flint, Moseenthal, my dear ally. I am working with a rope round my neck. He seems to know all about my doings for the last eighteen months, and is good enough to consider that I have a fair chance of success; but if I cannot bring him a promise in writing from Mrs. Fane, within a month from the present date, he will commence proceedings immediately. It's a desperate position."

"What do you propose to do?"

"I shall press my suit—make a tremendous declaration. I have a good excuse, for I heard on pretty good authority that Fane is in England—arrived

some time ago, but has been staying with a sister somewhere in the south. I fancy his approach will frighten his wife into some decided step."

"Take care. Better wait till we are in London. We might then contrive some compromising situation. Mrs. Fane is desperately proud, and infinitely careful of her reputation. She might agree to much if she could save a scandal and follow her own inclination at the same time, for I do not believe she is indifferent to you—she has let me no one else hang about her so much."

"True! Well, I'll not lose my chance for want of daring; but—ah!—interrupting himself—there is Miss Onslow, bright and graceful as a May morning. How and where is Mrs. Fane?"

"She has been out, but felt a bad headache coming on, so she came back, and is lying down. I only stayed to tell her we were going away, as she wishes to be quiet."

"Oh, indeed! And pray where are you going?" asked Mrs. Bayley, quickly.

"To Aunt Julia's—Lady Preston, you know. She has a large party at Blebo Castle, and they are getting up theatricals, so they want me for a supper, I suppose. Uncle Methvin is coming too. Now you are better, dear Mrs. Bayley, you will not want me, especially as you have Sir Frederic, who is a host in himself."

"I shall miss you dreadfully, my dear, nevertheless," cried Mrs. Bayley, beaming graciously upon her. "But I am glad to have a sweet little nurse; but I am glad you are going to have some amusement. Next week will, I hope, see us en route to London. I am really much better, so they want me for a supper, I suppose. Uncle Methvin is coming too. Now you are better, dear Mrs. Bayley, you will not want me, especially as you have Sir Frederic, who is a host in himself."

"I shall miss you dreadfully, my dear, nevertheless," cried Mrs. Bayley, beaming graciously upon her. "But I am glad to have a sweet little nurse; but I am glad you are going to have some amusement. Next week will, I hope, see us en route to London. I am really much better, so they want me for a supper, I suppose. Uncle Methvin is coming too. Now you are better, dear Mrs. Bayley, you will not want me, especially as you have Sir Frederic, who is a host in himself."

"I shall miss you dreadfully, my dear, nevertheless," cried Mrs. Bayley, beaming graciously upon her. "But I am glad to have a sweet little nurse; but I am glad you are going to have some amusement. Next week will, I hope, see us en route to London. I am really much better, so they want me for a supper, I suppose. Uncle Methvin is coming too. Now you are better, dear Mrs. Bayley, you will not want me, especially as you have Sir Frederic, who is a host in himself."

"I shall miss you dreadfully, my dear, nevertheless," cried Mrs. Bayley, beaming graciously upon her. "But I am glad to have a sweet little nurse; but I am glad you are going to have some amusement. Next week will, I hope, see us en route to London. I am really much better, so they want me for a supper, I suppose. Uncle Methvin is coming too. Now you are better, dear Mrs. Bayley, you will not want me, especially as you have Sir Frederic, who is a host in himself."

"I shall miss you dreadfully, my dear, nevertheless," cried Mrs. Bayley, beaming graciously upon her. "But I am glad to have a sweet little nurse; but I am glad you are going to have some amusement. Next week will, I hope, see us en route to London. I am really much better, so they want me for a supper, I suppose. Uncle Methvin is coming too. Now you are better, dear Mrs. Bayley, you will not want me, especially as you have Sir Frederic, who is a host in himself."

"I shall miss you dreadfully, my dear, nevertheless," cried Mrs. Bayley, beaming graciously upon her. "But I am glad to have a sweet little nurse; but I am glad you are going to have some amusement. Next week will, I hope, see us en route to London. I am really much better, so they want me for a supper, I suppose. Uncle Methvin is coming too. Now you are better, dear Mrs. Bayley, you will not want me, especially as you have Sir Frederic, who is a host in himself."

"I shall miss you dreadfully, my dear, nevertheless," cried Mrs. Bayley, beaming graciously upon her. "But I am glad to have a sweet little nurse; but I am glad you are going to have some amusement. Next week will, I hope, see us en route to London. I am really much better, so they want me for a supper, I suppose. Uncle Methvin is coming too. Now you are better, dear Mrs. Bayley, you will not want me, especially as you have Sir Frederic, who is a host in himself."

"I shall miss you dreadfully, my dear, nevertheless," cried Mrs. Bayley, beaming graciously upon her. "But I am glad to have a sweet little nurse; but I am glad you are going to have some amusement. Next week will, I hope, see us en route to London. I am really much better, so they want me for a supper, I suppose. Uncle Methvin is coming too. Now you are better, dear Mrs. Bayley, you will not want me, especially as you have Sir Frederic, who is a host in himself."

"I shall miss you dreadfully, my dear, nevertheless," cried Mrs. Bayley, beaming graciously upon her. "But I am glad to have a sweet little nurse; but I am glad you are going to have some amusement. Next week will, I hope, see us en route to London. I am really much better, so they want me for a supper, I suppose. Uncle Methvin is coming too. Now you are better, dear Mrs. Bayley, you will not want me, especially as you have Sir Frederic, who is a host in himself."

"I shall miss you dreadfully, my dear, nevertheless," cried Mrs. Bayley, beaming graciously upon her. "But I am glad to have a sweet little nurse; but I am glad you are going to have some amusement. Next week will, I hope, see us en route to London. I am really much better, so they want me for a supper, I suppose. Uncle Methvin is coming too. Now you are better, dear Mrs. Bayley, you will not want me, especially as you have Sir Frederic, who is a host in himself."

"I shall miss you dreadfully, my dear, nevertheless," cried Mrs. Bayley, beaming graciously upon her. "But I am glad to have a sweet little nurse; but I am glad you are going to have some amusement. Next week will, I hope, see us en route to London. I am really much better, so they want me for a supper, I suppose. Uncle Methvin is coming too. Now you are better, dear Mrs. Bayley, you will not want me, especially as you have Sir Frederic, who is a host in himself."

"I shall miss you dreadfully, my dear, nevertheless," cried Mrs. Bayley, beaming graciously upon her. "But I am glad to have a sweet little nurse; but I am glad you are going to have some amusement. Next week will, I hope, see us en route to London. I am really much better, so they want me for a supper, I suppose. Uncle Methvin is coming too. Now you are better, dear Mrs. Bayley, you will not want me, especially as you have Sir Frederic, who is a host in himself."

"I shall miss you dreadfully, my dear, nevertheless," cried Mrs. Bayley, beaming graciously upon her. "But I am glad to have a sweet little nurse; but I am glad you are going to have some amusement. Next week will, I hope, see us en route to London. I am really much better, so they want me for a supper, I suppose. Uncle Methvin is coming too. Now you are better, dear Mrs. Bayley, you will not want me, especially as you have Sir Frederic, who is a host in himself."

"I shall miss you dreadfully, my dear, nevertheless," cried Mrs. Bayley, beaming graciously upon her. "But I am glad to have a sweet little nurse; but I am glad you are going to have some amusement. Next week will, I hope, see us en route to London. I am really much better, so they want me for a supper, I suppose. Uncle Methvin is coming too. Now you are better, dear Mrs. Bayley, you will not want me, especially as you have Sir Frederic, who is a host in himself."

"I shall miss you dreadfully, my dear, nevertheless," cried Mrs. Bayley, beaming graciously upon her. "But I am glad to have a sweet little nurse; but I am glad you are going to have some amusement. Next week will, I hope, see us en route to London. I am really much better, so they want me for a supper, I suppose. Uncle Methvin is coming too. Now you are better, dear Mrs. Bayley, you will not want me, especially as you have Sir Frederic, who is a host in himself."

"I shall miss you dreadfully, my dear, nevertheless," cried Mrs. Bayley, beaming graciously upon her. "But I am glad to have a sweet little nurse; but I am glad you are going to have some amusement. Next week will, I hope, see us en route to London. I am really much better, so they want me for a supper, I suppose. Uncle Methvin is coming too. Now you are better, dear Mrs. Bayley, you will not want me, especially as you have Sir Frederic, who is a host in himself."

"I shall miss you dreadfully, my dear, nevertheless," cried Mrs. Bayley, beaming graciously upon her. "But I am glad to have a sweet little nurse; but I am glad you are going to have some amusement. Next week will, I hope, see us en route to London. I am really much better, so they want me for a supper, I suppose. Uncle Methvin is coming too. Now you are better, dear Mrs. Bayley, you will not want me, especially as you have Sir Frederic, who is a host in himself."

"I shall miss you dreadfully, my dear, nevertheless," cried Mrs. Bayley, beaming graciously upon her. "But I am glad to have a sweet little nurse; but I am glad you are going to have some amusement. Next week will, I hope, see us en route to London. I am really much better, so they want me for a supper, I suppose. Uncle Methvin is coming too. Now you are better, dear Mrs. Bayley, you will not want me, especially as you have Sir Frederic, who is a host in himself."

The next week seemed to Mrs. Fane the very longest she had ever spent. The weather was unsettled. She missed Violet Onslow; she missed Carrington infinitely more; and she missed the forts to amuse and please her in no way atoned for the loss. She was puzzled and vexed with herself; and, as was often the case with her, self-dissatisfaction made her seek relief by interesting herself in the troubles of others. She listened kindly to Morton's rose-colored account of his difficulties and depression. He fancied he was making way with her; still some subtle consciousness that matters were not ripe enough to hazard a second declaration, held him back. He was surprised to find she was not overwhelmed by the news of Colonel Fane's return. Yet, on the whole, he and Mrs. Bayley were satisfied with his progress.

"I think we shall do now," said Mrs. Bayley, one morning, after the doctor left her, when she found herself alone with Morton. "That old humbug sees I am determined to go, so he has given me leave to travel this day week. It's frightful to think of all he will charge for what I could have done as well myself."

"I don't suppose you will pay him?"

"Certainly not; I was distinctly on my feet when I hurt myself, and am entitled to surgical aid." Morton stood before the fire for a moment or two in silence, and then said: "I must go to Edinburgh to-morrow."

"Why?"

"Because I have come to the end of my cash, and I know a rich old fellow who used to manage my affairs when I was a youngster, who has lent me a hundred now and again, which I have always been careful to repay. He is a sure card."

"It is very awkward having to leave just now; can't you write to him?"

"A personal interview is more effective; besides, I shall have to sign papers, etc."

"I am afraid you are a very bad manager. I don't at all like your going."

"Will you lend me fifty, yourself?"

"No, my dear young friend, it would have an ugly appearance with the inevitable revelation of all things taking place. So look up your sure card, and don't waste time."

"It may do Mrs. Fane no harm to feel my loss."

(To be continued.)

## A FINE FORCE.

### Pen Picture of the Famous Irish Constabulary.

Composed exclusively of Irishmen, and founded away back in 1823, by the great Sir Robert Peel, the force known as the Royal Irish Constabulary is the finest organization of the kind in the world. It consists of some 12,000 men, and while the minimum height is 5 feet 9, most of the men are 6 feet and over. They are recruited from all classes of the population, and serving in the ranks are many men of birth and breeding, graduates of the universities, and quite recently a couple of baronets. The officers are drawn from the same class as the officers of the army, and are required to have a certain knowledge of law. Seventy per cent. of the men are Catholics.

The constable represents not this or that chief secretary, nor a Tory or a Liberal Government, nor a Nationalist or Orange faction, but merely law and order. If he went, everything would go, and accordingly he is not disliked. His duty is solely and simply to protect the civil authorities—the sheriff and his assistants—in enforcing law and generally to prevent rows. And when there is any row to him, instinctively, for protection. Whether it is sheriffs or evicted tenants, Orangemen or Catholics, or any of the rival factions of the Nationalist party, who are pining to break one another's heads, each faction looks to the constabulary to present their own heads from being broken.

A district inspector may have to take his men to an eviction on Monday, and be cursed and pelted with all the wealth of Irish phraseology and Irish missiles. On Tuesday he will meet the same people, whom he knows individually as well as he knows their landlords, and they will greet him with smiles and be perfectly friendly. And it is the same with the rank and file. They are generally on good terms with those whom they protect as with those against whom they are being broken.

The constable is a trained soldier and carries a small rifle and bayonet, with his cartridge box filled, half with ball and half with buckshot cartridges. The duties which he is called upon to perform are of the most extensive description, demanding a considerable amount of intelligence and education. Thus he has to collect all the returns of the census, agriculture, fishery, and licensing within his district, to test weights and measures to attend to the execution of the provisions of the food and drug laws, to distribute relief, etc., in addition to all ordinary police work. One or more of them may be seen at every railroad station in Ireland, to test weights and measures, if any passenger alights who may happen to be "wanted" or who requires watching he may be tolerably certain that the constable will have his picture and his record in his pocketbook.

The headquarters of the R. I. C.—that is to say, of the Royal Irish Constabulary—is in Dublin Castle, facing the Chapel Royal, in the lower castle yard, and its commanding officer is Col. Sir Neville Chamberlain, a battle-scarred veteran of several Indian, Afghan and South African campaigns, and formerly one of the most trusted members of the staff of Field Marshal Lord Roberts, who, indeed, nominated him as the one man of all others best qualified for the office of inspector-general of the Irish constabulary.

THE STORM.

Graphic Description of Its Coming by One Who Lived to Tell the Tale.

"The weather conditions," he said, "had been precisely those to make the experienced navigator cautious."

"The morning was sultry. There was not a breath of air stirring. When the sun was half way up to the zenith it showed as a dull copper disk. A faintly bluish haze rested upon the horizon."

"When the tide began to make an almost imperceptible breeze came up from the south-west—just enough to make the flags fall off at intervals and then settle down and flap feebly against the masts."

"Banks of clouds appeared and finally massed themselves in the western sky. I said to myself that it was no time to be at sea—that at high water there would be something up to the zenith it showed as a dull copper disk. A faintly bluish haze rested upon the horizon."

"Later the clouds began to draw water. The heavy bank seemed to part and one portion of it bore away to the southward and the other to the northward. A few big drops of rain fell, but that was all we got of it. In the course of the afternoon I ventured out."

"Along toward low water the light breeze of wind failed. There was a dead calm. I had all sail set, but could not keep stowage way. She simply drifted with the tide. The surface of the sea was like glass, save for a long swell coming in."

"Over in the northeast the peak of a cloud showed itself. It was fringed with light. It mounted rapidly. Other clouds seemed to be pushing it up."

"The white fringe edged the portentous bank they were forming. Below this the color was dull leaden."

"I knew what that meant. I overhauled my ground tackle, keeping an eye all the time on the bank of cloud coming up against the direction from which the breeze had been blowing before the dead calm."

"Suddenly a ripple appeared on the water beneath the dark cloud with its fringe of white and sails of vessels up to windward dropped as if the halyards had been cut. Men scurried about the decks."

"A yellow ruffle appeared upon the water, advancing with inconceivable velocity. Behind it was a wall of torrential rain, real after peals of thunder came in quick succession."

"I vainly tried to head the craft so that she would take the onset of the gale head on. The dark ripple on the water, followed closely by the line of yellow foam, was almost upon me."

"What was I to do? I could let the sails go by the run, drop the anchor, pay out all my line and hang on. But what if the gale should be so stiff that she couldn't lie to it? Then I would have to buoy my anchor line and scud with bare poles till the gale blew itself out."

"While these thoughts were flashing through my mind it came to a point where something must be done quickly."

"Without another instant's hesitation I got out, took my canoe under my arm and walked ashore, barely in time to keep from getting wet above my knees."

## ANÆMIA CURED.

### Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Bring Back the Glow of Health by Making New Blood.

To bud into perfect womanhood, the growing girl must carefully guard her health. Unless the blood is kept rich and pure, headaches, backaches and frequent dizzy spells will trouble her. She will always be ailing, and may slip into a deadly decline. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a never-failing remedy in building up the blood. Just a short time ago the reported of L'Avenir du Nord had the following cases brought to his notice: In the town of St. Jerome, Que., there is an orphan asylum under the care of most zealous workers—the Grey Nuns. In this home, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are constantly used. For some months two of the young girls in the home were afflicted with anaemia. The symptoms in both cases were very much alike. They were both pale, lost all energy, and were subject to headaches and dizziness. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were taken and soon there was an improvement in their condition. The color returned to their cheeks; their appetite improved; headaches ceased, and soon good health took the place of debility. What Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for these two orphans—Marie Lavoie and Dosina Brooks—they will do for others.

The secret of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in curing anaemia lies in their power to make new, rich, red blood. That is why they go to make up what is termed brilliant conversation—under the name of which Carrington asked Mrs. Fane for a certain Gondolier's song, for which he often petitioned. Glad to be saved speaking, Mrs. Fane complied, and when she had finished it, she continued to play on as if in thought. The song had started Dr. Methvin on some Venetian reminiscences, under cover of which Carrington approached the piano.

"You will let me see you in London," he said, low and earnestly. "I might be a less adroit negotiator between you and Fane than a firm of solicitors. It might spare you something."

"I shall not want your services in that capacity," she returned, looking down. "There can be no repairing of our broken fetters. Why do you trouble yourself about so hopeless a project?"

"I must be true to my word, cost what it may; nor is it easy to count the cost." He added, almost in a whisper, "When are you likely to be in town, and where?"

"I should think within the next ten days certainly. I always stay at a private hotel in Half Moon Street."

"Thank you. This summons to Dalrymple is unexpected and unwelcome, but I must see him, though I leave you in Morton's hands."

"No, Colonel Carrington, in my own hands, and none other," with hauteur.

"Can they take a firm grip, though they look so white and soft? I believe they can. Do you forgive me for urging the cause of my unfortunate friend too warmly?"

"No!" she returned, raising her eyes to his with a smile. "It is an unpardonable offence."

"Perhaps," he said, still in the same low tone, his eyes again an air of youth and hope transforming his face. "Perhaps when we meet again you may give me plenary absolution?"

"That is not at all probable," said Mrs. Fane, rising from the piano with a strange—to her, very strange—sense of embarrassment.

Carrington stayed only a few minutes longer, and Mrs. Fane strove hard to be as animated as before; but in spite of her efforts, dulness fell upon the party, at least so it seemed to her. For Morton and Mrs. Bayley were particularly lively. At last she was free and alone—free to dream and to conjecture. What could Colonel Carrington mean? She had never been so puzzled before. He said he was a solicitor, and more solicitors; yet she was not as angry as she ought to be. But, happen what might, she would never permit him to persuade her to see Colonel Fane—never.

EDWARD'S THREE SISTERS.

Interesting Trio of Feminist Royalties in Great Britain.

Of the three sisters of the King of England, Princess Christian is the King's oldest living sister, the Empress Frederick of Germany having been dead some years. She was born May 26, 1846, and called Helena. On July 5, 1869, she was married to Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein. She was passed much of her time in England and in devoted to charity. Her husband, it will be remembered, married Princess Arbet of Anhalt and divorced him.

"I should think within the next ten days certainly. I always stay at a private hotel in Half Moon Street."

"Thank you. This summons to Dalrymple is unexpected and unwelcome, but I must see him, though I leave you in Morton's hands."

"No, Colonel Carrington, in my own hands, and none other," with hauteur.

"Can they take a firm grip, though they look so white and soft? I believe they can. Do you forgive me for urging the cause of my unfortunate friend too warmly?"

"No!" she returned, raising her eyes to his with a smile. "It is an unpardonable offence."

"Perhaps," he said, still in the same low tone, his eyes again an air of youth and hope transforming his face. "Perhaps when we meet again you may give me plenary absolution?"

"That is not at all probable," said Mrs. Fane, rising from the piano with a strange—to her, very strange—sense of embarrassment.

Carrington stayed only a few minutes longer, and Mrs. Fane strove hard to be as animated as before; but in spite of her efforts, dulness fell upon the party, at least so it seemed to her. For Morton and Mrs. Bayley were particularly lively. At last she was free and alone—free to dream and to conjecture. What could Colonel Carrington mean? She had never been so puzzled before. He said he was a solicitor, and more solicitors; yet she was not as angry as she ought to be. But, happen what might, she would never permit him to persuade her to see Colonel Fane—never.

EDWARD'S THREE SISTERS.

Interesting Trio of Feminist Royalties in Great Britain.

Of the three sisters of the King of England, Princess Christian is the King's oldest living sister, the Empress Frederick of Germany having been dead some years. She was born May 26, 1846, and called Helena. On July 5, 1869, she was married to Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein. She was passed much of her time in England and in devoted to charity. Her husband, it will be remembered, married Princess Arbet of Anhalt and divorced him.

"I should think within the next ten days certainly. I always stay at a private hotel in Half Moon Street."

"Thank you. This summons to Dalrymple is unexpected and unwelcome, but I must see him, though I leave you in Morton's hands."

"No, Colonel Carrington, in my own hands, and none other," with hauteur.

"Can they take a firm grip, though they look so white and soft? I believe they can. Do you forgive me for urging the cause of my unfortunate friend too warmly?"

"No!" she returned, raising her eyes to his with a smile. "It is an unpardonable offence."

"Perhaps," he said, still in the same low tone, his eyes again an air of youth and hope transforming his face. "Perhaps when we meet again you may give me plenary absolution?"

"That is not at all probable," said Mrs. Fane, rising from the piano with a strange—to her, very strange—sense of embarrassment.

Carrington stayed only a few minutes longer, and Mrs. Fane strove hard to be as animated as before; but in spite of her efforts, dulness fell upon the party, at least so it seemed to her. For Morton and Mrs. Bayley were particularly lively. At last she was free and alone—free to dream and to conjecture. What could Colonel Carrington mean? She had never been so puzzled before. He said he was a solicitor, and more solicitors; yet she was not as angry as she ought to be. But, happen what might, she would never permit him to persuade her to see Colonel Fane—never.

EDWARD'S THREE SISTERS.

Interesting Trio of Feminist Royalties in Great Britain.

Of the three sisters of the King of England, Princess Christian is the King's oldest living sister, the Empress Frederick of Germany having been dead some years. She was born May 26, 1846, and called Helena. On July 5, 1869, she was married to Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein. She was passed much of her time in England and in devoted to charity. Her husband, it will be remembered, married Princess Arbet of Anhalt and divorced him.

"I should think within the next ten days certainly. I always stay at a private hotel in Half Moon Street."

"Thank you. This summons to Dalrymple is unexpected and unwelcome, but I must see him, though I leave you in Morton's hands."

"No, Colonel Carrington, in my own hands, and none other," with hauteur.

"Can they take a firm grip, though they look so white and soft? I believe they can. Do you forgive me for urging the cause of my unfortunate friend too warmly?"

"No!" she returned, raising her eyes to his with a smile. "It is an unpardonable offence."

"Perhaps," he said, still in the same low tone, his eyes again an air of youth and hope transforming his face. "Perhaps when we meet again you may give me plenary absolution?"

"That is not at all probable," said Mrs. Fane, rising from the piano with a strange—to her, very strange—sense of embarrassment.

Carrington stayed only a few minutes longer, and Mrs. Fane strove hard to be as animated as before; but in spite of her efforts, dulness fell upon the party, at least so it seemed to her. For Morton and Mrs. Bayley were particularly lively. At last she was free and alone—free to dream and to conjecture. What could Colonel Carrington mean? She had never been so puzzled before. He said he was a solicitor, and more solicitors; yet she was not as angry as she ought to be. But, happen what might, she would never permit him to persuade her to see Colonel Fane—never.

EDWARD'S THREE SISTERS.

Interesting Trio of Feminist Royalties in Great Britain.

Of the three sisters of the King of England, Princess Christian is the King's oldest living sister, the Empress Frederick of Germany having been dead some years. She was born May 26, 1846, and called Helena. On July 5, 1869, she was married to Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein. She was passed much of her time in England and in devoted to charity. Her husband, it will be remembered, married Princess Arbet of Anhalt and divorced him.

"I should think within the next ten days certainly. I always stay at a private hotel in Half Moon Street."

"Thank you. This summons to Dalrymple is unexpected and unwelcome, but I must see him, though I leave you in Morton's hands."

"No, Colonel Carrington, in my own hands, and none other," with hauteur.

## AN EASY TIME.

### QUIET LIFE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Heir to Great Britain's Throne Reads, Studies and Pastes Stamps in Album.

What a contrast between the King and the heir to his throne, the Prince of Wales! exclaims the London correspondent of Town and Country. The father "weighted with the Crown" rushes up and down the land in motor cars, and special trains, attending christenings, race meetings, receptions, garden parties, semi-State and State functions, morning, noon and night.

The son, whose only trouble seems to be the riddle of killing time, sits in his room at Marlborough House pasting stamps into an album or reading a book. He does absolutely nothing and does it with such a masterly inactivity as to rouse one almost to enthusiasm at this proud Prince manages to while away his golden days.

Prince Prosper in Fairland hadn't a more delightful cycle of years than his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. I will give you a brief, authentic sketch of the day's doings at Marlborough House. Those of you who hug the ancient idea that princes get up in the morning to the fanfare of trumpets, deck themselves out in royal robes and pass down a gallery lined with howling and obsequious hunkies will be disappointed at this recital of the humdrum evicence of an apparently middle class suburban home.

The Prince, the Princess and the rest of the family are up betimes, which means about eight o'clock in the morning. There is the ordinary breakfast of a well-to-do English family, and the head of it begins the intervals between bacon and eggs with the morning papers.

"I vainly tried to head the craft so that she would take the onset of the gale head on. The dark ripple on the water, followed closely by the line of yellow foam, was almost upon me."

"What was I to do? I could let the sails go by the run, drop the anchor, pay out all my line and hang on. But what if the gale should be so stiff that she couldn't lie to it? Then I would have to buoy my anchor line and scud with bare poles till the gale blew itself out."

"While these thoughts were flashing through my mind it came to a point where something must be done quickly."

"Without another instant's hesitation I got out, took my canoe under my arm and walked ashore, barely in time to keep from getting wet above my knees."

EDWARD'S THREE SISTERS.

Interesting Trio of Feminist Royalties in Great Britain.

Of the three sisters of the King of England, Princess Christian is the King's oldest living sister, the Empress Frederick of Germany having been dead some years. She was born May 26, 1846, and called Helena. On July 5, 1869, she was married to Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein. She was passed much of her time in England and in devoted to charity. Her husband, it will be remembered, married Princess Arbet of Anhalt and divorced him.

"I should think within the next ten days certainly. I always stay at a private hotel in Half Moon Street."

"Thank you. This summons to Dalrymple is unexpected and unwelcome, but I must see him, though I leave you in Morton's hands."

"No, Colonel Carrington, in my own hands, and none other," with hauteur.