

My Lady Cinderella

By Mrs. G. N. Williamson

Author of "My Friend the Chauffeur," "Lady Betty Across the Water," Etc., Etc.

We went back to the Idle Hour, all four together, Diana apparently in high spirits, though her lips were tight and her eyes hard even while she smiled. "Give me ten minutes some time today, for heaven's sake," Sir George managed to whisper, as he helped me at the steps.

Before I could answer, Lady Forth came out, laughing, and claiming tribute of our lilies. They were just what she wanted for table decoration, that declared it was so nice of us to take so much trouble, all for her.

Somewhat, the chance to give those ten minutes which Sir George had asked did not come. Exactly how it happened—whether by design or accident—one could hardly have said; but we were always interrupted if we drifted near each other. Sometimes it was Captain Weyland, Diana's slave; sometimes Lady Dunbar, but oftener Diana herself, who intervened.

Henry, on a house boat, with a big and merry party of people who knew each other well, is not the most convenient place for a tete-a-tete, no matter what the magazine story-tellers may say when they have a topical "society tale" to grind out for the first week of July.

Lady and Lady Forth had hosts of friends, none of whom were absent from the regatta; and besides the house-boat party there was generally a crowd of outsiders on board, lunching or chatting under the pink awning, and pretending to watch the races.

Late bedtime came that night, and Sir George and I had not had one minute together, much less ten; and though I did not fail to stab myself with the suggestion that perhaps he had not cared very much after all, I could not honestly believe that it had been his fault.

A hundred times I went over the words that he had said, but it was only just as I was sinking into sleep at last that I started awake with the remem-

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for it had stopped now, and the masked minstrels were hurrying their punt away among the crowd. "How absurd, and how—if you had not been the speaker, I should have said—how malicious! As if anyone in his senses could possibly connect a vulgar dog-grel verse with a lady—with the lady whose name you mentioned, of all people!"

"Nevertheless, she was the one meant, without doubt, and everyone will know it," went on Diana, undaunted by his reproach. "It will be all over London by tomorrow, for there has been so much curiosity and gossip. Everybody's heard the story about Peckham, of course. I should have thought it would be best to stop those creatures. Fancy verses being written on the subject! But, then, poor dear little Consuelo's such a celebrity that—"

I knew now why she had hastened to break in upon the singers, and why no one else had interrupted. I had been too horrified, too struck by the lightning flash of shame, to be logical at first; but I realized at last that silence, not loud clamor, was the part of a true friend. Everyone except Diana had bravely striven to show that they had drawn no inference from the verses, that no moral had been pointed by them, no gossip tale adored.

It had been left for Diana to raise the storm, and she had had no mercy. Mercy? I believed now, when I began to think again, after the blow which had numbed me, that Diana had planned the whole scene. A little money, a little ingenuity, and plenty of malice would have been the sole ingredients needed for the prescription; and she had had them all.

There are a number of fools and scoundrels in the world, I admit, said Sir George fiercely, before Diana could finish; "but I don't think you seem to fancy them, Miss Consuelo. That being the case—here agrees with me—we can do no better than to drop the subject once and for all. A couple of mountebanks have squallered a musical hall song. They may attach some obscure meaning to the words; but to those in a different class of life they can seem nothing but doggerel, neither worth talking of nor worth thinking of."

"Miss Nobody" is Consuelo's nickname, though, you know that, and "My Lady Cinderella," Diana stolidly insisted, though her face was marble white in the blue dimness. "She must have heard that herself, so she can't mind my repeating it, for I wouldn't be ill-natured for the world."

"I have never heard it," said Sir George. "Women do hear extraordinary things sometimes, to be sure, because they don't knock each other down for insulting their friends, as the right sort of men do. I should have thought, if a name were wanted in this case, 'Miss Everybody' would have been more appropriate; for when one is fortunate enough to have Miss Brand for a companion, it always seems as if one had secured everybody who was really worth thinking of."

"Oh, please, please, let us say no more about it!" I implored, in a queer little choked voice, that would sound as if I were stifling a sob. I had not felt like crying before—not when the spiteful words of the song were piercing their way to the most sensitive penetralia of my nerves; not when Diana had brought them home to me still more forcefully. Yet when Sir George spoke for me at last, the tears rose, and would hardly be kept down.

"If anyone speaks a kind word to me now I'm lost," I thought desperately; "for I shall howl, and disgrace myself before them all, and before Diana, too."

But I was saved from that ordeal. The crisis was past; people found their tongues, and forced themselves to break the shocked silence. They had the tact to begin laughing and talking of other things—a ridiculous darky with a red wig and a tall collar, picking up a banjo; the first rocket of the evening shooting comelike across the sky.

Lady Forth drew near, and put her arm round me in a pretty motherly way, though she was not many years my senior, and hurried into a comical account of an accident which had happened to the Idle Hour during last year's regatta.

Five minutes after the masked minstrels had vanished no one would have dreamed that our peace had been for an instant disturbed. But my heart was thumping against my side like the strokes of a hammer, and the calm seemed to me only that which comes before a storm.

To Be Continued.

NERVES IN ORDER. NERVES UNSTRUNG.

This is a nerve racking age—not a man in an office or behind the counter, striving hard to get on in the world, that does not feel the strain.

If nerves are in order, a man is strong, eats and sleeps well, Unstrung nerves means weakness, worry, sleeplessness and a general decay of bodily strength, inability to do good work or to do long.

Most men are careless of their health, trust to luck and that kind of thing. Instead of taking Ferrozone for a few weeks when they feel dull in the morning, sleep poorly or lose appetite. Ferrozone quickly brightens up the mind. It creates an appetite and improves digestion. Ferrozone makes bold, quiet the nerves, makes muscle like steel and induces refreshing sleep.

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CLANRICARDE BECOMES COMMONS TANGLED; LIKE A GHOST LORDS WORKING

Ireland's Most Hated Landlord Appears Suddenly Before the Peers:

London, Aug. 11.—In the midst of the debate in the House of Lords on the Irish evicted tenants' bill, a measure which attempts the complete establishment of agrarian peace in Ireland, Lord Aikinson, long known in the lower house as attorney-general for Ireland, was making his maiden speech, and just had remarked that in Ireland all human virtues were supposed to concentrate in a man directly he refused to pay his rent, when a shriveled figure, with a weakened face, passed spectral-like, from behind the woolsack to an empty bench in full view of the house.

"What was it?" older peers whispered. "Clanricarde?" For the last quarter of a century the Irish land baron has been a household name and alleged misdeeds of Lord Clanricarde, but for twenty years he has been a figure of mystery. He has been the evil genius of the Irish Nationalists for a generation, and a man whom patriots exorcised. His name has been a byword in Irish agrarian agitation for the last quarter of a century. He had so often figured as a bogey in Irish speech that younger and many members of the House of Commons had become accustomed to regard him as a myth or a political flying Dutchman, "a being they never expected to see in the flesh, but whose existence they were so sure to feel."

Only a few weeks ago a prominent member of the House of Commons humorously professed his grave doubts as to whether the Marquis of Clanricarde was not purely a mythical person, but he was actually in the House of Lords—a little shrunken gentleman, with scolding shiners and emaciated body, on which a reedy suit of antique cut hung loosely and limp. His figure was frail, but in his face one could see no weakness of resolution.

Other members of the House seemed to shrink from Clanricarde as from an apparition. He perched himself primly on a corner seat on a bench below the ministerial gangway, and his appearance suggested some guano, whom Rip Van Winkle had left on the Catskill Mountains, but who had crawled severely back to fall in mid-Victoria style, over the back of his coat. His features were sharp and delicate, his eyes deep-set and inscrutable, and his closed mouth and stubborn chin were fringed with a dusty gray mustache and beard.

For awhile this weird figure looked neither to the right nor to the left, but sat with a fixed and stony stare at the woolsack. Then the marquis turned to Oliver Cromwell, whom Irish Nationalists in Great Britain and America most objugate and hate.

The voice of this uncanny apparition became audible in the sudden silence that had fallen on the chamber, a creepy feeling passed like a wave over the spectators. He had come to scold; his language was bitter and scathing.

The whole speech of this old man of 75 was a scathing denunciation of the plan of campaign and the insatiable character of the Irish land legislation, but it was not his words which riveted attention so much as his gray shadow from which they proceeded.

When Clanricarde sat down the whole house looked at the figure as though they expected it to fade away in the mist, and with a fixed and stony stare at the woolsack. "They feel that they feel time at the spectral form are not men to spread the light."

Not a sound had interrupted his speech. It was, indeed, that not a single peer ventured to say word or utter a sound in support of Lord Clanricarde. Even Lord Lansdowne, leader of the Opposition, did not dare oppose the second reading of the bill.

MAHLER FOR AMERICA.

Vienna, Aug. 12.—Gustav Mahler, the famous director of the Vienna Imperial Opera House, will in a few months introduce himself to the musical public of America, Manager Conductor having engaged him as musical director for the Metropolitan Opera House of New York. The prospective departure of Herr Mahler has created a distinct sensation in musical circles, as he has established a reputation for surpassing genius as a conductor such has not been known in Vienna before.

The exact time of Herr Mahler's departure for America is not yet fixed.

A Trip to the Seaside in Comfort.

The Grand Trunk Railway System have arranged to place on sale on Aug. 12, 13, 14 and 15, round trip tickets valid for return from destination on or before Aug. 30.

The fares from London are exceedingly low, viz.: Old Orchard, Me., \$19.10; Portland, Me., \$18.85; St. John, N. B., \$24.95; Murray Bay, Que., \$20.95; Sydney, N. S., \$31.45; proportionately reduced rates to other points.

For full particulars of these excursions call on Mr. E. De la Hooke, or Mr. E. Ruse, representatives of the Grand Trunk Railway System in London.

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NO PERSON should go from home without a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellom's Dysentery Cordial in their possession, as change of water, cooking climate, etc. frequently brings summer complaint and there is nothing like being ready with a sure remedy at hand, which oftentimes saves great suffering, and frequently valuable lives. This Cordial has gained for itself a widespread reputation, and is promptly relief from all summer complaints.

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Contrast Between the British Houses Gives the Popular Branch Bad Name.

London, Aug. 12.—In the beginning of the present session of Parliament there was much grave talk about the Premier, with his immense majority, ending, mending, or "bending" the House of Lords. At the end of the session we find the peers seriously at work, and accomplishing much in a very few hours each day, while the House of Commons is sitting day and night in a state of partial paralysis.

For ten days past members of the House of Commons have been going home with the milkman, and they will continue to do so until the prorogation about three weeks hence. That reasonable men who manage their private affairs with a sense of sagacity deliberately should doom themselves to what is often a species of slow suicide is scarcely credible. A man, especially when he has reached the age when most men enter Parliament, cannot live in defiance of the first laws of nature without paying for it. It is certain that old and middle aged gentlemen in the House of Commons do not lengthen their days by "stealing a few hours from the night."

Bad Temper in Commons. A majority of the members are complaining that they feel jaded, and bad temper seems to be the order of the day. In the small hours of the morning many angry words are flung across the floor of the House. They are as a rule semi-articulate sounds, in which most unparliamentary adjectives predominate. There are long wrangles, varied by motions of adjournment or motions to report progress and then, when the bulk of the members are fairly worn out, some forty or fifty orders of the day are run through in three or four minutes and the welcome cry of "Who goes home?" sounds like a melancholy dirge passing through the palace of Westminster.

Millions of money are voted without discussion in order that the wearied, jaded and sleepy legislators may get to bed. There are rumors that labor men, sick of the whole business, intend next year to insist on a parliamentary eight-hour day, and that they will not listen to the old argument against any interference with the present arrangements, namely, that it would exclude men of business, especially lawyers, from the House of Commons.

House of Lords Critical.

This is the British House of Commons, which wants to reform the House of Lords who generally finish a "good day's work" in a few hours. The strain upon the best men in the House of Commons is tremendous, especially at this expiring period of the session, where they are chosen to act on select committees which meet at 11 o'clock in the day and they return home between 2, 4 or 5 o'clock in the morning. It is easy to understand the severity of such attacks upon a man's strength.

The lords have become critics, and are saying that work done under such conditions cannot be well done, and pointing out that the branch of public business which suffers most from "all night" legislation is the work of voting money for the business of the nation. The House of Lords has no control over money matters. The House of Commons is the guardian of the public purse, and the lords are asking how guardianship is to be effectively exercised at daybreak and after a twelve or fourteen hour sitting.

YOUR SKIN IN SUMMER

FACTS WHICH EVERY WOMAN SHOULD KNOW.

When you find your skin rough, red and patchy, or dry, scaly and coarse, with sore and inflamed spots here and there, depend upon it there is a reason. There are 2,800 pores on one square inch of that same skin of yours, and these contain seventy feet of tubing, all provided to clear away harmful and waste excretions, but which get out of order when the skin is unhealthy. The value of Zam-Buk lies in the fact that its healing essences and juices can be absorbed by these minute "skin mouths."

Applied to a rough or inflamed patch, cut, bruise, heat sore, or chafed place, Zam-Buk first lubricates, cools, and soothes the hot surface, then heals. That is why children like Zam-Buk. It stops pain so quickly. Applied to eczema, ulcers, and festering sores, Zam-Buk first kills the disease germs which ordinarily cause suppuration and inflammation. Then it builds up from the bottom fresh tissue.

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Norway lost 27,274 persons in 1906 by emigration.

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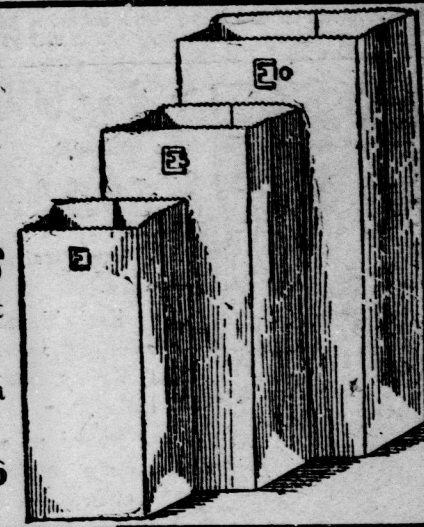


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THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE HAT.

The hat in its psychological aspects forms the subject of a careful study by Prof. H. Gross, in a book, noticed in the British Medical Journal, on criminal psychology recently published at Leipzig. He has made a number of observations on the way of wearing the hat in its relation to character, and has formed conclusions of the accuracy of which he has satisfied himself by a long experience. He holds that a hat worn exactly perpendicular to the vertical axis of the head is a sign that a man is upright, but a pedant and a bore. The wearing of the hat very much on one side is said to be a mark of insolence and swagger; while wearing the hat on the crown of the head may be taken as a proof of recklessness, and being in debt; the further back it is, the nearer to bankruptcy is the wearer. This may be a useful piece of information to members of the stock exchange. If the hat is worn over the forehead, it indicates a man of difficult and sulky temper.

Dr. Gross seems to have omitted the style of the hat itself, which our medical contemporary thinks is also an index of the mental constitution of the wearer. Unless one is known to be wealthy, the mere fact of wearing a bad hat is a proof of strength of character. Then there would seem to be a relationship between strictness of morality and breadth of brim; while extra curliness of the brim suggests rakishness. To the study of the science of the footgear Dr. Gross has also devoted much labor. Thus he has observed that a man who wears down the heels of his boots equally may be safely put down as an energetic man of business or a trusted official. If they are worn down on the outer side, the owner is of an adventurous spirit; if they are worn down on the inner side, he is weak and undecided in character.—Westminster Gazette.

In no country are the problems of old age and poverty more admirably dealt with than in Denmark. Should a person who is over 60 years of age become destitute, through no fault of his own, he can apply to the local authorities for old age relief. If the applicant has a good record help is at once forthcoming. Such people are allowed to enter a home as a sort of state pensioners. They live in comfort, with none of the signs of pauperism, for a wise Government regards them as the veterans of industry, who have earned the right to be provided for in their old age.



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