



"Those who inherit Empires have others shave them—  
Those who create Empires shave themselves."

It's over a century since Napoleon Bonaparte evolved this bit of philosophy. While the first part no longer holds (Kings and Emperors now use the Gillette) the second part is truer than ever since the coming of the

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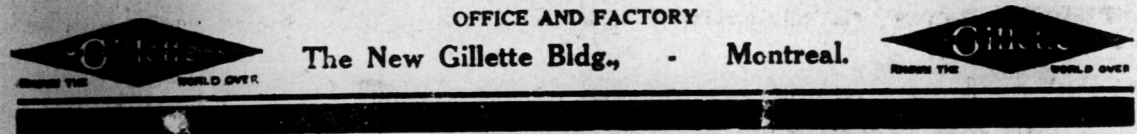
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## The Snake Scotched Justice Done.

CHAPTER XXVI.

(Continued)

"Burchett, whom do you suspect?" he said, sharply. Burchett shook his head. "I don't know, sir; I know nothing of the man."

"He must have had an enemy," said Mr. Selby. "One of his own class, no doubt; and a bitter enemy, too, for we Englishmen don't use the knife readily. We must find out who his associates were. Meanwhile, you friends of Mr. Farrington's must cheer him up!"

He said "Mr. Farrington, for Ralph in the dark serge suit which he had had made—his old clothes had been ruined in the fire—looked 'ridiculously like a gentleman,' as Mr. Selby remarked afterwards; and it was difficult for him to remember

that his client was only a game-keeper.

"We will do our best, Mr. Selby," said Whetstone. "I was prepossessed in his favour the first time I saw him—"

Mr. Selby nodded and glanced at the handsome face, rendered still more refined and aristocratic by his illness.

"Not only that," said Mr. Whetstone, who understood the glance, "but because of—of a likeness to—to one who was very dear to me."

He drew a miniature from his breast pocket, looked at it and sighed, and handed it to Mr. Selby.

The lawyer took it and examined it. "A sweet face," he remarked, then passed it to Ralph. Ralph looked at it, then started the others by a sudden cry. "It is my mother!"

Whetstone's hand went to his heart and he caught his breath. "I was right!" he murmured, in great agitation.

The lawyer went pale. "Your mother!" exclaimed Mr. Selby, sharply. "Let me see!" He took it from Ralph's reluctant hand and looked from him to the miniature keenly.

"Yes! I see the likeness. Who

was she? Ah, I remember! Janet Burchett!"

Ralph uttered a cry and stood gazing from one to the other.

Whetstone groaned and went to him, but Ralph put out a hand to keep him off. At such moments the soul craves for solitude, not sympathy.

"Leave him to me. I'll take care of this portrait," whispered Mr. Selby, and Whetstone and Burchett stole out.

"Now, Farrington, be a man!" said the lawyer, gravely. "I remember your mother—she was more sinned against than sinning—"

To his amazement Ralph turned on him with anger and indignation.

"What do you mean?" he said. "Do you dare cast a doubt—to hint—" He fought with the passion of resentment and went on more gently. "Mr. Selby, there is some mistake. Burchett—told me the story of my mother's flight—if she was Janet Burchett—but she was married. I am her lawful son."

Mr. Selby looked at him keenly. "You have proofs—certificates—Now, who is this?" he broke off, irritably.

The turnkey admitted Mr. Saintsbury and Veronica: the Governor had given the accused permission to receive any visitors.

"Oh, it's you, Mr. Saintsbury! Good-morning, Miss Gresham," Mr. Selby continued more amiably. "I am glad you have come. We have made a discovery which may be of some importance." He waited until the two young people had exchanged greetings: Veronica with the love that maketh not ashamed had gone up to Ralph and kissed him. "Now, Mr. Farrington, time presses the proofs, the certificate of the marriage and your birth, you have them, of course?"

Ralph shook his head. "No," he said, quietly. "They were lost."

In a few words he told the story of his mother's death and the absence of the certificates.

Mr. Selby listened intently, but before he could say anything, Mr. Saintsbury, who had been looking at the miniature which Selby had handed him, broke in agitatedly:

"Hah!—hadn't we better leave them alone!—the time is short. I—I want a word with you, Mr. Selby."

They went outside, and Mr. Saintsbury, still struggling with his agitation, caught the lawyer by the arm and, drawing him down the corridor, addressed him in a hurried whisper.

"Great Heaven!" exclaimed Mr. Selby, for once startled out of his professional calm. "It isn't possible!"

"It is! I am not mistaken, I cannot be! I noticed the likeness, though I did not trace it at the time; but this miniature—What is to be done?"

"Go to the earl!" replied Mr. Selby, sharply. "Go at once! There is just time. My dog-cart is just outside. I will wait and go to the court-house with Mr. Farrington! Heaven and earth, if it should be true! I cannot realise it!"

"Give me the portrait!" exclaimed Mr. Saintsbury, and, snatching it from Mr. Selby's hand, he ran down the stairs.

The earl was just starting for the court-house when the dog-cart drove up. He changed colour as Mr. Saintsbury was admitted.

"George!" he cried, and held out his hand. "You back in England! But what is the matter?"

"I've—I've terrible news! And yet—sit down, Lynborough, and for God's sake, keep calm!"

"You do not set me a very good example!" retorted the earl. "Now, what is it?"

Mr. Saintsbury sank into a chair and wiped his forehead. "I can't break—it to you—there is no time," he said, pained fully. "Lynborough, you remember your marriage?"

"Am I likely to forget it?" was the stern rejoinder.

"Your wife—that sweet girl—why did she leave you?"

"Because I soon grew tired of her, and a little ashamed—and she discovered it," was the calm reply.

"Where—where did she go?"

"To Australia, I believe. It does not matter. She died."

"Died!"

"Yes; I received news of her death three months later. I have suffered remorse every month, every day since. She died because she had found out that I was ashamed of having married her. She was a good woman and

Ashland, Ky.—"Four years ago I seemed to have everything the matter with me. I had female and kidney trouble and was so bad off I could hardly rest day or night. I doctored with all the best doctors in town and took many kinds of medicine but nothing did any good until I tried your wonderful remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. My husband said it would restore my health and it has."

There are probably hundreds of thousands of women in the United States who have been benefited by this famous old remedy, which was produced from roots and herbs over thirty years ago by a woman to relieve woman's suffering.

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—and sacrificed herself for me. She had kept the secret of our marriage—not even to her own people, to Whetstone, to Whetstone, did she disclose the fact that that she was—the Countess of Lynborough. Can you wonder at my remorse?"

"She was alive; she did not die!" said Saintsbury.

"I cannot think that is true," said the earl, hoarsely.

"It is. I saw her. Out there in Australia. She thought you dead and had married again. She must have read the announcement of Lynborough of Haven's death and mistaken it for yours."

"You—you saw her? When—how long?" gasped the earl.

"Five years after the marriage. Her husband, the second one, had deserted her, but she was not alone."

"Not alone? Who—who—what do you mean? A—child?"

Saintsbury's lips moved for a moment inaudibly, then he said, huskily:

"Yes—a boy. Your son!"

The earl sprang to his feet, his face livid.

"My—my son! My son!" he echoed, as if he were choking.

"Where—where is he? Ah, I see! You are going to tell me he is dead, Saintsbury!"

"No, he is alive! I have seen him."

The earl strode forward with the step of a young man and caught Saintsbury's arm.

"Take me to him—bring him to me!" he cried, almost fiercely.

"I—I cannot—at present," stammered Saintsbury.

(To be continued.)

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### NEW BOOKS.

Paper, 50c. Cloth, 70c.

The Net, by Rex Beach.  
Maids in a Market Garden, by Clo Graves.  
The Turnstile, by A. E. W. Mason.  
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Galbraith of Wyngates, by E. E. Green.  
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### What Kings Eat

By the courtesy of the secretary of the Geneva International Association of Hotel Employers, in Shaftesbury Ave., London, Eng., the writer was permitted to inspect their collection of menu cards, which is the largest collection of its kind in the world, and has never yet been described in print.

The collection numbers some 50,000 menus, which are kept in 60 enormous leather books. Two books contain the menu cards of the House of Hanover, dating from the reign of George IV. Previous to the reign of Queen Victoria the menu cards at Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle were written on plain foolscap paper by the head chef; only one copy was made out and laid beside the sovereign at dinner. The royal dinner in these days began with entree, followed by soup; then came a joint, and then fish and sweets. A favorite dish of George IV was boiled mutton, and it appears almost every day in the menu of his time.

When Queen Victoria came to the throne the menu cards were printed for the first time. They were headed with a gold crown, underneath which are the letters "V. R. and I." Poached eggs on toast and hashed mutton were very favorite dishes of Queen Victoria, and appear very often on the menu cards during her reign.

The items on the menu cards became much more numerous when King Edward came to the throne. Caviar, the real Russian article, has figured as the first item frequently on the royal menu cards since, and now is a very favorite royal dish. It is served at the royal table with black bread and lemon. It used to be served with toast. It costs about \$15 a pound.

The menu of the Derby Day dinner at Buckingham Palace is practically always the same, here it is Clear Turtle soup, whitebait, trout, quails, venison, lamb, ortolans, chicken, roast, asparagus, peaches, ices.

The best wines in the royal cellars are served on the occasion of the Derby dinner. These wines include: Garden Hook 1875, Sillery 1865, Claret Lafite 1875, Port 1812. These wines are almost of priceless value, and would fetch probably from \$100 to \$500 a bottle if sold in the open market.

On the occasion of some of the great banquets at Windsor Castle, when a foreign sovereign was a guest at the English court, the rare item, "Cygnets a la Windsor," appears on the menu, in plain language is roast swan. It is a favorite dish of the Kaiser.

On ordinary occasions the royal menu cards are plain white edged with gold, with the royal crown on top and the letters "V. R." underneath, but on the occasion of any special banquet the cards are elaborately designed and exquisitely hand painted.

The menu cards at the German court are nearly five times the size of the English royal menus, and are headed with a picture of the exterior of the royal residence at Berlin. Two favorite dishes at the German court are salmon cutlets and jugged hare, and they appear in the menu more frequently than any other items.

The menu cards at the Russian court are printed in gold and are headed with the royal arms. The names are of course, in Russian characters, and a frequent item on the menu is beef-teak."

Apart from the royal menus, this collection contains menu cards of dinners and banquets in all parts of the world. For example, there is the menu card of a banquet given at a hotel in the Fiji Islands, dated June 24, 1895. It is printed on linen, and begins with "sharks' fins." Other items are "birds' nests" and snails.

The wine list contains "English stout and beer."

There is a very interesting card giving the list of dishes served at a banquet in Peking. It is written in Chinese characters on a leaf of some tree. Li Hung chang was present at the banquet, and it is supposed to cost \$15,000.

A strange history attached to one of the menu cards that came from Chicago. In one side of the card is a hole made by a bullet. At the dinner which was given in the hotel, a dispute arose among the diners and ended in a free fight, in which revolvers were used, and one of the diners was killed. The menu card in question was shot through and was afterward secured by one of the waiters. The waiter went to San Francisco shortly afterward and was drowned in the harbor. When his body was recovered the menu card was found in his pocket, and was subsequently sent to the Geneva Association.

### In the Evening

TAKE A GLASS OF  
**Abbey's Effervescent Salt**  
before retiring. You will feel in fine fettle in the morning.

Two Sizes, 25c. and 60c.  
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banquets. A favorite ice is "Homes punch," which is served in the middle of the repast. This custom of serving ices in the middle of the dinner became very fashionable in England about 10 or 12 years ago, but it is noteworthy that it was a custom which has never obtained at the royal dinner table.

### Muscles Useless Without Nerve Force

Perhaps you are not quite clear on the relation of the nerves to the rest of the body. Through the nerve fibres which extend through countless branches to every nook and corner of the human system is conveyed the motive power which operates the various organs.

There could be no breathing, no beating of the heart, no flow of the digestive fluids, no action of any muscle or organ of the body without nerve force. Consequently, when the nervous system becomes exhausted there is complete collapse of the body, the different stages of which are described as nervous prostration, locomotor ataxia and paralysis.

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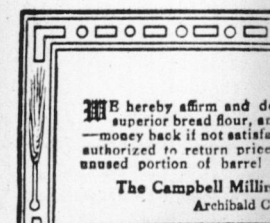
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### Hr. Grace Note

Several bankers arrived this morning in quest of squid.

Yesterday's downpour of caught a number of berry-pickers who were in the country. Although they all hurried home, few escaped a drenching.

The officers of the C. C. C. held a very pleasant dancing assembly at the Academy Hall last night. It was voted one of the most enjoyable gatherings for the season. One young man who lost his cap at a like evening a short time ago, took boots last night, and had to go by with shoes on. If he is not very careful we will see a lost heart advertised shortly.

Large packages of cable were landed from the s.s. Mary at the public wharf here yesterday and rolled down Water Street by a number of workmen. The work of laying it

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of Tar and Cod Liver Oil and definitely rid you from it. The merits of Mathieu's Syrup are a few proofs—

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