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SELF-WILLED.

Thus adjured, Lord Cecil sinks into a hammock-chair and leans back with an air of intense enjoyment. No story of a mysterious princess can have any charm for him; his princess is near to his hand; he can see and touch her, and that suffices.

"And I suppose this princess is very beautiful, Lord Kenworthy?"

Lord Kenworthy is in the diplomatic service, and has learnt this much of his art; that it is the worst of all possible politeness to praise a woman's beauty before others.

"She has that reputation," he says, with a guarded air that Carrie laughs, and even the countess smiles.

"Admit," says Carrie, "that she is a vision of loveliness, Lord Kenworthy; I see you think so."

"I may have done so, Miss Carrie," he says, with a little pointed bow.

"That serves you right, Carrie! I felt Lord Kenworthy would retaliate with a compliment. But now, Ken."

"I don't know that there is any more to say," he responds.

"And I suppose this princess is quite the 'Queen of London'?" says Philippa.

"She would be," answers Lord Kenworthy, "but she will not permit herself to be lionized; she has only appeared at one or two dances, and it has been very difficult to obtain an introduction to her. It is rumored that she dislikes gaiety, and that it is quite a achievement to get her to a ball or even a concert."

"I don't wish to seem uncharitable," says Lord Cecil, lazily, "but it looks as if you girls are playing a deep game, Ken!"

Lord Kenworthy glances at the ground laughingly.

"I thought the name, Neville, but I can't see what she can be aiming at."

"There is an old and favorite game amongst ladies—called matrimony," says the countess, gently.

"No, Lady Fitz-Harwood, I don't think I am an old and one of two good things to my knowledge."

"And your knowledge, Lord Kenworthy, is comprehensive and unimpeachable."

"Why mother, we are all learning to trim ourselves," says Lord Cecil, with a smile.

"Then—then," says Philippa, whose heart is still unsatisfied—then why is she a fuss made about her?"

"Because she is a remarkable personage," replies the countess. "There is something about her, an air, a tone, which excites one's interest and piques one's curiosity. They say—"

"But I am no judge of lady's dress."

"Oh, come, Ken!" from Lord Cecil, accompanied by a ripple of incredulous laughter from the rest.

"Yes," says Lord Kenworthy, "but his admirability, that her style is perfect, and that though her toilet is simple, it is in its way a masterpiece."

"Wonderful!" exclaims Lord Cecil, stretching his long legs.

"And we are to meet this modern mystery Lady Fendale's," says the countess. "I suppose she is great friendly, or the countess would not be at Fendale's! If there are any doubts about our going it is dispelled now, is it not?" and she smiles affectionately at Carrie.

"Oh, yes, I am filled with curiosity, but I am Lord Kenworthy that if the princess does not prove very wonderful and extraordinary, shall, for one, be bitterly disappointed."

"I also," says Lord Cecil. "But I think mean trust Lord Kenworthy; he has seen so many wonderful people to raise false hopes. But isn't it rather strange, Ken, to you, who have been all over the civilized world, have never met this striking beauty?"

"No," replied Lord Kenworthy. "She has been living in strict privacy until she came to London. But talking of going all over the world, I am reminded, he says, that the earl is seen approaching the group with a well-worn dispatch-box. 'I wonder whether I am bound for now—Paris, St. Petersburg, Rome.'"

"Neither," says the earl, who has caught his sentence. "Only to London this time, and he hands him the case, with his eye, kindly smile."

"Poor Ken," says Lord Cecil. "See what it is to be an attaché. You tell him have some bread and cheese before he starts, don't you?"

"The earl laughs. 'Yes, and came to tell you that the meadow ball rang a quarter of an hour ago.' 'Come in then,' says Lord Cecil, 'and let us have a bowl to speed the parting guest.'"

"It is the first time," says Lord Kenworthy, "that I have seen him since that day when he told me to go to the king on his throne! Go to, Ken, you are a dandy!"

"And so, with general laughter, they go in."

CHAPTER XX.

"Do you remember the Matfield ball, Carrie?" whispers Lord Cecil, as he draws his gray domino round her slim form. It is the night of Lady Fendale's fancy-ball, and the Harwood party are gathering in the ball hall, preparatory to the start for Fendale's.

him, she touches the strings of an antique guitar which hangs by a golden chain of medieval workmanship behind his back.

None of the ladies are in fancy dress, all being content with the domino which will conceal, for a time, the ball dresses of Sabasians and Worth.

Although the great hall is tolerably well filled with the party, there is no rushing about, no undue excitement; the tone which Carrie has remarked is never for a moment broken; and as Philippa comes up to them she touches her, and says:

"Do you remember the fuss and worry at home when we were starting for the Matfield ball, Philippa?" Would not one think that all of us here were in the habit of going to a fancy dance every evening in the week excepting Sunday? and Philippa retorts pleasantly:

"We have changed all that, my dear."

"And is the fly ready?" asks Carrie with a laugh as the footman opens the door and she sees the handmaiden carrying the bewinged servant's waiting.

"Of what are you talking, my dear?" says the countess, looking at her with gentle admiration and approval.

"I was just saying that the last time we went to a ball we went in a fly—such a dear old tumble-down thing, wasn't it, Philippa?"

"And no doubt you enjoyed yourself, my dear," says the countess, who is too true a lady to feel the shock which would have run through Lady Bellair at such an admission. Carrie glances at Lord Cecil, and her eyes droop.

"Yes, oh yes, very much."

"And I hope you will like this," says the countess.

"We mean to be perfectly gay and hilarious, mother, directly you have left," says Lord Cecil.

"Then they sort themselves, as Lord Kenworthy says, for he has come down from London by special train, though he will have to rush back again an hour after the ball is over; and the horses dash—not crawl, as did the Matfield fly—down the drive."

"Twelve miles are soon disposed of when the countess clients to such an extent as the Harwood horses, and the party are soon at the entrance of Fendale's."

"What a lovely place!" says Carrie, whose eyes are sparkling and her lips apart already with anticipation.

"One of the oldest and finest places in the country," says Lord Cecil, "and the Fendales are about the noblest people in the world. You will like them immensely, especially Lady Fendale. She was once a beauty—still—and is a good nature personified."

Carrie nods and leaves a little sigh. "I feel to-night as if I could love even the three witches in 'Macbeth.'"

"To say nothing of the Princess," remarks Philippa, dryly.

Lord Cecil laughs.

"I had nearly forgotten the great mystery."

(To Be Continued.)

HOODS AND ONLY HOODS.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is carefully prepared from Sarsaparilla, Mandarilla, Dock, Pississaw, Juniper Berries and other well-known remedies, by a peculiar combination and proportion and process giving to Hood's Sarsaparilla curative powers not possessed by other preparations.

Hood's Pills cure biliousness. Europeans every year eat 4,470,000 tons of beef, mutton and pork.

At Death's Door.—Dyspepsia Conquered.—A Great Medical Triumph. GENTLEMEN,—I am a medical adviser and others told me I could not possibly live, when I commenced the use of Norton & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery for Dyspepsia. My case was one of the worst of its kind. For three years I could not eat meat and my weight decreased from 219 to 119 pounds. All the food I took for thirteen months previous to taking the Vegetable Discovery consisted of milk. I am now entirely cured and have regained my usual weight, can eat and feel like a new man. I have sold over 30 boxes of the Vegetable Discovery since it cured me, as I am well-known, and people in this section know how low I was, and thought I could not possibly be cured. They are eager to try this grand medicine. It certainly saved my life, as I never expected to recover when I first commenced using it. I am not exaggerating anything, but feel glad to be able to contribute this testimonial and trust it may be the means of convincing others of its merits. Write for particulars. JEAN VALOURET. (Signed.) General Merchant.

Wotton, P.Q. Asparagus was originally a wild sea coast plant of Great Britain. Give Holloway's Corn Cure a trial. It removed ten corns from one pair of feet without any pain. What it has done once it will do again.

The French army is three times as large as it was in 1870.

Nothing Better for Children.

Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS OF MOTHERS for their CHILDREN'S WHILE TEETHING with PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES THE CHILD, SOFTENS THE GUMS, ALLEYS ALL PAINS, CURES COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHEA. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

A white penny of 1857, it is in good condition, is worth \$1.

The great lung ailment is found in the excellent medicine sold as Fick's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It soothes and diminishes the sensibility of the membrane of the throat and air passages and is a sovereign remedy for all coughs, colds, bronchitis, pain or soreness in the chest, hemorrhages, etc. It has cured many when supposed to be far advanced in consumption.

A female codfish will lay 45,000,000 eggs in a single season.

How to Cure All Skin Diseases.

Simply apply "SWAN'S OINTMENT." No internal medicine required. Cures freckles, eczema, itch, all eruptions on the face, hands, nose, etc., leaving the skin clear, white and healthy. Its great healing and curative powers are possessed by no other remedy. Ask your druggist for SWAN'S OINTMENT. LYMAN, SONS & CO., Montreal, Quebec, and take no other kind. Russian troops are to be equipped with snow shoes.

Have You Asthma?

SHE KILLED THE BLOODHOUNDS.

Missouri's Female Deserter Again Outwits the Officers.

NORTH END, Okla., Dec. 18.—"Tom King," the notorious female horse thief and cattle thief, who escaped from the El Reno jail last week with the aid of a deputy, who eloped with her, stood off five deputy United States marshals and a sheriff on Wednesday night who had tracked her to her lair. She escaped as she has on every occasion, when a hard pressed by the officers of the law.

The Yukon bloodhounds that were placed on her trail were killed by her unerring rifle, and she had plenty of time to stop and pin a note on the body of one of the bloodhounds, saying that the same fate would be meted out to all who attempted to capture her.

The woman is a dead shot with a rifle or revolver, and rides astraddle with the ease and grace of an accomplished horseman. She has Cherokee blood in her veins, and to that attributed her success in eluding her pursuers. Riding, roughing it out of doors and undergoing hardships that few men could endure have given her a rather hardened appearance, but despite this she is quite comely and has fine eyes. She is an intelligent woman and speaks English and several Indian languages fluently. She is 22 years old and was reared near Springfield, Mo.

Veteran Circus Rider Injured.

NEW YORK, Dec. 18.—While saving his young daughter from terrible death, Richard H. Dockrill, the oldest of American horse trainers and circus riders, was kicked in the side by a savage stallion Saturday evening and probably fatally injured. The girl was bitten by the horse, but escaped with a slight wound. Before it was captured the enraged brute attacked and killed one of other horses with teeth and hoof, and bit a valuable mare so badly that the latter animal may have to be shot.

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And in order to make our Dress Department particularly attractive during the Christmas season, we have laid out a very large range of Dress Stuffs, and regardless of what they cost have made them a uniform price of

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Dress Patterns of six yards for \$3. The range consists of All-Wool Double-Fold Goods, in Plains, Checks and Fancies, and are without doubt the best value in Dress Goods ever offered in London.

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Spittal, Burn

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IS UNACCOUNTABLY LOSING FLESH REFUSING TO TAKE ITS FOOD LITTLE AND REGULARLY

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