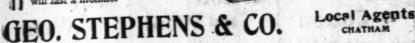
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is so apparent that it takes mighty little talk to convince. And is it any wonder that the " Souvenir" (with its Aerated Oven idea) should be made the standard for quality from whatever point one may choose to view it? Merit will get to the top-and "Souvenir" popularity proves it. The best by test and comparison; most economicalmost durable-best appointedmost perfect cooker and baker-handsomely fittedfor general good service

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ber this, and do not be imposed on by any statements of those interested in running down our goods

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The Face Behind the Mask.

A ROMANCE

than a man-a count, and Count

Leoline sprang to her feet with a

world! You will live, and live for

"Sir!" cried Leoline, white with

paction, and her black eyes blazing with a fire that would have killed

him, Iould fiery glances slay, "I do

not know how you have entered here;

but I do know, if you are a gentle-

man, you will leave me instantly! Go, Sir! I never wish to see you

"But I wish to see you so much, my darling Leoline," said the count, with provoking indifference, "what

does a little reluctance on your part

signify? Eet your hood and mantle

my love my horse awaits us with out—and let us fly where neither plague nor mortal man will interrupt

our nuptials!"

"Will no ne take this man awa...

ská cried, looking helplessly round and wringing her hands.

"Certainly not, my dear—not even Sir Norman Kings ey! George, I am afraid this pretty little vixen will not

go peaceably; you had better come

With a smile on his fare is took a

darted across the room and made

e stairs and out into the

step toward her. Shrieking wildly,

for the door, just as somebody disc was entering it. The next instant a

shawl was thrown over her head, her

tries smothered in it, and she was lift. d in a pair of strong arms, car-

CHAPTER XVI.

Presentiments are strange things. From the first moment Sir Norman entered the city, and his thoughts had been able to leave Miranda and

night

L'Estrange, at that!

the table and sat down before it, ere

she became aware that she was not alone. Some one was "A likely one enough, and yet I see by your face that you doubt it." leaning against the mantel, his, arm on it and his eyes on her, gazing with an air of incomparable coolness and ease. It was a man this time—something more do doubt it! There are a thousand little outward things that make me fancy it is false, and an inward roice that assures me it is so."

"Then let me tell you that inward voice tells falsehoods, for I know that your father and mother are both dead these fourteen years!" Leoline's great black eyes were fixed on her face with a look so wild and eager that La Masque laid her hand lightly and smoothly on her

"Don't look at me with such a spectral face! What is there so ex-traordinary in all I have said?"
"You said you knew my father

and mother."
"No such thing! I said I knew they were dead, but the other fact is true also, I did know them when

"Madame, who are you? Who were they?" Oh, I am La Masque, the sorceress, and they—they were Leo-line's father and mother!" and again

La Masque slightly laughed. "You mock me, madame!" cried Leoline, passionately. "You are cruel-you are heartless! If you know anything, in heaven's name tell me—if not, go, and leave me in

"Thank you! I shall do that presently; and as to the other—of course I shall tell you, what else do you suppose I have come here for to-Look here! Do you see

drew out from some hidden pocket in her dress a small and beautifully-wrought casket of ivory and siiver, with straps and clasps of silver, and a tiny key of the same.
"Well?" asked Leoline, looking from it to her, with a blank air of

one utterly bewildered,
"In the casket, my dear, there is a
roll of papers, closely written, which you are to read as soon as I leave Those papers contain your whole history do you understand?" She was looking so white, and taring so hard and so hopelessly, that there was need of the question She fook the casket and gazed at it with a perplexed air.
with a perplexed air.
"My cit!" have your thoughts

hering? Do you not gone wool-ga. gone wool-ga. I have said to you? comprehend what we is hid in that Your whole histo.

"I know," said Leoline, slowly, and with her eyes again rive ted on the black mask. But, mac. ame, who are you?"

"Have I not told you? What a pretty inquisitor it is! I am Ia Masque—your friend now something more soon, as you will see when you read what I have spoken of. Do not ask me how I have come by it—you will read all about it there. I do not know that I should give it to you to-night, but I have a strange foreboding that it is destined to be my last on earth. And, Leoline, my child, before I leave you, let me hear you say you will not hate me when you read what is there." "What have you done to me? Why

should I hate you?" "Ah! you will find that all out soon enough. Do content me, Leoline-let me hear you say: "La Masque, whatever you've done to me, however you have wronged me, I will forgive you." Can you say

Leoline repeated it simply, like a little child. La Masque took her hand, held it between her own, leaned over and looked earnestly in her

"My little Leoline! my beauti-ful rosebud! May heaven bless you and grant you a long and happy life -shall I say it, Leoline?" whispered Leo-

La Masque softly patted the little tremulgus hand. we are both saying the name now

in our hearts, my dear, so it is little matter whether our lips repeat it or not. He is worthy of you, Leoline, and your life will be a happy one by his side; but there is anoth-She paused and lowered her er." She paused and lowered her voice. "When have you seen Count L'Estrange?"

"Not since yesterday, madame."
"Beware of him! Do you know who he is, Leoline?" "I know nothing of him but his

"Then do not seek to know," said La Masque, emphatically, for it is a secret you would tremble to hear. And now I must leave you. Come with me to the door, and fasten it as soon as I go out, lest you should forget it altogether."

Leoline, with a dazed expression, thrust the precious little casket into the bosom of her dress, and, taking up the lamp, preceded her visitor down stairs. At the door they paused, and La Masque, with her hand in her arm, repeated, in a low, earnest voice:
"Leoline, beware of Count L'Es-

trnnge, and become Lady Kingsley as soon as you can."
"I will bear that name to-morrow!" thought Leolone, with a glad little thrill at her heart, as La Masque flitted out into the moonlight.
Leoline closed and locked the door,
driving the bolts into their staples

and making all secure. "I defy anyone to get in again to-night!" she said, smiling at her own dexterity; and, lamp in hand, she ran lightly

As far as Sir Norman could see, no other human being but himself and the solitary watchman, so often mentioned, were visible. Even he constituted to the present of the pre



Does not warm except through combustion. Food does not nourish except through digestion. You may as well hug a coal pile to get warm as expect to get nourishment out of food which you cannot digest. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures diseases of the stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition. It enables the body to assimilate food and so put on sound flesh and develop strong muscle.

wild scream, a cry full of terror, amaze and superstitious dread; and the count raised his hand with a self-possessed smile.
"Pardon, fair Leoline, if I intrude. But have I not a right to come all hours and visit my bride?" "Leoline is no bride of yours!" torted that young lady, passionately, indignation overpowering both fear and surprise. ["And what is more, never will be! Now, sir!"
"So my little bird of paradise can

fire up. I seel As to your being my bride, that femains to be seen. You promised to be to-night, you know!"
"Then I'll recall that promise. I've changed my mind."
"Well, that's not very astonishing; it is but the privilege of your sex! Nevertheless, I'm afraid I must insist on your becoming Countess L'Es-trange, and that immediately,"
"Never, sir! I will die first!"
"Oh, no! We could not spare such

second night of his watch; and with a good conscience and a sound ligestion, there is no earthly anguish short of the toothache strong enough to keep a man awake two nights in succession. So sound were his balmy slumbers in his airy chamber, that not even the loud clatter of Sir Norman's horse's hoofs proved strong enought to arouse him, and that young gentleman, after glancing him, made up his mind to try and find out for himself before arousing him to seek information.

Securing his horse, he looked up at the house with wistful eyes, and saw that the solitary light still burned in her chamber. It struck him now very imprudent it was to keep that lamp burning; for if Count 1, Estrange saw it, it was all up with Leoline and there was even more to be dreaded from him than from the earl. How earl and out whother that il-

was ne ... luminated chambe. not? Certainly standing there seeming would not do it, and there seem ed to be but two ways-that of entering the house at once or arousing so soundly that it seemed a pity to awake him for a trifle; and, after all, there could be no great harm or indiscretion in his entering to see if his bride was safe. Probably Leoline was asleep, and would know no thing about it; or, even were she wide awake and watchful, she was altogether too sensible a girl to be displeased at his anxiety about her. If she was still awake, and waiting for day-dawn, be resolved to remain with her and keep her from feeling onesome until that time came-if she were asleep he would steal out softly again, and keep guard at her door

until morning.
Full of these praiseworthy resolu tions, he tried the handle of the door. helf expecting to find it locked, and himself obliged to effect an entrance through the window, but no, it delded to his touch, and he went in Hall and staircase were intensely dark, but he knew his way without a pilot this time, and steered clear of all shoals and quicksands, through

the hall and up the stairs.

The door of the lighted room—Le line's room-lay wide open, and he paused on the threshold to reconnot He had gone softly for fear of startling her, and now, with the same tender caution, he glanced round the room. The lamp burned on the dainty dressing-table, where undisturbed lay jewels, perfume bottles and other knick-knacks. The cithern lay unmolested on the couch, the rich curtains were drawn, everything was as he had left it last-everything but the pretty pink figure, with drooping eyes and pearls in the waves of her rich, black Lair. He waves of her rich, black ball looked round for the things had worn, hoping she had taken them off and retired to rest, but they were not to be seen; and with a cold sinking of the heart he went noiseless! across the room and to the bed. It was empty, and showed no trace of having been otherwise since he ad the pest-cart driver had born off from it the apparently lifeless form of Leo-

she was gone; and Sir Norman To be Continued. Night Was Her Terror.

"I would cough nearly all night long," writes Mrs. Chas. Applegate, of Adexandria, Ind., "and could hardly get any sleep. I had consumption so bad that if I walked a block I would cough frightfully and spit blood but, when all other medicines failed, three \$i bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery wholly cured me and I gained 58 pounds." It's absolutely guaranteed to cure Coughs, Colds, La Grippe, Bronchitis and all Throat and Lung Troubles, Price 50c. and \$1.00. Trial bottles free at A. I. Powell & Co.'s Drug Store.

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Never be afraid of what is go The good is always the road to what is true.—Hamerton.

Minard's Liniment - Lum

SALTY WHITE MEN.

They Are Not Reliabed by Cannibals as Well as the Native Pro as Well as the Native Product.
Cannibalism is not so prevalent today as it was a quarter of a century ago, says the Cincinnati Enquirer. It is necessary to penetrate to very remote parts of the world, where the explorer and the missionary have not carried civilizing influences. There are many tribes of savages, however, now in a semicivilized state who, not so many years ago, were the worst kind of cannibals. All the present generation, says a returned missionary, are converted to civilized practice, in large part, and only the old folks retain memories of the bar-

civilized practice. in large part, and only the old folks retain memories of the barbarous orgies the tribe used to indulge in.

"Once, when a new young man came out to join me, one of the first things he confided to me was that he was very anxious to see and talk to a real live cannibal. Accordingly I sent for one of the old, gray headed men of the tribe, who had been a fierce warrior in days gone by. He was a tall and stately fellow, and he saluted us profoundly as he entered. As he could speak only his native language, I had to interpret for the curious young man.

ous young man.
"'Have you really eaten human flesh?

he asked.
"I interpreted this, and the tame old eavage grinned and nodded his head.
"Yes, frequently when I was a young man," was the reply, with a grin.

"'Did you ever eat white men?"
"'Yes, whenever they could be caught,"
"'And people of your own color?"
"'Always when we made war we ate our captives, if we were victorious. ont, they are us. "Which tasted the best white man

er black?

"Black man best; nice and juicy.

White man tough and too salty.

"It is more than likely that the white men who fell into their hands were old sailors, who had lived for months and years on salted meats, and what, with the salt air, they were no doubt so im-pregnated that it would be very notice-able."

EXCITING SEA FIGHTS.

Together to Catch Tunnies. One of the most thrilling and wonderful sights in the world is that of the tunny fisheries of the Mediterranean sea, says the New York Press. The pursuit of these great and swift fish is not a of these great and swift usin is not a mere tame operation of netting. It is a gight between man and sea creatures such as is duplicated nowhere except in the whale fisheries. The tunny is a huge mackerel. He is a predaceous fish, and his course through the seas is that of a destroyer without parallel. So deadly is the tunny to the schools of herring and similar food fish that he is called the similar food fish that he is called the herring hog. In our waters he is known more generally as the horse mackers! The tunny fisheries are distinctly fluration and they are the oldest industry that is known in the industry that is known in the industry that is the industry that is the industry that is the industry that it is

... large bodies, for fishermen singly could do nothing with these

a which grow to a length of ten feet

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a system of co-operaTherefore there

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a back to the

tunny, a system which da. Phenicians, who were great dos catchers in their time. The perfections, to the fact that the big fish have absolutely regular habits. In normal times they can be relied on to make their appearance at certain periods almost to the minute. When they come, it is in huge schools that can be seen afar, for they scour the waters like ships of war, and the leapings of their prey



and the leapings of their own bulks bodies beat the deep into white foam an

Since they are so exact in their habits,

the fishermen prepare for them always before they arrive. At some designated spot are spread enormous nets, exceed-ingly deep and made of the strongest of line. These are not designed to catch the tunnies. They are spread out merely to force the fish to edge in and in until they are led to the real prison net, which is a vast contrivance set in an immense square and powerful enough to defy anything that swims. As soon as the last of the school has entered this boxlike incosure the sides of the great net are raised at a signal. At first the net are raised at a signal. At first the imprisoned fish do not show any signs of alarm. But as the net rises, inch by inch, from the water depths, gleaming, swordlike backs appear here and there above the surface, darting with incredible swiftness from side to side of the net. Each instant more of these living blades appear above the surface. Then the fish begin to leap. Here one launches himself straight out of the water, 500 pounds of glorious life, toward the sky, to crash back into the sea with a fall-like blow of sides and tall that makes the ocean echo. Another and another rises and falls back. Soon the scene is as if the abysses of the sea were spoutas if the abysses of the sea were spout-ing their inhabitants, for hundreds of immense silver flashing fish rise every-where at once within the net.

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ar and Mandolin Instruction

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ALEX. GREGORY, Sec.

THE A. O. U. W. Workmen, can we not learn from the close personal canvas during this election contest, the very best way to promote the fraternal increase and progress of Peninsular Lodge? Shall we deem it of less importance to press the question of protecting widows and orphans, and freeing them from want than protection or free trade in any other earthly issue! Remember, ne-

glected opport inities are rumous WARREN MARTIN.

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Ice Cream and Cream Soda

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HUDDEDUDIDEDU

eager was she that she had ed the room, laid the lamp on

find themselves wholly on Leoline, a heavy foreboding of evil to her had oppressed him. Some danger, he was sure, had befallen her during his absence-how could it be otherwise with the Earl of Rochester and Count L'Estrange both on her track? Perhaps by this time one or the other had found her, and alone and unaided she had been an easy victim, and was now borne beyond his reach forever.

The thought goaded him and horse almost to distraction, for the moment it struck him he struck his spurs into his horse, making that unoffending animal jump spasmodically, like one of those prancing steeds Rosa Bonheur was fond of depicting. Through the streets he flew at a frantic rate, growing more excited and full of apprehension the nearer he came to old London bridge; and calling himseslf a select litany hard names inwardly for having left

dear little thing at all. "If I find her safe and well," thought Sir Norman, emphatically, "nothing short of an earthquake or dying of the plague will ever induce dying of the plague will ever induce me to leave her again until she is Lady Kingsley, and in the old manor in Devonshire. What a fool, idiot, and ninny I must have been, to have left her as I did, knowing those two sleuth-hounds were in full chase! What are all the Mirandas and midnight queens to the if Leoline is night gueens to me, if Leoline is

The last question was addressed to the elements in general; and as they disdained reply, he cantered on furiously, till the old house by the river was reached. It was the third time that night he had paused to contemplate it, and each time with very different feelings; first, from simple curiosity; second, in an ecstasy of de-light, and third, and last, in an agony of apprehension. All around was peaceful and still; moon and stars sailed serenely through a sky of silsailed serenely through a sky of surver and snow; a faint cool breeze floated up from the river and fanned his hot and fevered forehead; the whole city lay wrapped in stillness as profound and death-like as the fabled one of the marble prince in the moved. abled one of the marble prince in the eastern take—nothing living moved abroad, but the lonely nightguards keeping their dreaery vigils before the plague stricken houses, and the everpresent, ever-busy pest-cart, with its mountal bell and dreadful cry.

scarcely be said to be present; for, though leaning against the house with his halberd on his shoulder, he was sound asleep at his post. and far