



or its equal, thus showing the standard value of Salada. For sale by all grocers.

NOT LOVED, YET WEDDED

Meanwhile, with a bewildered sensation in her brain, Marie had been driven home. She knew she had done right; she knew that in the future long years she should have cause for self-respect, not blame; still, it had been a hard struggle, and she would gladly have avoided meeting Mrs. Mannering and her daughters. She feared they would refer to Lady, or rather, the Countess of Lethington—especially outspoken Cass.

To her relief, therefore, she found on reaching home that they were all absent, and would not return save in time to dress for dinner.

When her duties as lady's-maid were completed her time was her own, and she shut her door upon all, even Caroline Langton.

The latter's plea of illness had had the effect she wished. The Mannering were kind-hearted people, and did not compel her to leave the house or to show herself more in society than was necessary.

This evening she was sitting alone in her own room, wondering a little why Marie had not come near her, when the footman brought a message from Mrs. Mannering, requesting she would come to the drawing-room for a few minutes.

"Who is there?" asked Caroline, rising at once.

"Honny the ladies, miss. The gentleman air yet hover their wine."

Hearing this, the governess unhesitatingly descended. She found as the footman had said, only the ladies present.

Captain Selwyn had made a very favorable impression on Mrs. Mannering and her daughters. They admired him immensely. Honoria declared she liked no profession equal to that of a sailor, upon which Cass exercised her wit, by informing her sister that she would certainly give her consent, as she should like him very much for a brother-in-law, especially if he would bring curiosities from abroad.

"Do not be so foolish, Cassandra," expostulated her mother. "For my part I cannot see why the captain should not like your sister. In a year or two you'll take more interest in such matters than you do now. Honoria, my love, as with an effort to assume a fashionable air of repose, she sank back on a couch, the captain said he admired music; I hope you are in voice this evening."

"I feel I'm not, mamma," responded Honoria, turning over some pieces of music. "Which song do you think I'd better sing?"

"'Twas but a Passing Thought," suggested Cass.

"Nonsense; a mere ballad," retorted her sister; "a schoolgirl could sing that."

"Then for style," remarked Mrs. Mannering, folding her hands complacently, and speaking, as might the musical critic of the—"I think 'Vokey sapette' ('Vokey sapette')."

"I think so, too. I'll just try it." But the trying did not prove successful. From nervousness, or some other cause, Honoria certainly was not in voice.

"How tiresome. I'll send for Miss Langton," she remarked, a little pettishly. "I can always do it better if she sings it first through to me."

"You had better get Maria Saproni. She has the superior voice, and it's her own language."

But Cass' suggestion, murmured out over a book, which was not heard or noticed, Mrs. Mannering saying to her elder daughter:

"Then be quick, my love, for you know Hector's never long over his wine."

Thus the governess was summoned, and, taking her place at the piano, soon filled the room with sweet, full, though not powerful, melody. She had just reached the concluding bars when the door opened and the gentlemen entered.

Mrs. Mannering pronounced a most audible "Hush!" of warning to those at the instrument, which, hearing, caused Honoria to nudge the governess. Taking the hint, and catching the glimpse of a dress-coat, Caroline instantly rose from the piano. Closing the music, she put it aside; then, politely inclining her head, crossed towards the door; in doing so, her eyes

encountered the widely-starting gaze of the guest. She uttered one long, piercing shriek, and sank back upon a chair.

The cry was echoed by another, and the next moment Captain Selwyn was kneeling by the governess, supporting her in his arms, gazing passionately in her face, while he ejaculated, with considerable excitement:

"Caroline! my own dearest love! Thank heaven I have found you—found you at last!"

"Good gracious! Captain Selwyn!" cried Mrs. Mannering, regarding the scene, as did the rest, in intense bewilderment. "What does this mean?"

"Mean, my dear madam," he answered, raising his bronzed, manly face, which quivered with an indescribable joy, "that this lady is my wife!"

CHAPTER XXXV.

Those words of Captain Selwyn fell like a bomb-shell among the listeners.

"His wife? Miss Caroline Langton's wife?"

Mrs. Mannering at the moment did not know whether to feel sympathetic or indignant. With a blending of the two, clasping her hands, she ejaculated:

"Good gracious, Captain Selwyn! What does this mean—and under my roof, too?"

"Ah! madam, I shall never forget that, believe me; I shall always regard it with the greatest affection and respect, for under it I have refound happiness. Hush! she recovers."

"But, dear me, it's all very well. How did you lose your wife, Captain Selwyn? Why has she, a married woman, been passing herself off as single—as a Miss Caroline Langton? It is very peculiar."

"It is, I confess, a mystery, my dear madam," responded the officer, "a mystery as much to me as to you. But be assured of this, whatever the reason which has led her to take such a step, she is not to blame."

The sound of her name evidently penetrated the governess' stunned senses. Opening her eyes she gazed around; then, as Captain Selwyn replied, starting up and standing a little from him, she exclaimed, with eager, trembling excitement:

"But I am to blame, and I only; indeed, it is true; yet there is no disgrace in it."

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in what I have done. I pray you, madam, credit the brought no insult to your family by accepting the shelter of your roof. I am innocent of all wrong!"

"Innocent, Caroline! Who could doubt that?" exclaimed her husband, stepping towards her, his face full of love.

But she shrank back, murmuring in an entreating whisper for his ear alone:

"No, no; not until you have heard all, for now I feel I must tell you. I may possibly have acted madly, foolishly, but until you know everything not even our hands shall meet. Oh! in mercy end this scene."

She spoke hurriedly, but with determination. He drew away, pained, perplexed; then, noting the governess' distress, said, addressing Mrs. Mannering:

"Madam, I know not how to apologize for having created such a scene in your house; still, I am assured, your kindness will excuse, seeing how unpremeditated it was. I will disembarrass you of my presence speedily, only dare I crave shelter one night longer for my wife. Tomorrow I will fetch her, for I trust she will not refuse to come with me. Before leaving, however, may I ask for a few moments' private conversation with her?"

Hector had already nodded at Cass and Honoria, who, taking the hint suggested by his innate good-breeding, had already quitted the apartment. Hector himself now approached the door, and Mrs. Mannering, finding herself deserted, let her kindly nature rule her entirely.

"Assuredly, Captain Selwyn; this room is at your service as long as you wish. I confess all this is very mysterious, but excuse my saying that I have known Miss—I should say Mrs. Selwyn—so long that I cannot think the fault does rest with her."

"Thank you, madam, for that opinion. I confess to the governess, her eyes suffused with grateful tears. "But neither is there blame to my husband. When I have spoken with him, I hope—if it would in any way interest you—I will give some explanation. I feel it is my duty."

"Please yourself, my dear," replied Mrs. Mannering, approaching the door. "Tell me or not, as you think fit, but I own I'm woman enough to be very glad to be made acquainted."

[To be Continued.]

Of Interest to Women.

Expensive Cooking Utensils.

There is no better proof of the increased interest that women are taking in culinary matters than the dainty and costly cooking utensils to be found at the house of furnishing.

A saucepan made of the best copper, silver lined, and costing \$42, tells its own story. Never before in the history of house-furnishing goods has an assortment of culinary ware so expensive been put on the market.

There are long-handled frying-pans of the best grade of copper, lined with silver, and costing as much as most people would give for a handsome sugar dish, a piece of bric-a-brac for the drawing-room. Dainty little stew-pans cost from \$4.40 up to \$12.50, according to size. The smallest are hardly larger than a muffin-ring. There are water-boilers just as shapely and costing just as much as a handsome vase or drinking-cup, and what women would be inclined to class as "dear little receptacles," of make and quality so fine that terrapin stew made in either came out before the diner in the same vessel that it is cooked in. Yet a half dozen of these terrapin stew-pans, made of copper and silver-lined, cost \$20—fitting holders for food so rare and far famed as Long Island and Chesapeake terrapin at \$3 and \$5 apiece.—New York Sun.

Corsets.

The new corsets are quite different in shape from those that were fashionable last year. The new skirts are so close-fitting that it is quite necessary to have a corset that fits close over the hips, and the short-waisted corsets are still worn as low-busted as possible, curving in at the waist. This is a model that is most becoming to stout figures, and is not unbecoming to slender women. For evening gowns the models are over the hips. The great difficulty in New York has been that almost all the best shaped corsets were high-priced. Now there are many different shapes to choose from, even among the cheaper ones, that by taking time to be well fitted it is possible to find what is satisfactory for comfort and health, and at the same time a comparatively little money. It is not possible to buy a satisfactory corset for less than \$1.00, and it is a stout woman to economize on some article of clothing and buy better corsets.—Harper's Bazar.

Remodeling Old Gowns.

Remodeling skirts is not an easy task, but it is surprising how some of last year's, skirts can be done over. The width was so much greater that by using a narrower pattern considerable material can be cut over and put into a flounce. The attached flounces can be made quite smart. But when a piece of work of this sort is attempted it must be thoroughly well done from the start. The old skirt would best be ripped apart, if not entirely so, at all events to within a quarter of a yard of the waist. The pattern of the new shape must then be laid on it, and if it is at all carefully cut, the skirt will look quite new. Two or three narrow ribbon ruffles will add greatly to it, particularly if black be used. These should be put on at the edge of the flounce, and where the ribbon joins the skirt there should be two or three rows of ribbon put on quite plain.

If a last year's skirt having lost its fresh look, a good plan is to trim it with three or four rows of black braid half way up. This can be put on plain or in a zigzag pattern. Trimming with black always freshens up an old gown, gives it a smart look, and, as a rule, makes it more becoming. A last year's black and white taffeta gown has been made to look as if it had just been taken out of that immaculate much-quoted bandbox simply by a new trimming of white lace and black velvet mingling of white lace and black velvet ribbon. A pointed vest of white lace was put on the waist. This was outlined with bands of black velvet arranged to give a pointed effect. Over the tops of the sleeves were caps of lace forming epaulettes. Around the skirt were two bands of lace insertion, with narrow black velvet on either edge. A black velvet ribbon sash fas-

tened with a steel buckle gave the finishing touch of smartness to the pretty and attractive costume.

It is not in fashion again. Made of ribbon of taffeta, or of mousseline de soie, and most elaborately trimmed, they will quite cover up the back of the gown and hide any defect in a delightful way.

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THE LATE DR. WELLS

An Elloquent Tribute in the Canadian Baptist—The Noble Character—Lectures of Dilect.

Last week's issue of the Canadian Baptist contains a biographical sketch of the late editor of that journal, Dr. J. E. Wells, M.A., LL.D., from the pen of Mr. Theodore H. Rand. A fellow-student of Mr. Wells in early life and a close friend in his later years, Mr. Rand is eminently qualified for the task he undertakes. After referring to his early life and school career, Mr. Rand says in part:

"In college, as in the academy, he was a diligent, careful, and hard worker, an all-round student; yet having special delight in economic, moral and philosophical subjects. He was an independent thinker, and was prepared to follow where honest thinking led. A liberal in politics, with Radical tendencies, with unbounded confidence in the capabilities of man for progress, and a passion for bringing the Sermon on the Mount down into the plains and valleys of human society and life—such was Mr. Wells in his college days. He had surpassing faith in argument as a means of arriving at practical truth. Let us reason together. His own conduct was wonderfully regulated by his ideal. A liberal in politics, with Radical tendencies, with unbounded confidence in the capabilities of man for progress, and a passion for bringing the Sermon on the Mount down into the plains and valleys of human society and life—such was Mr. Wells in his college days. 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