

THE QUEEN'S TOKEN

CHAPTER VI.

The moon was shining brightly over the ruins of Kilterran Abbey, and Blanche Tredethlyn, gazing out of the window of her own room...

Blanche and Gemma started up and ran to the window. A crowd of workmen—in the midst of whom they perceived Mr. Vaughan, and a large dark object, carried by two men, but of whose nature they could form no idea—were turned into the angle of the entrance...

Blanche stood by her window, which opened down to the floor; the moonlight shone on her face, thinner, more transparent, far sadder than it had been when she had first seen her father...

The strange-looking object, having been cleaned as far as possible, was carried into the house, the men were liberally rewarded, and Miss Tredethlyn, Gemma and Mr. Vaughan were left to examine the letters, for such it undoubtedly was...

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"After all, all he tells me does not make things right," said Gemma—"he must marry a poor girl, and I must be content with my lot, and be thankful for what I have. But you, my dear, you must never do that, I am sure, and Colonel Ramsey will not give them the chance if they were inclined to do so."

Blanche spoke hesitatingly, and took Gemma's hand, and kissed it, and then she kissed her forehead and looked at her. "You mean that you will do for me, my dear friend, dear Ruthven, and I know you had this intention in your mind; we have often written about it; but we are of one mind about that. It must not be."

"Then we will try and find out what causes it," said Mr. Vaughan. "It is something that has been passed among my graving tools."

Blanche retired to rest, and soon the moonbeams, peeping through the slits in the curtains, glistened on her sleeping face. One white, slender hand lay softly on the cushion by her head, and the other was hidden in the lace at the bosom of her nightdress, and closed over mysterious and precious jewels...

"I shall never marry, Gemma; be quite sure of that, as sure as I am. I shall wrong no possible husband, no future children, by what I intend to do."

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looking at the scrolls of parchment with somewhat of the awe and reverence inseparable, in imaginative and refined minds, from any object of antiquity which records the deeds and the names of human beings long passed into the unknown world.

CHAPTER VII. At Mr. Vaughan's request Miss Tredethlyn left him alone to the task, to which he applied himself with the keenest interest and zeal.

Blanche and Gemma were stooping over the huge mass, eyeing it with curiosity, while Mr. Vaughan spoke; but the man looked aghast, and one of the foremost whispered to his neighbor: "Valuable, is it? Arrah! sure it's only a lump of gold!"

TRAP FOR THE COCKROACH. Kansas City Man Invents a Contrivance to Exterminate Them. The latest surprise for the cockroach is a bug trap. This pesky insect has prospered and multiplied regardless of a multitude of bug poisons now on the market, each of which is guaranteed to quickly put all sorts of conditions of bugs out of circulation.

Now, as the cockroach is a scorable bug and great multitudes can generally be found in one place, the unfortunate bug in the trap attracts the attention of his associates, who in their effort to lend assistance find their way into the trap also. And so the good work goes on until the trap is full. Mr. Crehore has on a patent for his invention, and he has secured the right to sell it.

A Beautiful young lady, being engaged to a Handsome young man, sought to Reform him. "I observe," she said, "that you are Addicted to the Foolish Habit of Smoking. Do you not think you should stop it? It would be so much Better for you if you did. Besides, you should save money."

"Yes, indeed," replied the Handsome young man. "And I Perceive that you are Addicted to the Foolish Habit of Smoking. Do you not think you should stop it? It would be so much Better for you if you did. Besides, you should save money."

THE GARDEN SEED MAN

Who Ran for Office and Got His Leg Pulled.

Once upon a time the King-Pins of a Great Party decided that the City Ticket could not be elected, so they decided to Recognise the Better Element. If it had been an Airtight Cinch, the Nominations would have gone to the Boys who do the Fine Work.

In a Residence Street which had just put in Asphalt and which had a Cast Iron Door in nearly every Front Yard, as a slight Concealment to Art, there lived a Nice Man who was in the Garden Seed Business. He said "Whom," and wore Nose Glasses, and he was lost if he did not have an Umbrella under his arm.

When they talked it over in a Wine Room at the rear of the Pug's Olympia, it was reported that the Garden Seed Man was suspected of being a Lily White, who seldom stood by the Straight Ticket, that he carried a Little Sack of Peppermint Lozenges and that he had never been known to liberally reward any of his customers.

The Committee men had worked the little Ball in and out of the English Walnut, before shifting to Politics, and they could sit down beside a trusting, unsophisticated Unitarian with an Open-Work coat and convince him that Red was Yellow.

By the time they were through Pumping it into him he was sure that if he did not accept the Nomination for Mayor, he would be hung all over the city, and the Little Child would moan in their "Rundie Beds. So he put on the Corrugated Iron and tried to look like Caesar, at least in the eyes of the voters.

His wife and her sister and the Man who took care of the Furnace and his other Friends heard what he was up to. They tried to get a firm Hunt-Hold on his Coat-Tails and pull him out of Danger, but he knew better. He said the Populace was Calling for him. No one else heard the call. It must have come over a Private Wire.

What will we do when the wood is all gone? This question has been asked from the beginning of the settlement of this country, and the question has been answered as rapidly as there was the necessity for an answer. Wood passed out as fuel, and coal took its place. Wood is rapidly passing out as a building material, and stone and brick and iron are taking its place.

THE HUMAN BODY A BUNDLE OF NERVES

Without that vital force supplied by the nervous system, the heart, lungs, stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels are powerless to perform their functions, and hence it is that weak, starved and exhausted nerves result in such derangements as cause indigestion, nervous depression and headache; tired, languid and despondent feelings; loss of energy and ambition; fear of venture and incapacity for business; nervousness, weakness, debility and general breakdown of the body.

Advertisement for Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, featuring an illustration of a man's face and the product packaging. Text includes: 'The human body is a bundle of nerves and the whole system is indubitably filled with nerve energy...' and 'DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD'.

of Bag Punchers and Mayhem Specialists, who showed him how to convert his Ready Money into Popularity. He was not a stayer, so he had to take Seltzer at every Stop. He would come Home all Carbureted worse than a Soda Fountain and with his Pockets full of pale, dangerous-looking Cigarettes on the end of a string from his Clothes with a Pair of Tweezers.

Every other Ward was organized in the same manner. The committee gave it to him Raw two or three times a Week. They could get him into a Back Room at Headquarters and pull down the Blind and plug cotton in the Key-Holes and Talk to him in a Stage Whisper. What they had to say could have been talked through a Megaphone at the Street corners and out as far as they pleased, but all this Hush Bustin' and the Subdued Tones are a part of the Game. Besides, it was better to have him in the Back Room so they could help him to count his Money and work the Short Change Racket without any Fear of Police Interference.

As he saw his Balance melt he was cheerless, who carried an overweight of Jowl and wore Cameos a little smaller than the Home-Plate, went up to the Garden Seed Office and told the Nice Man that he was sick with Anxiety to know how he be their Next City Clerk.

At eleven o'clock on Election Night he sat at Headquarters, whence all but a few had fled, and tried to console himself with the thought that it would require the Official Count to decide. They had to lead him Home. He did not want to face his wife. The other Man was 17,000 ahead and still he was in the lead.

Instead of taking it as a Joke, the same as Other People did, he got Sore on Humanity in General and joined a Third Party that was opposed to anything you could mention. He never bought the new Surrey or put the L on the Kitchen.

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