At the cloak-room the multitude of men inspired him with new confi dence. There were some, a very fair sprinkling, whom he knew, and who dence. There were some, a very lair sprinkling, whom he knew, and who greeted nim indifferently, without appearing in any way to regard his presence as a thing out of the common. He walked up the staircase, one of a fitte group; but as they passed through the ante-room to where in the distance Prince and Princess Loenski were standing to receive their guests, Harcutt adrottly disengeged, himself—he affected to pause for a moment or two to speak to an acquaintance. When he was left alone he turned sharp to the right and entered the main dancing salon.

He was quite safe now, and his spirits began to rise. Yonder was Densham, looking very bored, dancing with a girl in yellow. So far, at least, he had gained no advantage. He looked everywhere in vain, however, for a man with a club foot and the girl in white and diamonds. They must

for a man with a club loot and the girl in white and diamonds. They must be in one of the inner rooms. He began to make a little tour.

Two of the ante-chambers he explored without result. In the third,

plored without result. In the third, two men were standing near the entrance, talking. Harcutt almost held his breath as he came to an abrupt stop within a yard or two of them. One was the man for whom he had been looking, the other—Harcutt seemed to find his face perfectly familiar, but for the moment he could not identify him. He was tall, with white hair and moustache. His coat white hair and moustache. His coat was covered with foreign orders and he wore English Court dress. His hands were clasped behind his back, he was talking in a low, clear tone, stooping a little, with eyes steadfast-ly fixed upon his companion. Mr. Sa-bin was leaning a little forward, with both hands resting on his stick. Har-

cutt was struck at once with the sin-gular immobility of his face. He did not appear either interested or amused or acquiescent. He was sim-ply listening. A few words from the other man came to Harcourt's ears as he lingered there on the other side of the curtain. the curtain.
"If it were money—a question of

monetary recompanse—the secret service purse of my country opens easily, and it is well filled. If it were any thing less simple, the proposal could but be made. I am taking the thing, you understand, at your own computation of its worth. I am taking it for granted that it carries with it the power you claim for it. Assuming these things, I am prepared to treat with you. I am going on leave very shortly, and I could myself conduct the negotiation.

Harcutt would have moved away, but Harcutt would have moved away, but he was absolutely powerless. Naturally, and from his journalistic instincts, he was one of the most curious of men. He had recognized the speaker. The interview was pregnant with possibilities. Who was this Mr. Sabin that so great a man should talk with him so earnestly? He was looking up now, he was going to speak. What was he going to say? Harcutt held his breath. The idea of moving away never occurred to him now.

now. "Yet." Mr. Sabin said, slowly, "your country should be a low bidder. The importance of such a thing to you must be less than to France, less than to her great ally. Your relations here are close and friendly. Nature and lestiny seemed to have made you allies. As yet there has been no rift-

es. As yet there has been no ritt-o sign of a rift."
"You are right," the other man newered slowly; "and yet who can ell what lies before us? In less than dozen years, the face of all Europe to the between description of a surrous may be changed. The policy of a great may be changed. The policy of a great nation is, to all appearance, a stead-fast thing. On the face of it, it continues the same, age after age. Yet if a change is to come, it comes from within. It develops slowly. It grows from within, outwards, very slowly, like a secret thing. Do you follow me?"

"I think—perhaps I do," Mr. Sabin admitted deliberately.

The Ambassador's voice dropped almost to a whisper, and but for its singularly penetrating quality Harcutt would have heard no more. As it was, he had almost to hold his breath, and all his nerves quivered with the tension of listening.

"Even the Press is deceived. The inspired organs purposely mislead. Outside to all the world there seems to be nothing brewing; yet, when

to be nothing brewing; yet, when the storm bursts, one sees that it has been long in gathering—that years of careful study and thought years of careful study and thought have been given to that hidden tri-umph of diplomacy. All has been locked in the breasts of a few. The thing is full-fledged when it is hatched upon the world. It has grown strong

upon the world. It has grown strong in darkness. You understand me?"
"Yes; I think that I understand you," Mr. Sabin said, his piercing eyes raised now from the ground and fixed upon the other man's face. "You have given me food for serious thought. I shall do nothing further till I have talked with you negain." again."
Harcutt suddenly and swiftly with-

drew. He had stayed as long as he dared. At any moment his presence might have been detected, and he would have been involved in a situawould have been involved in a situation which even the nerve and effrontery acquired during the practice of his profession could not have rendered endurable. He found a seat in an adjoining room, and sat quite still, thinking. His brain was in a whirl. He had almost forgotten the special object of his quest. He felt like a conspirator. The fascination of the unknown was upon him. Their first instinct concerning these people had been a true one. They were indeed no ordinary people. He must follow them up—he must know more about them. Once more he thought over what he had heard. It was mysterious, but it was interesting. It might mean anything. The man with Mr. Sabin he had recognized the moment he spoke. It was Baron von Knigenstein, the German Amblassador. Those were strange words of his. He pondered them over again. The journalistic fever was up on him. He was no longer in love. He had overheard a few words of a discussion of tremendous

in love. H words of a import. If thing through discussion of tremendous only he could follow this th, then farewell so caphing and playing at His reputation would be ciety par bis way to the just to

of champagne. Then he walked back to the main saloon. Standing with his back to the wall, and half-hidden by a tall palm tree, was Densham. He was alone. His arms were folded, and he was looking out upon the dancers with a gloomy frown. Harcutt stepped softly up to him. "Well, how are you getting on, old chap?" he whispered in his ear. Densham started and looked at Harcut in blank surprise. "Why—how the—excuse me, how on earth did you get in?" he exclaimed. Harcutt smiled in a mysterious manner.

"Oh! we journalists are trained to

"Oh! we journalists are trained to overcome small difficulties," he said airily. "It wasn't a very hard task. The Morning is a very good passport. Getting in was easy enough. Where is—she?"

Densham moved his head in the direction of the broad space at the head of the stairs, where the Ambassador and his wife had received their guests. "She is under the special wing of the Princess. She is up at that end of the room somewhere with a lot of of the room somewhere with a lot of

old frumps."

"Have you asked for an introduction?"

duction?"
Densham nodded.
"Yes, I asked young Lobenski. It is no good. He does not know who she is; but she does not dance, and is not allowed to make acquaintances. That is what it comes to, anyway. It was not a personal matter at all. Lobenski did not even mention my name to his mother. He simply said a friend. The Princes required that friend. The Princess replied that she was very sorry, but there was some difficulty. The young lady's guardian did not wish her to make acquaintances for the present."

"Her guardian! He's not her fathers then?"

"No! It was either her guardian or They both hurried to the cloak-room for their coats, and reached the street in time to see the people in whom they were so interested coming down the stairs towards them. In the glare of the electric light, the In the glare of the electric light, the girl's pale, upraised face shone like a piece of delicate statuary. To Densham, the artist, she was irresistible. He drew Harcutt right back amongst the shadows.

"She is the most beautiful woman

The list he most beautiful woman I have ever seen in my life," he said deliberately. "Titian never conceived anything more exquisite. She is a woman to paint and to worship!" "What are you going to do now?" Harcutt asked drily. "You can rave

about her in your studio, if you like."
"I am going to find out where she lives, if I have to follow her home on foot! It will be something to know that."

"Two of us," Harcutt protested. "Two of us," Harcutt protested.
"It is too obvious."
"I can't help that," Densham replied. "I do not sleep until I have found out."
Harcutt looked dublows.
"Look here," he said, "we need not both go. I will leave it to you on one condition"
"Well?"

"Well ?"

"You must let me know to morrow

"Agreed," he decided. "There they go! Good-night. I will call at your rooms, or send a note, to morrow." Densham jumped into his cab

drove away. Harcutt looked after them thoughtfully.

"The girl is very lovely," he said to himself, as he stood on the pavement watting for his carriage; "but I do not think that she is for you, Densham or for me! On the whole, I am more interested in the man!"

CHAPTER V. The Dilemma of Wolfenden. Wolfenden was evidently absolutely unprepared to see the girl whom he found occupying his own particular easy chair in his study. The light was only a dim one, and as she did not move or turn round at his entrance. he did not recognize her until he was standing on the hearthrug by her side. Then he started with a little exclam-

He stopped in the middle of his question and looked intently at her. Her head was thrown back amongst the cushions of the chair, and she was fast asleep. Her hat was a little crushed, and a little curl of fair hair had escaped and was hanging down over her and a little curi of lair nair nair caped and was hanging down over her forchead. There were undoubtedly tear stains upon her pretty face. Her plain, blue jacket was half undone, and the gloves which she had taken off lay in her lap. Wolfenden's anger subsided at once. No wonder Selby had been perplexed. But Selby's perplexity was nothing to his own.

She woke up suddenly and saw him standing there, traces of his amazement still lingering on his face. She looked at him, half-frightened, half-wistfully. The color came and went in her cheeks—her cyes grew soft with tears. He felt himself a brute. Surely it was not possible that she could be acting! He spoke to her more kindly than he had intended.

"What on earth has brought you of to town—and here—at this time of night? Is anything wrong at Deriogham?" caped and was hanging down over her

She sat up in the chair and looked

at him with quivering lips.
"N-no, nothing particular; only I have left." "You have left!"
"Yes; I have been turned away,"
she added, piteously.
He looked at her blankly.

He looked at her blankly.

"Turned away! Why, what for? Do you mean to say that you have left for good?"

She nodded, and commanced to dry her eyes with a little like handkerchief.

"Yes—your mother—ady Deringham has been very hornd—as though the silly reperse were of cry use to re-

ham has been very horid—as though
the silly papers were of any use to me
or anyone else in the world! I have
not copied them. I am not deceitful!
It is all an excuse to get rid of me
because of—of you."
She poked up at him and suddenly description of light. He
considered.

She poked up at him and suddenly description of light. He
considered.

She poked up at him and suddenly description of light. He
considered.

She poked up at him or the life
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her gloves from the table.

"I think I will go away," she said.
"I was very stupid to come; please
forget it and—Gbod-bye."

He caught her by the wrist as she

passed.
"Nonsense," he exclaimed, "you mustr't go'like this."
She looked steadfastly away from him and tried to withdraw her arm.
"You are angry with me for coming," she said. "I am very, very sorry; I will go away. Please, don't stop me."

He held her wrist firmly.

"Miss Merton!"

"Miss Merton!"

"Miss Merton!"

"She repeated his words reproachfully, lifting her eyes suddenly to his, that he might see the tears gathering there. Wolfenden beran to feel exceedingly uncomfortable

beran to feel exceedingly uncomfortable.

"Well, Blanche, then," he sald, slowly. "Is that better?"

"She answered nothing, but looked at him agalu. Her hand remained in his. She suffered him to lead her back to the chair.

"It's all nonsense your going away, you know," he said, a little awkward.

"Ut's up can't wonder that I am sur-

you know,' he said, a little awkwardly. "You can't wonder that I am surprised. Perhaps you don't know that
It is a little late—after midnight, in
fact Where should you go to if you
ran away like that? Do you know
anyone in London?"

"I—don't think so," she admitted.
"Well, do be reasonable then. First
of all tell me all about it."

She nodded, and began at once,
now and then lifting her eyes to his,
mostly gazing fixedly at the gloves
which she was smoothing carefully
out upon her knee.

"I think," she said, "that Lord Deringham is not well. What he has
been writing has become more and
more incoherent, and it has been
difficult to copy it at all. I have
done my best, but he has never seemed satisfied; and he has taken to
watch me in an odd sort of way, just
as though I was doing something
wrong all the time. You know he fanwatch me in an odd sort of way, just as though I was doing something wrong all the time. You know he fancies that the work he is putting together is of immense importance. Of course I don't know that it is isn't. All I do know is that it sounds and reads like absolute rubbish and it's awfully difficult to copy. He writes very quickly and uses all manner of abbreviatious, and if I make a single mistake in typing it he gets horribly cross."

ribly cross."
Wolfenden laughed softly.

"Poor little girl! Go on."
She smiled, too, and continued with ess constraint in her tone.
"I didn't really mind that so much, as of course I have been getting a lot of money for the work, and one as of course I have been getting a lot of money for the work, and one can't have everything. But just lately he seems to have got the idea that I have been making two copies of this rubbish and keeping one back. He has kept on coming into the room unexpectedly, and has sat for hours watching me in a most unpleasant manner. I have not been allowed to leave the house, and all my letters have been looked over; it has been perfectly horrid."

"I am very sorry," Wolfenden said. "Of course you knew though that it was going to be rather difficult to please my father, didn't you? The doctors differ a little as to his precise mental condition, but we are all aware that he is at any rate a trifle peculiar."

She smilled a little bitterly.

aware that he is at any rate a trifle peculiar."

She smiled a little bitterly.

"Oh! I am not complaining," she said. "I should have stood it somehow for the sake of the money; but I haven't told you everything yet. The worst part, so far as I am concerned, is to come."

"I am very sorry," he said; "please "I am very sorry," he said; "please go on."
"This morning your father came very early into the study and found a sheet of carbon paper in my desk and two copies of one page of the work I was doing. As a matter of fact I had never used it before, but I wanted to try it for practice. There was no harm in it. I should have destroyed the second sheet in a minute or two, and in any case it was so badly done that it was absolutely worthless. But directly Lord Deringham saw it he went quite white, and I thought he was going to have a fit. I can't tell you all he said. He was brutal. The end of it was that my boxes were all turned out, and my desk and everything belonging to me searched as though I were a Miss Merton! Why, what on earth

She shook her head vigorously.
"Lady Deringham did nothing
f the sort," she replied. "Do
ou remember last time when you remember last time when you were down, you took me for a walk once or twice and you talked to me in the evenings, and—but perhaps you have forgotten. Have you?" She was looking at him so eagerly that there was only one answer possible for him. He hastened to make it. There was a certain lack of enthusiasm in his avowal, lowever, which brought a look of reproach into her face. She sighed and looked away into the fire. the fire.
"Welk" she continued, "Lady Der-

ingham has never been the same since then to me. It didn't matter while you were there, but after you left it was very wretched. I wrote to you, but you never answered my letter."

He was very well aware of it. He had never asked her to write, and her

woman."

She laughed bitterly.

"Oh, one does not fancy those things," she said. "Lady Deringham has been coldly civil to me ever since, and nothing more. This morning she seemed absolutely pleased to have an excuse for sending me away. She knows quite well, of course, that Lord Deringham is—not himself; but she took everything he said for gospel, and turned me out of the house. There, now you know everything. Perhaps after all it was idiotic to come to you.

Well, I'm only a girl, and girls are idious; I haven't a friend in the world, and if I were alone I should die of loneliness in a week. You won't send me away? You are not angry with

She made a movement towards him, but he held her hands tightly. For the first time he began to see his way hefore him. A certain ingenuousness in her speech and in that little half-forgotten note—an ingenuousness, by the bye, of which he had some doubts—was his salvation. He would accept it as absolutely genuine. She was a child who had come to him, because he had been kind to her.

"Of course I am not 'angry with you," he said, quite emphatically. "I am very glad indeed that you came. It is only right that I should help you when my people seem to have treated you so wretchedly. Let me think for a moment."

She wetched him years anxiously.

She watched him very anxiously,

She watched him very anxiously, and moved a little closer to him. "Tell me," she murmured, "what are you thinking about?"

"I have it," he answered, standing suddenly up and touching the bell. "It is an excellent idea."

"What is it?" she asked quickly. He did not appear to hear her question. Selby was standing upon the threshold. Wolfenden spoke to him. "Selby, are your wife's rooms still vacant?"

"Selby, are your wife's rooms still vacant?"
Selby believed that they were.
"That's all right then. Put on your hat and coat at once. I want you to take this young lady round there."
"Very good, my lord."
"Her luggage has been lost, and may not exist a not recovery. Be

"Very good, my lord."
"Her luggage has been lost, and
may not arrive until to-morrow. Be
sure you tell Mrs. Selby to do all in
her power to make things comfort-

The girl had gone very pale. Wolf-enden, watching her closely, was The girl had gone very pale. Wolf-enden, watching her closely, was surprised at her expression.

"I think," he said, "that you will find Mrs. Selby a very decent sort of a person. If I may, I will come and see you to-morrow, and you shall tell me how I can help you. I am very glad indeed that you came to me."

She shot a single glance at him, She shot a single glance at him, partly of anger, partly reproach.
"You are very. very kind," she said, slowly, "and very considerate," she added, after a moment's pause. "I shall not forget it."
She looked him then straight in the eyes. He was more glad than he would have liked to confess even to himself to hear Seiby's knock at the door.

"You have nothing to thank me
"You have nothing to thank me
ing her hand. "I shall be only too
glad if you will let me be of service

to you."

Ho led her out to the carriage and watched it drive away, with Selby on the box seat. Her last glance, as she leaned back amongst the cushions, was a tender one; her lips were quivering, and her little fingers more than returned his pressure. But Wolfenden walked back to his study with all the pleasurable feelings of a man who has extricated himself with tact from an awk-

ed nimself with tact from an awa-ward situation.

"The frankness," he remarked to himself, as he lik a pipe and stretch-ed himself out for a final smoke, "was a trifle, just a trifle, overdone. She gave the whole show with that last glance. away with that last glass should like very much to know

it all means."
(To be continued.)

BURYING A GIANT.

This Man Measured in LifeNine Feet in Girth. was buried at the Upland

Cemetery, Smethwich, on Sunday, Robert Dudfield. The circumstances of Robert Dudfield. The circumstances of the funeral are unique. Dudfield, when he died, was 54 years of age, and he weighed 32 stone. Although his height was normal, he measured eight or nine feet round the body, and three feet around the calf of each leg. His home was at Smethwick, and for many years he had been a drayman in the employ of Mitchell's and Butler's, Limited, brewers. He belonged to a notable family, for his two sisters are said to weigh 60 stone bemy desk and everything belonging to me searched as though I were a housemaid suspected of theft, and all the time I was kept locked up. When they had finished I was told to put my hat on and go. I—I had nowhere to go to, for Murlel—you remember I told you about my sister—went to America last week. I hadn't the least idea what to do—and so—I—you were the only person who had ever been kind to me," she concluded, suddenly leaning over towards him, a little sob the her throat, and her eyes swimming with tears.

To a notable family, for his two isbeters are said to weigh 60 stone beters are said to weigh 60 stone between them, while Dudfield's twin brother, who is still living, is said to be even heavier than deceased was a go had lived under the same roof. The funeral arrangements were best with difficulties. In the first place it was necessary that the shell to enclose the remains should be the strongest possible, and the undertaker spent nearly two days in searching with tears. and her eyes swimming with terrs.

There are certain situations in life when an honest man is at an obvious disadvantage. Wolfenden felt awkward and desperately ill at ease. He evaded the embrace which her movement and eyes had palpably invited and compromised matters by taking and experiments. It is strongest possible, and the undertaker spent nearly two days in searching for suitable timber. When completed the coffin measured 6 feet 3 inches deep. It was lined with lead, and encircled with strong bands of iron. Not a hearse within a radius of some miles could be found sufficiently broad and compromised matters by taking ward and desperately ill at ease. He evaded the embrace which her movement and eyes had palpably invited, and compromised matters by taking her hands and holding them tightly in his. Even then he felt far from comfortable.

"But my mother," he exclaimed.
"Lady Deringham surely took your part?"

"In the second with strong bands of some miles could be found sufficiently broad to admit so huge a coffin, and as a last resort it was decided to utilize a brewer's dray for the purpose. It was quite impossible to take the coffin out of the house by the doorway, and the lower portion of the woodwork of a bay window and two large panes of glass were removed. A platwork of a bay window and two large panes of glass were removed. A platform was then erected from the house to the street. On the dray being brought up in front of the house, the coffin containing the remains was let down on rollers on to it. The proceedings were watched by a large crowd, which at one time was so great that a length of the wall in front of the row of houses, owing to the pressure, gave way, and a woman in the panic which ensued was carried bodily through a pane of glass into the room of the next door house. However, no one was injured. The proceedings at the grave passed off However, no one was injured. The proceedings at the grave passed off without mishap—Weston, Eng., Mer-

Luggage on English Railways.

very wretched. I wrote to you, but you never answered my letter."

He was very well aware of it. He had never asked her to write, and her note had seemed to him a trifle too lingenuous. He had never meant to answer it.

"I so seldom write letters," he said. "I thought, too, that it must have been your fancy. My mother is generally considered a very good-hearted woman."

Luggage on English Railways.

All the English railway companies weight of luggage accompanying passengers to be taken free of charges ger, 150 pounds; for each second-class passenger, 120 pounds, and for each third-class passenger. 60 pounds, respectively. Consoling.

Mr. Goodley—Alas! Our friend Spouter has gone to that whence no traveller returns. Mr. Hardart—Yes, thank goodness. He can't come back and about it.--Philadelphia Press. Irish Bull and Blessing A favorite good wish in Ireland used to be "May you live to eat the hen that scratches over your grave." By JEAN BLEW

Someone has said "God might have made a better herry than the strawberry, but He never did," or vords to that effect, and applying a this thought to the subject in hand, we say, God might have made a detter human creature than a good woman, but He never did. Find her where you will, in business life, in the professions, in the home, at lowly or at lofty task, and of this you may rest assured, she is making the atmosphere about her healthier and higher. The world is better because of her presence in it.

Somebody is always standing up and sternly inquiring whether I believe in woman's rights or not. I do; of course I do. I believe she has the unquestionable right to be as learned and wise and sweet and good as she wants to be, and I am glad the crusty old professors who wanted her kept out of colleges and universities had

and wise and sweet and good as she wants to be, and I am glad the crusty old professors who wanted her kept out of colleges and universities had to throw the doors wide open to her. I believe she has the right to look just as beautiful as nature will allow, and the right to choose her walk in life. These are God-given rights. The rights which men give or withhold—generally the latter—may be weighty, but they are not to be named in the same breath with the ones enumerated.

She has the right to love and to expect love in return, and there is no more interesting time in her life than when she comes to a day and an alace of choosing whether she will follow out the old ambitious plan of another; whether she will go on with the career marked out, the career leading to wonderful visits of success and aggrandizement, or marry the man she loves.

She is wise enough to know that a home and a husband are lifework

man she loves.

She is wise enough to know that a home and a husband are lifework enough for one woman. It is not given to many to do two things at once, and do them will. She enquot attempt both poetry and housekeening, for, if the spend her energies on the perfecting of her rhyme, the spider will spin his web in unexpected places, and the dust enther on every hand. will soin his web in unexpected places, and the dust gather on every hand; and should she essay to paint, there is the dish-washing to be done—either the pictures or the pots must suffer. It is very well for the man—fortunate fellow!— to sing—

'And so I say, with pride untold, And love beyond degree,
This woman with the heart of gold,
She just keeps house for me—

For me— She just keeps house for me!" But if there is something the wo-man has to give up, something worth while, it costs to make the decision. In nine cases out of ten love wins— a good thing, too, if the love be but In nine cases out of ten love wins—a good thing, too, if the love be but real enough. The home-life may seem prosale alongside the "career," butshe finds it full of golden opportunities as she goes along. It is the most soutsatisfying life of "if love could not work miracles grey old world wouldn't hold half he sweetness it does, nor half the goodness. It is a wonderful thing, wonderful. We have only to look about us to see its nower. It transforms an untrained hoyden into a girl to be proud of, it makes of a selfish person a perfect marvel of generosity, the dull one grows brilliant. It slips all unawares into the bosom of a staid old bach lor of forty, and no scomer is it there than back from among the milestones of the past youth comes skipping to keep it company, and instead of the grafts, middle-aged man, we have a youth the backers. youth comes skipping to keep it company, and instead of the grave, middle-aged man, we have a youth a big, handsome boy, with eyes which see far more of the beauty of God's world than ever before, and more—a thousand times more—in the one woman than any one else has ever seen, or will ever see. It takes possession of a plain little woman, kindles a glow, sends a thrill, puts a flush on her cheeks, a wonderful light in her dark eyes, and develops unknown graces. Plain! No woman

As a sweetheart, a girl is at he As a sweetheart, a girl is at her best—I wish I could say her wisest, but the truth is, she is often very foolish. In making choice of a profession she generally consults people of experience, but in this far more important matter she follows her own sweet will. She may be throwing herself away, but to try to convince her of the fact is a vain task, and a thankless one. One of the saddest sights is a good woman squandering all her wealth of affection on one quite unworthy of her, a man vicious and evil to the core. Core.

The goody-goody story book, with wag a rise to £958,000.

a subtle kind of vanity most women. But no take can be made. Low miracles, but love cannot man who is a wreck morally sleally, and make of him a band for a pure-minded wom is powerful, but it has it tions. It cannot efface a cannot put aside effect. vine love cannot.

"The heart of the eterns wonderfully kind, but it forgive, it cannot put aside effect who is all that she warns her and of heartbreak. A gelove a bad mansom is a somethipart of heaven, directed in any of by the will—but she owes to the son who may be born to her worth—It is a good man who wins her to knowledge will make

desire to be something nobler and better than he is, will make him at once proud and humble, proud that anything so aweet and good should be his very own, humble because, "The man who truly loves a mald 'Knows only two things well, no more no less more, no less— Her matchless worth, his worthiness."

She that teacheth a man hur oeth well; she that keepeth umble, blessed is she.

A VERY GREAT AGE. A North Carolinian Who is About 128 A North Carolinian Who is About 128
Years.

To live to the age of 128 years is an achievement. To thus survive and at the same time retain all one's faculties, with the exception of sight, is marvellous. Yet this is the record of Noah Raby, an immate of the poorhouse, of Piscataway township, hear Plainfield, N. J. Not far behind, in point of years, is Mrs. Nancy Hollifield, of Ellenboro', N. C., who had reached the age of 147. the age of 117.
Noah Raby was born in Ea Gates county, N. C. in 1778 mother was a native of North

incle North smokes almost in the months he gropes his way a door yard and mingles with inmates. His thin gray, alwhite, hair, and his bent fit the spreat age, though his age firm and he appears

a remarkably clear intellegated in a retentive on nearly. The most noticeable the told man is his slight frame.

He is quite thin, weighing less than a hundred pounds.

Mr. Raby is said to be the oldest man in America, if not in the world. He has been for thirty years an inmate of the New Jersey institution, is contented with his lot, smokes and drinks, whenever he feels so inclined, dwells with interest upon the one affair of the heart to which he confesses, and gooks forward to several more years in the land of the living. Election ... Britain

The Northern Whig says that it is estimated that the recent general election in Great Britain will mean election in Great Britain will mean an expenditure of over £750,000. Be-fore the passing of the Corrupt Prac-tices Act in 1883 the costs were much heavier, and, comparing 1880 with 1895, the difference is just upon £1,000,000, the expenses of candidates, including returning of-ficers' charges, in the former election being £1,736,000, and in the latter £775,333, In 1885 they were still very heavy, the total being £1,0.6;-000, but in 1886 the figure had been reduced to £624,000. In 1892 there-was a rise to £958,000.

DR. CHASE PREVENTS CONSUMPTION

By Thoroughly Curing Coughs and Colds Before They Reach the Lungs—Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine Has an Enormous Sale.

to the consumptive's cough, but what he did claim was that consumption

to the consumptive's cough, but what he did claim was that consumption can always be prevented by the timely use of his Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. It is not a mere cough medicine, but a far-reaching and thorough cure for the most severe colds, bronchitis and asthma.

It is a pity that everybody on this great continent does not know of the surprising effectiveness of this great throat and lung treatment. The news is spreading fast, and Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine has by far the largest sale of any similar remedy. It should be in every home in the land for prompt use in case of croup, bronchitis, sudden colds or sore throat. It is truly wonderful in its healing effects on the raw and inflamed linings of the air passages. It aids expectoration, hoosens the tight that to the third bottle made the structure of the passages. It aids expectoration, hoosens the tight of the structure of the passages. It aids expectoration, hoosens the tight that to the tight of the passages. It aids expectoration, hoosens the tight of the passages. It aids expectoration, hoosens the tight of the passages. It aids expectoration, hoosens the tight of the passages. It aids expectoration, hoosens the tight of the passages. It aids expectoration is the passages. It aids expectoration, hoosens the tight of the passages. It aids expectoration is the passages. It aids expectoration is the passages. It aids expectoration is the passages and positively cures colds.

There would be no use for sanitariums for consumptives if Dr. Chase's advice were more generally accepted. Not that Dr. Chase claimed to be able to cure consumption in its last stages, though his treatment is a great relief to the consumptive's cough, but what the consumptive's cough, but what the consumption as years. developing Into consumption, as