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After the Ball;
OR,
The Mystery Solved at Last.

CHAPTER XIV.
The Exhibition.
"Oh, I haven't given so much time or consideration to the subject as yourself, Mr. Gregson," he said, "and, therefore, do not feel myself a match for you; still, I must declare I see nothing in the condition of the English workingman to merit commiseration; on the contrary, I think the country has much to congratulate itself upon when it sees a body strong enough to assert itself so loudly as does the typical political workman."
"You are a Tory, sir," said Mr. Gregson, with gracious pity, "and see things in a different light."
"And you are a Liberal," retorted Sir Fielding, smilingly, "and in some cases take care to see things with no light to them at all."
Neither Chudleigh nor Tom Gregson could refrain from laughing at this epigrammatic retort, and in the midst of their good-humor, Sir Fielding stopped the discussion by rising to join the ladies.
This was not the first time politics had served as battleground for the ally and the hally, but at present the arena was covered with sawdust, and the fight a mimic one; later on, it was destined to be a stern contest, in which wealth and caste, pride and party, principle and interest, were to wage war to the knife.

CHAPTER XV.
"It Cannot Be."
Poor and content is rich, and rich enough.
—Shakespeare.
"His pride, rank pride and haughtiness of soul; I think the Romans call it stolicism."
—Joseph Addison's Cato.
CHUDLEIGH found the ladies disposed about the drawing-room, in this wise: Lady Mildred and Mrs. Gregson comfortably ensconced in easy-chairs, chatting over domestic affairs, and comparing notes on dress and matrimonial intrigue; Maud and the girls clustered at the piano, where Carlotta was playing.
Chudleigh went and leaned against the piano, literally overshadowing the performer, who wound up with a dash, and looking up, said, with mock solemnity:
"Mr. Chichester, I have been playing in the dark for some minutes in consequence of your being opaque, instead of transparent, as you should be if you intend standing in front of the candles."
Chudleigh laughed.
"I beg your pardon," he said. "My excuse is—"
"Don't listen to his excuse. Carlotta, dear," said Maud, shaking his arm. "And don't forgive him."

of coloring there—could only be painted by one hand—the hand that drew the 'Cleopatra' which allied Florence with admiration, and the piece of seascape—that which the prince purchased—you know the picture I mean?"
"Yes," said Chudleigh, with surprise; then, with a look of admiration: "And you are sure this is by the same man?"
"I think I am certain," replied Carlotta.
Chudleigh muttered something, and the beautiful woman looked up.
"What did you say?"
"You will be angry, perhaps, if I tell you," said Chudleigh.
She shook her head.
"I was marveling at your knowledge," he said. "Every day you astonish me by unconsciously showing how immeasurably more clever you are than the rest of womankind," and he sighed.
Carlotta smiled.
"That is very gross flattery," she said. "You should learn to wrap your compliments in silver tissue, or you will not even get the value set to accept them as true metal."
"It was no compliment," he said, with simple gravity, fixing his great earnest eyes on her face.
"Then you should not have said it," she retorted.
"You promised you would not be angry," he said.
"Nor am I," she replied, raising her eyes to his with another flash of light that sent the blood, already exceedingly excited, racing through his veins.
"I should not have said it," he murmured. "Must I always remain dumb in your presence? I am, almost, for I fear to say a word lest it should anger you—I know not why, for I am seldom so cautious. Miss Lawley, I have fancied that you are unusually cold to me—not unkind; that you cannot be, but reserved, and—Oh, Carlotta, I must speak out. Why do you treat me as if I had done you some wrong, as if I am one to be kept at a distance? You shun me, while you are gracious to others, who cannot reverence you more than I do! Tell me how I, who love the very ground on which you tread, have merited your dislike—I had almost said disdain? Tell me why, Ah, Carlotta, don't look so coldly at me. If you knew how I love you, how I have loved you since the night I came and found you seated like an angel at my father's side, if you knew—how should you know of the passion that eats my very life up and fills me night and day with but one thought—one longing for you!"

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word! Do not touch me. I owe it to you, for I shall nearly break your heart—my own is breaking. I have sworn to marry a rich man—you are ruined now. Don't shrink; you would pity, not scorn me, if you knew the story of the years that led me to register that vow. Chudleigh, from a child, I have lived, eaten, slept with poverty—poverty in its worst form, poverty clad in dishonor, tricked out in deceit. He who gave me life—my father—was a poor man, a man that lived one continual falsehood, a schemer for daily bread, daily life; a man who lived one long life plotting misery, driven here and there by the grim poverty that, like a fiend, hounded him from court to court, from city to city, plotting, planning, scheming—oh, Chudleigh!—cheating for the dress that makes the world; and I was with him, always an accomplice in his schemes, a tool in his knavish hand. My life has been a torture. I have heard the sneer, the scoff and the bitter sarcasm leveled at me in my very face. I have known what it is to be scorned as an adventurer and a thief! Chudleigh, from childhood up till now, I have walked the road which only gentled poverty knows, barefooted and in misery, and I have sworn to leave the path forever as soon as one comes forward to take me by the hand. A poor man's wife, I, who know all that the word

"Nerves"
Our nerves are similar to an intricate network of telegraph wires. Controlled and nourished by a portion of the brain—known as the nerve centres—the delicate thread-like nerves radiate in all directions throughout the body. So long as the nerve centres are capable of continually supplying nourishment to the nerves, the nerves will remain strong and healthy. But directly the nerve centres become weakened by overwork, worry or anxiety, they are unable to transmit the necessary nourishment, and the nerves become worn out and "on edge." Then it is that a sudden sound makes you "jump"—you get irritable—you suffer from neuralgia—you are restless and depressed. In this condition there is nothing to equal
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Begin to get well FREE.
Send the Coupon for a free trial bottle—not a mere taste but enough to do you good. Regular supplies can be obtained from all Druggists, Stores, etc.
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Flashing like a burst of sunlight, he caught her arm and drew her toward him.
She looked at him for an instant with the old, cold look, then turned white, her lips quivering and her eyes filling with tears.
His heart leaped as his eyes read these signs of her emotion, and he uttered a low cry of joy that died on his lips, as, with a great effort, she drew herself from his grasp, and, turning her head aside, said, sadly:
"Not a word more. It cannot be!"
"Cannot be?" he cried, in a low, thrilling voice. "It is! How can I help loving you? I must! I cannot be! Oh, Carlotta, tell me why?"
Though the agony that trembled in his voice pierced her heart, she remained motionless and silent.
He drew himself up for a moment, then looked on the ground; suddenly he started, and taking her hand, said:
"Carlotta, for Heaven's sake, tell me at once if I am wrong. You know you have heard of our misfortune. You know that the hall is ruined, that I am a beggar! Oh, Heaven! I had forgotten it!" and he hid his face in his hands.
She turned toward him, with a sudden gesture, but recovered herself and stood silent.
The great hall clock struck the hour.
He waited until the last stroke had died away; then, with averted face, held out his arm. She took it, and the quiver that ran through him at her touch scattered her almost supernatural calm to the winds.
Catching at his arm, she cried, almost hoarsely:
"Listen, Chudleigh! Before you judge me, hear my story and my confession. I love you!—stop; not a

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There are many imitations of this great treatment for coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis and whooping cough. They usually have some sale on the merits of the original, but it should be remembered that they are like it in name only.
This is a fac-simile of the package bearing portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M.D.

An Effective Hint.
By F. S. MORGAN.
My old horse objected to going back into his stable after being let out into the yard for water, and force was used for several times to compel his return.
One day his patience seemed to have been exhausted and he entirely refused to enter the stable door, but stood at halter length with his eyes fixed on me and occasionally giving his neck and whole body a little shake as horses will when getting up from a roll. I still insisted on his coming in and was using the halter strap as a means of compulsion when he took the front of my frock between his

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WEEK-
"Dear Sir,—Allow me space in this increasingly popular paper to say my sentiments with regard to the think most right minded citizens agree with me is a crying shame for to the untidy hour at fifteen young girls employed in some of the factories are compelled to go to work six o'clock in the cold winter mornings. Mr. Editor, finds them out and they are forced to make their through the cold drift and snow in order to be on time, and I am their pay in some of these factories cut if they are five minutes late. Nancy, Sir, some of these young girls are not too warmly clad, beating a way through the almost untidy snow before daylight.
Some of our factories do not commence work until eight o'clock, though early is a decent hour, and not those who now open at 7 o'clock fall in line, at least in the cold winter mornings. It would not be any actual loss to them, and would a proper act on their part. Sooner later a proper hour will be fixed law, but why wait till then when matter can be arranged in a few hours and immediately.
I thank you for space and that some other writer than myself will take the matter up."
HUMANITY

What a Gas Range Means for You, Mrs. Housekeeper.
The gas range is a muscle saver and a step saver. Think of the many tons of coal you used in that coal range, and how you have had to handle it all twice; first, carrying it up out of the cellar; then, from the kitchen to the ash barrel.
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Half of the labor in the house is caused by dust from the coal range. Every time it smokes, no matter how good the draught may be, clouds of ashes rise and settle on the furniture.
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Use a gas range and you will live better, you will play better, and you will work better because the use of the gas range eliminates the drudgery of carrying coal, ashes and the chopping of kindling, as well as the drudgery of cleaning up a lot of dirt, and, best of all, for the cook it makes it unnecessary for her to stand over a hot stove from two to three hours a day.

HITTA
MANSLAUGHTER CHARGE.—The Grand Jury are summoned for Wednesday next to consider an indictment for manslaughter preferred against James and Elizabeth Gosse.