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A Romance.

CHAPTER X.

It was the evening before his journey and Sir Karl sat alone in his library. He would not go to Beaulieu. He could not forget his irritation and annoyance at what Dolores had told him of the manner in which his choice of the red rose had been taken; it was an incident so trivial that he had not thought it worth remembering. That the happiness or misery of two lives, his own and Dolores', should have de-pended upon such a trifle was almost incredible to him. While occupied with his sad thoughts he heard the sound of wheels. It was quite late in the afternoon, and he marveled much who could be calling at that hour. He was still more surprised when the servant came to say that Miss de Ferras would be glad to see him for a few minutes; she had been shown into the morning

'You have forgotten these books, Sir Karl," said Lola, as the baronet entered the room. "Mamma thought, as I was driving past, that I might leave them here—she meant at the lodge; but I thought I might take the opportunity of saying good-bye.

She spoke in a careless tone; but as he took the books from her hand, he saw that the usual brilliant bloom had left her face and that it was very pale; there was even a quiver of pain

"I have something to say to you," she went on presently, then paused; and added impetuously, "You are not angry? If I had thought you would be angry I would not have come.' He was touch-"Why should I be?" He was touched by her emotion. "You would not seek me, I am sure, unless you had something very particular to say."

But she seemed to be in no hurry to speak. Her lips parted once or twice, but the words died on them. He look ed at her in wonder. Why should she ask to speak to him and then stand silent, as though she had nothing to say? At last, in a low voice, she re-

You said, when you were at Beaulieu, that you would come over to say good-bye to us, that you would see the again before you started on your lourney. Yesterday you wrote to mamma, saying that you would not have time to call. Why did you change your mind? What is the reason? Why

"I had a reason," he answered, his face flushing; "besides which, I wrote the simple truth. I had no time. I am leaving England sooner than I intend-

"What was the reason?" she asked. "I cannot explain," he said proudly. "Do you think any reason would justify your going away without saying farewell to old and true friends like mamma and myself?"

"My farewell was none the less genuine for being written instead of spoken, Miss de Ferras." She came nearer to him, and with a

passionate cry of pain held out her "Do you judge me by yourself?" she exclaimed. "Do you think that a few coldly written words of farewell would suffice for me, even if they did for you?

They did not; therefore I am here. He had not one word to say. The beautiful, passionate face and ringing woice bewildered him. He was not prepared for a scene of this kind. She laid her hand upon his arm as though she would compel his atten-"Do you think so little and so light-

ly of our friendship that you could go without having seen me again? could not let you go so; I could not even bear the thought that you should leave England without my having seen you again. How could you do it? Oh, Sir Karl, how could you do it?" The dark eyes were drowned with tears. Although he did not love her, and never would, he could not help

being touched by her sorrow. What man could resist a beautiful face shadlowed with grief and lovely eyes dimmed with tears for his sake? Sir Karl was but human; he took the white hand from his arm and held it in his. "I am afraid," she said, smiling through her tears, "that even if I had not had the books for a pretext, I should have come, just the same. Do you think it is very wrong for me to have come?

Sir Karl looked uncomfortable. "What am I to answer?" he said, with a forced smile. "I annot say that it is right, and it seems unkind to say that it is wrong."

"Promise me this, at least, that you will forget what you may think of the imprudence, and remember only thethe interest in yourself which prompted me to come. Will you promise me

"Yes," he replied. "I may safely promise that. I am sure you meant it

He seemed to treat the whole matter as a friendly interview, and this did not please Lola.

"Kindly!" she repeated bitterly.

"What a word to use to me! I am not kind to you. In coming to say goodbye to you I wave been kind to myself." She drew a little nearer to him, her warm, white hand lying still in his.

"How could you, Sir Karl, be so cruel as to write that note? Tell me, honestly, had you no idea of the trouble and

rrow it would give me?" "I know you are always good to me, he replied; "but I could not possibly think that the going or coming of a mere acquaintance like myself would be of any moment to you."

He said this purposely, to show her this was no love scene in which she forced him, as it were, to take a part. She withdrew her hand suddenly from his clasp and stood before him erect

"Do you mean that you look upon yourself as nothing but a mere ac-quaintance—nothing nearer or dearer? Is that the end of all our happy hours together-a mere acquaintance-while I have been so proud and happy in thinking you my friend?"

He was again somewhat embarrassed. The passion in her face and voice startled him. What was he to do with this impetuous girl. He looked gravely

"The word 'friend' is a sacred one," he said; "it implies a great deal-affection, fidelity, forbearance and loy-

"And will you not give those to me?" she asked. There was silence for some moments. He found that, so far from having extricated himself from a false position, he had increased his difficulties.

"That is much to ask," he answered gravely. "I must consider the question in all its bearings."

"What!" she cried, "do you hesitate when I ask you?" "I do not hesitate. I say it is a very !

is as grave a matter as-" "He paused, for the words that rose to his lips would, he knew, lead him into greater complications.

"I know what you mean," she said. with a sigh and a smile that were irresistible-"you mean that it is as grave a matter as a promise of mar-

The splendid dark eyes, raised suddenly to his face, seemed to suggest the idea. Why did he not make that? He read the question in one glance and he felt afraid of himself.
"Of course it is a serious pledge," she 

continued, "but it is one that I think you need not be afraid of. What can one wish for more than to have a true friend? A man who rejected an offer of friendship would not be wise." "I do not reject it, Miss de Ferras." The smile that flashed back to him

him almost speechless. "So you say, Sir Karl; but you do not seem to be in any hurry to accept

There is something in a lovely face, a man can not resist. If, at this junc- to meet. ture. Lola had shed tears, if she had

sighed, wept, looked unhappy, or re-proached him, he would have turned from her disgusted. But she smiled, just at the right time, and a weight of care and anxiety seemed to be lifted from his heart. Anything but misery and tears! He began to ask himself if. after all, his treatment of this girl had not been just a little childish. She was fond of him, and wished to be his friend. Why should he assume that she meant more? It was possible that he had misjudged her. What she said was quite true; they had spent many hours together. If she wished it, why not be friends?

The dark, brilliant eyes seemed to read his thoughts; they were watching now with half-laughing scorn in their liquid depths. There came to him as he stood there the memory of the words Dolores had sung:

Good-bye, lost friend! The time will come when thou will

stand Where I am standing now, Thinking of our friendship and its end, With a strange yearning on thy brow. 'Too late, too late!' I say with tearless

Good-bye, good-bye!"

Would it be with Lola as it had been with Dolores? Must be refuse this serious question. A pledge of friend-, with Dolores? Must be refuse this ship given and taken in that fashion; friendship proffered to him in all sin-

cerity, and afterwards regret it?
"You are thinking, Sir Karl," she said, "whether you will accept my proferred friendship. You are undecided between inclination to accept and the prudence of refusal. Let inclination, not prudence, win the day Pru-dence is an adorable virtue, but between us it is just now out of place. Let inclination win."

It was against his better judgment that he yielded to her wishes; yet how could he refuse a friendship so strongly pressed, so kindly offered? It would be unmanly and churish. But he had no intention of ever making her his wife or letting any sentimental friendship grow up between them. The one love of his life was already given; and, even had it not been, Lola had no great attraction for him. She was not the type of woman he admired. Still from the girl's beautiful eyes rendered it was hardly in human nature to see a beautiful woman pleading with sighs, tears, and smiles for friendship, and refuse it, for no reason but the fear that she should love too much. He said to himself that he might accept in tender pleading eyes, in Mps that it; but there must be a clear underlook made to be kissed-something that standing upon what footing they were

(To be Continued.)

Always Tell Mother.

Always tell mother. She's willing to hear. Willing to listen to tales of despair. Tell her when trials and troubles as-Seek her for comfort when sorrows

prevail. Take mother's hand when temptations entice, Ask her for counsel; seek mother's advice.

Foster no secrets from mother to hide; Train your thoughts nobly, nor let your lips speak Words that would kindle a blush on

her cheek: Mother stands ready her aid to im-Open to mother the door of your heart.

Always tell mother. Your joys let her Lift from her shoulders their burdens

of care: Brighten her pathway, be gentle and are you leaving without coming near Strengthen the ties of affection that bind.

Tell her you love her: look up in her Tell her no other can take mother's place.

Always tell mother. When dangers be-Mother, if need be, will be by your side.

Though you be sunken in sin and dis-Mother will never from you turn her face.

Others may shun you, but mother, your friend. Stands, ever ready to shield and defend.

Mother's devotion in always the same, Softly, with reverence, breathe mother's name. -Lawrence Porcher Hext, in Leslie's

QUEER KINDS OF BREAD.

The Mexicans make bread of the eggs of three kinds of insects. For this purpose the natives cultivate in the lagune of Chalco a sort of carex, on which the insects readily deposit their The eggs, after being separated eggs. from the bundles of floating carex, are then cleaned and sifted, put into sacks like flour, and sold to the people for making a kind of cake ar bread, called "hautle," which forms a tolerably good food, but has a fishy taste, and is slightly acid. Bread has been made from wood and sawdust. In Kamchatka pine or birch bark, well macerated, pounded, and baked, frequently constitutes the native bread. The Ice lander scrapes the Iceland mose off the rocks and grinds it into flour, which serves both for bread and puddings. In Africa powdered dry locusts are mixed with flour or bread, and during the Indian famine small stones are said to have been ground and mixed with meal for bread. On the western shores of England a certain kind of seaweed (Phorphyra laciniata) is gathered, washed, boiled, and then baked with oatmeal flour for bread.

BURN THE BRIDE'S TOYS.

The burning of the bride's playthings is part of the wedding ceremony in The bride lights a torch, which she hands to the bridegroom, who with it lights a fire in which the toys are destroyed.

THE COMPANIONABLE WIFE.

A Frenchman said recently: "Let woman have two hours a day of serious mental occupaton, during which the faculties of her mind will regain their balance, all their powers will be systematized, her tired head will be rested, and her good sense and judgment will regain their empire and peace will dwell in her agitated heart.' Every housekeeper knows the truth of his words. The care of the home may be a delightful occupation, but it ought not to exclude every other interest. There can be no happiness for a woman with brain and imagination in a life that limits her to mere domestic drud-

for she surely has one-and turn to its development as a relief. By so doing she brings added happiness to her family as well as to herself. The least companionable wife is the one wholly occupied by household cares, as all men know in their souls.

square foot than any street in any Always tell mother. In mother confide; other country. It contains no other shops but those of apothecaries and

TAKING CARE OF THE SICK.

et them be hot, not warm. vell as into your prayers. nd of the glass drinking tube.

more acceptable. Use finest old linen, if linen at all, bathing the mouth and lips; nothing is so grateful. Make the most of the privilege of

A WONDERFUL MECHANICAL TOY Of all the toys at Windsor Castleand they are many-it is said that the Queen is most fond of a beautiful working model of the heavens. This ingenious piece of mechanism shows the whole of our system, with the cefestial poles and the sun. There is a tiny model of the moon, which revolves about the earth, and all the planets with their satellites are properly represented. For the study of astronomy, and for a right understanding of the celestial globe, there could be nothing finer than this model. It shows our earth turning upon its own

HIS GIGANTIC INTELLECT.

He-Nothing.

your brain, dear

STRANGE TREE.

wick, England, is a most curious freak of nature. Two trunks rise on each side of a spring of clear water, and join together three feet above, forming one tree.

RINGS TO SUIT PERSONS.

popular of rings. COUNT TOLSTOI AT HOME.

out, and a greenish turquoise is no

longer abjured, while an opal set with

A CURIOUS STREET.

street in the world. It is roofed in and contains more signboards to the ientists. Physio street is its appropri

When hot applications are ordered, Put your piety into your nursing as Smooth off with a fine file the rough Let no drinks be brought in large

tumblers or glasses; little ones are far being near the suffering mortal who

longs for your presence.

Raise the invalid's head by putting your hand under the upper pillow, and,

axis, and moving round the sun. It gives a perfect idea of the relative positions of the ordinary planets, and it

WHEN EDISON WAS A BOY. Edison was, as a boy, a great reader. He set to work methodically to read through the Detroit Free Library from one end of it to the other; and had devoured "fifteen solid feet of literature" before he was interrupted. Before he was twelve he had polished off "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," "The Anatomy of Melan-choly," "Newton's Principla," and other learned works of which most twelve-year-old boys have scarcely

In the village of Millback, near Kes-

As to rings, they are now chosen to suit the individual, and are far more delicate than formerly. A lady who has long fingers can wear the fong, narrow marquise ring with an oval "bezil," but the owner of a small, short hand chooses an all round ring, the jewels of which are set a jour. The

Count Tolstoi, the famous Russian gery. Every housekeeper should study novelist, neither drinks, smokes, nor herself and learn her "one talent"— eats meat. It is his boast he has not

Canton, China, possesses the queerest with glazed paper fastened on bamboo,

with as much firmness as possible, lifting it.

Lancet has no doubt, extremely effi-

Glad only when they do. is worked by a clockwork arrange-ment which is the perfection of in-

She-What are you thinking about,

She-Aren't you afraid of overtaxing

Teddy-I wish I hadn't licked Jimmy Brown this morning. Mamma-You see how wrong it was. don't you, dear?

reign of superstition in gems is going do if you had Rothschild's income?" said Seedy to Harduppe. "No, but I have often wondered what small brilliants is among the most Rothschild would do if he had mine."

> noted?" asked the teacher. bridge across the Rhine."



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of successful enes will be published in the next issue of journal after the close of compe-tition. Ten days allowance after December the twenty-fifth will be made for letters to or one of these splendid gifts.

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a single article he could possibly dispense with; and he has even refused to receive a bicycle as a present, on the ground that it is a luxury. His recreations are chess and lawn tennis, at both of which he is adept.

A GOOD SUBSTITUTE. A British temperance journal has been publishing a prescription for "a substitute for brandy" in cases of

faintness or severe pains. It consists "equal parts of the strongest tincture of ginger, sal volatile, and chloric ether." Temperance people have had the recipe printed on cards and distributed with the injunction: "Pass it on." The Lancet cruelly points out that brandy usually contains about 50 per cent of alcohol, whereas of the temperance ingredients the tincture of ginger is essentially pure alcohol, the sal volatile contains alcohol in the proportion of six parts out of nine and one-half and the chloric ether has 95 per cent of The mixture, therefore, con tains 83 per cent of alcohoi compared to 50 per cent in brandy, and is, the

#### cacious.-New York Sun. Light and Shade.

'Man was not made to mourn!" Ah, yes, how true! How true! And yet we cannot help but see That some men somehow, seem to be

Watts-There are two broken-hearted chappies in two office buildings down my way.

Potts-And why? Watts-They have been flirting with each other across the street for a week from their windows. thought the other was a girl.

"Jimmy!" exclaimed the first boy, teacher jumped on you pretty quick. Yanked you up and walloped you like lightning, didn't he?" "No," replied the other boy, ruefuly, 'not like lightnin.' He hit too often

in the same place.' Freddy had been repeatedly told he must not ask people for money. One day he met an old gentleman who could never resist an appeal from the small boy. "Mr. X.," said Freddy, "do you ever give three-penny bits to little boys who don't ask for 'em?" He got

"Mister!" called the master of the house from beneath the bedclothes. 'Well?" asked one of the burglars,

"Would you fellows mind carrying off that ornamental watchdog of mine in the front yard?"

Teddy-Yes, 'cause I didn't know till noon that he was going to give a "Did you ever think what you would

"And for what else was Julius Ceasar "His great strength, ma'am," replied Johnny, with assurance. He threw a



Ey special arrangement with large manufacturers we have been able to purchase an enormous quantity of beautiful Sile. Eomnauts and propose giving a great bargain in silk to the lady readers of this paper who are interested in making fancy pin cushions, scarfs, sofa pillowsand many other beautiful and ornaments larticles. Each piece is a different design, carefully trimmed, of good size, and will surplise and astonish all who receive them. Hundreds have taken the trouble to write us their thanks, adding that they received five times the actual quantity expected, measured in square inches. Beats any

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"Half of the people who wear glasses and complain that their sight is gradually diminishing owe the idea to dirty glasses," remarks the optician. "Spect acles and eyeglasses are as much benefitted by a bath now and then as people are. It is strange how many people there are who think that by to polish them." wiping their glasses now and then they keep them clean. The fact is want a bath just as frequently as does a human being. You see, it is this way: The face, and especially the eyes, all the time give off a fine vapor. This clings to the glasses, and the dust collects on them. As soon as they become clean—that is, apparently clean—the wearer is satisfied.

Every time the glasses are wiped a fine flim of dirt is left on them and this accumulates, and no wiping will clean it off. In time this coating gets quite thick enough to blur the vision, even though at a glance the glasses may appear clean. When this occurs the sight is diminished and they come to me or some other optician. they ought to have done was to give the glasses a bath in warm water, well scrubbing them with a small brush and soap and afterward them. This should be done with chamois leather and then with tissue paper You have read of the cures by Hood's

wiping the glasses cleanses them and

s necessary, a bath is also required.

Sarsaparilla, and you should have perect confidence in its merits. It will do you good. Flowers which are kept in water in which a little saltpeter has been dis-solved will remain fresh for a couple

"So the process goes on. But, while Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.