## Latest Styles!

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The post-bag was brought to Mr. Moncrieff about noon. He was in the porch of the house when it arrived talking to Bertie about fishing-tackle, and being engaged with the lad in an examination of the fly-hook. Stella had stepped into the porch also to enjoy the clear air, bright sunlight and the exquisite view of purple distances, winding silver streams, and budding green foliage. She was glad to see her husband and his son together-glad to hear Bertie's laugh—clearer and frank-er than it used to be—once more, and to note that Allan's tone was cheerier than it had sounded for many a day. He gave her a smile of greeting as she aproached. Something warm and bright seemed to have come into his face. He had been fighting a hard battle with himself ever since the news of and now a crisis had been reached, and he honestly believed that he had won the victory. He could afford to smile in his old kindly fashion when he made up his mind to accept the truth of his daughter's penitence, and forgive her for the wrong done to himself.

The letter bag was brought to him by the butler, and Stella handed him the key. She saw that his hand trem-bled a little as he put it into the lock. There were half a dozen letters for himself; none for Stella, three for the servants, one for Bertie, one for Ralph Kingscott. It was over this letter that Alan lingered for a moment. He handed the bag back to the servant with the letters for cook and housemaids, gave Bertie his own, put the envelope for Ralph face downwards on the windowsill, and began to open and read his own letters. But Stella's heart gave a sudden leap, for she had seen the handwriting on the letter addressed to Mr. Kingscott. It was another communication from Molly-perhaps more satisfactory than the last.

In five minutes Alan stuffed his own papers into his pockets, and said, rather abruptly:

"I'll take Ralph his letter." Then he strode into the house and went towards the Tower, where he

or two passed by, and she saw nothing of him. The luncheon-bell rang-but he did not come to luncheon. Ralph came, with a curiously cold smile lurking about the corners of his lips, as if he knew something that he did not choose to tell; but Stella would not question him. Alan had gone out, he said incidentally in the course of the meal, and would not be back till dinner-time-if then. Stella silently surmised that there had been bad news

in that letter from poor Molly. She did not see her husband again until the dinner-hour; and then she felt rather than saw that a change of some kind had passed over him. was unusually pale, very silent, and somewhat restrained in manner; he avoided meeting Stella's eye, or entering into conversation with her; and shortly after dinner went away to his study, and did not reappear in the drawing-

Stella's anxiety overleaped bounds. She would not ask Ralph Kingscott for news of Molly, but she surely might ask Alan. He could not be angry with her for that. Molly perhaps was ill or in trouble. Stella did not think that John Hannington was likely to prove a very loving husband. At the risk of being thought troublesome and intrusive, she decided upon going to her husband to inquire.

It was after 10 o'clock when sne knocked at the study door. She heard Alan's footsteps as he paced up and down the room. The sound stopped; she heard him walk to the door and unlock it. Then he said "Come in!" But when she presented herself in the doorway, she was certain that some trace of surprise was visible on his grave, pale face. He did not, however, show it in words; he hastened at once, with even more than his usual courtesy, to close the door for her, to set her a chair, and to ask—formally enough-if there were anything that he could do for her.

Stella sat down. The room was very dark, for the fire sent out only a dull, red glow, and the lighted lamp on the writing-table was covered with a green shade. Such light as there was fell upon Stella's face, but Alan-moving backwards and forwards beside the table as he spoke to her-kept his countenance in shadow.

"Can I do anything for you?" he asked, after a moment's pause. "Oh, Alan," the young wife broke out earnestly, "I am so afraid that you have had bad news today."

"Bad news?" he repeated, mechanically; and then he stopped short, laying one hand on the table at his side.
"Yes," he added, in a lower tone, "yes, I have had bad news.

"About Molly?" she breathed—almost afraid to breathe aloud. "From Molly herself? I saw her writing—" "It was nothing," said Alan, resuming his slow walk without glancing at her face. "Nothing, I mean, that you would care to hear. It would be no pleasure to you."

"Of course, no trouble of Molly's would give me any pleasure to hear of." said Stella, almost indignantly. "But I might be able to help—to sympathize-if you were grieved about it. I should be grieved, too-She had difficulty in uttering even

these few and disconnected words. His silence, his bowed head and shoulders, gave her a strange sensation of fear.

"Is there nothing for me to hear?" she said at last, almost desperately.

"Manufacture of the strange of the strange of the strange of the said at last, almost desperately. Moncrieff stopped short again, placed both hands on the table, and, leaning forward a little, looked at her steadily. "Why," he said, deliberately, "should you be so anxious about the matter?" "Because I see that you are anxious, Alan, and I want, if possible, to help

"My anxiety is so important to you
"My anxiety is so important to you
"was there a slight sneer in the
tone of his voice?

How should it not

"Yes, indeed it is. How should it not be important to me? Oh, Alan, do you forget that you are my husband?" Stella cried, with an accent of reproach that cut her listener to the heart.
"Forget it? No," he answered, slowly. "I remember it—but too well."

"Alan-Alan-what can you mean?"
"I mean," said Moncrieff, moving towards her, and still regarding her with the same steadfast look, "that our ex-periment has failed. I told you some time ago that I had certain matters to discuss with you; I had resolved to drop the subject, but an inclosure from Molly this morning disposes me to speak more freely. I asked you to marry me in order to help me—that, I think, was the way in which I put it?—a plain, perhaps even a brutal way, but one which you did not seem to resent—" "No," Stella's dry lips answered in

dumb show, for she could not speak a word. And Alan went on:
"You have done your best; you have helped me-in many respects, as you promised to do. But-one thing I did ask for: not your love—I did not think it fair to ask for your love—but for truth and candor; and these, I scarcely think, Stella, that you have shown." His voice was peculiarly gentle, and yet very cold. Stella's face flushed

crimson, but she spoke out bravely. "I do not know how I have failed in these," she said, "except by delaying to tell you of the entanglement that I had discovered between Molly and Mo. Hannington-and that was an error of tle with himself ever since the news of judgment, not proceeding from un-Molly's elopement had reached him; truthfulness. And then there was my own engagement-if you call it an engagement-to Mr. Hannington, before I knew you; it lasted for a few days only, and was-surely-scarcely worth the telling. But I would not have been silent about it if I thought that you cared to know.

Alan paused, as if to consider. "And yet," he said quietly, "when I asked you whether there was any man whom you preferred—" whom you preferred—"
"I said no," said Stella, rising from her chair in uncontrollable agitation,

"and I say so again." Her face burned, but her eyes looked straight into her husband's, and, if he had not been blinded by prejudice and

suspicion, he must have seen that she was speaking the truth.
"You say so again?" he repeated,
slowly. "That has nothing to do with the matter. I am speaking of the day at St. Andrews when you promised to marry me. Then—then—was there no

other man whom you loved better than The change in the form of the question disconcerted Stella. She stood

silent, with downcast eyes (To be Continued.)

### Nervous People

went towards the Tower, where he knew that at that moment Ralph was engaged.

Stella went to the drawing-room, hoping that he would come to her and give her news of Molly. But an hour or two passed by and she gow not him. heartburn and dyspepsia.

**Hood's Pills** are easy to take, easy in action and sure in effect. 25c. Out of every 100 hotels in England 18 are "White Harts," 10 "King's Arms and 8 "Crowns.

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I was nervous, tired, irritable and cross.
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cinated on the tip of the nose. Nothing impure or injurious contaminates the popular antidotes to pain, throat and lung remedy and general corrective, Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. It may be used without the slightest apprehension of any other than salutary consequences. Coughs, rheumatism, earache, bruises, cuts and sores suc-

cumb to its action. Lord Kelvin maintains that the earth is 100,000,000 years old.

Inspect H. Overmeyer's livery, formerly Tripp's, before you engage a conveyance for pleasure driving.

NOTICE.—Just received, the finest lines of Bedroom Sets ever offered in London for the money. They will sur-prise you. See them at WM. TRAF-FORD'S, 95 and 97 King street.

### WILLFUL WILKELMINA.

Holland's Child Queen Loves a Soldier and Asks Him to Wed Her.

Her Relatives in a Great Stew-Emperor William Wants Her to Marry Someone Else.

Berlin, May 21.—Emperor William has his hands and head full of matchmaking just now. Two crushing defeats in the Reichstag have spoiled his relish for domestic politics, in which he has known only failure, and have driven him for distraction to a field in which he has had only triumphs. In the last five years the Emperor has brought about enough round markets. enough royal marriages to make the fortune of the most prosperous matrimonal broker in the empire. He has made the Princess Marie of Saxe-Coburg the Crown Princess of Roumania, has placed her sisten on the grand has placed her sister on the grand ducal throne of Hesse, and has settled two of her cousins upon princes at other petty German courts. He helped his grandmother tie the Princess Alix of Hesse to the Russian Czar. His present plan is to convert the hereditary Prince of Saxe-Coburg into the Prince Consort of Holland's child-queen Wilhelmina. This is the match upon which his heart is most set, and he will go to the Hague this summer to arrange it. It was at his instance that the queen regent took Wilhelmina to London recently to see the Coburgs. Since the Queen's return to the Hague, however, he has been disquieted by reports that the little woman has got ideas of marriage and men that do not agree with his; that she is very self-willed regarding the choice of a husband, and that her opinion of the Coburger is alarmingly small. The Emperor thinks he can change all this,

ing the queen regent, are inclined to doubt it. The trouble is that Wilhelmina, although but 15 years old, has had her little romance. The hero is a son of the house of Orange by a morganatic marriage. He is but 25 years old, yet in the seven years since he got his lieutenant's commission he has secured a high reputation for bravery. In the revolt in the Dutch East Indies he twice saved the whole Dutch force from annihilation and three times he rose from his sickbed to lead folorn hopes against the native arm-He was brought back to Holland last winter to receive a decoration, be presented at court and rally from the

but the whole Dutch court, not except-

IN LOVE WITH A SOLDIER. The queen regent was so delighted with his handsome face and loyal service that she invited him to a family dinner to relate his adventures to his young sovereign. The lieutenant curdled the little lady's blood and raised her hair until she was all admiration and finally love. She begged her mother to let him come often, and he came. After he left the palace a few days after New Year's Wilhelmina fell upon the queen regent's neck and sobbed. The queen regent was suspicious, for the lieutenant had been deeply embar-rassed all the evening, and before go-ing remarked that he hoped soon to be strong enough to return to the colonies and show his devotion to her Majesty's cause. Wilhelmina answered her questions only with sobs at first, confessed at last that she loved the lieutenant and a week before had slipped a note in his hand asking him to marry her. She did this, she said, because as queen she would never be asked by him. The queen was sent early to bed, and the lieutenant of royal blood was on his way to the colonial regiment two days later.

Wilhelmina was disconsolate. She professed daily that she would abdicate rather than give up the man she loved. She moped and lay awake nights until the queen regent, upon the doctor's advice, told her that if she should still want her lieutenant in her 21st year she might have him. Wilhelmina swallowed this delusive promise whole. The queen regent thought that the hereditary Prince of Saxe-Coburg might shake the young woman's resolution, but Wilhelmina only laughed at him and called him "His Stiffness," because of his assumption of military airs. The Emperor will go to the Hague to rub out the lientenant's impression and plead the Coburger's suit.

WANTS HOLLAND'S FRIENDSFIP. Most persons who have read this comic romance from the Hague are wondering why the Emperor troubles himself about the affair. The reason is largely diplomatic. Emperor William fears for the neutrality of Belgium and Holland in case of war; he fears especially for the mouth of the Rhine, at which the main artery of West German commerce could be cut and the wealth and strength of half the empire be drained by the enemy. He does not long for an inch of Dutch territory; he does not want the help of a single Dutch soldier; he does care for a colony or colonial fort which Holland could give or sell him, but he is eager to see a German prince influencing the Dutch court, inspiring good will to Germany in case of war and rousing the people to spend their last dollar and send out their last man rather than let France or Russia use their land as a military road, or the Rhine as a naval highway. The hereditary Prince of Saxe-Coburg is half German and half English in his sympathies, but from each side he has always heard the same arguments in favor of preserving the neutrality of Holland and Belgium. To have him prince consort in the Hague would be worth 100,000 men and a North Sea squadron to the Emperor William, and he will spare no effort to smash the young colonial lieutenant who stands in the way of such an ally.

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sult to your palate and a source of serious injury to your digestion.

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PAUL JONES' JUMP St. Louis, Mo., May 21.-Paul Jones Tustin, aged 22, leaped from a span of Ead's bridge into the Mississippi River, a distance of 118 feet. When he had feet first and sank a distance of fifteen

feet. He was apparently uninjured. MARY MACK IN BUFFALO. Buffalo, N. Y., May 21.—Mary T. Mack, alias Tinsey Macmillan, the alleged accomplice of the postage stamp counterfeiters, and who was extradited from Hamilton, Ont., on Monday, had a hearing before the United States commissioners this afternoon, and was committed to jail in default of \$5,000 bail. The case goes over till the June term of the United States court.

UP GOES LEATHER. Newark, N. J., May 21.-Fifteen of the leading leather manufacturers of this city, representing the interests of prepared leather in the United States, sent out letters to dealers in every sec tion of the country today notifying them of an advance of 50 to 100 per cent on cured stock. This advance is made necessary because of the scarcity of green cowhides.



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