The Earl's Mistake

"I shall not!" said Zenobia, coming up to him, and putting her hand upon his arm; she lost no opportunity of impressing upon others the closeness of the relationship between Lord Cecil and herself; she never let them, or him, forget for a moment that she was his promised wife

He did not return the caress, but looked down at her gravely, absently.
"I think you will," he said.
"I shall stay at home; perhaps I can help you, Cecil."
"No, you cannot," he said, not hastily, but firmly. "Pray do not think of giving up your pleasure excursion. You can tell me all about it when you come back."

"We shall be home by seven," said Lady Ferndale. Zenobia looked around. "So late, dear Lady Ferndale! and we

"So late, dear Lady Ferndale! and we dine at eight! It scarcely gives one time to dress! Why not say six?"

"Six, if you prefer it; certainly, my dear," said the good-natured lady.

"Oh, I don't care so much: I can dress very quickly, but I was thinking of the gentlemen," with an arch smile. There was a general laugh, but she had gained her point.

The party started, and Lord Cecil waited till the last, and attentively assisted Zenobia into the carriage. She looked her best this morning, in her dainty morning dress, her cheeks faintly touched with red, her large eyes full of reposeful happiness and pleasure.

"I am so sorry you are not coming," she murmured, letting her hand rest upon his for a moment. "Don't stay upstairs writing stupid business letters all the morning, will you? Good-bye, dear Cecil!"

The day was hot and sultry, not a breath of air was moving, and the gulls hovered heavily over the sea, as if awaiting some outburst of nature to follow the dead calm

Listlessly he wandered down to the

Listlessly he wandered down to the parade and sank into a seat screened by an awning, and gave himself up to the gloom which was always too ready to overshadow his reflections.

As he sat there he saw coming down the parade a donkey chaise, the occupant was hidden from him for the moment by the man in charge, but beside the chaise he saw Philippa.

With a sudden leap of his heart, half of dread, half of longing, he sprung to his feet, and keeping well behind the awning, watched. Yes, it was Carrie, but, great heaven, how his heart throbbed with anguish!—how altered she was! "And I did not know it! And yet something—some vague, nameless consumering defaults and the lap of his heart, half of dread, half of longing, he sprung to his feet, and keeping well behind the awning, watched. Yes, it was Carrie, but, great heaven, how his heart throbbed with anguish!—how altered she was!

He could not take his eyes off the pale face with its expression of sweet resignation and patience, so different, alas! so different to the old look of arch defiance and wilfulness which he remembered. She had been ill, he knew, dying ever punished so heavily as their fell.

defiance and wilfulness which he remembered. She had been ill, he knew, dying perhaps. And, at the thought, he turned away his head, unable to bear the sight of the dark eyes dwelling so list-lessly upon the sea.

"True, my lord, quite true. Would that men would take the truth to their

ed away his head, unable to bear the sight of the dark eyes dwelling so list-lessly upon the sea.

Slowly the little cavalcade passed, so mear that he could hear the voice he loved so well murmur some answer to Philippa, and the tone so soft and low and gentle, so unlike the dear joyous voice that had so often set him at defiance, struck like a kneil upon his ears—a knell of happiness and love long since dead and departed forever.

He stood motionless, and would doubtless have appeared to any chance passerby simply a young and handsome gentleman contemplating the sea; but the heart within his body was aching with a despair akin to mortal agony. Suddenly, as he watched them, he saw Philippa speak a few words and turn back. She passed him and bought some flowers of a girl seated on the parade, and then turned back again. As she neared his hiding place, an irresistible desire to speak to her seized him, and as calmly as he could be called to her.

Philippa stood with bowed head a moment, pitying his evident misery, then she held out her hand. "Cecil, something tells me that I have wronged you. I can almost hope that I have flowers. He took her hand gratefully and pressed it, and though there were tears in her eyes there were none in his, his heart seemed breaking. "Thank you," he said, in a dry voice. "Thank you, "Philippa, you always had kind heart. If—if fate had been merciful you and I would"—with a sad smile "hough so fme, and to be leve as well of me as you can. To-night shall see you and my lost darling for the last time; till then good-bye," and strode away, no longer able to keep the mastery over his misery.

CHAPTER XXXI.

The pience parter in the truth to their hand would take the truth to their and the hearts."

Philippa stood with bowed head a moment, pitying his evident misery. The hearts."

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Philippa stood with bowed head a moment, pitying his evident misery.

Thank you, Philippa you always had be in her eyes there were

as he could be called to her.

Philippa started, then turned to him with a face upon which surprise, displeasure and anger strove for predominance. She paused for a moment, then with a cold hauteur stared him in the face and walked on.

With suppressed emotion he strode after her and caught her by the arm. "For heaven's sake, Philippa!" he exclaimed in an agitated whisper, "give me one moment—one word."

me one moment—one word."

Philippa glanced toward the chaise

am not alone, Lord Neville. Do wish my sister to know that you here? Take your hand from my. There is nothing you can have to

Philippa looked pointedly across the parade in the direction Carrie had parade

gone.
"Not much, it is true, my lord, only trusting girl, nearly killed an innocent, trusting girl, but as she happens to be my sister, I naturally feel some slight resentment." He groaned.
"Has she—she been so ill?" he falter-

ed, ignoring her cynical bitterness.

"To death's door, my lord," said Philippa curtly.

"But that can have little interest for you. I wish you good morning."

interest for you. I wish you good morning."

"Stay!" he said, almost in a tone of command. "Philippa, your treatment of me convinces me that you do not know all of this unhappy business. I may be guilty of much, but I am not so vile and so base as you think me! No, Philippa, before heaven, I am not so bad as you think me! No, Philippa, before heaven, I am not so bad as you think me!"

He scarcely knew what he was saying: "to death's door" rang in his ears. Philippa eyed him implacably. "That is between you and your conscience, my lord," she said, coldly. "I accuse you of winning the love of my sister, and throwing it aside as something not worth your keeping. That is all!"

"Then I tell you that you week."

all!"

"Then I tell you that you wrong me most cruelly," he retorted, bitterly. She smiled almost savagely.

"Pray, what does your marriage with he Princess Florenza take place, Lord Cecil?"

sisted Zenobia into the carriage. She looked her best this morning, in her dainty morning dress, her cheeks faintly touched with red, her large eyes full of reposeful happiness and pleasure.

"I am so sorry you are not coming," she murmured, letting her hand rest upon his for a moment. "Don't stay upstairs writing stupid business letters all the morning, will you? Good-bye, dear Cecil!"

With instinctive courtesy, but with nothing warmer, he raised her hand to his lips and kissed it above the glove, and with a bewitching smile, she beamed down upon him.

He went back to his room and sank moodily into a chair. There were letters that he might write, it was true, but they were of little consequence save as an axcuse for solitude. Solitude was the only thing that held anything for him now. The noise and bustle of the party were edious to him; but so also, he was obliged to admit, was the company of his future wife. As day succeeded day, the heaviness of the yoke which his honor had imposed upon him grew more galling. Often as he sat and pondered upon the position, he wondered whether if he had never seen and loved Carrie, he could have gone on loving Zenobia. That fierce passion which had consumed him at Lucerne seemed strange and impossible to him now; and yet she was as beautiful and as full of charm as then—more beautiful perhaps. But the beauty had ceased to move him, the charm had lost its power to fascinate; what heart he had was still Carries, the little wilful maid who had renounced him.

With a weary sigh he went to his writing table and wrote awhile, listless-ly: there were letters from his father and mother, from the former pressing him to stand for the borough at the next lection; from the former pressing him to stand for the borough at the next lection; from the study of the next will be an any love for her wanded or faitered, that, though I marry the other woman whom I had unweilingly wronged, and settled, and asking him to bring his intended bride to the castle. He pushed them aside with a gesture o

ly.

"You will tell me that my image may be effaced from her heart, and that she may find consolation and forgetfulness of the past in the love of another and a better man! So be it!" His voice trembled for all this assertion. "Heaven grant it may be so, if it be for her good; but, nevertheless, I must tell her how my heart stands toward her. Philippa, I will come this exening. You stall it. ll come this evening. You are liv

"True, my lord, quite true. Would that men would take the truth to their hearts."

The picnic party returned in high spirits. It had been a very successful picnic, and no one had enjoyed herself more than Zenobia. She came in radiant, her eyes aparkling, her cheeks flushed. No one would have imagined, as she glanced at the clock, that it was to see if she had kept—her husband waiting.

to see it see nau kept—net automake waiting.

Her first inquiry was for Lord Cecil, but they teld her that he bad gone out soon after the party had started, and had not yet returned.

"He will not come in till nearly din-

"A narrow escape," she thought, and mentally resolved that this should be her last meeting with Gerald Moore; at the same moment, with that readiness which distinguished her, she determined to utilize the opportunity by getting Lord Cecil to fix the wedding day.

She turned to him all smiles.

"How wicked you are, Cecil!" she said, holding out her hands. "Where are the letters you were obliged to write, sir? Was there ever such a shameful case of deceitfulness? Wicked boy, you wanted a lazy day all to yourself, and invented the excuse! Now, to punish you, I ought to tell you how we have enjoyed ourselves, but I will be merciful and spare you. Ah, Cecil, if you knew how I have missed you this morning! Dearest, I think I am mever at rest or happy unless you are by my side." and her hand closed upon his arm caressingly.

Lord Cecil looked hard before him, as if he were summoning up mental courage for a decisive step.

"Zenobia," he said, and his voice sounded grave and earnest, I'l wish to speak to you. I saw you from the window and followed you, that what I have to say might not be overheard."

As he spoke, as if in direct mockery of his words, she heard the leaves rustle behind her, and knew that Gerald Moore was concealed within hearing.

(To be Continued.)

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AUTO PERILS.

Prussian Officer Had a Terrific

Experience in the Desert.

Berlin, April 14.-Lieutenant Graetz, of the Prussian army, who started on August 10th, 1907, from Dar-es-Salaam, erman East Africa, to cross Africa in a specially constructed automobile, sends from Gabolis, German South-west Africa, where he has just arrived, a narrative of his toilful adventures in crossing the Kalahari Desert, which oc-cupied 60 days

narrative of his toilful adventures in rossing the Kalahari Desert, which ocupied 62 days.

The story is a record of tremendous ifficulties and privations, largely owag to the exhaustion of gasoline. At ne time Lieut, Graetz was compelled or encamp and erect a smithy to repair is steering gear, "while lions and hip-opotami infested the camp." It was mpossible to make more than three niles an hour through the sand drifts, miles an hour through the sand drifts, using six litres of gasoline a mile. Once, when he lost his way, he had to once, when he lost his way, he had to search a day and a night for drinking water. His machinist, in the agony of thirst, drank what gasoline was accessible, with the result that he had a violent fever for four days, lying between life and death. Lieut. Graetz is now near his goal, Swakopund, after 18 months of almost superhuman labor.

Relation of the Liver and Kidneys

Functions such that each suffers when the other is deranged. Complicated cases can only be cured

by combined treatment such as Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. The liver filters poisons from the

The kidneys also filter poisons from

the blood.

When the liver becomes sluggish and

When the liver becomes sluggish and

When the liver becomes sluggish and torpid in action, or is given too much work by over-eating, the kidneys have to help out with this work of filteration. When the liver fails the kidneys have all this work to do.

And this is exactly what causes ninetenths of the cases of kidney diseases. The beginning is biliousness, indigestion and constipation and after a time the kidneys begin to be affected and there comes backache, urinary derangements and finally kidney disease in some of its dreadfully painful and fatal forms.

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the rational cure for kidney disease, just as they are the most successful, be-

just as they are the most successful, because they get at the cause of trouble and exert a combined and direct influence on liver, kidneys and bowels.

They promptly and thoroughly cleanse the bowels or intestines and by awakening the action of the liver take the burden off the kirneys. Then by their direct action on the kidneys bring about the natural and healthful working of these organs.

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1,200 yards best quality Tapestry, store to match. Light and dark colorings. A-1 value, per 95c and 96 yards Tapestry Stair Carpet, 12 and 56, yards wide, usually sold at 45 and 56c, extra special price, 371/2 c per yard.

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	1110	ta.	ш	u	Eviden's offerings include our best goods at
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8c pa	88			7	Double Thread Curtains, regular \$1.15 pair, Frida
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\$4.					Beautiful Swiss Curtains, regular \$7 pair, Friday
с ув	470			у .	Exquisite Madras Muslins, regular 75c yard, Frida
					Beautiful Swiss Curtains, regular \$7 pair, Friday Exquisite Madras Muslins, regular 75c yard, Friday

Another Shipment of New York Dress Muslins, Worth Reg. 25c, for 15c Yd.

To-day witnessed the passing into stock of another big shipment of American Muslins, consisting of the new white ground effects, with black stripe or black checks, black overchecks, all have stripes and checks, very new and considered by us very stylish material for summer dresses, would advise early inspection in the morning; coming at 8.30 for first choosing, at per yard.

Get Busy and Share in the Bargains

Nainsook 12½ c

20 pieces fine soft finish Nainsook shrunk ready for use, full 42 inches wide, worth 18c yard, Friday special 121/2c yard.

Toweling 8½c 5 pieces 18 inch Scotch Crash, clean, bsorbent weave, worth 11c, for 81/2c around, slightly imperfect, 2 yards square, worth \$1.50, for 98c

Napkins 10c 30 dozen odd Napkins, slightly im-

Prints 91/2 c

Table Cloths 98c

Flannelette 9c

Wide width striped Flannelette, soft finish, worth 121/2c, special 9c

RECIPES

KENTUCKY SWEET POTATOES.

Select large round-shaped sweet potatoes and allow one-half of a potato to each guest. Scrub and wash well. Place them in a kettle, cover with hot water and cook slowly 20 minutes. Remove from the fire and drain dry. Then cover each potato with melted drippings. Place in a baking pan and bake in a slow oven until soft. Remove from the oven and cut into halves lengthwise. Scoop out all the pulp and mash it very fine. To each cup of pulp add one tablespoonful butter, one teaspoonful sugar, one teaspoonful sherry, pinch of salt. Beat this mixture until very light. Refill the shells, rounding it up nicely. Sprinkle lightly with crumbs, dot with butter and a pinch of cinnamon and brown in the oven.

Musical Poems.

If love were what the rose is And I were like the laft, and I were like ten flower for the word of the were what the rose is And I were like the leaf, and I were like the leaf, and I were like ten flower flower flower or gray grief if love were what the rose is And I were like the leaf, and I were like leaf, and I were like ten flower flower flower or gray grief if love were what the rose is And I were like the leaf, and I were like leaf, and I were like tenf. And or singing weather, Blown fields of flowerful clos Green pleasure or gray grief if love were what the vore is, And love were like the tun. With double sound and single belight our lips would mingle the flowerful close Green pleasure or gray grief if love were what the words are all over were what the rose is, And I were like the leaf, and I were like the leaf, and I were like the sall or singing weather, Blown fields of flowerful close Green pleasure or gray grief if love were what the rose is, And I were like the leaf, and I were like the KENTUCKY SWEET POTATOES.

COFFEE CAKE

* HAZELNUT TARTS.

One cupful cracker crumbs, one cupful sugar, one cup hazelnuts, blanched and ground; seven eggs, beaten *eparately, one teaspoonful each cinnamon, nutmeg and baking powder; half cupful candied orange peel chopped fine; one cupful flavored whipped cream. Beat the yolks of eggs until thick and light colored and the whites until they are stiff. Mix the crumbs and spices and add the baking powder and sift. Then add the egg yolks, nuts and fruits. Lastly add the stiffly beaten whites. Bake in your gem pans and when cold ice with plain icing. When ready to serve split and serve with the whipped cream. Put together again and decorate with whiped cream and a blanched hazelnut.

soon after the party had started, and had not yet returned.

"Give me a moment!" he pleaded. "I must—I will speak to you!"

Dreading a scene and seeing by his face and manner that he was greatly moved, Philippa turned and went into the recess with him.

He stood for a moment eying her, then he said—

"What have I done that you should treat me as if I were too vile to be according to the pooker with?"

Soon after the party had started, and had not yet returned.

"He will not come in till nearly dinearly dinear time," she thought; "I am quite safe," and, slipping away from the rest, she made a pretense of going to her room, but instead went by a back way into the garden and reached the shrubbery, where she had before met Gerald Moore.

He was not there, however, though the clock had struck six, and with a scornful toss of her head she was about to return to the house, when she heard treat me as if I were too vile to be spoken with?"

SWISS TRIFLE.

Flavor a pint of rich cream with lem on and cinnamon, and take from it as much as will mix smoothly to a thin patte with four teaspoonfuls of fine flour; sweeten with six ounces of white sugar. Put in a new saucepan, and doctored with several doctors with kidney diseases for eight years and doctored with several doctors to no avail until I began using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills which entirely ured me. I believe I would be dead were it not for this medicine."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all deal-rooms, pour over these a part of the cream with lem on and cinnamon, and take from it as much as will mix smoothly to a thin patte with four teaspoonfuls of fine flour; sweeten with six ounces of white sugar. Put in a new saucepan, and when it boils stir in the flour, and sim mer for four or five minutes, stirring gently, but constantly. Pour it out, and when cild mix with it, by degrees, the strained juice of two lemons. Cover the bottom of a glass dish with macary one, pour over these a part of the cream with lem on and cinnamon, an

A MATCH.

Musical Poems.

And I were like the leaf,
And our lives would grow together
In sad or singing weather,
Blown fields of flowerful closes,
Green pleasure or gray grief;
It love were what the rose is,

And love were like the tune, With double sound and single Delight our lips would mingle With kisses glad as birds are

And I, your love, were deat We'd shine and snow together COFFEE CAKE.

One cup of sugar, one-half cup of molasses, one-half cup of cold coffee, one cup of seeded raisins, two eggs, one teaspoonful each of cinnamon, cloves and

We'd shine and snow together
Ere March made sweet the weather
With daffodil and starling
And hours of fruitful breath;
If you wer life, my darling,
And I, your love, were death.

sup of seeged Hause, and spoofful each of cinnamon, cloves and mace, one teaspoonful of baking soda dissolved in the coffee. Mix well and, last of all, add two cups of flour. Bake in a loaf and when done turn out of the tin and ice the bottom and sides with white frosting.

* HAZELNUT TARTS.

* HAZELNUT TARTS.

* HAZELNUT TARTS.

* And I, your rove, And I were page to joy.

* We'd play for lives and seasons, With loving looks and treasons, And tears of night and morrow, And laugh of maid and boy; If you were thrall to sorrow, And I were page to joy. aron,
We'd throw with leave for hours,
one
Till day like night were shady.

And night were shady.
And I were April's lady,
And I were lord in May. And I were king of pain, We'd hunt down love together, Pluck out his flying feather, And teach his feet a measure, And find his mouth a rein; If you were queen If you were queen of pleasure, And I were king of pain. –Algerton Charles Swinburne. Died April 10, 1909.

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