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## NOT LOVED, YET WEDDED

He promised secrecy, also speed, also to send any communication he had to make to Cecil's club. After that Lord Carlford took his leave, more easy in mind.

Springing into his saddle, he gave a shilling and a kind word to the little street arab, who would have looked a vastly different being had he had the rearing and grooming of the horse he had held, and rode back westward.

In Langham Place he encountered Captain Lascelles. There lurked a certain uneasiness in the worthy officer's eyes. He had just come from Belgrave Square and a short interview with the marquess.

"From him he had learned what had occurred, and, with some misgivings, of his patron's resolve to find the Italian, for he had been rendered exceedingly uncomfortable at ascertaining that Maria Saprone had guessed Lord Santyre's informant at once, and had, evidently with scorn, disclosed his own behavior toward her.

The officer, too, had been unable to prevent his countenance betraying some guilty confusion, noting which the nobleman regarded him with increased displeasure.

"My lord," he remarked, however, with a calm audacity, "Signora Saprone's statement is quite correct. But I entreat you not to misread my intent as she, I am glad, did. From the first I saw your nephew was struck by this girl's beauty, but it is some little while before I discovered how deep, how sincere, was Carlford's affection. I only had recourse to the measure to which you refer in order my lord, to prevent Signora Saprone discovering the same thing.

This hit in so well with the marquess' own supposition, that he accepted it as the truth.

"In regard," proceeded the officer, "to Lord Carlford's discovering Signora Saprone, it is pretty certain, I may say quite certain, your nephew will, as usual, favor me with his full confidence, and rest assured, my lord, I will, as far as is in my power, put every hindrance in the way of so unfortunate a consummation."

With that perfect conviction Captain Lascelles had remounted his horse and ridden through those thoroughfares where it was most likely to meet Cecil. At Langham Place this came to pass; but the officer found he had apparently made an assertion which was not probable to be fulfilled.

Cecil, to all seeming quite in his usual spirits, talked unconstrainedly upon general subjects, but made no mention of Signora Saprone.

The captain was relieved to find his patron's reticence arose from no suspicion of the hand which had dealt him this blow; had he, he would not thus have met him. Cecil's nature was not of that kind that harbors a hidden anger.

Finally, unable himself to keep longer silence, the officer said:

"Of course I was at Belgrave Square this morning. I was awfully surprised at the news your valet told me."

"What news?"

"The captain looked with real astonishment at the other.

"What the deuce did it mean?"

"What news?" Why, Signora Saprone's singular flight. What else could I refer to?" he remarked, rather testily.

"Ah! yes. It is singular."

"Singular!" By George, Cecil, you take it coolly! I thought you—" began the captain, unable to refrain.

"Loved her," concluded Lord Carlford, gravely. "So I do, more than ever, and, take my word, Granby, will find her, on that I am determined, and when a man's determined upon a thing he doesn't talk much about it, old fellow. So we will say no more at present. By-the-by, will you be down Regent street to-day?"

"Yes, I can go, of course," rejoined the officer, for he had turned to the right down Oxford street.

"I wish, then, you would drop in at Austin's and buy a couple of tickets for St. James' Hall. I have promised them to Lady Westbrook. They are for next Thursday."

"Certainly. Where are you off to?"

"The club."

"Then I may as well go to Regent street now."

With that the captain turned back, while Cecil rode on. The officer wanted to be alone. He was perplexed, on

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the whole annoyed, at his patron's mistrust.

When Lord Carlford entered the

luxurious club room he found it tolerably

well full of members, who were congregated

much together as if occupied with one topic of conversation.

As he appeared, Lord Hampton, detaching

himself from a group, came forward, exclaiming:

"I say, Carlford, have you heard the news? By Jove, it's surprised us all! The earl's kept the thing so confidentially

close."

"News—what news? I have heard none," answered Carlford, with some indifference.

"I can tell you it's all over the town; so you might have heard. Carlford got it from Sir John Davenant last night. The Earl of Lethington is engaged to a cousin of his, a Lady Esmer Mortmain; has been engaged ever since the old earl's death. She is in town, and the wedding's to be in six weeks."

Cecil felt something more than astonishment; but, vaguely aware all eyes were upon him, he answered, still indifferently:

"Really, Lethington has been close, indeed. What is the young lady like?" and he joined the rest. "Does anyone know?"

His manner deceived her, as it did in Mr. Noah Seacum's sanctum. After all, the "on dits" about Gerard and Lady Westbrook had no foundation.

"Not the slightest—not the slightest," whispered old General Mortmain.

"If Lethington had been paying attention to his cousin, by George! Carlford wouldn't take this matter like that—by George! sir, society would not."

To maintain such a belief, Cecil stopped over an hour, yet his heart was full of perturbation. What would Lucille say to this? How would she take it? Something told him yet that his cousin loved Gerard, as he felt sure, Gerard had loved her.

Having done his duty in his manner, negating in society's mind what occupied his own, Cecil, his heart really heavy for his cousin, remounted his horse, and rode homeward.

In Piccadilly he met her, cantering gaily along with the marquess and a Lady Georgina Fetherstone. Joining them, the quietest soon paired off. Cecil found himself alone with his cousin.

Should he not tell her what he had

heard? Had he not better? All the town knew of it, and it would be kind-

or if he heard it from him than from any chance acquaintance who might encounter them at any moment.

"Lucille," he said, with just a suspicion of hesitancy, "have you heard the news?"

"What news, Cecil? Anything about Maria?" rejoined the sweet, musical voice.

"No, no. About—about Lethington."

"Ah! you refer to his engagement to his cousin, Lady Esmer Mortmain. Yes; Lady George has just told me. I wonder if the betrothed is as agreeable as her cousin? We must ask him to introduce her."

Lord Carlford regarded the calm, handsome face of the girl by his side with amazement.

"Confound it all!" he exclaimed, mentally, with some tetchiness, "she doesn't love him! I am as much out as society itself!"

Meanwhile, Gerard had found himself as much out even as Cecil. His cautious and delicately managed inquiries had resulted in failure. They had ended in learning that the lady who had arrived at the house in Percy street the previous evening was not fair, but dark, and from her name, evidently an Italian. Thus, had Cecil spoken of that little matter of the lady's maid, something might have come of it; as it was, there was nothing. The mystery was a mystery still to the Earl of Lethington.

The Davenant family, as it has been seen, well carried out Gerard's desire that his engagement and approaching marriage should be made instantly public. Before even the proverbial nine days, wonderment itself had died out, and society's only curiosity was to see Lady Mortmain, the future bride.

It had ample opportunity to do so, for Esmer went everywhere, and Gerard, true to his word, attended her. General opinion declared the girl pretty but peculiar, and to be compassionate for her sorry defect. Still, there must be some hidden charm in her, else why should so handsome and, in every way, so gifted a man as the earl select her for his countess?

So ejaculated the rising generation with pink lips, and in the full bloom of its youthful beauty.

[To be Continued.]

Of Interest to Women.

Colors for the Middle-Aged Woman.

As people grow older they are very often able to wear colors which in their youth they found unbecoming.

Green, for instance, may be unsuitable in early life, but later on certain shades of the color may be chosen with distinct advantage. Blues, violets and pinks that make youth attractive often make middle age. To a girl of 20 black is sometimes strikingly becoming, but much less so to older women, unless cream silk or satin, lace or net, or some redeeming color is introduced, for if a woman looks at all well in black garments she usually looks surpassingly well. How to relieve—black attire is important to all sensible middle-aged women.

A Dainty Delicacy.

A cooking school delicacy that is a refreshing summer dessert is made with eggs and maple syrup. Eight yolks are beaten until light, and a cup of hot maple syrup stirred in. The mixture is put over a fire in a double boiler until a coating is formed on the spoon. Remove, cool and add a pin of thick cream beaten stiff. Then turn it into a mold, which should be filled to overflowing, a sheet of thick wrapping paper being put on before the cover of the mold is adjusted. The mold is then packed in equal quantities of ice and salt, and left for four hours without turning before it is served. This is a simple dainty which is easily made even by inexperienced hands.

New Lingerie Is Full of Grace.

Some delightfully effeminate, fussy, fluffy and softly befrilled undergarments are just now being exhibited among the new lingerie.

Dainty, fresh, sweet things that crumple and tumble and heap in little fluffy white masses when we lift and drop them for inspection. Barstie and fine linen that promise a swathing immaculate as the lily. Particularly is the chemise shown in varieties that imply its having come back into fashion with the purpose of remaining awhile. Even women in tailor-made suits, severe walking hats, starched collars and dogskin gloves, pause involuntarily before the new bits of daintiness. Some years ago women would have been positively shocked at the idea of not wearing a chemise—that most modest and most womanly of all garments. How it ever came to pass so completely out of everybody's list of apparel no one seems to know, but the fact is it had disappeared so entirely that it now comes back almost in the manner of a novelty. It was worn under the corset in former times, but is worn over the corset, serving as corset cover and petticoat, and cover alone, being in the latter case cut off well above the knees. So thin is the material used that even the stoutest woman need not forego the refreshing delight of the incoming lingerie for fear of additional gain.

Meat Manufactured From Coal Tar.

The recent announcement that Dr. Lillienfeld, of Vienna, has discovered a simple process of making artificial albumen from coal tar seems exciting to chemists and highly interesting to newspaper-readers. Albumen, we are told, has heretofore been an animal production, and its presence in meat and eggs furnishes one of the inducements that we have for eating them. There seems to be no doubt that Dr. Lillienfeld's albumen is sure-enough albumen in so far as chemistry can determine, and his discovery is looked upon as of high importance. Chemistry says that his albumen ought to be of great value as food for human beings, and that if it turns out to be so, the cost of sustaining human life will be very greatly reduced. As much albumen, it seems, as one could get from \$5 worth of meat can be manufactured from coal tar for \$1.

But it is not demonstrated yet that the new product is really good to eat; that must be settled by actual experiment, for chemical tests in such matters are inconclusive, and the real test of foods is to try them in the stomach and see how body and mind thrive on them. Will it taste good, this artificial

albumen? Neither the name of it nor the source of it gives much promise of flavor, but probably that can be added if the stuff turns out well. If it does, it offers possibilities for an immense simplification of house-keeping. To have a stock of albumen in the house, and to be able to mold and flavor it into roast beef, broiled chicken, canned duck, or terrapin, as the family appetite suggests, is a prospect such as the late Edward Bellamy should have lived to consider and work out. Mr. Bellamy, however, is dead, and Mr. Edward Atkinson is doubtless the man whose imagination is best fitted to do the subject justice.

Bismarck for Woman Suffrage

Bismarck's life affords the student of history much room for thought and speculation. He is an exponent of success wrought through will power, iron determination, and the employment of ruthless measures.

Of his many apparent inconsistencies, for which, however, at bottom, he usually had a most excellent reason, nothing created more surprise than his attitude towards woman. W. T. Stead, in the New York Journal, tells us that, "Of late years, however, strangely, he showed a desire to enlist the services of women—strangely, I say, for no man had in the pride of power been a more superb type of the male monarch. When the Empress Frederick threatened to defy his authority, 'No petticoats in politics' became the Bismarckian watchword. But in his closing years he publicly recanted, 'I always regret,' he told a deputation of female pilgrims to his shrine, 'that so little influence in politics is allowed to the better half of the human race. I believe that the results of our elections would be more rational and more satisfactory if they were more under female influence than they are now.' Again, on his 76th birthday, he made this memorable confession of faith to the world: 'My confidence in the future rests in the position taken by the women of Germany. There is always a stronger power in the elementary affections than the womanly hand in all the dissolving acids which destroy men's political parties.'"

"To women, indeed, he personally owed much. Without the stimulus and comfort, first of his sister, and afterwards of his wife, he would have fallen far short of the success which he attained."

A MINISTER'S WIFE SPEAKS

Feels It Her Duty to Let People Know About Doan's Kidney Pills.

Many people are suffering from kidney disease and disorders; don't know the right remedy—frittering away their money and their health on something that does them no good. Listen to the advice of Mrs. Phillips, wife of Rev. C. T. Phillips, Woodstock, N. B., who says:

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Doan's Kidney Pills are for sale by all dealers, or sent by mail on receipt of price, 50 cents a box or 3 boxes for \$1.25. The Doan Kidney Pill Company, Toronto, Ont.

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Mrs. Hanna Clark has given to Elkhart, Ind., the Clark Homeopathic Hospital and Training School for Nurses and Surgeons, the new building of which is valued at \$35,000.

## CASUALTIES

Twin Boys, Aged Three Years, Drowned in a Well.

Girls Fatally Poisoned by Eating Mushrooms—Farmer Dropped Dead While Picking Apples.

### TWINS DROWNED.

Pembroke, Sept. 18.—A sad accident is reported from Rankin township, being the drowning of G. Radke's twin sons, aged three years. They were drowned in a well.

### KILLED AT A CROSSING.

Amherst, Sept. 18.—Norman McCuan, of Wawa, was killed by a train Friday night at Harvey crossing. The body was discovered by men going to work.

MUSHROOMS WERE POISONOUS.

Mishawaka, Ind., Sept. 18.—As a result of eating poisonous specimens of mushrooms, five members of the family of Jacob Diekmann, a prominent contractor, and his guest, Fred Hansen, are lying in a precarious condition, and two daughters are fatally ill.

DIED WHILE PICKING APPLES.

Chio, Mich., Sept. 18.—Hiram Vannest, a farmer living three miles east of here, dropped dead Saturday afternoon under an apple tree, while himself and his son were picking apples. He was talking to his son at the time. Deceased had resided here for 50 years and was 67 years old.

TWO PRISONERS CREMATED.

Stafford Springs, Conn., Sept. 18.—Two prisoners confined for the night in the town lockup, Ernst Branford, aged 27 years, and John Marsh, aged 40, met their deaths Saturday in a fire which originated in the cell occupied by Marsh. Branford evidently died from suffocation, probably while asleep. Marsh's body was literally baked. They had been arrested for drunkenness.

### MANY KILLED

Formidable Rebellion Against Japanese Rule in Formosa.

Late advices from Japan state that another formidable rebellion against Japanese rule has broken out in Formosa, this time in the southern part of the island. Two battles have been fought, one near Tainan, the other near Tainan. The tribes were defeated by the Japanese troops and the police.

Many were killed and wounded on each side, but details are not obtainable. The rebellion is the outcome of an attempt by the Japanese administration to extend its jurisdiction over the semi-savage tribes living in the interior.

According to official reports, a summary of rebellious outbreaks in Formosa during the last year shows that 42,000 persons were concerned in 1,700 attacks at different points of the island. Five hundred persons were killed and wounded by these semi-savages, 1,500 captured and over 200 houses burned. Their booty was valued at 25,000 yen. On the other hand, 846 robbers were killed and 1,450 taken prisoners.

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D. POTTINGER, General Manager, Railway Office, Montreal, N. B., May 21, 1897.

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