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Representative.**

Arter the Ball;

The Mystery Solved at Last.

CHAPTER XXIV.
Conquests.

For life, noise, dust, red-hot party faction Give me an election's fierce distraction.

—Congreve.

AS far as the Gregsons were concerned, the Folly fete had answered its purpose.

Miss Lavinia had, by the aid of her blushing and reputed wealth, entirely succeeded in interesting the Marquis Lantry, who was heard to declare that she was a "deuced fine girl, and fit to sit at the bottom of any gentleman's table."

That, from the marquis, was wondrously refined admiration.

Miss Bella, too, had made a decided conquest of the fair-haired boy lord, who when calling the next day had ventured to invite her for a ride, and during it plunged far enough into gallantry to transport the handsome and ambitious Bella to the seventh heaven.

Mr. Gregson had got himself recognized by the county, and secured—as he had hoped—a flowery description in the local papers, and Master Tom had drunk unlimited champagne, danced with Maud twice and sold a chestnut cob—rather weak in its forelegs—to Lord Cornthwaite for double its value.

As for Mrs. Gregson, she had been hob and nob with titled ladies to her heart's desire, and so one and all of the family were satisfied.

Of course, there was a grain of bitterness in the news of Lord Cornthwaite's engagement to Miss Lawley, which his lordship told them himself, with a great deal of stammering and much circumlocution; but the young ladies hoped for consolation and took the news pretty amiably, gushingly assuring his lordship that Miss Lawley was a "dear girl," and that they always did think she had a tender feeling for a certain person, whereat the certain person "he-he-he!" idiotically, and took his leave, the Misses Gregson, as soon as the door was banged, breaking out into a chorus of "The designing creature—I knew she'd catch him," quite oblivious of the fact that they had spent no little time or few pains themselves in angling for his lordship.

Mr. Gregson growled not a little next morning when he walked around his grounds and saw the ravages the workmen and artificial grottoes had made in his flower beds and lawn, and grumbled a great deal when he wrote the small check which was to satisfy the army of upholsterers, musicians, actors and others who had helped to make "the confounded nonsense" a success.

"Don't ask me to make an idiot of myself another time," he growled while at dinner. "I've been caught once; don't expect me to do it again."

"But the girls, my dear," remarked Mrs. Gregson, meekly.

Whereupon Mr. Gregson confounded the girls, and declared if they couldn't catch their grand fish without so much golden bait that they might go without them.

In the evening of the second day after the fete Mr. Tom Gregson burst into the drawing-room with the intelligence that Mr. Townley, the member for Annaleigh, had just died.

"Eh? What?" exclaimed Mr. Gregson. "Where did you hear it from?"

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"Stopped a messenger rushing up to the hall with it," replied Tom, rather surlily, not relishing the suspicious tone of his father's question.

"There will be pretty doings now," he added. "The seat's vacant."

"Of course it is," snapped Mr. Gregson. "You don't suppose a dead man can fill it? Here, Thomas," shouting to a servant, "put the cob in the dogcart, and tell James I want him to drive me to the station."

"What for, papa?" said Miss Lavinia.

"To telegraph," replied Mr. Gregson, hurrying from the room.

"I could have told the governor that the news was already telegraphed," said Mr. Tom with a grin, "but he'd have asked me directly how I knew."

Mr. Tom Gregson was right; the news had already been telegraphed to the head of the government and the leader of the opposition, and both were already forming their plans for getting the vacant seat.

"We must have a Liberal in," said Lord Foley, the Liberal whip to the premier. "Shall we send Harber down? He wants a seat, and we owe him something, or get Gregson, the Manchester man, to stand?"

"Much influence?" asked the Liberal chief, curiously.

"Well, pretty fair. He has more, of course, than a stranger would have."

"Better write, or send Parker, the agent, down then," said the premier.

Almost at the same moment a conference was going on between the leader of the opposition and his conferees.

"We must not lose the seat," said he, shaking his head; "they have too large a majority as it is. Who is there to send down?"

Several were mentioned as eligible candidates, of course staunch Tories, but Mr. Chester, the leader, shook his head.

"No, no—won't do. Let me see, Sir Fielding Chichester is the man for the place—very popular, eh? Write and ask him to put up for it."

"Too old," suggested the Tory whip.

"Ye-es, that's true," answered the leader. "Let me see," a favorite expression of the honorable gentleman. "Hasn't he a son, a Mr. Charles or Chudleigh Chichester?"

"Chudleigh."

"I thought so. Name him. Explain the situation, and declare that it calls for him."

So that it came to pass that the morning express carried two parliamentary agents down to Grassmere, one to Sir Fielding Chichester from the Tory side, asking him to put forward his son, and one to William Gregson, Esq., of the Folly, Grassmere, to request him to stand for the Liberal interest.

"Chudleigh," said Sir Fielding, "read that."

Chudleigh read, and returned the letter, looking neither delighted nor surprised.

It needed more than the offer of a chance for the seat of Annaleigh to dispel the gloom of his spirits.

"Well," said Sir Fielding, whose cheeks were flushed, and he was looking particularly well and happy.

"Well, sir," said Chudleigh, "what do you wish me to do?"

"I—I don't know," said Sir Fielding. "It is a great honor, some would say a great piece of luck—the second this week, dear Chud," he added, significantly, glancing at the ornamental iron safe which held the wherewithal to clear off the hall mortgage.

Chudleigh flushed.

"You wish me to stand, sir?"

"I think so," said Sir Fielding, hesitating, his usual irresolute look wrinkling his forehead. "What do you say, Maud?"

"Ah, let us ask Maudie," said Chudleigh, laying his hand upon her arm.

"You haven't told me yet what the honor is you seem to hesitate so in accepting," said Maud, returning Chudleigh's scarcely by stroking his hand.

"Mr. Chester, or rather the Tory whip, has written to ask Chudleigh to stand for Annaleigh," said Sir Fielding.

"A member of parliament!" said Maud, woman-like, jumping to the conclusion that no one could do anything else but vote for her brother.

"Not quite," said Chudleigh. "I may not be returned, supposing I stand for it."

"Ah, hem, yes," said Sir Fielding,

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meditatively, thinking, though he did not like to say so, that the heir to Chichester Hall stood a good chance.

"Dear me, dear me," he continued, "to think that Townley, whom I knew at Eton, poring over his Virgil, should be lying dead, and my son asked to take his place—not over Virgil—but in the house. It reminds me that I cannot be far from that last parliament."

"Papa," exclaimed Maud, the tears springing to her eyes, while Chudleigh said:

"You are many years younger than Mr. Townley, sir."

"A few, a few," murmured Sir Fielding. "I remember—But about the seat, Chud—about the seat. What will you do?"

"Whatever you choose, sir," said Chudleigh, indifferently and dutifully.

"But I don't choose—I never can," said Sir Fielding, getting worried. "I should like to see you in parliament."

"Then get in, dear Chud," whispered Maud, and Chudleigh, rising, said, with an air of decision:

"Then I think I will stand, sir; what time does the letter say, Mr. Jones, the agent, may be expected?"

"By the—the—look, Maud, my dear; my eyes—"

"The express, Chud," said Maud.

"I will send the brougham for him," said Chudleigh, and left the room to make the first move in the game which he and Mr. Gregson were to play.

Directly Mr. Jones received Chudleigh's affirmative reply to the letter asking him to stand for Annaleigh, he requisitioned a light dogcart and a couple of the fastest hacks, one to use and the other to be kept ready, and drove off at breakneck speed for the printers, the result of which visit appeared in the evening in the shape of a thousand—yellow placards posted through Grassmere, Annaleigh and Warrington, setting forth Mr. Chudleigh Chichester's parliamentary address, and requesting the votes of the loyal and independent voters of the borough.

(To be Continued.)

No Indigestion Gas Or Stomach Misery In Five Minutes

"Pape's Diapepsin" for sour, acid stomach, heartburn, dyspepsia.

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Pape's Diapepsin is noted for its speed in regulating upset stomachs. It is the surest, quickest and most certain indigestion remedy in the whole world, and besides it is harmless. Millions of men and women now eat their favorite foods without fear—their know Pape's Diapepsin will save them from any stomach misery.

Please for your sake, get a large fifty-cent case of Pape's Diapepsin from any drug store and put your stomach right. Don't keep on being miserable—life is too short—you are not here long, so make your stay agreeable. Eat what you like and digest it; enjoy it, without dread of rebellion in the stomach.

Pape's Diapepsin belongs in your home anyway. Should one of the family eat something which don't agree with them, or in case of an attack of indigestion, dyspepsia, gastritis or stomach derangement at daytime or during the night, it is handy to give the quickest, surest relief known.

Telegram Fashion Plates.

The Home Dressmaker should keep a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Pattern Cuts. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

A SIMPLE DRESS FOR MOTHER'S GIRL.



1964—Girls' One-Piece Dress, with Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths.

This style is made to slip over the head, and is easy to develop. It is good for serge, gabardine, galatea, singham, seersucker, and nice for linen, taffeta, velvet and corduroy. The belt is cut with deep pocket sections, which form a practical, useful trimming over the sides of the dress. The Pattern is in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires 4 yards of 44-inch material for a 12-year size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

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1967—Ladies' Combination Corset Cover and Drawers.

This model combines several practical points, and insures comfort and ease. The drawers are cut with yoke and flounce sections. The corset cover has full body portions joined by shoulder straps, which may be replaced by ribbon. Lawn, nainsook, batiste, crepe, dimity or silk are suitable materials, with lace or embroidery for trimming. The Pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 3 yards of 36-inch material for a medium size.

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War News

Messages Received Previous to

BRITISH SUCCESS.

LONDON, Feb. 25.—The village of Petit Mirambert, of the Ancre in France, has been entered by British troops and is on an advance southeast of Mont, says the official from the Office to-night. The British south-south-east of Serres, for the Ancre, was also pushed forward on a front of over a mile and a half. The official reads: As a result of unceasing pressure of our troops enemy to-day vacated important positions on both banks of the Ancre. We made considerable progress south and southeast of amount, on a front of a mile, entered the village of Petit Mirambert. We also advanced our position on a front of over one and a half miles south and southeast of Serres. The night the enemy pushed our posts west of Lens. We recaptured the post by immediate counter attack. There has been considerable mutual artillery activity since during the day and night on both banks of the Somme, southeast Arras, and south of Ypres.

LONDON, Feb. 25.—The following statement issued with operations in Asiatic Turkey was issued by the war office to-night. The southern portion of the front position captured in the first assault on Thursday consisted of 10 miles of trenches on a frontage of 400 yards and a depth of 100 yards. The Turkish delivered six counter attacks but though one of them was temporarily successful, we secured and consolidated all our gains. On the afternoon of Thursday a further assault was launched against the Turkish first and second lines, a north-south position of those secured in the morning. Our whole objective was to gain Heavy Turkish counter attacks temporarily retarded our progress, but we finally consolidated our gains. At the end of the day the first lines of trenches on a front of 100 yards, were firmly in our hands. These operations having drawn the enemy's attention in the direction of Samnayat, it appeared possible to effect a crossing of the Tigris river, which was effected at Samnayat bend, just before daybreak on Friday. The first covering parties were ferried

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