

After Every Meal
WRIGLEYS
 The Flavor Lasts

After the Ball;
 OR,
 The Mystery Solved
 at Last.

CHAPTER X.
 A RASH BET.

Cursed be the forms that err from Nature's golden rule! Cursed be the gold that gilds the straightened forehead of the fool!

"LOOK upon dinner, Miss Lawley, as one of the most important things in life," said the Hon. Mr. Hartfield, shaking his curled head with profound earnestness, and crossing his long legs with an air of comfortable ease. "You look as if you thought me wrong. I'm right, I assure you. I know a fellow—he's vevy old—said he'd tried everything—by Jove! fighting, traveling, working, marrying—but all turned out blanks, nothing a prize except his dinner. He's a—what's his name—Solomon—you know, eh?"

The scene was the drawing-room at Lady Mildred's. Dinner had just come to an end. Sir Fielding was comfortably ensconced in an easy-chair beside the fire opposite Lady Mildred, who, with Maud at her side, was recounting some traveling experience.

In a corner of the room, Chudleigh, with an album in his hand, was leaning, watching Carlotta and the Hon. Clarence, who were seated on an ottoman.

Mr. Hartfield's voice, as it rose and fell, floated over him, jarring upon his ears most discordantly, and set him wondering with a fery impatience how the beautiful Carlotta could sit and listen with such smiling attention.

"Can you find no higher aim or end than dining, Mr. Hartfield?" said Carlotta, with a slight smile. "What would become of the world if all its inhabitants thought with you?"

"Good! By Jove!" murmured the exquisite. "That's a poser. Not that I care for the world, you know—no fellow does."

"You have not answered my question," said Carlotta.

"I can't," replied Mr. Hartfield, frowning his friends. "Here's an example could make out a widdle. I took a magazine in once—you know what I mean? Not a p-powder magazine, but a monthly journal. It was vevy good, you know—all stories and p-poetry; but there was always a page of c-counundrums and enigmas at the end; and I used to turn to this page—not because I wanted to, you know, but because I couldn't help it. I was f-fascinated, er—er—difficult word, fascinated—and—Where was

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After Years of Suffering Attributes Cure to Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

Eating too much or using foods that do not agree are the usual causes of indigestion. The trouble usually begins not in the stomach, but in the liver, since it devolves on this organ to filter the excess waste matter from the system. Now, since Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are the greatest of liver regulators, it naturally follows that they are unexcelled as a cure for chronic indigestion.

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tried Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. I would have an attack of this trouble with my stomach every three or four weeks, and was so bad at times that my friends thought I would surely die. Thanks to these pills, I have not had an attack for six months, and believe that the cure is thorough. My husband has had very satisfactory experience with Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. He was much run down, and very pale and weak. I persuaded him to use the Nerve Food, and after having taken five boxes he looks and feels real well."

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would know I'd split on him, and—by Jove! Oh, I say, you know—eh?"

"I understand you," said Sir Fielding, smiling at the enigmatical objection. "At least, I must thank him in some way."

"May I suggest that you write over to the Folly to-morrow morning?" said Mr. Hartfield. "I'm sure you'd like them. They must be good-natured sort of people to let a fellow go on his own hook as I do. Try them, as the twadespeople say, Sir Fielding. It would be a kindness—eh, Miss Chichester?" and he turned to Maud, with a smile.

"Do call, papa," said Maud. "It was very good of Mr. Gregson, was it not?" and, leaning over, she touched Chudleigh—who, as he was bending over Carlotta and saying something in a quiet, eager voice, started at the interruption—and told him the incident of the bull and the flower garden, adding, in a lower tone: "See, Chud, papa has almost given way. Do persuade him to call."

Chudleigh nodded acquiescingly, but not with any show of pleasure, and, seating himself beside Carlotta, continued the conversation, if conversation it could be called, when he alone was speaking, Carlotta listening, with lowered face and eyes.

"The horse is quite safe. You know I would not let you ride it if it were not. Say you will come. Give me your promise. Maud will be so delighted; she is fond of a gallop, you know. Let me bring the horse around for you to-morrow morning, if the weather be bright, will you?" and he waited eagerly for the answer, which she seemed loath to give. "I know you are fond of riding," he continued, persuasively, "for I heard you tell Maud that you were, and I am sure you will like The Sultan. You will come, will you not?"

With a troubled look and a slight flush, she raised her head, and almost said yes, when the Hon. Mr. Hartfield came lounging up to them, and with a start Carlotta regained her usual calmness, and said:

"No, thank you very much; not to-morrow, please," and Chudleigh bowing, with a stern frown at the exquisite as he passed, arose and walked up to Lady Mildred.

"Aunt," he said, "I have a few letters to write to-night. You will excuse me, will you not?"

"Not going yet, Chudleigh?" said Lady Mildred. "Dear me, how is that? The carriage will not be here for another hour, will it, Sir Fielding?"

"No," said Sir Fielding, looking up at Chudleigh, with mild inquiry. "Must you go, Chud?"

"Yes, sir," he replied, and shaking hands with Lady Mildred, crossed over to the ottoman.

"Good-night, Mr. Hartfield," he said, as cordially as he could, and "Good-night, Miss Lawley," as icily.

Poor fellow! It seemed hard that time for him! It seemed hard that time for an idiot as the Hon. Clarence appeared to be could win smiles from the woman he loved, whereas he gained nothing but cold looks and cold words.

Be the Hon. Mr. Hartfield's reason for bringing about an acquaintance between the hall and the Folly what it might, he certainly had arranged his tactics in an astonishingly masterly way, and successfully, for the morning after the dinner at the cottage, Sir Fielding and Chudleigh rode over to the large red-brick house which they had so long ignored.

Hartfield had advised the Gregsons of the intended visit in a few languid, offhand words, and the family were on the qui vive of expectation, old Gregson being warned in a timid way by his daughters to keep watch and

guard over his language, and Tom counseled to absent himself altogether during the interview, or keep a prudent silence, and on no account to offer to lay Sir Fielding two to one or bet him the odds.

Notwithstanding these preparations, the Gregson family were extremely agitated when Sir Fielding and Chudleigh dismounted and were ushered into the drawing-room.

"How do you do, Sir Fielding?" said Mr. Gregson, grasping the long, white hand in his short, red one. "Happy to see you. Quite an honor, sir. Hope you're well, Mr. Chichester? Mr. Gregson, my daughters, Misses Bella and Lavinia. Met Miss Maud at the mother's meeting, I believe, several times."

Sir Fielding and Chudleigh then passed over to the ladies, who, all smiles and flutterings, made room for them on the sofa, old Gregson seating himself in an easy-chair and commencing a conversation concerning the weather, of course—with Chudleigh.

Sir Fielding, between the two girls, was highly amused for some few minutes, not insensible to their evident attempts at blandishment, and, thinking after all that they were rather well-behaved and quiet, said:

"My daughter would have accompanied us this morning, but she has a headache. I am commissioned with her compliments, which I beg of you to accept. Will you do us the honor of calling at the hall when next you are near?"

Mr. Gregson bowed, and the girls murmured: "Delighted." Then Sir Fielding arose and commenced the real object of his visit.

"Mr. Gregson," he said, "I owe you some thanks. Permit me to discharge the debt."

"What's that, sir?" asked Mr. Gregson, bristling up from his chair. "Wasn't aware of any debt. No thanks due to me for anything, that I know of. Don't quite understand, Sir Fielding."

"For you have added to your generosity by forgetting it so quickly," replied Sir Fielding, with his quiet, courtly smile. "I have come to apologize for my bull, and express my regret for the damage and annoyance which his trespass must have caused you. I only learned it yesterday, or, be assured, would have found an earlier opportunity to thank you for your consideration."

(To be Continued.)

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The World's
 Tea-Drinkers.

Statistics compiled some time ago by the Department of Commerce at Washington show that the English rank easily first among tea-drinking nations. Should an Englishman, an American, a Russian, a German, an Austrian, a Frenchman, and an Italian sit down together—an impossible assumption just now—and order drinks in a quantity that would show the relative consumption of tea in normal times by their respective nations, some would get enough for a bath, while others would obtain only a few mouthfuls. The Englishman would find himself confronted with 1,800 cups, the American with 400, the Russian with 275, the German with 26, the Austrian with 20, the Frenchman with 13, and the Italian with only one.

Telegram
 Fashion Plates.

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1856—Juniors' Coat, with Fronts and Collar Rolled Hig or Low. Plaid cloaking in brown tones with trimmings of tan zibeline is here portrayed. The coat fronts are trimmed with pocket flaps, under which pockets may be inserted. The fulness of the fronts is held by a belt. The Pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. It requires 4½ yards of 54-inch material for a 14-year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

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This model is good for drill, denim, sateen, lawn, batiste, cambric, seersucker, gingham and muslin. It is cool and comfortable, and its fulness may be confined at the waistline, under the belt. The Pattern is cut in 3 sizes: Small, Medium and Large. Medium size requires 4½ yards of 66-inch material.

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War News
 Messages Received Previous to 9 A.M.

THE LAURENTIC.

LONDON, Jan. 31. About 250 men were lost in the sinking of the auxiliary cruiser Laurentic, many of them having been killed by the explosion of a mine which sent the former White Star liner to the bottom last Thursday, says a dispatch to the Press Association from Belfast. The dispatch says the Laurentic struck a mine off the north coast of Ireland and sank in about ten minutes. A big hole was blown in the side of the ship by the explosion. Several boats were launched and filled with rescued men, but were engulfed in the vortex of the sinking steamer. For a time the sea was dotted with struggling men, some of whom were taken into other boats and saved. The remainder could not be rescued. A salvage attempt was made to beach the ship, but the sea was too rough. The vessel was destroyed by the explosion, but in response to rockets sent a number of mine sweepers hastened to her assistance being twenty miles distant. It was a long time before the castaways were rescued. One of the boats was not found until several hours after the Laurentic sank.

APPEAL FOR HOME DEFENSE.

LONDON, Jan. 31. King George has sent a letter to the Lords Lieutenant of the counties throughout the country, appealing to men over military age to enroll as a volunteer force for home defense. The letter recalls the territorial force which was originally intended for home service, but has since been disbanded. After expressing his thanks to the territorial force who

