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NOT LOVED.

"And what do you intend to do, Lucille?"

The answer came quick and decisive: Find her, Cecil. 1 repeat, what you have just said of her history occurred to me. I remembered how sad at times she has appeared when I have come unexpectedly upon her. Also, that more than once she has referred to her past life as if it had been of no pleasant nature. I recollect she said that one day she would tell me some of her history. You, Cecil, confirm my sus-picions, and I will discover her. She shall find me a friend to help, to advise, to comfort, if necessary, for I am certain no blame can attach to her."

"But, my dear Lucille," broke in the marquis, alarmed at the turn affairs were taking, "I scarcely think such a proceeding justifiable. Signora Saproni expresses a decided desire for secrecy." Only, my lord, because probably she fears I might be offended at what she

seeks to hide." Tut, tut! Then, again, how could you, a lady in your position, find her,

my love? "My uncle is right, Lucille," said Cecil, decisively. "You could not well The marquis' features exdo this." pressed pleasure-Lady Westbrook's disappointment, until Lord Carlsford proceeded: "Therefore, if you like to but the affair in my hands, I will be your detective, and discover Signora Saproni for you."
"You will?" exc

exclaimed Lady Westbrook, leaning forward with sparkling eyes. "How very good-how very kind of you!'

"Cecil forgets," and the marquis' tones were suddenly very grave, "how Maria Saproni's flight and his seeking after her might be construed by the world-hardly to the young lady's ad-

His nephew colored, but added, laughing, as he rose from the table: "Do not fear, my lord, the world shall have no opportunity to air its love of scandal upon me. I will take care of that. Furn.sh me with all the clew you can, Lucille, and I will find the runaway." Saying which he quitted the apart-

ment. The marquis' brows were con-tracted. Seeing it, Lady Westbrook ex-

"Oh! my lord, can there really be any harm in Cecil doing this?" "Great harm, my child-very great," was the grave rejoinder; "and you must balk instead of aid him."

"My lord! "Yes. I see I must, after all, take you into my confidence. Lucille, first answer me: which do you love best-

your cousin or me?" "My lord, can you ask?" and, with some emotion, Lady Westbrook held her hands impulsively towards her compation. "Do I not owe all to you? Are you not a father to me in affection

as well as name?' He took her hands, pressing them in his own, and answered:

"I am glad to hear it-very glad, Lucille; for I know I may now safely trust you with a secret, the veriest hint of which must never be revealed to Cecil. Though Signora Saproni's present address is as much a mystery to me as to you, I was aware that she intended to leave as she has." 'You, my lord!" And Lucille raised

her eyes to his in astonishment. "Yes, I, Lucille." And as they both arose, he, clasping her hands in his, and looking earnestly into her face, "Cecil loves Signora Saproniloves her honorably-yes, would even marry her!"

"Cecil, my lord!" "Yes, Cecil; and your maid knows it. That is why, like a brave, noble, selfsacrificing woman, she has fled, to save our family from probable trouble-has fled, as she has, to prevent Cecil's finding her-as I knew, as she knew, he

"My lord, this is wonderful! it-it seems so impossible!" ejaculated Lucille, bewildered by this startling re-"I suspected nothing! I-I velation. cannot grasp it! Oh! can it really be

"It is, most certainly. Be seated, and I will tell you all; for you will respect the confidence."

"I will, my lord." Resuming their chairs, the marquis commenced his recital. When he had ended, Lucille's eyes swam with tears. "I always felt Maria far superior to her class!" she exclaimed, enthusias-tically. "I always felt her, in mind, in innate refinement and nobility of sentiment, the equal of the noblest; now I am sure of it. Brave girl! with a true, pure woman's pride. My lord,

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my lord, I fear you have done Cecil a crueller wrong than you imagine by depriving him of such a wife. Still, the world may be of a different opinion, and I have no right to make

things contrary to your desire. I will not make the attempt. But pray make me one promise. Unaware to Cecil let us find Maria. I know she has few friends—no relations; she is almost, if not quite, alone in the world. Were she in want she would, and justly, be too proud to seek aid here. It is our part, who owe her so much, to help, to watch over her future unasked. Smiling, the marquis kissed her white

"Your request is easily granted, my love," he said, "for it echoes my own intent. Your announcement of Maria Saproni's departure took me by surprise. I had counted to have had time to take precautions against her so acting-precautions unknown to her. But now, rely on me that I'll use every means to find her."

CHAPTER XXIII. Meanwhile Lord Carisford had hastened to his own apartments, where he rang for his valet and ordered his

The more he reflected the more certain he was that it was his admiration which had driven the Italian away, and the more determined he was to find her -if for no other purpose, at least, to clear away the stain which evidently, in her eyes, rested on his honor.

As he dressed he thought whether he should take his "tame cat," the captain, into his confidence. He decided, finally, in the negative.

Since those hints and suggestions of the officer he had scarcely felt so ready to entrust his affairs to his keeping. Consequently, before the hour when Captain Lascelles "dropped in," Cecil. plan already formed, had mounted his horse, and, unattended by his groom, ridden off.

Reaching Hyde Park Corner he over-took the Earl of Lethrington, also, like himself, proceeding westward. Joining company, they talked of the day's "on dits." during which Gerard naturally inquired after Lady Westbrook.

"She is quite well, thanks," answered Cecil, meditatively, smoothing his horse's glossy mane with his riding-

He was in doubt whether to mention Lucille's annoyance at the flight of her maid, for men are as apt to chat trifles even as the other sex; besides, something whispered him that the most trivial of trivialities, where his cousin was concerned, would be interesting to

On second thoughts, however, he refrained from the communication, thus preventing the earl learning a circumstance which he might have blended with his adventure of the previous night.

At Oxford Circus, separating, each went his way, little aware how appar-

ently they were in unison. Turning up Langham Place, and skirting Regent's Park, Cecil proceeded to a street lying behind Albany street. Here, checking his horse into a walk, Cecil drew from his pocketbook a narrow strip of paper evidently cut from a morning newspaper. 'Yes," he muttered, consulting it, 'quite correct. No. 13, 'Mr. Noah Seacum, Private Inquiry Office.' I may

as well see what he is like." Casting his eyes round, he perceived a little tatterdemalion enjoying with his nimble feet so energetic a pas seul on the pavement that his shock hair flew about as if under the influence of electricity.

The bright eyes caught the nobleman's, and instantly the commercial part of the nomad's young mind overwhelmed his devotion to Terpsichore.
"'Old yer 'orse, yer honor?" he cried, darting up.

"Yes, my man," answered Cecil, lighting. "Walk him up and down. I alighting. shall not be long.

The nomad took the reins, and Lord Carisford ascended the one broad step, unwholesomely white, of No. 13, and knocked. His summons being answered by a slipshod domestic with unkempt hair and unmistakable indications of stove-brushes on her features, he inquired for Mr. Noah Seacum, and was at once ushered into the sanctum of the detective officer, late of Scotland

There is no necessity to describe Mr. Seacum particularly. Suffice, he was a rather spare, small man, with irongray hair and a sallow countenance, not marked so much by shrewdness as by dogged persistency. He looked respectable and honest, so Cecil, after a few questions, informed him of the reason of his visit.

First impressing the strictest secrecy he proceeded to state the circumstances, and why Lady Westbrook, in whose name he, her cousin, be it held in mind, acted, imagined she had fled. Mr. Noah Seacum listened, here and there throwing in a leading question, and through the whole taking notes. A young gentleman instituting a private search for a handsome lady'smaid, of course she was handsomecela va sans dire-was, to say the least

of it, suspicious. Nevertheless, if that was the detective's opinion at the commencement, so exceedingly well and with such a lack of self-interest, did Cecil carry out the affair, that he soon banished it, attributing the whole matter of concern to her ladyship. [To be Continued.]

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Have It Checked and the Inflammation Allayed by Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.

It is appalling how many people in the course of a year are hurried into untimely graves by an attack of dysentery.

It comes on so suddenly, its course is so rapid its action on the system so weakening, its termination so quickly fatal, that any treatment must be administered promptly and the disease checked effectively at the outset. The only remedy that anyone would think of relying on in such an emergency as that, is Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. For a generation and a half it has been curing all forms of bowel complaints of children and adults, and during that time has saved thousands of lives and many doctors' bills. Never be without it in your house. Its cost is trifling, only 35 cents, but the pain and weakness, yes, even death, it may save you from ome day, or some of your family, is worth more to you than ten thousand

Mrs. Richard Gilbank, Coldwater, Ont., says: "I have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry and found it a reliable remedy for Summer Complaint, Diarrhea, Dysentery and Cholera Morbus. I know it to be a grand remedy in the case of children,

and heartily recommend it." Paper artificial teeth are now made in Germany. They are said to be not brittle, to retain their color and to be lighter than china teeth, and they do not melt in the mouth.

MAN EATERS AS PETS

Sir Henry Rawlinson Possessed Wonderful Taming Power Over Wild Beasts.

Sir Henry Rawlinson, the great authority on Persian inscriptions, wrote his Memoir" in a summer house overhanging the Tigris, where the outside heat of 120 degrees was reduced to 90 degrees by the action of a water wheel which poured a continuous stream of water over the roof

of the house. For recreation while writing this book Rawlinson indulged in petting wild animais. He had a tame leopard named Fahad, which he brought to England and presented to the zoological gardens at Clifton, near Bristol. Whenever Rawinson was in England he would visit Fahad. As soon as the beast heard his cry, "Fahad, Fahad!" it would rise from the floor of its cage, approach the bars and then, rolling en the floor, extend its head to be scratched.

Once the keeper, who did not know Sir Henry, on seeing him patting the leopard, exclaimed:

"Take your hand out of the cage! The animal's very savage and will bite you!" "Do you think so?" said Sir Henry. don't think he'll bite me. Will you, Fahad?" And the beast answered by a pur and would hardly let the hand be with-

He also had at Bagdad a pet lion, which had been found when a kitten on the bank of the Tigris, its mother having been shot, and brought to Sir Henry. He alone fed it, and the lion when grown would follow him about like a dog. One hot day the lion moped and rejected its food. It paced about the master's room, and he, being very busy, called two servants to take the lion away.

The lion would not go with them, but drew nearer its master and at last sat down under his chair, with its head between his knees. "Oh," said he, "If he won't go, let him

hide." The servants went out, and Sir Henry wrote on. The lion sank from a sitting position into that of a "lion couchant." All was quiet for several hours save the scratching of a pen. When his work was ever, the master put down his hand to pat the pet. The lion was dead .- Youth's Companion.

YENETIAN GONDOLIERS.

The Life Is One of Hardship, Continual Exposure and Fatigue.

The gondoliers of Venice have again and again risen against the ruin of their livelihood by the "black devils" of the vaporetti, but force is at once called in, and they are brutally silenced, flung into prison and deprived of their license-i. e., of their daily bead. Because it is so picturesque a calling, and the balancing of the oar looks so easy a work those who are out ide it do not realize its hardships. In su ner if Venice be full it is well enough and brings a fair though never a high wage, but in the other seasons it is a life of great and continual exposure and fatigue. In cold weather-and Venice is intensely cold in the winter solstice-the long vigils on the traghetto are most tedious and trying, especially through the long chill nights. When the icy winds blow in from the Alps or the Adriatic, the gondolier stands exposed to all their fury, while the passenger he carries sits warm and

sheltered under the felze. Strong and lithe in form, often handsome in feature, almost invariably intelligent and acquainted with legend and verse, invariably courteous and well bred, the gondolier should have received the utmost attention from his rulers. It is painful to know that no body of men has ever been so slighted, so injured, and so wantonly outraged.

There is nowhere any more interesting and deserving community than the Venetian gondoliers, and few more worthy of regard, yet they have been dealt with as though they were no more than so much scum of the sea. Their long established rights receive no consideration, and their injuries no compensation.

If the vote of Venice could have been honestly polled, no steamboat would ever have been allowed on the Grand canal, just as if the vote of Florence could have been honestly polled the center of Florence would be now standing untouched and would have remained untouched for many egeneration.—Ouida in Fortnightly.

Disappointed.

A little anecdote about Mr. Gladstone in The Chap Book makes itself welcome by touching the great man's humorous

The premier was invited to attend one of Punch's famous dinners. He was to meet Mr. Harry Furniss, who had, as one might say, discovered the Gladstone collar and was in the habit of caricaturing the statesman weekly by representing him almost buried in his own collar.

Mr. Furniss had of course been told that he was to meet Mr. Gladstone, and the entire company looked forward with amusement to the night when the ideal and the actual should thus confront each

The evening came, and Mr. Gladstone with it, but he wore a little band of white linen behind which not even the lobe of the ear could be concealed. He had appreciated the situation and provided for it.

The Flag and the Regiment.

When William McKinley was Major McKinley, he once made an address in which he described the difference between the American volunteer and the soldier of other nations. The men who were his comrades in the civil war, he said, not only fought, but thought. To illustrate this he related an anecdote about a young soldier in some northern regiment whose duty it was to carry the regimental flag. On the march the boy ran on ahead with the flag streaming in the air. The colonel was incensed. "Here!" he cried. "Bring that flag back to the regiment!" The boy turned and replied, "Aw, you

bring your regiment up to the flag!'

His Definition. "What is a flirt?" asked the small boy. "A flirt," replied the old bachelor, "is a pretty woman.

"But what kind of a pretty woman?" persisted the small boy. "Any kind of a pretty woman," anawered the old bachelor. 'Well, how pretty must she be?" the

youngster insisted. 'Oh. pretty enough to have a chance to flirt!" returned the old bachelor irritably. And still the boy was not satisfied, but as he grews older he will understand it

Sam Jones in one of his spiritual disclosures spoke of a clergyman's wife who was a better preacher than her husband, because he always required a text for sermon, while all she needed was a pretext.

better.—Chicago Post.

Christmas cards first came into fashion

DISCIPLINE

Its Perfection Shown in Time of Danger on Board a Man-of-War.

After lunch, writes Stephen Bonsal, in McClure's, as I walked with an officer apon the spar deck an orderly came up and said just as if he were announcing supper or eight bells, "I have to report a fire in a coal bunker." "All right," replied the officer; "will be down immediately." Then, with a parting whiff, he threw away his cigar, and we went down

the companionway together.

There upon one of the lower decks a sentry, with the most quizzical expression of curiosity upon his face that I have ever seen, stood before a great dial like those in use in modern hotels, the indicator of which pointed steadfastly to the little face of the dial marked "B 21." My companion, the officer, went down

still further into the bowels of the ship, while I stood with astonishment at the indicator, with wonderment as great, if not as open mouthed, as the sentry's. "It's a wonderful thing, this here machine," he said. "It keeps me awake at night, it's so darn human. It rings up a fire in some spooky way, just as if you or I might touch a bell and order up a mint julep. Yes, it do, sir." Where B 21 was neither he nor I knew,

but we agreed in the hope that the burning bunker might be far from the magazines. There was some talk about playing that number and that letter in the next game of chance upon which we entered until gradually the consciousness dawned upon us that we were even at this moment engaged upon a game of most serious hazard and that the cards might go against us. I smoked my eigar for an hour upon the signal tower, wondering all the while how the invisible flames were growing and whether they were gaining headway, and so, having given evidence of what I considered almost Spartan stoicism, I grabbed the officer as he came up from below, covered with coal dust and sweat, and said with as cheerful mien as I could muster, "And how about B 21?"

"Let's go up on the bridge; it's cooler there," was the only reply vouchsafed. So we climbed up to the fighting tops, I drawing a certain satisfaction from the thought that if we blew up we should still be on top, and never from that day to this have I heard a word of how the fire in coal bunker 21 was put out, and, for all I know, it may be burning to this day.

Repairing Clocks. "Watch repairers have a horror of touching a clock that has been tinkered by amateurs," explained a watch repairer to a reporter, "and they would rather get out of such a job if they can do so, for the loss of one of the smallest parts means considerable work to reproduce it, and much more work than the general customer expects or wants to pay for. They try to get rid of such a job when they can, for in nine cases out of ten the result is not entirely satisfactory. People who have a good clock, unless they know something about the way clocks are made and how they should be taken apart, will do the wise thing to let it alone when it gets out of order. Experimenting with it often means the ruin of the clock. It is absolutely dangerous to try to unwind a main. spring, as men have discovered for themselves, unless the proper tools are bandy. Now, a clock repairer has a contrivance known as a spring controller, which grasps the spring and holds it while being taken out or put into the clock, so that there is no danger. The spring for an eight day clock is often two yards long, and when suddenly let free it flies out with nearly the force of a charge of shot from a gun. -Washington Star.

The Best Parts of Lamb or Mutton.

In buying lamb or mutton you may choose the saddle or the whole hind quarter, the leg, loin or shoulder. The saddle is roasted, the leg is roasted or boiled, the loin is roasted or cut into chops and the shoulder is roasted. The hind quarter costs more than the fore quarter, but the shoulder piece, boned and stuffed, makes a very nice and inexpensive roast. The shoulder and neck piece are also used for

lamb stews and fricassees. Chops are cut in two ways-there are the long chops and the short chops. The long chops have the flank end left on. while in the short chops the flank is cut off and only the loin part used. The long chops cost less by the pound, but really are not so cheap, since the flank piece adds to the weight without giving any more eatable meat. It takes so much more to make the amount needed for family use that in the end it really costs more than the lesser number of pounds of short chops at the larger price. - Sallie Joy White in Woman's Home Companion.

Secondhand Wagon Wheels.

Among the great variety of things sold at secondhand are wagon and truck wheels. Wheels become secondhand from various causes. A concern running fine wagons kept always in perfect order would discard a wheel that was marred, though it might still be serviceable and replace it with a new one. The old wheel would be bought by somebody having a wagon repaired and needing a wheel to replace one broken and wanting it cheap. The secondhand wheel costs little, very much less than a new wheel. It may be possible to put a secondhand wheel of the same color as the other three or very close to it, so that it matches well enough, but men have been known to take for the same end of a wagon two wheels of different colors and different heights. When finally worn out, the old wagon

wheels and truck wheels are broken up. The wood is used for burning and the axle boxes and tires go to the scrap heap. - New York Sun. The Icelanders' Language.

How strange it would seem to us today if there existed, say in Newfoundland, a colony of Anglo-Saxons, sent there by King Alfred, and speaking still the pure old Saxon tongue of King Alfred's Wessex! Yet this would exactly parallel the case of Iceland. While Danes and Swedes have modernized the ancient Scandinavian of the Sagas into the Danish and Swedish of the present day the Icelanders still go on speaking the tongue of their forefathers pretty much as it was spoken by Rolf the Ganger and Harold Hardrada. They read the Sagas in the tongue of the old singers as easily as our children can read Shakespeare and the English Bible.-Gant Allen in Popular Science.

THERE is not a more dangerous class of disorders than those which affect the breathing organs. Nullify this danger with Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil-a pulmonic of acknowledged efficacy. It cures soreness and lameness when applied externally, as well as swelled neck and crick in the back. and, as an inward specific, possesses most substantial claim to public con-

This is the weather for the Fly. 241

"Blending Teas" often means cheap scrub teas, whose harsh, ill-flavored qualities are disguised with mixtures of other teas and with chemicals to soiten the taste and give flavor. In MONSOON Ceylon TEA, nature and culture do the blending in the sap of the growing tea plant-grown in our own gardens. That is why Monsoon Tea is so distinc-

tively and incomparably good. O PAYOLO P do-caulomales

MULEY EL HASSAN.

Sketch of the Recently Deceased Sultan of Merocco.

Mulai Ab-El-Aziz, Sultan of Morocco,

The Sultan was the son of the late Sultan Mulai-Hassan and was born in 1831. He succeeded to the throne on the death of his father and was proclaimed Sultan in the Sherifian camp on July 7, 1873. The dead despot of the Empire of Morocco was known to his subjects under the title of "Emir-al-Munenin," or "the Prince of True Believers." He was the fifteenth monarch of the dynasty which was founded by Mulai-Achmet and the



MULEY EL HASSAN, SULTAN OF MOROCCO.

thirty-sixth lineal descendant of that Ali who was the uncle and the son in-law of the great Prophet Mahomet himself, Every Sultan, under the traditions of the family of the Sherifs of Feleli, is supposed before his death to indicate the member of the family who will best conserve the interests of the empire by replacing him on the throne. Yet the Sultanate is an elective office and every member of the family is eligible. Mulai. Ab-El-Aziz was 67 years old, and he ruled with absolute power over about 5,000,000 subjects, any one of whom would have willingly laid down his life at his monarch's beck. The government is vested in the Sultan and there are no restricting laws, either civil or religious. The Sultan is advised by six Ministers, who are the Grand Vizier, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Home Affairs and War, the Chief Chamberlain, Chief Treasurer, and Chief Administrator of Customs. The revenue of the Sultan is about \$250,000 a year.

RED UNIFORMS HARD TO HIT. It Is a Fallacy That Scarlet Is Particu-

larly Obtrusive. Scarlet, it has always been supposed, was the worst color possible for the purposes of the battlefield. It has been said

so with such frequency, indeed, that nobody of late years has cared to dispute the fact. We owe it to some very practical experiments carried out in Germany that the question has now been put on a more satisfactory basis. A squad of ten men, two dressed in light grey, two in dark grey, two in scarlet, two in blue, and two in green, were lately ordered to march across an open country. Their movements were closely watched. The first men to disappear from sight were those in light gray, immediately afterward the scarlet, then the dark gray, and finally the blue and the green. Here we have all wellworn theories upset. Experiments carried out on the rifle range showed that our national color possesses even distinct merits. The idea was this time to ascertain which color gave the worst mark for the rifle. Twenty men, all good shots, were used for the purpose of the experiment. After they and fired a given number of rounds it was discovered that scarlet was far the most difficult color to hit. For every miss at the other colors there were three in favor of scarlet. We will not assert that these experiments were conclusive evidence of our national color, but they certainly go a long way to justify its retention, says the Army and Navy Gazette. There is much to be said in these days of quick-firing guns in favor of a uniform which is difficult to hit, and in this particular scarlet undoubtedly will hold its own against all

"MY FRIENDS DESPAIR." La Grippe and Nervous Prostration Had Brought Captain Copp Near to Death - South American Nervine Was the Life Saver.

other colors.

'I was ailing for nearly four years with nervous prostration. I tried many remedies and was treated by physicians without any permanent benefit. A year ago I took la grippe which greatly aggravated my trouble. My friends despaired of my recovery. I was induced to try South American Nervine, and was rejoiced to get almost instant relief. I have used four bottles and feel myself completely cured. I believe it's the best remedy known for the nerves and blood." Wm. M. Copp, Newcastle, N. B. For sale by W. S. B. Barkwell.

Children Cry for CASTORIA. CASTORIA

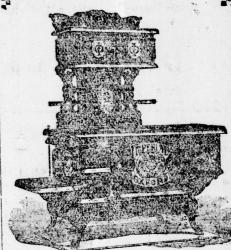
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