Maida's Secret.....

By the Author of.... "A Gipsy's Daughter," "Another Man's Wife," "A Heart's Bitterness," Etc., Etc.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS—Guy Hartleigh leaves England to find his long lost cousin in San Francisco. Maida Carringford, an actress in that city, is pestered by genteel loafers amongst whom is Caryl Wilton who proposes and is rejected. She learns the story of her mother's betrayal by Sir Richard Hartleigh. Sir Richard's child, Constance, whom Guy is seeking, dies, and Maida impersonates her and is taken to Hartleigh Hall, where she becomes the idol of the household. A fete is given in her honor at Vyner Castle during which it is suggested that she take part in some amateur theatricals. Mildred Thorpe, an unemployed American girl in London is exhausted by her fruitless efforts to obtain work. After securing engagement as country church organist she is about to faint when she is assisted by Carl Wilton who is struck assisted by Caryl Wilton who is struck by her likeness to Maida Carringford. He visits the Duke of Beldaire at whose seat the amateur actors are disconcerted by the loss of their Romeo. He is persuaded to act as substitute.

CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

And when they had left the stage a scene of the wildest description followed. The audience, held in breathless suspense until they had gone, broke out into cheers and cries and old Sir Richard fairly wept with the joy of what his daughter had done.

And after that first struggle with herself she thought no more of the consequences, but played with all her heart and soul. It was a wonderful performance which she and Caryl Wilton gave that titled audience. She forgot, in the abandon of the true artist, that the handsome face, the deep musical voice, belonged to the one who could ruin her at a word, to the man she had sent from her with outstretched hand and eyes from which blazed that most terrible of things—a pure woman's anger.

She forgot everything until it was all over. Then she remembered what she had done, and realized what it meant. She saw it in the look on the face of the man who had led her before the footlights to receive the meed of applause which she had earned. And she knew now at what a price she had earned it.

If he had had any doubts before he had none now. He knew for a certainty that Constance Hartleigh and Maida Carringford were the same person. He knew she was the person who had so scornfully spurned his suit in that far away time when she was Maida Carringford. She saw it on his face.

Well, he might know it. What then? Could he prove it? Would he prove it? Had he fixed upon a price for his silence?

He said nothing to her, she nothing to him. He took her hand and led her off the stage. They met Lord Algy in the wings. Almost as white as herself, Algy was the first to speak.

He had stood leaning against the scene watching her, the tears running down his pale, thin cheeks, his lips quivering, his hands clasped, all his artistic nature moved to its greatest depths.

Even now the words came with difficulty, and he contented himself with bending low over her outstretched hand and kissing it with the reverence of a devotee toward his saint. Guy stood apart and moodily watched her with a grave and wistful look.

How could he ever hope to possess the love of this peerless creature? It seemed to him now more than ever before, that a vast distance lay between them. There had once been a question of his marrying her, though she might not be his equal. Was not the question now, as to whether he was her equal?

A vast, wide-stretching gulf seemed to yawn between them. He alone said no word of praise, while the rest, in an eager clamor, exclaimed and apostrophized.

Suddenly, in a little pause, as Maida sat fanning herself, and gradually coming back into her usual calm self-possession, came a thin, clear voice—that of Lady Gladys.

"And only think, this is her first appearance!"

It was a little thing to disturb the harmony or bring color to the pale face, but it did. There was a moment's pause in the clamor, a pause as of doubt, and all eyes were fixed on the downcast eyes, hidden by the white lids and long lashes.

"The first time! Is it not marvellous?" repeated Lady Gladys, turning from one to another, but keeping her sharp eyes on Maida.

Slowly the dark head was raised, but before she could speak a word, a voice, low and deep, said, slowly, and with a sort of cutting emphasis which made it seem to mean more than it said:

"I do not think there is anything marvellous in it. An actress is born. You know yourself, Lady Gladys, that all the studying in the world will not make an actress where nature has been niggardly. Miss Hartleigh is evidently a born actress. And then I think we are losing sight of one who deserves more credit than he is likely to get—I mean Lord Algy, whose management has had a great deal to do with Miss Hartleigh's success.

"Thanks, old fellow; but suppose you take some credit. I am sure Miss Hartleigh will agree with me that the performance owes a great deal to you."

"Oh, I am beyond the reach of flattery, Algy," retorted Caryl to Lord Algy, who had just spoken. "But Miss Hartleigh's performance really was wonderful—wonderful—wonderful, but dangerous."

"Dangerous?" repeated several.

Caryl was standing, leaning indolently on the back of a chair, and he stroked his mustache with his fingers as his eye sought Maida's. She looked at him.

"Yes, dangerous," he repeated. "You see, such a character is a strain even upon one who has learned endurance from long professional experience; how much more severe must the strain be upon a young lady who has undergone no such training. If I might advise Miss Hartleigh, I would say, Do not repeat it."

There was an instant murmur of disapproval at this, but he seemed not to hear it, so intent was he in studying the face which had been turned toward the floor as he proceeded. Presently she looked up and straight into his eyes.

She knew that he had meant that it would be dangerous for her to again run the risk of being discovered as he had discovered her. She forced a quiet smile to her lips, and slowly, almost painfully answered:

"I think I understand, Mr. Wilton. It is very good advice."

"And if I might add to what I have said," he went on, with a peculiar smile hovering about his lips, "it would be that Miss Hartleigh is in need of a rest."

Ah, what Maida would have given if she could have slipped away to where she could commune alone with her thoughts. But that was denied to her, and she put as good a face as she could upon it, and permitted Lord Algy to lead her to the drawing-room, all dressed as she was as Juliet.

CHAPTER XV.

It was apparent at once that Maida was the bright particular star of the evening, for no sooner did she make her appearance in the drawing-room than she was surrounded by a throng of admiring people, each eager to do homage to the genius which had held them enthralled. She knew they looked upon her as something above them, and removed from them by a touch of the divine.

And what did she know of herself? What had the last hour brought to her consciousness? Was it not that she might at any moment be hurled from her high place? Was it not that it rested with the whim of a man whether or nor she should continue to hold the high place she had usurped?

But was that all that troubled her? Was it only that she might lose the good things of the world to which she had so accustomed herself that it had begun to seem as if they actually did belong to her?

Or, now that there was a witness of her falseness, did it come to her more strongly than ever before that she was, in plain words, an impostor? She had a right to the love and admiration of the old man who drew her to his side with such a tender touch of his trembling hand. But had she a right to the humility with which he looked at her, as if begging her pardon for the liberty of loving her?

But he was her father, she told herself with an inward agony, the greater that it was hidden by a smiling face. And she wanted his love. She had never realized before that she needed some love—some pure and disinterested love. She was not, as she had been, cold and hard. Her life had seemed to have been imperceptibly changing her. She was confronted by a great danger. And what was the danger?

She had thought from the very force of habit that what she would most dread would be the loss of the opportunity to avenge her mother's wrongs, and that the shame of an exposure would sting her. But now that the danger was at hand, what was it she dreaded most?

The exposure? Yes, that was something—a great deal; but, after all, it was the tender loving care to which she had so unconsciously accustomed herself. She loved the old man—loved him at a child might a father who had done her no wrong. She had promised to wrong him in return, it is true, and she had shaped all her actions to that end; but, come weal or woe, she promised herself that she would henceforth take all the love he could give her, and requite it in such kind that he would never let her be taken from him. What if he should die? He did not look strong. She noticed it more now than before. He was not what he had been when she came to him. Suppose he should die and the exposure should come afterward?

Then it flashed through her mind that safety lay in marrying Guy—good, noble Guy. But there again—would Caryl Wilton let her marry Guy? And yet she would not play with that true heart, for her own salvation. And why? Because down in her heart she knew she did not love him, and could not love him.

He was her chance of safety and he was noble and good, and she might have him for the wishing. Then there was Caryl Wilton, who was her threatening ruin. She knew him by reputation to be a roue, a man of the world, blase and indifferent. She believed he would stop at nothing to compel her to be his. Well, and what was her feeling for him?

What was it, indeed?

Guy left them to call the carriage, and Maida stood listening to the regrets of the duchess and of the guests that she should leave them so soon. And who was there in all the brilliant throng who said apter or more witty things than she? And who was there who hid the anguish that she did?

Maida left the brilliant assemblage with a smile upon her lips and threw herself back among the luxurious cushions of the carriage, with a prayer that she might soon be alone with her agony.

As if Guy comprehended her wish, he said he would sit with the driver, and so she had with her only the old man who so devotedly loved her.

She had had a fear all the time that she remained at the castle that Caryl would return to the drawing-room, even though she heard him say that he was going to retire. But, when he did not come, and she was actually going away, she felt a certain relief, as if the inevitable struggle had been postponed.

"If I could only think calmly," she said to herself. "If I could think away by myself, I could face the danger and estimate it. I may see my way yet. He shall not frighten me by a look."

She leaned forward as the carriage drove out of the grounds, for she would like the cool evening air to strike on her fevered face. As she gazed out into the starry darkness she saw a tall figure standing under the gloom of a tree.

It was a man and he had his hands in his pockets and he was smoking. And there was that in the poise of the figure and the very air which told her that it was Caryl Wilton, who had not gone to bed. He was out there, and he was thinking of her.

Oh, Heaven! was there no escape from him? She fell back in the carriage with a little gasp of terror, and buried her face in her hands.

"My darling, my darling, my precious one!" cried Sir Richard, in alarm. "Is it more than fatigue? Is it——"

"It is nothing, father," she answered, feverishly. "It is nothing at all. Father, has it ever seemed to you that I was not grateful for the love you give me? Has it ever seemed as if I did not love you enough in return? Tell me, father, dear."

There was a surprising pleading in her voice and manner, and the old man, who had never seen her so before was frightened.

"No, my darling," he answered, reassuringly; "you have loved me more than I have deserved, but not more than I would give my life to have."

"But I do love you, father. And I need your love. I need it, father. You understand that, don't you? If I ever seemed not to—to—be responsive, you will forget it, will you not, and think of me as I am now—as your loving daughter?"

She said this almost in a whisper, but it was all distinct enough to the old man, who even in the midst of his alarm could not but rejoice to hear her speak so.

He leaned forward and took her two hands in his, saying, tremulously:

"If you did but know, my darling, how happy you make me, you would be happy yourself."

"I happy!" she cried, almost wildly. "Who—why should I not be happy? I am happy, father."

"You are tired to-night, dear, and you must be careful. You must not indulge in too much of this excitement."

"No, no. I won't, I won't," she said, patting his hand with a pathetic tenderness. "I will not play again. It does excite me. But—but it does not matter for this once, for if I had not been a little excited I might not have told you how I love you. You see, I needed you to know it, and that is why I told you. Oh, let me cry! Do not mind. It will do me good."

She sank back and sobbed and laughed and sobbed alternately in mild hysterics. It was the first time she had ever done such a thing, and it told how great the strain on her nervous system had been. ...

Sir Richard was greatly alarmed at first, but he soon saw that her excitement was wearing itself off and becoming less, so he did nothing but gently soothe her and say reassuring loving words to her.

And for the first time since her home-coming she threw her arms around his neck and voluntarily kissed him. And it was done in such a fond, sweet way that he was reassured as to her illness, and put it down as nothing but fatigue; even enjoying the thought in his loving heart that he had a confidence with that peerless daughter of his whom nobody else might know was anything but the proud, self-sustaining creature she seemed.

He went off to his room to dream of her voluntary kiss and embrace.

And Maida, what did she in her room? She had told her maid not to wait for her, and so she was alone with her thoughts, just as on that first night she had been alone with them.

"Now let me face the situation," she said to herself. "I am calmer now. I almost betrayed myself to the dear old man, but I do not mind. He knows I love him and he will be the happier for it. I am happier for having told him. Now let me think of this other. Let me think of the peril. What have I to fear from this man? What does he know?

"What does he know? He knows I am Maida Carringford. Yes. Well, what of that? That does not tell him that I am not also Constance Hartleigh. How should he know that I did not use another name as an incognito? How should he? Then, suppose he should attempt to expose me, what would I say? I would say that I had acted as Maida Carringford. Who could prove that I was not Constance Hartleigh?

"Yes, yes. That seems easy enough; but is it all? Oh, I am not so calm, I am not. Well, well, be calm, then—be calm. Think as if it was the case of somebody else. Well it is somebody else, then. Maida Carringford! Oh, Heaven! they will know that the real Constance never was an actress! They could prove that Maida Carringford was not Constance, for they had detectives on the track of the real Constance. Yes, yes; but did we not go wherever they went—my mother and I—where the mother and she went? Then why could I not say that I was Constance all the time. The places in the book by which I learned to play my part. Suppose I acted wonderfully, with our own movements.

"Well, well. Oh, no. I could not deceive that man, with his awful penetration, with his cold, searching eyes looking at me. And his power over me. No, no, he has no power. I was weary with the struggle. He is not the stronger. I will show him again, as I did in San Francisco. I drove him from me then. I was strong then. Ah, but just Heaven! I was innocent then. What shall I do—what shall I do?

"Do? I will wait. I will be strong. I will die doing it, but he shall not drive me, he shall not. And will he wish to? Shall I give it up? Shall I tell the old man that I am his daughter, but not the one he thinks? Give up? And for what? Would he not spurn me? Would not Guy, who loves me so passionately, shrink from me as from a leper? Oh, Heaven! what shall I do? Heaven! I call on Heaven! What shall I do? I shall fight it out to the bitter end! Oh, why, why was it not I who lay there when my sister lay that dreadful night?

"But I did not, and am here to fight the battle with the right all against me. Well, I will fight!"

She threw herself down on the bed, all dressed as she was, as if she would let the matter rest there. And with her head buried in her hands, she went to sleep, murmuring, with the last rays of consciousness:

"I know he loves me."

To be Continued.

HOOKED AT LAST.

I am glad your name is Mary, said Mr. Slowcoach to his sweetheart, whom he had been courting for several years.

Why so?

Because I was reading to-day and came across a line which said Mary is the sweetest name that woman ever bore.

That is poetically expressed. I've heard my father say it to my mother, whose name is Mary. It is from some poet, isn't it?

I believe so.

But I have also heard my father say that there was even a sweeter name than Mary.

I think he must have been mistaken, said the lover, as he tenderly pressed his sweetheart's hand.

No, I do not think he was mistaken.

What was the other name?

A beautiful blush suffused the charming maiden's cheek, the silken lashes fell and veiled the lovely eyes, and in a tone as soft as the whisperings of an Aeolian harp, she murmured:

Wife.

The cards are out.

NO DOUBT OF IT.

The inmates of a Yorkshire asylum were engaged in sawing wood, and the attendant thought that one old fellow was not working as hard as he might.

The old man had turned his saw upside down, with the teeth in the air, and was working away with the back of the tool.

Here, I say, called out the attendant, what are you doing? You'll never saw wood in that fashion. Turn the saw over.

The old fellow stopped and looked at the attendant contemptuously.

Did ye iver try a saw this way? he asked.

No, of course I haven't.

Then ho'd thy noise, mon, was the rejoinder. I hev, and this is t' easiest.

HIS OWN BURGLARIES.

A professional burglar in Berlin found a new and original way of adding to the ordinary profits of his profession. After each burglary he sent a full account of it to the daily newspapers, and for this he received payment in the usual way. But he tried his plan once too often. The editor became suspicious and soon found how this amateur reporter was able to beat all rivals in the way of early information.

THE SAME REMARK.

What did Mame say when her father gave her that new gold watch? asked one gladsome girl.

Oh, the same thing that she always says. She remarked that she was having a perfectly lovely time.

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About the ....House

MEMORANDA OF AN OLD HOUSEKEEPER.

Roll pastry from the centre in all directions. Rolling backward and forward makes the crust tough. Rolling from the centre each way, gives a circle, and there will be less trimming.

A delicate green icing that is not unhygienic can be made by soaking two unroasted coffee beans twelve hours in the unbeaten white of an egg. Remove the beans, beat the white of an egg and add sugar.

When the tops of loaves of bread are burned instead of cutting off the burnt portion, when perfectly cold remove the burnt part with a coarse grater, brush away the crumbs and cover the top of the loaf with a soft cloth wrung very dry from warm water.

The unsightly yellow spots left by machine oil on white goods can be removed by rubbing them with a cloth dipped in ammonia, then washing with soap and water. Kerosene will remove the gummy substance which forms on sewing machines.

Marks on the kitchen wall which have been made by careless hands in striking matches will disappear if rubbed with the cut surface of a lemon, then with a cloth dipped in whiting. Wash the surface with warm water and soap, and quickly wipe with a clean cloth wrung from clear water.

Green tomato soy for fish and meat is made by slicing without removing the skins a two-gallon jar of green tomatoes and eighteen medium sized onions. Heat slowly without adding water, then put in two pounds of brown sugar, two quarts of vinegar, two tablespoonfuls each of salt, ground pepper and mustard, a tablespoon each of ground cloves and allspice. Cook slowly until tender, then put in pint cans and seal.

Success in making croquettes depends largely on securing the right temperature of the fat at first. This can be determined by dropping into the fat a small square of bread; if it browns while the clock ticks forty times, it is right for material that has been previously cooked, and for raw material the bread should brown in one minute. Always drain croquettes. They are nicer if rubbed with white of egg and rolled in bread crumbs before frying.

Fruit cake is more often heavy because the fruit is not properly prepared. A cake or pudding will not be as light if raisins or currants are used when damp. Wash them and rub the currants with a coarse towel to remove the remaining stems and thoroughly dry them both. Leave them in a warm place twenty-four hours, so that there will be no moisture; then store in cracked fruit pans. Store fruit cake in a tin box or stone jar, but do not wrap it in either cloth or paper.

Mutton can be made almost as delicate as venison, and loses largely its abjectionable flavor if marinaded. To prepare the marinade add to one part strong cider vinegar and one part water a few whole cloves, some allspice and pepper corns and a few slices of onion if the flavor is liked. Some add sliced carrot. Put the meat into this mixture (the liquid should cover the meat) and leave twelve hours or over night; then cook as usual.

It is not economy to turn down the wick of a coal oil lamp. If a dim light is desired, it is better to place the lamp in another room or shade it. When turned down, the oil feeds the wick faster than it is consumed, and a disagreeable odor results. There is a greater liability of explosion when a lamp is turned down than when it is burning freely.

When the wick is extinguished turn the wick below the top of the tube; when lighted turn up gradually, that the oil will not work up the wick and run over, nor the chimney break from too sudden expansion.

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

Light Tea Cakes—One cup sugar, two eggs, one-half cup melted butter, one and one-fourth cups of sweet milk, three teaspoons Royal baking powder sifted into four cups of flour. Mix, roll in a sheet and cut into biscuits. Bake twenty minutes in a quick oven.

Home Pudding—One quart hot milk, eight pounded crackers, one tablespoonful flour or corn starch, one cup sugar, six eggs, all kinds of spices, two cups currants and raisins. Bake, eat with sweet cream.

Pingree Cake—One cup granulated sugar, one heaping tablespoonful butter, one egg and the yolks of two more, two-thirds cup sweet milk or water, two cups sifted flour, one heaped teaspoonful baking powder. Flavor, bake in three layers. For filling—whites of two eggs, one cup sugar, one-half teacup cocoanut.

Favorite Cake.—Three cups granulated sugar and one and one-half cups butter, creamed together; five eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately; five cups flour, sifted with three teaspoonfuls baking powder; one teaspoonful of mixed spices and two pounds of fruit—seeded raisins, currants, dates, figs and chopped citron. A good, common fruit cake; will keep well for four weeks.

Cheese Potatoes.—Slice fine on slaw cutter one quart of raw potatoes, line a baking dish with half the potatoes, salt and pepper to taste; teaspoonful of grated cheese (stale preferred), the remainder of the potatoes; salt, butter and cheese the same; pour over this one cup of good milk; place in a moderate oven and bake one hour.

A Mouse Cake—A chocolate cake covered with white mice is sure to be hailed with appreciation by the youngsters at a child's party. A layer cake with chocolate icing should be used. The mice are made of marshmallows pinched into shape and finished with white icing for tails and chocolate dots for eyes.

Cheese Canapes.—Cut bread into slices not more than a quarter of an inch thick; trim off the crusts and cut into strips an inch wide and three inches long. Fry these a very light brown in a little oil; sprinkle a little grated cheese over each slice while hot, season with salt and paprika, stand in a hot oven a few minutes to brown the cheese. Garnish with a little finely minced parsley dusted over centre of a small shred of anchovy.

String Bean Salad.—Cut string beans into inch lengths and boil tender in salted water. Drain and put on the ice until very cold and crisp. Lay crisp lettuce leaves on a chilled platter, put the beans on these and pour mayonnaise dressing over all.

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

Cook books sometimes advise the use of a tablespoonful of granulated gelatine to a cup of fruit juice in in making lemon and other fruit juices into jelly. Don't do it. You'll get a jelly you could throw through a brick wall without damage. Jelly should be a quivering shaking mass that will melt in the mouth and that looks as if it would tumble to pieces on account of its own weight—but doesn't. A teaspoonful of the gelatine to a pint of juice comes a good deal nearer being the correct proportion.

Some time when you want an apple tapioca and apples are out of season try pieplant as a substitute. Cut in pieces and use with a few raisins. You will be glad you tried it—if you serve whipped cream with it.

In Norway the coffee is roasted fresh every morning in a covered pan kept constantly in motion over the fire. A bit of salted butter is added after the roasting process is begun and gives the coffee a delicious but indescribable flavor. The French also use butter in roasting coffee.

Never use yolk of egg to settle coffee. The part of the egg that is thrown away contains enough of the white to clear a quantity of coffee; this is the white lining of the shell, which may be easily stripped from the shell while moist and is just as good dry as fresh.

If there is no cream for the coffee beat the white of an egg very stiff and then beat it into the milk. It makes a fair substitute.

Coffee essence may be made from a quarter of a pound of coffee ground fine, put in a percolator and simmered in a pint of water poured on boiling hot. Let filter twenty minutes, not permitting it to boil at any time. When cool, bottle it. Two tablespoonfuls of this in a cup of hot milk makes a refreshing and quickly prepared drink.

CHEATING MINE HOST.

HOW SOME LICENSED VICTUALLERS ARE SWINDLED

Incidents Where the Unwary Proprietors Are Victimized by Imposters.

Quite recently a gentleman walked into the saloon bar of a large public-house in West Kensington, and asked for the landlord.

Now it so happens that the landlord is (unfortunately for himself) a most approachable person where a silk hat and a frock coat are concerned. In this case a message soon brought him to the counter. A mutual drink, and the stranger, whose manners and tone were beyond reproach, produced a card.

"Old friend of yours, isn't he? At least, he says he is."

Landlord looks at the card.

"Bless me, yes! Known Jimmy for years! Friend of his is friend of mine!"

Stranger's satisfaction is evident, though not exuberant, and another mutual libation is made to the health of "Jimmy."

Stranger then intimates that "Jimmy" had implied that the landlord would oblige his friend, the stranger, should such an obligation ever be needed. Landlord professes warm desire to oblige stranger at any time and to any extent in his power, on "Jimmy's" recommendation. Stranger then explains that he is a commercial traveller on a large scale. He is just come to reside in the neighborhood, and having often at the end of the day as much as £150 or £200, he would be glad if the landlord would take charge of it for him till the following morning.

"Certainly! Certainly! Edie!"—to his daughter—"if this gentleman ever brings any money over night and I'm out, put it in the safe."

Another mutual drink—effusive thanks—and the stranger departs.

Next evening he brings £150, which is duly received and locked up in the safe. Next morning it is withdrawn, as per agreement, the transaction being repeated some three or four times.

Then £150 is deposited, the stranger mentioning on that occasion that he proposes visiting Tattersall's on the following morning with the object of buying a couple of horses. "Knowing," he says, "the landlord to be a good judge of cattle," he asks that individual to accompany him, and give him the benefit of his experience and knowledge. "Agreed!" and an appointment is made for outside Tattersall's.

Next morning the pair meet, and proceed to the sale. Before bidding, the stranger incidentally discovers that he has but £15 upon him. "Has the landlord his cheque-book with him?" He has. "Would he write him a cheque for the £150 he holds in his safe?" "Of course he would." In less than five minutes the stranger has the other's cheque.

"Would the landlord watch the bidding for ten minutes, while a friend is seen across the way?" "He would."

Ten—fifteen—twenty minutes—half an hour!—but no stranger.

Having some business of his own to attend to, the landlord, still faithful to "Jimmy's" recommendation, jumps into a cab for home. Arrived there his first inquiry is whether the stranger has been there.

"Yes," says his daughter, "he came about forty minutes ago, and received back the £150 he deposited with you last night."

At racing speed, Boniface makes for his bank. Too late—by half an hour! The cheque has been cashed; and the mackerel as well as the sprat, has been successfully landed.

Sometimes the bait is not a golden one.

The proprietor of a flourishing hotel at a certain flourishing watering place was a widower with two charming daughters. Both the young ladies were well educated, and would have done credit to any social position.

Anyway, the younger attracted the attention of a gentleman staying in the house, she also having no small liking that way.

By-and-by the father of the girl began to be uneasy, and, paying his guest a visit one morning in his room, asked him his intentions as towards his daughter.

It should be said that the guest had been staying at the hotel for over a month, and had not only promptly settled his bills, but appeared to have plenty of ready money.

This was the desired opportunity, and the explanation asked for was at once and readily given. This aristocratic admirer was, he said, a member of a well-known North-country family. He was not only in receipt of a good present income, but he would inherit a considerable fortune on the death of his mother, Lady Soforth. He showed the unsuspecting host letters from his mother, in reply to his. He was his own master, he averred, and no action of his could in any way invalidate his succession to the maternal thousands.

All he asked was that no communication should be made to his friends by his fiancee's relatives, for at least a week; as by then his plans for making things smooth at home would be completely developed.

The young fellow was so frank, so good-looking, and, above all, so perfectly like to his own description of himself, that father, daughter, everybody believed in him, and would have trusted him to the full extent of their individual pockets and good opinions.

The day after the paternal inquisition, the Hon. Mr. Didem went up to London, returning in the evening to late dinner, and bringing with him a wonderful ring of opals and diamonds for his sweetheart.

On the third day a letter having come for him by the first post, he asked to receive the proprietor. Producing out of the recently delivered envelope a letter with an inclosed cheque for £250, he made request for his host's open cheque in exchange for his mother's crossed one. A momentary hesitation, and—the exchange was made.

Next morning the gentleman again left for London, this time without returning.

The cheque was wrong—the landlord's cheque, too, was wrong—in the sense that before payment could be stopped it had been cashed. Who the thief was, or how he had obtained possession of a cheque on Lady Soforth's bank, was never discovered. A hue-and-cry was raised, but nothing came of it, for the rogue had vanished into thin air.

The sequel was, if possible, more strange than the thing itself.

One morning, the young lady who had been the bait to "draw" the father, was missing, and from that day to this has never been heard of. It is known that she fled to join the thief, for a letter, without date, address or signature, posted in London, told the tale.

IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

NEWS OF THE GOOD WORK IN THE OLD GULF OF ST. LAWRENCE COLONY.

Dodd's Almanac the Means of Helping Mr. Thomas Barter Down There—Read that Dodd's Kidney Pills Would Cure Heart Trouble—Tried them and Proved it True.

Cape La Hune, Nfld., Aug. 19.—The most popular remedy down here this last few years is undoubtedly Dodd's Kidney Pills. It is the only one of the host advertised which universally shows that it may be relied upon.

Medicines for Heart Trouble have been advertised before in Newfoundland but nobody placed any reliance in them. The trouble was that they did not act at the root of the matter—the Kidneys. Dodd's Kidney Pills are entirely different to any other treatment for Heart Trouble; they act on the Kidneys first, and for that very reason are so successful.

Mr. Thomas Barter of Cape La Hune had trouble with his heart for years, and could find nothing to help him. But his own words will better tell the story.

"For over six years," writes Mr. Barter, "I had suffered intensely with palpitation of the heart and had to give up work. I could not do anything at all until I saw in Dodd's Almanac that Dodd's Kidney Pills would cure me. I then sent for six boxes. I used five of them and am completely cured. I can do my work again now as well as ever I could. I am not much of a writer but if you think this letter would help any other person by being printed in any of your publications you are at liberty to print it, for I am thoroughly grateful for Dodd's Kidney Pills."

CALLED BY ANOTHER NAME.

On one of the Cunard boats a member of the crew (while the passengers were at dinner) picked up a menu, and seeing on the top 'Table d'hote' inquired of one of his mates the meaning of it. Joe, taking the menu gazed on it with a puzzled air, scratched his head, and said:—

"I can't make nothing of it. Let's ask the bo'sun, he's a scholard, and sure to know."

On giving the menu to the boatswain he thoughtfully stroked his chin and said:—

"Well, look 'ere, mates; it's like this 'ere. Them swells down in the saloon haves some soup, a bit of fish, a bit of this and a bit of that, and a bit of summat else, and calls it 'table dottie.' We haves 'table dottie,' only we mixes it all together and calls it Irish stew or hash."

WEALTH IN WOOD MINES.

A curious source of wealth is reported by the French Consul at Mengtze, in Upper Tonkin. It lies in the wood mines. The wood originally was a fine forest, which the earth swallowed in some cataclysm. Some of the trees are a yard in diameter. They lie in a slanting direction and in sandy soils, which cover them to a depth of about eight yards The wood furnished by these timber mines is imperishable, and the Chinese gladly buy it for coffins.

A RECIPE.

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
With hair and lime, make mortar,
Guaranteed to stand.

SOZODONT for the TEETH 25c

FRAGRANT SOZODONT Tooth Powder In a handy Patent Box (new) SOZODONT LIQUID - - 25c Large LIQUID and POWDER, 75c 25¢ At all Stores, or by Mail for the price.

AT THRESHINGS! Everybody knows that Tea is one of the main features at a threshing. When you lay in your supply for your threshing see that your grocer gives you LUDELLA CEYLON TEA. Put up in Lead Packages at 25, 30, 40, 50 and 60 Cents.

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One Four Roller Campbell Press, front delivery, bed 43x56, $1200
One Four Roller Campbell Press, bed 37x52, ... $1100

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All this Machinery is in First-Class Order. Easy Terms will be Given, or Special Discount for Cash. On account of adding a more up-to-date Plant the above Machinery and Type will be disposed of at a Sacrifice.

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AGRICULTURE FOR WOMEN.

A course of instruction for women in agriculture and horticulture was opened recently in the School of Agriculture, Moscow, with the authority of the Russian Minister of Agriculture. The subjects included agriculture, stock-breeding, rural economy, book-keeping, dairying, bee-keeping, gardening, and arboriculture, theoretical and practical. The course of instruction lasted four months, and was, attended by fifty students, whose ages ranged from seventeen to forty-five, and who were either engaged in agriculture or preparing to teach in agricultural schools.

HER DEFENCE OF HIM.

Do you think your sister likes me, Tommy?

Yes, she stood up for you at dinner.

Stood up for me! Was anybody saying anything against me?

No, nothing much. I think you were rather a donkey, but sis got up and said you weren't and told father he ought to know better than to judge a man by his looks.

I was cured of acute Bronchitis by MINARD'S LINIMENT. J. M. CAMPBELL. Bay of Islands.

I was cured of Facial Neuralgia by MINARD'S LINIMENT. WM. DANIELS. Springhill, N. S.

I was cured of Chronic Rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT. GEORGE TINGLEY. Albert Co., N. B.

AN INCONVENIENT BOTTLE.

An old farmer, who had been to the Metropolis, was describing to his friends the splendor of the hotel at which he stayed.

Everything was perfect, he said, all but one thing. They kept the light burning all night in my bedroom, a thing I ain't used to.

Well, said one wag, why didn't you blow it out.

Blow it out, said the farmer. How could I? The thing was inside a bottle!

HE EXPLAINED IT.

"Confound it, I wish your mother wouldn't come here any longer!"

Why, John, how dare—

"Th—th—that's all right, darling. I mean—er—well, she's five feet nine and one-half now, you know, and—"

Now she is trying to figure out whether that was what he meant.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

THE WORLD'S DEATH RATE.

The death rate of the world is sixty-seven and the birth rate seventy a minute, and this seemingly light percentage of gain is sufficient to give a net increase in population each year of 1,200,000.

3,071 motor cars are registered in Paris alone; 2,445 in the rest of France.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper

HER OBSERVATION.

Don't the nights get longer pretty soon? said the young man with vacant eyes.

I don't know answered Miss Cayenne. They have seemed longer since you began calling.

$100 Reward, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer one Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., TOLEDO

Sold by druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best

Australia has proportionately more churches than any other country, the number being 6,013, or 210 to every 100,000 people. England has 144 churches to every 100,000 people; Russia only 55 to the same number.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria

Silk is the only fabric used in Madagascar in the manufacture of clothing.

It is a mistake to offer your friends inferior tea when you can just as easily give them Blue Ribbon Ceylon Green.

NOW, ABOUT THIS SEASON'S OIL For MOWERS, REAPERS, THRESHING MACHINES, Etc., "S" PEERLESS is Favorite with Ontario Farmers—over 30 Years before the Public. See that you get it. Hardware, Drug and General Stores sell it. Holds 17 Gold Medals. THE QUEEN CITY OIL CO. SAMUEL ROGERS-PRES. TORONTO. USE MICA AXLE GREASE.

Miss Smilax: There comes that Mr. Wooden again; he torments me almost to death with his attentions. Bulfinch: I know; he never did have any sense.

For Over Fifty Years MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays pain, cures wind colic, regulates the stomach and bowels, and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP."

She: How expressive! Was not that lullaby beautifully rendered? He: Yawns. I expect that's what made my leg go to sleep. Oh!

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc

NO USE TO HIM.

I'm thinking of giving you a slight increase in your wages, said the kindly employer.

O, don't bother, replied the meek workman, indifferently.

What! Don't you want a raise?

What good would it do me? My wife would be sure to find it out.

W. P. C. 1090

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