

TRIAL FOR LIFE

"But not, on that account, free from the weaknesses of her sex. Mac, I must have that woman. I do not care what it may cost."

"She is the heiress of fifty thousand pounds a year, your royal highness."

"And not to be tempted by an offer of settlements. I am aware of that I was not alluding to pecuniary aims, but to the cost of trouble, difficulty, peril to life and character."

"The jockey averted his head to make a grimace aside."

"Mac, I depend upon your tact, zeal and discretion. That ancient dragon, the Duchess of Beresleigh, has never favored Carleton House with her presence and she will certainly never bring her young beauty either to this place or the houses of any of my friends, where I might possibly meet her. What do you think?"

"I think it extremely probable that your royal highness reasons rightly. The duchess dowager will take no pains to introduce her protegee to your royal highness or your friends. Common rumor says that her grace designs the young heiress for the future Duchess of Beresleigh."

"What then, would you advise me to do?"

"If your royal highness will deign to listen to me, I think I could propose a plan for bringing you into closer acquaintance with this young beauty."

"Very well. Let us hear what your plan is. Come this way."

replied Mr. Hastings, and the conversation ended.

There was still a third party whose peace was disturbed by the universal homage paid to the beautiful heiress. This was Lady Lester, who, upon her return home, shut herself up in her boudoir to reflect.

"This young baroness has made a decided impression. Ruthven will have many rivals, and he has not been injured by her yet. I must lose no time in his service. To-morrow I will call at Beresleigh House myself, and leave my card, together with an invitation to an evening party for—let me see—the 29th. She can have no engagements so far in advance as that. Ruthven must be introduced to her. Society will throw them frequently into each other's company, and Ruthven's very handsome person and fascinating address must do the rest."

And so saying, Lady Lester rang for her maid, to divest her of the heavy court dress, and bring her a cup of tea.

Meantime, what effect had the events of the day upon the beautiful and admired subject of all this intoxicating homage, and all these plots and counterplots?

We shall see.

On her return home, Rose threw herself into her dressing-chair and placed herself in the hands of her maid to be disrobed. While she sat there, she fell into deep thought, saying to herself: "They tell me that I have made a great sensation, even upon royalty; that I have achieved a great social triumph by simply appearing at the drawing-room of her majesty. They call me the star of the ascendant in the empyrean of fashion; and even if this is so, what is it all to me so long as Mordecai, the Jew, sits at the king's gate? What is to me if all the world worships this poor beauty set in a golden frame, since he has no kind word for Rose? I was happier in the country when my claim to the barony was unsettled, and my fortunes uncertain, for then he was good to me, and when my claim has been confirmed, and we have come up to town, he never notices me by any attention beyond what is required by etiquette. I wonder if I have displeased him, or if he has taken a dislike to me? I must not even try to find out. Oh! I am very unhappy!"

And here the adored beauty, the worshipped heiress, the triumphant debutante into court circles, of whom the whole world of fashion was talking with admiration or with envy, dropped her face into her hands and wept passionately.

Mademoiselle Gabrielle, in alarm, brought Hungary water, aromatic vinegar, sal ammonia, and everything else she could think of as restoratives, and declared, since she could see no other cause for tears, that the fatigue and excitement of the day had been too much for "milladie." Rose did not contradict her, but composed and recovered herself sufficiently to present a cheerful face at the lunch table, where she had to receive the congratulations of the Ladies Wardour upon what they called her great social triumph.

She is one of the leaders of fashion here," said the duchess.

"And, oh, I wish so much to see my dear Miss Elmer. Oh, my dear madam, let us go to-day," said Rose, eagerly.

"Certainly, we will call at Lester House to-day. If you please, my dear, but you will scarcely be able to see your friend unless you make a special visit to herself, and see her in her own apartments. Governesses do not usually receive their friends in their employer's drawing room," said the duchess.

"But if we call upon Lady Lester and then ask for Miss Elmer?"

"No doubt in that case she would be sent for to come down, but I ask you if you think that would be agreeable either to Miss Elmer or yourself? Would you not much rather your first reunion should be in private?"

"Yes, oh, yes."

"Then to-day as it is late, we will call on Lady Lester and in a few days you will go early in the morning to see your friend Miss Elmer. You must invite her here, and have her as often as you like."

"Oh thank you, madam," said Rose, warmly.

The carriage was ordered and the duchess, the Lady Katherine Wardour, and Lady Etheridge withdrew to dress.

In half an hour they were on their way to Lester House, where in about twenty minutes they drew up and sent in their cards.

Lady Lester, of course, was at home to the Duchess of Beresleigh and her party. They were immediately shown up into the drawing room, where they found her in an elegant morning negligee of white India muslin, trimmed with silver, reclining on a sofa.

She arose and floated gracefully on to receive the duchess and the younger ladies, all of whom she greeted with much eagerness.

When they were seated, she contrived to place herself next to the young baroness, to whom she turned with a vivid smile, and said:

"I was at your presentation yesterday, my dear Lady Etheridge, and I saw the sensation that was created. Permit me to congratulate you on your great success, but, for its charming acquisition in yourself."

The young baroness bowed at this fine speech, while the rose cloud rolled up over her fair neck and face.

"She had not lost her country habit of blushing at a compliment."

The conversation turned upon the incidents of the late royal drawing room, the court circle, the Prince and Princess of Wales, the opposing cabals of St. James' Palace, and the Carleton House, and then diverged to the new political, literary and fashionable stars that had arisen, or were about to rise, in the social empyrean.

When the various political planets had been discussed, Lady Lester suddenly turned to the duchess, and inquired:

"Oh, by the way, can your grace, who used always to be the first to introduce any new literary star to the world of society, tell us the author of the new poem about which every one is raving?"

"No, I cannot. I was about to ask the question of you, who have been in town so much longer than myself," answered the duchess.

WEAKENED BY LA GRIPPE

Health and Strength Regained Through Dr. Williams' Pink Pills

The after effects of la grippe are more serious than the disease itself. For the after effects of la grippe there is absolutely no medicine can equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Rich, red blood is the one thing needed to maintain health and strength. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make rich, red blood.

Those lovers of skating in New York who have thus far this winter enjoyed their favorite pastime within the narrow confines of home of the artificial rinks in the city would be rejoiced, indeed, if they could make one of the skating tours now so popular on the canals of Holland.

Friesland, the northern province, especially is described as the true paradise of the skater.

It is a plan that, with submission to your royal highness, should be discussed with closed doors, as the courts say.

"Then close the doors and open your communication at once with the Prince. The jockey obeyed, and then returned to his master to divulge his second plot for getting the beautiful and innocent baroness into the Prince's power."

It was Easter Monday, and the young ladies had a holiday.

Laura Elmer sat alone in the deserted schoolroom, reading with much interest a review of the new poem, when Miss Lester suddenly burst in with a gaily bound volume in her hand, exclaiming:

"Oh, Miss Elmer, here is the 'Album of Beauty,' and the frontispiece is a portrait of that beautiful Baroness Etheridge, whom every one so much admires. Only look at her. What a lovely, lovely face! And they do say she was brought up in a cottage, like Lady Burleigh or the shepherd's love—you recollect, but, or do look! What a lovely, lovely face!"

"The eager child spread open the folder before her, and she was the first to exclaim: 'Thank you, dear,' said Miss Elmer, letting her languid eyes fall upon the picture."

"And now, Miss Elmer, I thought that would amuse you while we are gone to Richmond with papa. Good-by, dear."

its own safety than for that of its family. When its home is invaded it prefers to skulk away and seek the shelter of the forest or of some rocky height that sticks to its little ones, and, like the lion, fight for them.

When one is in quest of a wolf den it is best to start immediately after a light fall of snow. Then the tracks of the animals may best be discovered. Except for the tracks of an occasional pack of bachelor wolves wandering through the country in the breeding season, it may be assumed that every track either goes to or comes from a den.

Still nearer the lair the bones and hair of cattle, sheep, and even horses will be found, relics of old-time feasts when the parents dragged home bits of their prey for the whole family to dine on.

Great skill is necessary in the use of poison or traps to kill or catch these peculiarly cunning animals. But should invariably be handled with forceps or in some manner to keep away from it the scent of human flesh. Traps should be buried in runways, with the scent of fabled meat or leaves of musk or musk leading to them. Poison should be so secreted in meat that it will not leave any taint to arouse the suspicions of its intended victim.

It is not uncommon to hear men boast that they know of the location of dens, but they are leaving the young to grow up for higher bounty. A pup generally brings \$10, a grown male \$20, and a mother wolf with a pup \$40.

The frauds which have frequently wasted the funds appropriated for the destruction of noxious animals almost vitiate the wolf records of some of the states.

It is estimated that from 10 to 20 per cent. of the calves of the cattle ranges in the Rocky mountain states are killed each year by wolves, which means a loss to the country estimated at \$18,000,000.

LETTERS FROM MOTHERS.

Every day we get letters from mothers telling of the benefit. Baby's Own Tablets have been to their little ones. Some praise them for comforting stomach and bowel troubles, others for breaking up colds and simple fevers; some as a great help to teething babies, while others go so far as to say that the Tablets have saved their little one's life.

They have thousands of letters—ranging from "Baby's Own Tablets" to "Baby's Own Tablets" in the house for a day. When anything ails my little one I give her a Tablet and she is soon alright. I am sure other mothers will find them quite as satisfactory."

The social value of Lent has been very generally recognized, even where its religious value is held in little esteem. The social whirl is fast and furious for a few weeks, and by the time Ash Wednesday comes it is high time for the women to rest.

More Decorum on 'Change. The governors of the New York Stock Exchange have issued an order that hereafter there shall be no running on the floor. The new rule does not please the brokers, who fear that the dearest tradition of the exchange, noise and hurly-burly, is threatened. It is protested that further reforms in this direction will make the exchange such a "ladylike" affair that it will no longer be one of the picturesque sights of the stock city.

Advertisement for Scott's Emulsion. Text: "Most people know that if they have been sick they need Scott's Emulsion to bring back health and strength. But the strongest point about Scott's Emulsion is that you don't have to be sick to get results from it. It keeps up the athlete's strength, puts fat on thin people, makes a fretful baby happy, brings color to a pale girl's cheeks, and prevents coughs, colds and consumption. Food in concentrated form for sick and well, young and old, rich and poor. And it contains no drugs and no alcohol. ALL DRUGGISTS, 50c. AND \$1.00."

Advertisement for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Text: "DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS. CURES ALL KIDNEY DISEASES. RHEUMATISM, BRUISES, DIABETES, GRAVEL, NEURALGIA, MIGRAINE, SICK HEADACHE, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE URINARY TRACT. Sold only in bottles."

Advertisement for Wolves Prey Upon Herds. Text: "WOLVES PREY UPON HERDS. Kill Nearly a Fifth of Calves in the Mountain Ranges. The extinction of all the wolves in the western cattle ranges would increase the beef supply of the country from 10 to 20 per cent. These animals have caused such losses to the cattle and sheep men of the Rocky mountain states that the United States government recently made a special investigation of the habits of wolves for the purpose of aiding ranchmen to exterminate them. So cunning does the wolf become with age, say the experts of the biological survey in their report, that it is almost impossible to catch or kill one. It is an all-day ride on a horse to run down a full-grown animal and even when this chase may be all for nothing. The most practical way, therefore, is to find their dens in the latter part of March and to kill the young, which at that time of the year are only a few weeks old. These dens may be found without much difficulty. Contrary to the popular belief, they are not hidden in the depths of forests, but are on the edge of wooded tracts and usually near the crests of low, rolling foothills. For one truth is that the wolf is such a selfish cowardly brute that it cares more for

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