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Englewood would not have kept it a secret. She is far too outspoken. I must beg her to tell everything she knows, not to be afraid of my mixing her name up in the matter in any way. When she sees that Charles and I do not disapprove she will feel less responsibility.

And it was with a comfortable sense of her own and Charles' unworlship that Mrs. Selby prepared to write the important letter.

She saw little of her brother till the afternoon. He did not appear at luncheon, having left word that he had gone for a long walk.

Provided only that he is not too late for the Denesters', thought Madeline, with a little sigh over the perversity of mankind.

But her fears were unfounded. At ten minutes to four Mr. Norreys made his appearance in the hall, faultlessly attired, apologizing with his usual courtesy, in which to his sister he never failed, for his five minutes' delay, and Mrs. Selby, feeling pleased with herself outwardly and inwardly, for she was conscious both of looking well in a very pretty new bonnet, and of acting a truly high-minded part as a sister, seated herself in her place, with a glance of satisfaction at her companion.

"Everybody will be envying me," she said to herself, with a tiny sigh as she remembered former aches in Despard's behalf. "The Flores-Carter is an Edith and Bertha Ryder indeed all the neighbourhood get quite excited if they knew he's here. He might have had his choice of the best matches in this country, to my knowledge, and there are several girls with money. Ah, well!"

The grounds seemed already full of guests when the brother and sister drove up to the Denesters' door. Mrs. Selby was at once seized upon by some of her special cronies, and for half an hour or so Despard kept dutifully beside her, allowing himself to be introduced to any extent by responding graciously to the various attentions which were showered upon him. But he grew very tired of it all in a little while—a curious dreamy feeling began to come over him, born no doubt of the unwonted excitement of his conversation with Madeline that morning. He had gone for a long walk in hopes of recovering his usual equanimity, but had only succeeded in tiring himself physically. The mere fact of having put in words to another the conflict of the last few months seemed to have given actual existence to that which he had by fits and starts been trying to persuade himself was but a passing fancy. And even to himself he could not have told whether he was glad or sorry that the matter had come to a point—had, as it were, been taken out of his own hands. For that Madeline had already written to Mrs. Englewood he felt little doubt.

"Women are always in such a desperate hurry," he said to himself, which, all things considered, was surely most unfeeling. Nor could he have denied that it was so, for even as he made the reflection he began to calculate in how many, or how few, rather, days they might look for an answer, and to speculate on the chances of Mrs. Englewood's being acquainted with Madeline's present whereabouts.

"Maise!" he called her to himself, though he had somehow shrunk from telling the name to his sister. It was so sweet—so like her, he repeated softly, though, truth to tell, sweetness was not the most conspicuous quality in our heroine. But Despard was honestly in love after all, as many better than him, and will be again, which, all things considered, was surely most unfeeling. Nor could he have denied that it was so, for even as he made the reflection he began to calculate in how many, or how few, rather, days they might look for an answer, and to speculate on the chances of Mrs. Englewood's being acquainted with Madeline's present whereabouts.

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Peoria, Ill.—"I wish to let every one know what Lydia E. Pinkham's remedies have done for me. For two years I suffered. The doctors said I had tumors, and the only remedy was the surgeon's knife. My mother bought me Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and today I am a healthy woman. For months I suffered from inflammation, and your Sensitive Wash relieved me. Your Liver Pills have no equal as a cathartic. Any one wishing proof of what your medicine has done for me can get it from any druggist or by writing to me. You can use my testimonial in any way you wish, and I will be glad to answer letters."—Mrs. CHRISTINA REED, 105 Mound St., Peoria, Ill.

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The Bread and Butter Miss.

PART II.

"Well—well—I'm speaking comparatively of course," he replied, impatiently. "It would be what I call poverty. And I am selfish, I know. The best of me won't come out under those circumstances. I've no right to marry, you see—that's what's been tormenting me."

"But if she likes to face it—would not that bring out the best of you?" said Mrs. Selby hopefully, though in her heart rather shocked by his way of speaking.

"Perhaps—I can't say. But of course if she did—"

"And you are sure she would?" asked Madeline, suddenly awakening to the fact that Miss Florde's feelings in the matter had been entirely left out of the question.

Despard bowed.

"Do you mean am I sure she cares for me?" he said. "Oh, yes—as for that—"

"I don't like a girl who—who lets it be seen if she cares for a man," he said.

Mr. Norreys turned upon her.

"Let's it be seen," he repeated angrily. "Madeline, you put things very disagreeably. Would I—tell you, is it likely that I would take to a girl so utterly devoid of delicacy as your words sound? And is it so improbable that a girl would care for me?" He stilled in spite of himself, and Mrs. Selby's answering smile as she murmured: "I did not mean that, you know," helped to smooth him down. "She did her best to make me

think she detested me," he added. But I—

"Ah, you, but—" said his sister fondly. "Then it is settled, Despard, she went on. "I shall tackle Mrs. Englewood in my own way. You can trust me. You don't know where Miss Florde is at present?" she added.

He shook his head despondently.

"Not the ghost of an idea. I didn't try to hear. I thought I didn't want to know, you see. But—Madeline, he added, half timidly, "you'll write at once?"

"As soon as I possibly can," she replied kindly, for glancing at him she saw that he looked really ill and worn. "And," she went on, "as my reward, you will go with me to the Denesters' garden-party this afternoon. Charles can't, and I hate going alone. I don't know them—it is their first year here, though everybody says they are very nice people."

"Oh, dear, said Despard. "Very well, Madeline. I must, I suppose."

"Then be ready at a quarter to four, I'll drive you in the pony-carriage, and Madeline disappeared through the glass door whence she had emerged."

"I wonder if she will write to-day," thought Mr. Norreys, though he would have been ashamed to ask it. "I should like to know it's done—a sort of crossing the Rubicon. And it's a good while now since that last day I saw her. She was never quite so secret as that day. Supposing I heard she was married?"

His heart seemed to stop beating at the thought, and he grew white though there was no one to see. But he reassured himself. Few things were less likely. Portless girls, however charming, don't marry so quickly nowadays.

Madeline's feelings were mingled. She was honestly and unselfishly glad of what she believed might be a real turning point toward good for Despard. Yet—if it only had not chosen a girl quite so denuded of worldly advantages as she evidently is," she reflected. "For of course if she had either money or connection Mrs.

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MISTAKE

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THE EVENING TELEGRAM

Read the for twelve months

week's sales preced

Information for Daily Record of Sales

Date	Jan.	Feb.	Mar.	April
1	S	4070	4370	4570
2	H	4270	4170	S
3	4110	4120	4380	4390
4	4060	4350	4470	S
5	4110	S	S	4480
6	4080	4290	4040	4200
7	4250	4370	4400	4360
8	S	4320	4400	4520
9	4060	4280	4370	S
10	4220	4210	4340	4220
11	4230	4400	4490	4500
12	4170	S	S	4480
13	4020	4280	4800	2890
14	4280	4330	4420	H
15	S	3740	4440	4400
16	4100	4300	4450	4500
17	4050	4310	4470	4480
18	4120	4310	4540	4330
19	4150	S	S	4300
20	4100	4320	4430	4370
21	4250	3940	4330	4380
22	S	4300	4470	4560
23	4270	4410	4320	S
24	4250	4410	4500	4440
25	3780	4480	4420	4480
26	4160	S	S	4380
27	4190	4400	4430	4500
28	4280	4540	4560	4420
29	4170	4480	4500	S
30	4120	S	4100	S
31	4350	102320	115110	105470

Total Number of Copies—1,100,000

Received Burns.

Mr. Edgar Morris, cook of the S. S. Bruce, on her last voyage met with a painful mishap. When the ship struck the ice a vessel filled with scalding grease was upset and the contents went over his hands and arms burning him severely. He had to stay ashore this trip and is being attended by Dr. Paterson.

A Sad Case.

Saturday at 11 a.m. an aged woman named Brophy who resided with an old and infirm woman named Embery, in a little house on Bamburgh St., died after an illness of some duration. Since then the corpse has been lying in the little kitchen of the domicile uncoffined and quite near a stove in which, of course, the fire was daily kept. Mrs. Embery had not the wherewithal to bury her friend and only to-day has anything been done in the way of arranging for interment. Somebody should have interested themselves in this case. To leave the corpse of the poor old woman in the house for Saturday until to-day without any arrangements for the burial is heartless indeed. Our Government which boasts of big surplus wrung from the blood of the people are too apathetic to devote a sum sufficient to bury the dead. No wonder that the indignation of the whole people is aroused against them.

Bruce at Louisburg.

The Reid Nfld. Coy. had a message at 1 p.m. saying that the Bruce had arrived at Louisburg at 11.15 a.m. to-day. She leaves again to-morrow morning. The ship, evidently, had a hard jam of ice to contend with and could not get to Sydney.

Farmers Association.

The farmers of Kelligrews recently formed up an Association of which Mr. R. Hibbs is President. They intend importing their own stock and feeds, etc., and will conduct their business on an up-to-date scale.

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