

THE DEAREST GIRL IN THE WORLD

"I certainly do not," she replied, "but you will pardon me speaking so frankly with you."

"I asked your opinion and beg you speak plainly," he said.

"Then I shall feel at liberty to do so. Your lordship will see that your immense wealth will be an attraction to many women. Your daughter is a frail girl and of a most peculiar disposition—one of those quiet and devoted girls, who, if I am not mistaken, would prefer one real friend to a world of acquaintances."

"That is the truth itself," said the Earl of Dunraven.

"Then it is not at all likely the woman you would select would be accepted by your daughter as a friend," continued Lady Marcia, "and besides, if she were so inclined, she could not become your daughter's friend because there would be a disparity in their ages, and this would not be so easily overcome in a matter of friendship. Now, my lord, I have found in my experience that daughters do not, as a rule, become devoted friends of step-mothers."

"This is true," said the earl.

"The woman you would choose might think a great deal too much of the world and the pleasures that great wealth might bring, and I cannot see how you can force a companionship between the two."

"I would certainly be obliged to be most careful in my choice," said the earl confidently. "I should distinctly let it be known that my daughter holds a place in my heart that no other could fill."

"No sensible woman would accept such a position as you offer, my lord. You would simply advertise for some person who is fortune-hunting, and thus become lost in a sea of troubles."

"The earl was growing uncomfortable. This was all true, but it was not what he had wished to hear."

"Then you do not believe I could better my situation by marriage?" he asked.

"Sincerely, I do not," she said, and he knew she spoke truthfully, but he was not quite satisfied.

"Then there is no way I can have a home for my daughter? I mean a settled place of residence, instead of being about like an Arab. A quiet home for us, where we may entertain our friends. There is no way that I can yet build a home that I may enjoy in my old age?"

He was growing pathetic. Lady Marcia felt that she had a sore trial to answer.

"Through marriage, I do not," she gave the reply fearlessly. They were old friends, yet she must speak truly.

"Then you do not believe I could find one interested woman to marry me?"

"I do not say that, my lord; I make no such statement. I merely say I do not believe you will find any happiness or comfort in a second marriage, and I furthermore believe you would render your daughter, to say the least, very uncomfortable. I do not say that no distinguished woman would marry you, my lord; to say that, I would overrate my sense and overstep the bounds of friendship. I will review the matter, lest we misunderstand each other. You would make a second marriage. You are desirous of founding a home of peace and happiness for your old age, and to provide companionship for your daughter. Your daughter, having a most tender and loving disposition, has little love of general friendship, but is exclusively devoted to the few she honors with her friendship. To find a companion for her, you must marry a very young woman, and as a young and wealthy countess she would court and be courted by society. The tastes of the two would clash here, since the daughter craves so little for society. If you married an older woman, the daughter could not have the best companionship whatever. My advice would be to buy a home, wherever your lordship may decide, make your daughter the mistress of the house, and fill your house with her friends and your own, and you will be happiest. I do not presume to offer the Earl of Dunraven any advice. I have given what you asked—my candid opinions."

The earl knew that Lady Marcia's words had spoken truly, but this was not what he wanted to hear. He had hoped for some encouragement, for some one to bolster up his own weak opinions, for the Earl himself doubted the advisability of the earl.

They were now interrupted by the return of one of the party. The Earl withdrew at once from the room. The person who entered was especially disliked by the Earl; this was the Hon. Mrs. Montague Smith, a widow with two grown daughters. What claims the Hon. Mrs. Montague Smith had on society, or by what means society had any claim on the Hon. Mrs. Montague Smith was beyond any ordinary power to know, for the late Mr. Smith was a London draper who amassed a considerable fortune, and inherited a position and small fortune from a more fortunate kinsman. He died and left the widow with a moderate fortune, which she proceeded at once to squander in pursuit of worldly position. Now, how the Hon. Mrs. Montague Smith succeeded in getting invited to those houses was never known, but that she and her daughters were visitors at the houses was quite certain. To have questioned her hosts and hostesses they would have told you that they personally did not like the Smiths, but she is a dear friend of Lord and Lady —, and I had to invite her on their account, of course." This would have been the truth, the Hon. Mrs. Smith always was in a gush. She was very enthusiastic on very slight matters.

"My dear Lady Ellsworth, I am sure I frightened away the Earl," she said.

"Oh, no. We had about ended our conversation," said Lady Ellsworth.

"The Earl is so peculiar. He absolutely scares me, and I am sure I don't know of a fortune-hunter, and I am quite sure my friends know that I would not exchange my freedom for anyone's money."

Lady Ellsworth was not convinced of the truth of this, but she felt reassured by the tones of her voice.

"I am sure you do the Earl a great in-



Skin-Tortured Little Ones

Mothers! Are your little ones suffering from itching, burning eczemas, or other torturing, disfiguring skin troubles? Are you, yourself, worn out with long, sleepless nights and ceaseless anxiety in caring for them? Then you should know that, in most cases, a warm bath with Cuticura Soap and a gentle application of Cuticura Ointment bring immediate relief, the little sufferers sleep, tired, fretted mothers rest, and peace falls on distracted households.

Although Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere, a postal order to Cuticura, Dept. 23, Boston, will secure a liberal supply of each with 32-p. book on the skin and scalp, and treatment of their affections.

We are devoted to our home life, and when we have been roaming around for some months it seems perfectly delightful to get home again.

This happened to be the very thing that the earl most wished for. Here was a person who had a home, and that home seemed delightful after they had been absent for a time. This was what the earl most longed for.

"I certainly must be so," he answered, "I think how many years he had spent in wandering about, and having no settled home. The dinner progressed nicely, and every one was in the best of spirits.

"How strange I did not notice how exceedingly pleasant Mrs. Montague Smith was," thought the earl, and he remembered with shame that he had positively disliked her. That evening she had a game of what with him, and, taken altogether, it was one of the most pleasant evenings he had ever spent.

The next day they were all going to visit some ruins in the neighborhood, and Mrs. Smith asked the earl "if he was not going? We will go in the coach," she suggested. Now, it happened that the earl detested the miserable single conveyances, and he was greatly pleased. He accepted at once, and it was one of the pleasantest days he had passed in many years. In after years he always thought of it as the day he was king in his fool's Eden.

"Such a splendid day we have had!" exclaimed Mrs. Montague Smith to her daughters on her return.

"So pleased that you enjoyed it," said Mrs. Smith.

"Just think; things are progressing so high and mighty, I should not wonder that I did not hear from my letter to Lady Stuart. She may fall after all," she observed.

"If she succeeds, won't we feel ashamed to go?" asked Miss Frances.

"Certainly not," replied Mrs. Smith.

"I wish one person that actually wanted us would ask us," said Miss Frances.

"I am sure we can't complain," said the Hon. Mrs. Smith.

"Nor have much cause of congratulation, either," said Miss Frances.

"You are never satisfied with anything," observed Mrs. Smith, impatiently.

"I think, Mother, I would be with one real friend, or even one sincere acquaintance. Just think how hard it is to clothe up one's real thoughts and words until one really forgets one's self."

"That's foolish to say," observed Mrs. Smith.

"It's true, nevertheless. If I told the truth, I'd cause consternation, I assure you."

"For the love of heaven, don't do it then," said Mrs. Smith.

In a few days they were all to leave. Some were going to Scotland and a few to Salisbury House, the home of Lord and Lady Salisbury. Fortunately the letter came for the Hon. Mrs. Smith. The invitation had been secured by the hardest endeavors. The Hon. Mrs. Montague said nothing of her intentions.

"I shall miss my what," observed the Earl.

"It is a pleasant thought to me that I shall be missed," she said, in a tender voice; "but it is probable that we shall meet again."

Lady Ellsworth had been observing these little scenes. She had, with her keen instinct, begun to scent danger afar. She saw that she had been deceived by the Hon. Mrs. Smith's words.

"She is a dangerous woman, and I am heartily sorry for the Earl for she will succeed," she thought, and to her great astonishment she heard later that she had gone to Salisbury House.

CHAPTER VI.

Lord Wedderburn grew more restless and uneasy as time went by. No message had come from John Boughman, Dorothy had gone as completely out of his life as if the grave had closed over her. It was now growing to be an old thought with him, that she was dead. It seemed not possible that she could be alive and they not meet in

all this time. The world seemed so small to him. His brown hair was fast sprinkling with gray. The handsome face a hard, cold look, and lines of care were written plainly thereon. He had aged years in that short time. Lady Alicia Home had resolved to bring together some young people. Her son must at any cost be won from his great depression. She chose her guests carefully. In all the number there was not one that Lady Home would not have gladly welcomed as a daughter-in-law.

There was one of the number, the Hon. Miss Emily McKay, the daughter of a wealthy Irish peer, that was especially eligible, being connected with dozens of the best families in the realm.

Lady Emily possessed the bluest of the blue blood, but she was cold, stately and proud, and exceedingly homely, being somewhere near thirty years of age.

Lady Alicia worshipped blue blood and good family connections. She earnestly hoped Lord Reginald would settle the matter by selecting Miss McKay. He laughed, sang and danced with them, but gave them no more serious thought.

One night there was to be a ball at Castle Royal. It was one of a series of splendid entertainments given there.

Lord Wedderburn dressed early and sat in the library. The postman brought in a large package of mail. There was only one letter that attracted his attention. He had grown weary of waiting for tidings that never came. He picked the letter up carefully and read:

"Lord Wedderburn: Some time ago we received a most startling communication from a person named Solomon Broughman, saying he could prove that Sir Robert Home had married and at his death left a late will bequeathing everything to his only child, a daughter. We waited a reasonable time, but have heard nothing further from the writer, hence concluded there is no foundation for such a story, but concluded to notify your lordship of it. We have no faith in it, and beg that you will not be rendered at all uncomfortable by such an impossible story.

Your, etc., etc.

Lord Wedderburn read the letter over carefully the second time. He was completely bewildered. Then he was not the owner of this proud old estate. There was some one else, and a girl at that. He had held this estate all these years when he had no right to it. The whole thing was most preposterous. He utterly refused to believe it. His uncle, Sir Robert, a married man, and no one knew it! Then he thought of his own case, and wondered, if his statement were made, how many of his friends would believe it. He became alarmed; then he resolved not to think of it, or trouble over it, until he heard more of it. If the man had any evidence, he would come to him, and the name sounded like that of a Jewish money-lender. He was sure if the man had any evidence he would have come at once to him to get money.

Would he tell his mother? He thought of her great grief that he would not marry, and thus secure this grand old estate to the family forever. He remembered that she once said it would kill her to leave the fair old home. He decided to say nothing to her about it, and he joined his guests with the weight of another secret on his mind. He had carefully hidden the letter, that no one else should see it until he had more evidence of its truth. If it were proven true, then he had swapped his uncle's child out of her inheritance for these years, but he had done so unwittingly.

The ball passed off, as all Lady Alicia's balls did, successfully. Lord Reginald had entertained nobly, but he went about like a machine that performed its duty perfectly; yet there was no pleasure in it for him. He answered questions and gave answers when his mind was on another subject altogether.

He had not known that he had remained at Miss McKay's side half the evening; that he had paid her special attentions, and that her girl friends were already congratulating her, and that Lady Alicia had looked on and smiled most sweetly and approvingly, and that Miss McKay was very happy.

(To be Continued.)

The New Power Plant of the E. B. Eddy Company—One of the Largest Private Industrial Plants in the World

The E. B. Eddy Company, one of the best industrial concerns in Canada, in order to keep pace with its ever-increasing business, has completed the construction of a hydro-electric power plant, which when completed will be one of the largest self-owned industrial power plants in the world. Excavation has already been made and the concrete retaining walls built for the generating station, which is expected to be in operation in a little over a year.

This company is a pioneer in the application of electric drive to paper-making machinery, being the first in Canada to do so, and for twelve years have had excellent satisfaction from all such installations. At present the water drive apparatus of three 100 k.w., 125-volt d.c. generators, which supply power for twenty-five small motors and for lighting, while a considerable part of the machinery is directly driven by water wheels. Apart from this, the company is forced to expend annually about \$30,000 for power obtained from the Ottawa & Hull Power Company and from the C. P. R. generating stations at Deschambes. The new plant will obviate the necessity of purchasing power from outside sources, and will centralize the entire water power system of the company.

The consulting engineer for the project is Mr. Wm. Kennedy, jun., of Montreal, with Prof. L. A. Herdt, of McGill University, acting in an advisory capacity. Mr. Bradley is superintending the excavating and concrete work for the E. B. Eddy Company, and Mr. W. C. Baldwin is the electrical superintendent.

—Extract from the Electrical News.

WHAT MAKES POSTMASTERS BALD.

(Reported verbatim.)

"Mornin', Eben."

"Mornin', Mr. Huggins."

"Any mail for me?"

"None."

"None."

"None."

"That's funny."

The man who refuses to see the error of his way was just that much fatter to travel back.

COAL IN THE SOUTH.

At the Present Rate of Mining It Would Last 4,000 Years.

It is estimated that the original supply of coal in the South underlying 57,600 square miles of its territory was 52,238,000,000 tons, says the Manufacturers Record. Of that amount something like 2,400,000,000 tons have been mined since the first bituminous deposits were opened near Richmond, Va., in the eighteenth century.

The South has produced more than 700,000,000 barrels of petroleum and about 900,000,000 cubic feet of natural gas, and while the locations of such products have been fairly well mapped, no one is able to estimate how much of either is yet to come to the surface.

Moreover, 91,200 square miles of the South are underlain with lignites which have already given good results in the manufacture of prairie gas, and in areas removed from the regions of coal, petroleum and natural gas are vast beds of peat available for fuel.

In the streams of the South there is an estimated minimum horse-power of 4,860,526 and an estimated maximum horse-power of 9,129,750, of which something like 1,000,000 horse-power has been developed, and projects are under way looking to the ultimate development of 1,500,000 horse-power more.

With 1,000,000 horse-power developed from the streams mining 15,000,000 tons of coal and producing 85,000,000 barrels of petroleum a year, the South has something more than 4,000,000 primary horse-power for its industries. Much of its coal, of its petroleum and of its natural gas is transported to other parts of the country, but even if all the fuel that it produces annually were used for the generation of power within its own territory, great amounts of that fuel could be used without making marked inroads upon the supply, especially in the case of coal.

At the present rate of mining, 120,000,000 tons a year, it will require more than 4,000 years to exhaust the coal fields of the South. The recent past, however, gives assurance that the rate of mining will steadily increase, for in 1910 the South mined more than seven times as much coal as it had mined in 1880, and nearly three times as much as the whole country mined thirty years before. The production in the United States in 1910 was more than 500,000,000 tons.

If thirty years from now the South shall be mining three times as much as the country's production at present, the Southern output in 1940 will be 1,500,000,000 tons, an amount equal to the total production of the South up to 1910. That production may not be reached, but it is quite obvious that under present conditions of mining and with rapidly increasing demands for fuel a much shorter period than 4,000 years will mark the end of Southern coal production.

Apprehension on that score, though, need not exist, for in addition to the complements of coal for power in streams, in lignites, in peat, in petroleum and in oil, individual interest in making the most out of possessions of coal has given a mighty impetus to the movement for handling the fuel economically, both in mining and in burning. It is estimated that the 1,500,000,000 tons of coal of the South that have become commercially available really represent 2,250,000,000 tons that have

STEEPEST RAILROAD.

Grade of Track Up Mount Pilatus 46 Per Cent. in Some Places.

The rack road up to Mount Pilatus, one of the loftiest peaks of the Bernese Alps, in Switzerland, is said to have the steepest grade of any road in the world not operated by cables. Rising from the western shore of Lake Lucerne, the rails ascend the precipitous side of the mountain, 5,288 feet to its summit.

When the road was being constructed it was necessary to fasten spikes into the rock, says the Railroad Men's Magazine, against which the construction gang could brace their feet while laying the roadbed.

Starting from an elevation of 1,450 feet above the sea level, this line climbs 5,000 feet in a distance of 15,150 feet to the summit. The grade at the station of Alp-nachstad is 36 per cent. At no place is it less than 10 per cent. At several it is 48 per cent.

In order to climb the grades, an entirely new system was devised by Col. E. Locher. The roadbed is built through-out of solid masonry, coupled with granite flagstones. The ties are steel channel bars, anchored to the masonry with U shaped bolts at every three feet.

The gauge is 2.52 feet. The rails, as in other rack railways, merely support the weight of the trains. The rack bars are set on edge, so that the cog wheels because of the steepness of the grades would have a tendency to climb out of any horizontal rack.

Engines and cars are built on a single frame. The horizontal boiler, six feet long, is placed crosswise of the track, so that the water level in it will not be disturbed on the grades. The speed is a little more than three feet a second, or about two miles an hour. Thirty-two passengers are carried.

Parts of this road, particularly on the Schwand, an immense rocky wall nearly vertical, are the most sensational bits of railroad building to be found anywhere. The railroad creeps along the face of this wall of rock on a shelf tilted up on an angle of forty-eight per cent. Men had to be suspended over the precipice with ropes to start the work. There are four short tunnels on this precipice. This remarkable line was built in 400 days.

WHAT SUCCESSFUL SALESMANSHIP MEANS.

(By Joseph Beach.)

A salesman is the centre of activity in any retail business.

He is the visible of the store, and stands between the management and the customer.

Stores are judged by the impression created by individual salespeople.

A successful salesman knows his business so thoroughly, and commands the situation.

Unless a capable salesman is connected with the proper sort of concern his capability will never develop into real breadth.

A good salesman endeavors to make sales that will be permanently satisfactory to the purchaser.

He must be genial, attentive and respectful, but not subservient.

Good health is one of the most important requisites of successful salesmanship. Every salesman needs recreation, but it must be sane recreation—the kind that will add vitality, and not sap it.

In addition to all this every successful salesman must have intelligence, honesty, faithfulness, good nature, tact, courtesy and patience.

Sometimes a woman enjoys having her husband stay away from church on Sunday so she can throw it up to him all the rest of the week. — From the Chicago News.

A HAT FOR THE SWEET QUAIN GIRL.



There is always the girl who looks best when she wears a quaint covering for her head. Nothing is prettier for this type of girl than the hat illustrated.

Millinery creations of the season seem to have reached an undreamed-of height of artistic perfection. Some of them fairly jump at the eye with their vivid colorings while others appeal seductively by their very simplicity and charming daintiness. This semi-poke shape of chip with its delicately flowered chiffon facing matching the flowered crown in elusive tinting, is noticeable for its elusive accentuation of girlish features. It adds a lovely finishing touch to the filmy, gauzy gown so much affected by youthful wearers this season.