

hundred."

afternoon.

countenance.

rheumatism; so

Olivia, emphatically.

by, dear Lady Olivia."

"At the Hotel d'Albe."

ville.

believe."

Miss Dacre.

with you?"

Olivia?

What Mr. Rawson asked for his

"In that all? Oh, I will give her

"Then of course you will get her," said Mrs. Saville, grimly. "That being so, pray leave her to me for this

"Oh, yes, certainly. I can write to

her this evening." Her further ut-

terance was arrested by the announce-

ment, in loud tones, of Lady Olivia

Lumley, whereupon that personage en-

tered, wearing a simple traveling-dress

and a most troubled expression of

"Dear Miss Dacre, I had no idea I should find you here," said Lady Oll-

via, when she had greeted Mrs. Sa-

ville, to try and get rid of my gouty

Lumley should just have left!" inter-

rupted Miss Dacre. "He started on Wednesday something regimental, I

"How very unfortunate that Captain

"Most unfortunate," returned Lady

"Where are you staying?" asked

"Well, I shall call late this after-

noon. Now I am obliged to call on

the Comtesse de Suresnes. So good

by for the present, Mrs. Saville. Good

As soon as she was gone, Mrs. Sa-

"Matter! Matter spough! If I had

"And pray what may that be, Lady

"That you have allowed my unfor-

tunate boy George to fall into the

same scrape as your own son, just to

make us suffer as you have done. It

is too bad, that while we were think-

ing everything was on the point of be-

ing settled between him and Mary

Dacre (such an excellent marriage)

there is he falling into the trap of

that low-born, designing adventuress.

your companion! You are not a wom-

an to be blinded by anything, and you

never took the trouble to warn us or

save him, and I who always sympa-

thised with you in your trouble about

Hugh! I expected better things from

you, Elizabeth. You are infatuated

about that woman, of whom you really

For a moment Mrs. Saville was al

"I don't understand you. Pray

plain your meaning, if you have any,

she said, at last, a bitter little smile

curling up the corners of her mouth.

wrote to his father a few days ago

that he was going to make an offer to

that dreadful girl, as she was the sort

of woman to whom he dared not pro-

pose a private marriage; that we fear

ed we might be vexed at first, but if

go straight to the dogs. Oh, it is too

too bad! I little thought, when I was

so horrified at Hugh's conduct last

summer, that before a year was over

I should be afflicted in the same way."

pointment, you mean," cried Mrs. Sa

have no doubt you thought to yourself

that your son would never be false to

the instincts of his race, which is aris-

tocratic on both sides, but that mine

was impelled by the plebelan vigor in

know the amount of gratitude you all

feel towards me for conferring wealth

for which he never tolled, on your

brother and his sons. But the blood

in my veins has been strong enough to

keep you all in your places. Yes! as

the world we live in chooses to attach

importance to rank and to worship a

title, I bought what was necessary of

the valuable article; but I know your

estimate of me and the velled con-

tempt of your commiseration when

the blow fell upon me. Now I am go

ing to return good for evil, and re-

lieve your mind. Your precious son is

perfectly safe. That low-born, design-

ing adventuress, my companion, has

"Impossible! Are you sure? May

this not be some deep-laid scheme?

defiantly and utterly rejected him.

herited from his mother's people.

ville, her keen black eyes flashing.

When you gloated over my disap-

we attempted to prevent it he would

"Why, our unfortunate mad boy

lent, too amazed to find words.

know nothing."

not been en route for Contrexeville I

should have come here on purpose to

-to tell you what I think.

ville, looking very straight at her sis-ter-in-law, asked, "What is the matter

"I am on my way to Contreve

CHAPTER XV .- (Continued.) how much do you give her?-what sal "Who and what is he?" cried Lumary I mean. tey, flercely, starting forward from protege-fifty pounds." where he had been leaning against the windom-frame.

"I will tell you so much. He is poor tike myself, and we have a long struggle before us, but --- There, will say no more. Now that you understand there is no hope, you will be able to put me out of your thoughts. Do tell your father he has nothing to fear, at least from me. It is cruel to disappoint a father, a parent. See what suffering Hugh Saville has caused his other

"He was right. He got what he wanted. I am disappointed, I thought when you knew what I really meant,

"It is useless to argue about what is inevitable," interrupted Hope. "I deeply regret having caused you annoyance or disappointment, but neither you nor I would have been happy if we had become man and wife. Why, oh, why did you not understand me? Now I can hear no more. Make haste to relieve your father's mind, andgood-by, Captain Lumley." She half put out her hand, drew it back, and left the room swiftly. The enraged and disappointed lover took a turn to and fro, uttering some half-articulate denunciations of his infernal ill luck, then, snatching up his hat, rushed away to pour his troubles into the sympathizing oar of Lord Everton, in whom all imprudent youngsters found a congenial confidant.

As soon as the sound of his steps was heard, the unclosed door of a small inner room from which there was no other exit was pushed more widely open, and Mrs. Saville walked She wore her out-door dress, and held a note in her hand.

"I little thought what I should hear," she said, almost aloud, "when I determined to keep quiet till that booby had gone. Listeners never hear good of themselves. So I am a cantankerous, dictatorial, tyrannical old woman? Hope Desmond does not think so; I know she does not."

CHAPTER XVI.

To Hope Mrs. Saville made no sign, and she remained in complete ignorance that her acute patroness had been a hearer of Lumley's avowal.

There was something increasingly kind and confidential, however, in her tone and manner. Hope was greatly relieved by having thus disposed of her admirer. That worry was at an and: another, however, still remained.

Miss Dacre's feelings and imagination were greatly exercised by sudden disappearance of George Lumtey from the scene, and she grew quite ravenous for Hope's society, that she might wonder and conjecture and maund cout his mysterious conduct. - ross-examine Hope as to what she thought might, could, would, or should have caused him thus suddenly to throw up the game which Miss Dacre chose to think he was playing so eagerly-viz., the pursuit of herself-till she made her hearer's life a burden to her.

"I den't know what you do to Miss Desmond when you have her out by herself," said Mrs. Saville to the young hetrees one afternoon, when she had called to know if dear Mrs. Saville would spare Hope Desmond to take a drive with her and stay to afternoon tea, "but she always comes back looking white and tired, quite exhausted; and I will not spare her, Miss Dacre. I want her myself. If you are always taking her away, you had better keep her."

"I am sure I shall be delighted. I want a nice lady-like companion a litthe older than myself, to go about with me and-

"A little older than yourself!" laughed Mrs. Saville. "I suspect she is two years your junior. Well, take her, if she will go."

"Indeed, Mrs. Saville, I think you would do better with an older person, some one nearer your own age."

"I am much obliged for your kind consideration. Yes, of course Miss Deamond has rather a dull time with me. Suppose you make her an offer in writing."

"Yes, of course I could; that is, if you would not be offended."

"No, by no means. I would not stand in her light."

"Really, Mrs. Saville, you are the est sensible woman I know. Pray,

How do you know?" "It is quite possible, I am perfectly

word of the proposal and of the distinct, decided rejection. Miss Desmond reproached your son with his perseverance in spite of her discouragement, and informed him she was engaged to another-evidently some humble, struggling man, from whom your charming, distinguished son was powerless to attract her. Miss Desmond acted like a young woman of sense and honor, and in my opinion she is a great deal too good even for so high and mighty a gentleman as Captain George Lumley."

know.

it is no deep-laid scheme, I

because I was in that room there, unsuspected, and heard every

"Thank God!" cried Lady Olivia, too much relieved to resent the undisguised scorn and anger of her sister-inlaw. "But are you quite sure there is spattered, or splotched?"-Cleveland no danger of this-young person Plain Dealer. changing her mind?"

"Be under no apprehension. Your son is safe enough so far as my young friend Miss Desmond is concerned."

"I am sure I am very glad; but really, Effzabeth, I am amazed at the very extraordinary attack you have made upon me.

"Or, rather, you are amased that I know you so well. I saw the sneer that lurked under your assumed compassion for my disappointment, and I am amased you ventured to speak in the tone you did to me. Now you may go, and write to your husband and assure him his son is safe for the present. Before we meet again, you must apologize to me for the liberty you have taken."

"I think an apology is also due to me," cried Lady Olivia.

While she spoks, Mrs. Saville had rung the hell, and, on the walter's appearance, said, in a commanding tone, 'Lady Olivia's carriage," whereupon that lady confessed defeat by retiring rapidly.

CHAPTER XVII.

Mrs. Baville walked to her special arm-chair, and, taking Prince into her lap, stroked him mechanically, as was her wont when she was thinking.

"So that was the fool's attraction?" she mused. "I ought to have suspected it, but I did not, or I should have sent him about his business. It is natural enough that the father and mother should be annoyed; but she is too good for him-a great deal too good. But she is silly, too, with her highflown notions. We cannot defy the judgment and prejudices of the world we live in; obscurity and insignificance are abhorrent to most sane people. Yet it is impossible to doubt her sincerity; and ane is common-sensical enough. Can it be that she is wise and I am unwise?" Here Mrs. Saville put her little favorite on the carpet and again rang the bell. This time she desired that Miss Desmond should be sent to her.

"I think I shall go out and do some shopping," she said, when Hope appeared. "I do not walk enough. I have had a tiresome morning. First Miss Dacre came begging that you might be lent to her for the day. This I refused. Then came Lady Olivia, in

ad temper, and we quarreled. she going away to-morrow or next day. At all events, she shall not trouble me any more. I think we have had enough of Parls. Richard is coming over next week. As soon as he leaves, I shall go away to a quaint little place on the coast of Normandy, and recruit. It will be very dull; but you are used to that."

"I rarely feel dull," returned Hope, who secretly wondered why Mrs. Saville had quarreled with her sister-inlaw. She was too decided, too peremptory a woman to be quarrelsome Could it be for any reason connected with herself? Lumley said he had communicated his intention to propose for her (Hope) to his father. This no doubt, would have enraged his family; but she could not ask any ques. Philadelphia Record. tions. Indeed, she was thankful to "let sleeping dors lie." She had many anxieties pressing on her young heart. them to think more about votes they A very cloudy and uncertain future lay before her. "It is hard." thought, "that, however good and true and loving a woman may be, if not rich she is thought unworthy to be the helpmate of a wealthy, well-placed man; any poor, struggling nobody is good enough for her. Yet it is among the struggling nobodies that the finest fellows are often found; so things equalize themselves."

(To be continued.)

"Say, paw," queried little Henry Peck, "did you know ma long before you married her?"

"No, my son," replied the old man with a sigh long drawn out, "and as a matter of fact I'm not thoroughly acquainted with her yet."

Quite Appropriate. "What's become of that pretty young actress I saw last year?" "She's starring."

"And the young fellow who seemed to be so devoted to her?" "He's still mooning."—Baltimore American.

Different. She-Does he command a good sal-Ho-He earns a good salary;

wife commands it.

Visitor-What have you in a cue literature? Librarian-Cook books and Pearyodicals.-Brooklyn Life.

"Don't you hate to find a worm when rou're eating fruit?" "Well, not so much as finding half a worm!"-Puck.

"I want one of the new spotted face veils, please." "Yes, madam. Specked, Wife (reminiscing)-Well, I very

nearly didn't marry you, John. John (absent-mindedly)-I know-but who told you !- The Sketch. "If m'wife's awake, I'll shay:

Wish I'd got roses."-Life. Borrowell-I have no use for that fellow Bjones. Wigwag-Yes, Bjones for if he wants to make a little money is one of those fellows who object to out of the vacant ground all around

-chrysthmus -chrasythums'-hang it!

being used.-Philadelphia Record. "What do they mean by an 'endurance test'?" "Two chaps bragging about their respective makes of automobiles."-Springfield Republican.

"I've just figured out how the Venus de Milo came to lose her arms."
"How?" "She broke them off trying to button her shirtwaist up the back."-The Jewish Ledger.

"The audience is calling you," the playwright was informed. "I hear them," he answered. "Show me the Birmingham Age-Herald.

"New-mown hay is a delightful perfume; we sell lots of it." "Haven't you something with a gasoline odor? want people to think I own a motor car, not a horse."-Life. Mrs. Newbride - Boohoo!

threw a biscuit at me. One that I made chyself, too! Mother-The monster! He might have killed you!-The United Presbyterian. Hoax-Out in Arizona he is known

as a bad man. Joax-Is that so? Did he ever kill any one? Hoax-Oh, yes. Joax-What make of car does he drive?-Philadelphia Record. Visitor-Can you read the past?

Fortune Teller-Certainly. That's my business. Visitor-Then I wish you'd tell me what it was my wife told me to get for her!-Boston Globe.

"Do you want employment?" asked the sympathetic woman. "I dunne wot dat is, ma'r.m." replied the husky hobe, "but of it's ennything ter eat, youse may gimme a few."—Chicago Daily

Judge-I'll have to fine ye fifty dollars for exceeding the speed limit, Jack Scorcher-Look here, judge, this Remit the fine and you get the job .--Brooklyn Life.

Whale-What are you going to tell would believe me if I should tell her that I had been to a fish dinner .--The Bohemian.

"You don't know what that's a ploture of, Johnny?" said Mrs. Lapsling, in a tone of reproof. "You ought to is the temple of Dinah at Emphasia. -Chicago Tribune.

Cynteus-It is impossible for a woman to keep a secret. Henpeckke-I don't know about that; my wife and I were engaged for several weeks before it for importation to America); lobella she said anything to me about it."-

"Are you in favor of votes for women?" "Yes. Perhaps If we can get 2 to 8 cents a pound. will think less about clothes. I have four daughters who are growing up." -Chicago Record-Herald.

"Speaking of joy rides, did you ever have a real one?" "No." "Never go out in a buggy along a shady lane, with a plug of a horse and the only girl in the world? Say, you don't know what life it."-Public Ledger.

Reporter-Mr. Cummin, have you the manuscript of the after-dinner speech you delivered at that banquet last night? Ketchum A. Cummin (with a gasp)-Did I deliver a speech there, young man? Whose?-Chicago Tribune.

"The starvation experiences of those English suffragettes were trying." "Yes," answered Miss Cayenne; "it's pretty hard to be obliged to stop criticizing the public policies of a great government in order to find fault with its cooking."-Washington Star.

"Over here," said the Arab guide, of a cook remaining in one place that cycle ride-all within a hour. long?"-Chicago Dally News.

MONEY FROM WEEDS.

Common Wild Plants That Grow All Over the Country Are Imported from Abroad.

WIDELY USED AS MEDICINE.

Value in Such Roots as Burdock, Dandelion and Pokeweed and in Dog Grass and Catnip.

This country is actually importing for medicinal purposes plants that are growing wild all around us, but which no one seems to think it worth while to gather. This fact is pointed out 'M'dear, brought y' some c'sath'mums by the department of agriculture in a bulletin called "Weeds Used as Medicine," which it would be worth while for the boy who reads this to write for if he wants to make a little money him, a New York Herald Washington letter mays. The bulletin will explain how to prepare the weeds for the market and will give some idea of the price that the industrious boy can expect to obtain for the weeds that are marketetile.

Beigium and other European coun tries ship to this part of the world every year about 50,000 pounds of burdock root. The root sells for from 2 to 8 cents a pound and the seeds for from 5 to 10 cents. This will probably be news to most of those diliquickest way to get out of here."- gent workers who have been weeding out the burdock from thousands of farms, and carefully consigning it to the flames, while the more thrifty Europeans have been selling it to us in consignments that come more than 3,000 miles to a country that abounds Henry in it.

Who has not wondered at the sight of Italians digging for dandellens. The country boy knows that dandelion greens are not bad for the table, but what few but the astute alien are wise to it that druggists derive part of their income from the sale of dande lion as a tonic and that from 4 to 6 cents a pound can be obtained from the root that flourishes everywhere ready for the picking?

Instead of gathering the dock root that goes to waste all around us, the American nation pays for the impor tation of 125,000 pounds of this plant every year. The dried root sells at from 2 to 8 cents a pound, and is con sidered an excellent blood medicine. The waste lands are alive with it and any boy could make money by gathering and preparing it for the market.

A quarter of a million pounds of dog grass, a remedy for kidney troubles, comes to this country annually from young lady and I want to get married. abroad. Is it because we cannot grow dog grass in America? No, but because for some reason this unthrifty nation imports it instead of pulling it your wife when you get home? Jonah— up and preparing it from the places to don't know; I don't suppose she where it grows all around us. It brings from 3 to 7 cents a pound. Here's a chance for the boy who finds the long vacation begin to pall upon him to show he is as industrious as his competitor in the old world.

Then there is pokeweed, a skin and blood remedy, the dried roots of which ell for from 2 to 5 cents a pound mulicin, which is a nerve tonic and a cough medicine, and which selis for good prices, but is not thought to be salable by the boys of this country (German boys know better-they sell seeds, which sell for 15 cents a pound and catnip, which can be exchanged for pocket money at the rate of from

These are only a few of the many weeds that are salable, but which we allow to go to waste in this country, while we buy the identical thing from abroad. It will open the eyes as well as line the pockets of our boys to get the bulletin referred to and make money out of that obnexious job of weeding.

CURIOUS SPORTING CONTESTS.

Man Against Horse in a Hurdle -Many Other Odd Peats.

A match which took place at Prince's a tew weeks ago between A. R. Hamilton and Capt. R. K. Price was no nican test of skill and endurance. London Tit-Bits says. The conditions were that a set of tennis, a game of rackets and a game of squash rackets should be played consecutively, going from one court to the other, Capt. Price, who gave his opponent points, just winning by three points.

This, however, is but one of the many curious sporting contests which "we have another mummy. From the have taken place of late years. Two cooking utensils found near her, she is years ago a London athlete starting supposed to have been a cook. For from just above Hammersmith bridge 2,000 years she has remained just rode a mile, then swam a mile and, where she was found." "Bosh!" scoff- landing at Putney, ran a mile on the ed the American tourist, "that's no promenade. Following this he did a cook." "Why not?" "Who ever heard mile walk and concluded with a mile I This feat reminds one of that so-

complished by another London attrete a few years ago. While staying at Hampton Wick, near Kingston on Thames, he walked a quarter of a mile, rode a horse for a quarter of a mile, swam a quarter of a mile, ran a quarter of a mile, rode a bicycle for a quarter of a mile and finished up by rowing a boat for a quarter of a mile -all in the space of 189 minutes 32 2-5 seconds.

Our grandfathers were rather fond of indulging in those novel tests of endurance and when many years ago a man ran a mile, walked a mile, wheeled a barrow, trundled a hoop and hopped on one leg all the same distance, in two minutes under the hour an epidemic of curious athletic feats sprang up among them, in the same way we have been bitten lately with the crase for marathons and Londonto Prighton walks.

Perhaps one of the most amazing feats was that of a famous pedestrian of the 40's, named Coates, who backed himself to leap a hundred hurdles in a six-mile race against a jockey on a hunter. The horse was beaten and Loates jumped his hundredth hurdle in the forty-second minute, the time limit being set at fifty.

Mention of the Brighton walk recalls an extraordinary pedestrian perform-ance of some Oxford undergraduates four years ago who walked from Ozford to Reading, a distance of twentynine miles, at midnight, in evening dress and court slippers, after a day of heavy driving rain. Various "modest fivers" were laid that they would not do the journey within eight hours. But the undergraduates won, with twenty minutes to spare, although they were thoroughly done up and terribly footsore when they reached Reading.

The performance, however, is by no means so remarkable as that of Lord Kennedy, who years ago walked ou foot from Inverness to Black Hall, in Kincardinshire, and by striking straight across the Grampians arrived four hours before Sir Andrew Leith Hay, who took the coach road and who had laid a wager of \$12,500 that he would be first. The journey occupied thirty-three hours.

No one is more fond of novel sporting enatches than the London costermonger. Some years ago one backed himself to walk from Covent Garden to Hempstead Heath station and back on stilts, against an opponent carrying

a sack of potatoes. And he won. Some time before this a Chelsea fish hawker, carrying half a hundredweight of fish on his head, ran seven miles along the Brentford road from Hyde Park corner in forty-five minutes, and an orange porter won a bet of 10 guiness by carrying a hundredweight of oranges twenty times between Botolph lane and Spitaifields market in one hour and twenty-five minutes less than the ten hours specified in the wager.

Strictly Neutral.

Among the humorous and human stories in Dr. T. L. Pennell's recent book, "Among the Wild Tribes of the Afghan Frontier," is one of a British officer in the Kurram valley who interrogated an Afridi with regard to what was then considered a probable conflict.

"Now tell me," said the officer, "if there were to be war-which God forbid-between Russia and England, what part would you and your people take? Whom would you side with?"

"Do you wish me to tell you what would please you or to tell you the real truth?" was the naive reply.

"I adjure you to tell me what is the white word.

"Then," said the old graybeard, "we would just sit up here on our moun tain tops watching you both fight, until we saw one or the other defeated. Then we would come down and loot the vanquished till the last mule! God is great! What a time that would be

Home-Made Art.

An American painter, says a writer in Everybody's Magazine, once met an art editor who insisted on dragging him up to an exhibition of some "very impressionistic" pictures. The editor evidently admired them greatly. Not so the painter.

"You don't seem enthusiastic," said the editor. "Don't you like them?"

"Like 'em?" replied the other. "Why, man, I've got two maiden aunts who can knit better pictures than those!"

Naught but Abuse. "They all said I would make a splen-

did candidate." "Well!" "So I became a candidate."

"Again well?" "And now look what they say about me!"-Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Egetistical Actor. Theatrical Manager-I'm sorry, but

there's no place for you in this drama; every part has been taken. Egotistical Actor-Never mind that,

I'll create my part.-Puck. As a man grows older, snow los

most of the beauty it formerly possessed, and is merely cold, and slippery, and good for the wheat.