Alexander - The same in

Hark! carriage wheels, decidedly carriage wheels, and the rhythmical trot of a pair of horses. Stella ran into the front room and looked out. The blaze of car-

riage lamps seemed to illuminate all the

street. It flashed in upon her as she stood at the window.

The carriage was her ladyship's own

chariot, the horses were her own partie

ular seventeen handers, grand, upstand

ing bays, which in that shabby little

street looked almost as large as a pair of

Had this state vehicle been sent

mockery? Stella wondered, scared at the spectacle. Was it a piece of practical

A footman opened the door and the dowager herself alighted, moving slowly

and feebly, leaning on the tall footman's

arm a little as she descended to earth,

but tall, stately and imperial looking in

her large circular cloak of black velvet

"Stella, I have come to fetch you," said

were very foolish and very impetuous in

running away because of a few unkind

words from an impulsive young man. Put

on your bonnet while I thank these kind

"Oh, Lady Lashmar, I only wanted to

The permission is freely given, child.

be allowed to love you," faltered the girl,

her cheek against the downger's shoul-

Love me your hardest, love me with all your night. I may not be spared many

years to enjoy your love-to see you and

Victorian happy together—to live in a new atmosphere. It will be the Indian sum-

Mrs. Mulciber was in the hall when the

downger and Stella alighted from the car-

ringe. Domestic convulsions were her

natural element. She came on board the

family ship at such times like a pilot, and

thought no bark could get safely to har-

bor without her assistance. She took

Stella in her arms and cooed over her with

sound as of an elderly wood pigeon.
"My sweet girl, did I not tell you it

"Oh, Mrs. Mulciber, you told me some

"Did I, dear? About Mr. Nestorins?

would be so?" she murmured.

some tes in my own room, thanks."

Mr. Nestorius had heard from Lashmar

the dead; and how in that place of death

the bond of union had been sealed be-

railway station on his way to London.

"No, my dear friend, the wound is to-

new. I love her too well to be able quite

honestly and frankly to rejoice in her

happiness yet awhile. Years hence, when

you are a family man, I may once more

be your guest and hers. Old Dr. Time

Stella did not appear at the eight o'clock

dinner, as officious Mrs. Mulciber would

have had her appear, accepting at once

all the importance of her position as Lash-

mar's promised bride. She had some tea

in Barber's sitting room and was wept

over by the warm-hearted Barber and

slipped back into her old life as naturally

as if she had only left the eastle for a

room with me and be made known to my son's friends?" asked her ladyship.

mar," she pleaded; "let me be just what

Her eyes filled with tears as she spoke,

and for the second time Victorian's moth-

er took the orphan to her bosom and kiss-

"I cannot belp loving you," she said.

"Yes, it is sweet to be loved. You have

been patient and faithful to me without

me love for love. There shall be no debt

CHAPTER XXVI

Guests and host were all gone by the end of the week, each to his or her several

destinies. Lashmar to make speeches in

the endeavor to enlighten the great mass

of the washed and unwashed who were

soon to exercise their elective functions

and to teturn whig or tory, as the tide of

popular opinion flowed this way or that.

Christman; and then he was to go away

again and appear no more till he came in the senson of woodland primroses and budding hedges to claim his bride. Lady

Lashmar had stipulated that he should

wait six months. He was to give himself

self and his own feelings, and he was to

give her this much time in which to take

her new daughter to her heart.
"I want her to grow to me; I want her

to be verily as my daughter before you give her the right to call me mother," she said; "and when once there is this bond

of love between us neither you nor she

this much time in which to be sure of him

was to come back for a week at

reward, poor child. Henceforward give

'Not for the world, dear Lady Lash

few days' holiday.

unpaid between us.

has an ointment for all wounds.

like to see her?" pleaded Lashmar.

Would you no

Will you not stay?

thing quite different.

and dress for dinner."

her ladyship in an earnest manner.

people for having taken care of you.

irony on the part of Lady Lashmar?

elephants.

and darkest sable.

mer of my life."

CHAPTER XXIV .- (Continued.) Stella explained to him that she could to possibly leave Brumm thus abruptly. It had been friends and a home to and her friends must not be left the discourtesy. Her feminine instinct that the that to be driven back to the he he Lord Lashmar's phaeton would to create a scandal. If she was to reere at all, she could not go too

"If her indyship really wishes me to go set, perhaps she will be kind enough to me a line and to send a conveyance

he shall do so. Yes, perhaps it would

went out of the cemetery togeththrough the streets of Brumm, to each other as if they had been wat up in either breast, the passion long eld in check, drew them together in a They met as rivers meet and nglet as rivers mingle. The shock of ras instantaneous and complete. Mr. Chapman's shop was not very far

Stella explained that since she had smalt in Brumm she had gone daily and tometimes twice a day to her father's

The was the only thing I could do to be der, her waist encircled by the downger's war him," she said.

"Ab, it was my cruelty which told you

to death."

1: was better for me to know the walk." she answered gently. "All my cought to have known that if he were ing he would have come for me or sent me Se would not have lived away me all those years and made no sign. m more I cannot-for the sacrifice of What am I worth that two such ble lives should be risked for me?"

"Yes are worth all the world to me, whe," answered her lover fondly; "and storius tells me that you are going to the unst charming story teller-if ! e an American I should say romane the age, and to delight all the

And he asked you to be his wife-he e man whom women have adored-and

refused him. Why did you reject sch a nan, Stella?" was silent, the pale checks kindling

ith a sudden blush, the cyclids drooping. Brumm," answered Stella. Why, Stella, why?" he urged. Because I could care for no one in

world but you," she answered falter- how the fugitive had been found-among "You seemed so far off and so

woo loved you passionately all the tween the living. He and Lashmar had s. Seda; loved you and fought against talked gravely together for a little while, ation; tried to be wiser than and then Nestorius had bid him a kind Fase. If you knew how laboriously 1 to fall in love with Lady Carwould understand how potent was that other influence which drew my The were at Mr. Chapman's corner by

me—a corner shop in a street of shalling little houses, out of which right and left other streets of just same pattern. e is no private door," said Stella;

world you mind going through the

T should adore it. I have never seen or the kind,' laughed Lashmar. 15e turn to bend his head a little under the seemes hanging from the ceiling-"What a dear little shop!" he exclaim-

and so well found. It is like the See and's cabin on my Norwegian yacht." Socila led him into the parlor, that sachamber so rarely tenanted in the ar de dock ten in the kitchen.

Ma went in to them and told them Lashmar had come to thank them I have been, your reader and amanuensis cheir kindness to her and how her Only love me a little, if you can. It is so this wished her to go back to the

Think I shall have to leave you this sizz, or to-morrow at least," she said Sty, "but I shall never forget your kind-And I shall come to see you imes if you will let me." ourse we will, my lass, and always

and to see your pretty face," said the com of steaming tes.

Lord Lashmar here!" exclaimed Polly. sa awe-stricken look. "Didn't I tell on so? Oh, you unughty girl, to try to

Mas I come in, Mrs. Chapman?" ask-La-bonar, showing himself in the door-to between parlor and kitchen, ashmar shook hands with Chapman

es affably as if he had been election as that worthy citizen remarked est fashion for their goodness to

the will have another name be t. I hope," he added, glancing fondly the bishing face, "and when she is by fashmar she can take care that her be can take care that her separ deals at Mr. Chapman's for separ deals at Mr. Chapman's for and bloaters and things," with a smainiscence of the mingled odors a perceived as he passed through

"ith my leed, you do us too much hon-r," said the grocer. "But I hope your widity will always remember that it me Jounthan Boldwood's daughter we it makes by, not the future Lady Lash-

shall ever have cause to dread the influ-ence of the proverbial mother-in-law."
"I have no fear of that, mother. I know how noble you are, and that when "I have no fear of that, mother, a know how noble you are, and that when one you have accepted a position—"
"I shall perform the duties of that position. Yes, Victorian; but in this instance in hope to render something more than duty."

Lashmar was too grateful to rebel. He

Lady Lashmar had a month of serious illness during her son's absence, throughout which Stella nursed her with unwearying patience and care; and day by day and hour by hour the bond grew closer between them, and the proud, reserved nature opened its treasure house

"Ah, Stella, my Stella, you have given me new bopes and new joys in spite of myself," murmured the dowager once, in the deep of night, when Stella had been sitting for hours beside her bed. "After all, love is the one thing needful for us poor mortals in our earthly pilgrimage the one star to guide us through earth's dark labyranth—and in loving one anoth-er we learn to love our God, who has told us that He is love." "Dear Lady Lashmar-"

"Call me mother; never again by any

"Dear mother, you have filled my life with gladness. I never could have been happy with Victorian if you had denied me your love."

Lady Carminow had not remained in England to assist at the triumphs of an obscure rival. She had taken advantage of good-natured Mrs. Danebrook's being "not so well," to whisk her off to Aix-les Bains as rapidly as if she had been provided with Medea's fiery chariot, and from Aix, when the weather grew colder, they went on to Montreux, and from Montreux to Bellagio, and thence to Flor-

And in one of the noblest palaces of that favored city Lady Carminow set up her court, and surrounded herself with worshipers and sycophants of the highest quality, spending Job Danebrook's bardwon wealth with a royal lavishness which enchanted everybody.

From her Italian retreat the sultana of the Danebrook iron works held occasional communication with her vassals through her grand vizier, the manager of the works, whom she regarded as a particu-larly troublesome, officious and pig-headed person, with a passion for giving unnec essary and even impertinent advice.

"I make it a rule never to take any notice of anything he says," she observed to one of her friends, a civil engineer, with whom, as a practical man, she some times discussed the prospects of the iron

"But may not his advice be worth taking once in a way," suggested this gentleman, "were it only as the exception which proves the rule?"

"Oh, if I were once to give way to his ideas I should never again be mistress of my own property. I believe he is a very worthy person and that he understands the iron trade; but he is a horrid radical, The very air of Brumm is infected with

In the face of this calm and sweet-tempered obstinacy the manager could do nothing. Vainly did he write his views upon the necessity of marching in the van rather than in the rear of Progress. Vainly dic he inform her ladyship of increasing signs of disaffection and ill-will among her army of workers; vainly warn her of the peril to her fortune involved in this question. Lady Carminow was as obstinate as George III. in his treatment of America, and the result was somewhat

Oh, to be sure I did. But I was right, you see. I knew you were destined to One winter midnight the city of Brumm was scared by such a conflagration as !.ad make a great marriage. And now run not been seen under that murky sky for more than half a century. Men and wom-"I have dined with my friends in rumm," answered Stella. "I shall have en thronged the streets, strangers drove into the city from outlying towns and vil-lages, little children were taken out of their beds and lifted up at the windows to see the red havor flaring against the dark night. The great Danebrook iron works and all their dependencies model and quiet farewell and had driven to the power of fire engines which Brumm or the neighborhood could muster could in anywise avail against the might of that gigantic confingration.

The fire had broken out in a dozen different places almost simultaneously. No one could doubt that there had been deliberate and elaborately plotted arson; and the traces of that crime were found afterward in several directions, while it was also discovered that one of the conspirators, just a l'ile less ruthless than his fellows, had sent an anonymous scrawl to the head stable keeper, warning him to get his horses out of the way soon after dark that evening. This mestage the stable keeper had brooded over for hours, and had obeyed only just in time to save his stud of magnificent cart horses from perishing in the finnes,

The loss of Lady Carminow was computed at nearly a million. Mr. Danebrook had been his own insurer. only policies upon the whole establishment were those small policies which insured the furniture of the operatives, and which Job Danebrook had always insisted upon-paying the premiums himself and deducting the amount from wages.

Happily there were no lives lost. was supposed afterward that a signal of some kind had been sent round from house to house at 10:30 o'clock, and that all were on the alert, ready to make their escape before the moment of dauger. De-liberately, audaciously as the work of destruction had been carried out, the conspirators were never brought to bo There was a prolonged inquiry and the police did their best; but among nearly fifteen hundred disaffected workmen it was not an easy matter to bring the crime ome to individuals.

Seven men were arrested on suspicion and a mass of evidence was brought to gether, conversations held in public cuses and club rooms were repeated in detail-circumstantial evidence as to the purchase of paraffine and other con es was sifted and resifted-s hundred and fifteen witnesses were examined and cross-examined—the men were remanded and again remanded, till newspaper readers began to tire of the great Danebrook

arson case, and the result was nil.

So the great Danebrook iron works came to an end like a tale that is told. Lady Carminow decisively refused to rebuild or to hear anything more about

"If I could be grateful to those wretches for anything it would be for this fire," she said, with her grand air. "It's such a nfort to think I am no longer in trade carriage blocked by a hideous procession of grimy wagons with my name painted upon them." and that I shall never again have my

CHAPTER XXVII. Victorian and Stella were married in Easter week. It was an early season of primroses and hed Easter, the season of primroses and hedgerow lets and wood anemores. Such self-so Sowers seemed most in harmony w such a wedding-s union of hearts that

tried to give wings to the days and hours had grown to each other unawares, over-which divided him from the realization of stepping all boundaries of rank and cirstepping all boundaries of rank and cir-cumstance. Never was there a quieter wedding, seldom a prettier one, according to the few spectators, who were all rap-

turous about it afterward. Stells was given away by her future mother-m-law, who had all the imperial grace of a portrait by Sir Joshua Reg-nolds, clad in white samite Anglice, in a large white velvet mantle bordered with white fox, and a white velvet bonnet with ostrich feathers. The tall, thin figure, silvery hair, and Marie Antoinette countenance were wondrously set off by that white velvet and fuz. It was said that the downger was a more interesting figure than the bride, although Stella looked lovely in her white cashmere gown and fox fur jacket and little white toque, dressed ready to start on her honeymoon journey to the land of Don Quixote, where Lashmar was to take her in search of a grandfather and pedigree.

He had shown her copies of her mother's letters and they had planned this Spanish journey together. He was to take her to all the fairest spots in that romantic land, all scenes richest in historical associations, and cities rich in treasures of art; and it was only as it were en passant that they were to bunt for the traces of her parentage.

They were saved all trouble upon this score, for within a fortnight of their marriage, Lashmar received a Spanish letter addressed to his town house, and forwarded to him on his travels.

It was from a lawyer in Madrid, who wrote to inquire whether the lady whom he had married was Jonathan Boldwood's daughter by his marriage with a Spanish | Herald. lady, or whether she was the offspring of a prior or subsequent marriage. If she were indeed the sole offspring of Jonathan Boldwood's marriage with a young Spanish lady, whom he carried off from Madrid and was supposed to have married at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields in August, 189-, the said daughter was sole beiress to Don Zavier Olivarez, merchant, who had lately died intestate, and who had left papers relating to his daughter's elopement, and letters written by him to her, in the care of the writer, his legal

The formalities which appeared to be necessary to complete the identification of inheritrix insted nearly six months; and at the end of that time Stella became possessed of about £30,000 variously in-

"It is more than enough to renovate that old barrack in Grosvenor square," said Lashmar, who was eager to see his young wife take her place in society.

"And to buy an annuity for dear Mr. Verner, so that he may feel quite inde-pendent," added Stella.

Gabriel Verner had been brought back to his old rooms in the castle since Stella's marriage, and reinstated in his post of librarian with power to add from time to time to that magnificent collection of old books which had made Lashmar Castle

Lady Lashmar's novel was published anonymously a few weeks after her marriage, and more than justified the opinion of the publisher's reader and the admiration of that still finer critic, Mr. Nestorius. It was the book of the season, a book which a great many people read, and which everybody talked about, those who had only read the reviews naturally talking loudest.

The freshness of the style, with its passionate flow and youthful vigor, was curiously contrasted by touches of archaic earning which set the critics wondering about the writer. Before the book had been out a month there were plenty of people ready to affirm that it was written by Mr. Nestorius, and some even went so far as to produce circumstantial evidence in proof of that authorship.

Firstly, the book was produced by Mr. Nestorius publisher. Secondly, it had leaked out that the proofs had been sent to Mr. Nestorius. Thirdly, nobody less accomplished-of less all-round eleverness -could have written such a book

There was, however, a small section of the reading public-chiefly women-wh knew by fine instinct that this story of passionate, unrequited love could have been written only by a woman, since only to woman is "love the one thing needful." (The end.)

Turkish Policemen at Prayers. When the muezzin called from the minaret and the faithful laid down their work and moved into the mosque to pray, Mahmoud went too. After the first day he discarded his uniform, all but his fex, for a sult of light gray. exchanging his short sword for a stout stick. This stick Casimir held as his badge of office while Mahmoud prayed. I followed him once into the Mosque of Ahmed and watched him as be knelt barefoot, his face to the stone wall, his lips moving in prayer, his eyes on Mecca, his forehead touching the mats. This bloodthirsty savage! This barbaric Turk whom we would teach morals and manners! I can imagine how hourse a muezzin's throat would become calling the Broadway squad to prayer if his duty compelled him to continue calling until our police should fall upon their knees in the nearest church.-F. Hopkinson Smith in the

Collected the Bill.

There is a one-chair barber shop in Southeast Washington. The proprietor formerly owned a grocery store, but injudicious credits broke him up. A man entered the little shop and took a seat in the chair. The barber tucked a towel under his chin, lathered his face, then, passing the keen edge of the razor across bis customer's windpipe,

"You owe me a grocery bill of \$20. Will you pay it or shall I collect it

The man in the chair saw in the glass a determined face, a firm hold on a glittering blade, and, producing two \$10 bills, jumped from the chair and ran, saying: "I don't want any receipt, and never

mind the shave." In a few minutes a boy came in with the barber's towel, and requested the customer's coat and hat.

Good Domand for Snakes Rast Indian enakes are in great de mand for European collection ery German steamer that leaves Calcutta takes hundreds to Hamburg for

distribution over the continent. chump thinks other chumps



The construction of a system of national highways would, of course, be matter of enormous magnitude, but it is worth considering whether, in view of the unquestionable advantages to be derived, it would not be worth while for the national government to contribute largely toward the construcion of such in-communicating lines of road by the several States, conditional spon the following of certain prescribed lines and the observation of certain requirements essential to good construction, maintenance, etc.-Boston

Good Roads.

"There be three things," said the great Lord Bacon, "that make a nation great and prosperous-a fertile soil, busy workshops, and easy conveyance for men and commodities from one place to another."

The first and second of these requisites the great West possesses in abundance, and in an abundance that, so far as the "busy workshops" are concerned, continually is increasing. In the third it is sadly deficient. The West and the South certainly do not have "easy conveyance for mep and commodities from one place to another." They have trusted too much to their railways, forgetful that railways must be but receivers of travel that comes along innumera ble lines of highways. Many a farmer who lives three miles from the nearest railway station spends more time and worries himself more in reaching it then in traveling fifty miles after he has reached it. It often costs more to haul a load of corn from the farm to the rallway than to carry it a hundred miles after it is placed on the cars. I often takes a longer time to go for and come back with a letter or newspaper from the nearest postoffice than it does for the missive to come from its starting place to the office.

Many a plow goes unrepaired, many needed piece of farm work goes un done during the long winter months and forms a needless part of the "worry" in getting ready for springtide operations, because of the all but impassable roads between the farm and the store or the shop. Country merchants lose trade, farmers lose money by inability to take advantage of a temporary rise or fall in the price of produce because of roads upon which nothing considerable can be hauled during a great part of the year. There are whole counties which rain and frost rule with despotic authority. Rain converts the tracks that are dienified by the name of roads into impassable swamps, frost hardens the mud into ridges and mounds that no horse can travel without danger of lameness and across which no heavy weight can be drawn. The loss to the farmers and country merchants of the South and West is not to be counted by hundreds of thousands but by millions yearly, and it is quite probable that tens of millions would be needed to express it.

It is true that vigorous work, and work that is as intelligent as it is vigorous, should be done in remedy of the evil condition into which we have fallen. Every road district should have its society for the improvement of highways, every county should have its central committee with which the district societies can confer, and every State should have its yearly convention of societies. The questions of drainage of road beds, of the possibility of finding gravel, stone, or other material for construction, and of the comparative merits of roads built by local cor porations that can levy toll, or by county taxes, or by State aid, should be carefully discussed. The interest of the public in this important matter should be stimulated by frequent communications to the newspapers, both those of the county seats and those which have a circulation co-extensive with the domain of the Republic. During the winter season farmers have much enforced leisure; they can employ a part of it to no better purpose than in striving to organize a movement for road improvement.

Beating Father Time.

Speed was once demonstrated on Western road in a fashion to curl the hair of at least one old Mormon bish op. The churchman considered it a quickly as he could. He had bullwhacked across the plains in the early days, and, strange to say, had never ridden on a railroad train until the time when he entered upon his trip rom Green River to San Francisco The speed was, therefore, a revelation to him. He had never before seen any hing so swift, and he was scared about twelve miles from Ogden he isked the conductor for the time of lay, and was told that it was 7:35. He mpressed this time forcibly on

Now, for a wonder, the Western con nection at Ogden was quickly made and after the lapse of but a few min otes the San Francisco-bound travel ers were on their way Californiaward. Ogden had been left behind only a few miles, and the train was whooping

along at a behind-time rate of sp when the old bishop, frightened trembling, dared to ask the conductor what was the time of day.

If you have traveled Westward you know that at Ogden the time changes, and San Francisco time, one hour carlier, is adopted. The conductor bad San Francisco time and he said:

"It is 7:10-ten minutes after seven." The old bishop, previously haunted by a dread of impending destruction because of the horrible rate of speed at which he was being whirled through space, rose with a wild cry and made for the door.

"Lemme off," he cried. "It was 35 minutes after 7 an hour ago, an' we're goin' so fast we are goin' faster than time can count itself. Lemme off!"

Had he really been going as fast as the old man had believed, he would surely have been beaten to bits as he jumped from the train. As it was, he was only rolled something like a balsmile, and was carried back to Ogden on a hand-car.-Chicago Record.



The Caymans in the West Indies export nothing but turtles

The tiger's strength exceeds that of the lion. Five men can easily hold down a lion, but nine are required to subdue a tiger.

On June 12, 1775, upwards of 2,400 salmon were taken above the bridge in the River Tyne, and sold in Newcastle at 1d. and 1%d. per pound.

Herman Gunsallus, of Beech Creek. Pa., recently caught a large catamount in a trap at the head of Big Run. The animal measured three feet seven inches from the tip of the nose to the tip of the tail. Gunsallus has also caught four bears in traps last winter.

Live bees are sometimes shipped on ice, so as to keep them dormant during the journey. This is particularly the case with bumble bees, which have been taken to New Zealand, where they are useful in fertilizing the red clover which has been introduced into the colony.

The common seaguils will become great pets. They are useful birds in the garden, eating everything in the form of an insect they can get hold of and do not seem to resent the restriction of clipped wings. They will contentedly splash around in any little pond of water, and so long as they get their meals are content. They become great friends and are very amusing. One seagull made friends with a cat and presumed upon the intimacy to rob pussy of the mice she caught.

Here is a strange story. The plant known as vervain, which is not distinguished for its beauty, and which grows in English villages utterly disregarded, was so sacred to the Druids that they only gathered it for their divinations when the great dog star arose, in order that neither sun nor moon should see the deed. Moreover, they left honeycombs on the spot in earth in robbing it of so holy a herb. Norwas it precious to the Druids alone, for among the Greeks and Romans M crowned altars, decided fortunes, was sent by ambassadors on treaties of peace, was used in solemn incantations, and also as a love philter. In fact, was regarded with sacred awe and rever-

Mistake in Delivery.

Queer things happen in suburban towns, where the residents have a way of utilizing means at hand utterly regardless of the consequences. Mrs. Stimpson, a notable housewife who lives in one of these terrestrial paradises, recently replenished her stock of household furniture at the only department store in the place and ordered the purchases sent home that afternoon when she would be there to receive

She was in a particularly happy frame of mind as she sat at her front windows watching for their arrival. remarking with satisfaction the vacant places the new furniture would adorn, when an undertnker's wagon drove up and stopped in front of her door and a solemn-looking driver in rusty black descended from the front seat and rang her bell. She did not lose a moment in raising the window and calling to him in a frightened voice:

"Go away! You've stopped at the wrong house! There isn't anybody here!"

"I don't want a body, ma'am, I've got some things I was to leave here," called the man.

"Take them back!" she commanded. "I tell you I won't have them! You ought to be ashamed to stop here! What do you suppose the neighbors will think?

"well, ma'am," said the man, as he climbed on his wagon again, "if you don't want your new furniture, all right, but I've got it inside."

"And I wouldn't take it as a gift." said the distressed woman, "the idea of bringing my goods in an under-

taker's wagon. "We hadn't another vehicle in the barn, and you said you wanted it right off," responded the man as he drove

BWBY But the man of many callings who had utilized the last conveyance in his establishment lost the sale of the furniture and the good will of a customer who did not appreciate such mortuary

High Price for Broad. In 1801 the price of the quatern loaf in England reached about 37% cents. This was in the time of the Naur