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Mammoth crop good years; big crop dry years. Yielded 50 bushels to the acre on high ground with three cultivations this year, and adjoining corn, with five cultivations, yielded ten bushels.  
Send 25 cents for 25 grains—enough for a start and examination.  
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**SPECIALIST**  
Treats all forms of **Diseases and Disorders of Men Only.**  
26 years experience  
18 years in Omaha  
Charges low.  
Cures guaranteed  
cases cured of nervous debility, loss of vitality and all unnatural weaknesses of men. **Kidney and Bladder Disease** and all **Blood Diseases** cured for life. **VARIICOCELE** cured in less than 10 days.  
Treatment by mail. P. O. Box 706. Office over 215 South 14th St., between Farnam and Douglas Sts., OMAHA, IOWA.  
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Absolutely Cured Never To Return.  
A boon to sufferers. Acts like magic. In reach of everybody. A home treatment that can be handled to perfection in the most humble home. Why suffer so long when you can find out how to be cured at home by addressing London Pile Cure Co., Corvado, 12th & Penn, Kansas City, Mo.  
Please mention this paper.

The government agricultural experts are hard at work trying to evolve an orange tree that will prosper under cold weather.  
Judge: Mrs. Von Blumer—The minister preached the most touching sermon I ever heard. Von Blumer—How much did he raise?

Better than gold—like it in color—Hamlin's Wizard Oil, which cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and every pain. 50c.

Red light is claimed by a German physician to be an effective remedy for pimply eczema as well as other skin diseases. Even when of long standing, the worst cases were cured by four hours' exposure to sunlight, covered only by a red cloth.

Hamlin's Wizard Oil banishes pain: It does it a thousand times every day, and has for forty years!  
Mrs. Octavia Dancy of St. Louis served her turkey Thanksgiving day on a platter 400 years old. It was brought to America in 1700 by John de la Pryme, in whose family it had already been for more than twenty years.

**PISO'S CURE FOR**  
**CONSUMPTION**  
Cures Where All Else Fails.  
Cough, Spasm, Tarted Good, One in Time. Sold by Druggists.

**CURIOUS FACTS.**  
A Turk holds that the day begins exactly at sunset. At that time he sets his clocks and watches at the hour of twelve. A watch which could run for weeks without gaining or losing a minute would be of no special value to the Turk.  
In Gettysburg park there are about 500 monuments. In addition to this patriotic ornamentation there are 225 mounted cannon and over 200 monumental tablets.  
Fish powder is the very latest addition to the list of foods, and it is said by physicians to be the best and most nutritive food product in condensed form that has been discovered. It can be made in the home with very little trouble and expense. Any kind of fresh fish will do. First steam them in their own moisture, then, after cooling and drying the mass obtained, expose it to the air for a short time. The next step is to shred the fish and then treat it to a bath of alcohol and citric acid, that all fat, glue and mineral matter may be removed. After drying, it must again be boiled, dried and ground. The result is a kind of meal or flour, which can be utilized in a great variety of ways, as, for instance, mixing in soups, frying oysters and making omelets. The flour has neither taste nor smell, and it will keep indefinitely.  
There is a cave on the Jorend fjord, Norway, from which at every change of the weather flashes of lightning issue.  
Since 1871 Japan has built nearly 30,000 elementary schools, providing for 4,000,000 pupils, one-fourth of whom are girls.  
Even a "copper" may be as bright as a dollar.

**\$100 Reward. \$100**  
The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address:  
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.  
Sold by druggists, 75c.  
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Arab music has been described as the singing of a prima donna who has ruptured her voice and is trying to sing a duet with herself. Each note starts from somewhere between a sharp and flat, but does not stop even there, and spits up into four or more portions, of which no person can be expected to catch more than one at a time.  
A Dutch Remedy, or How to Make Your Own Bitters From  
**Stekete's Dry Bitters.**  
Farmers, Laboringmen and Everybody use these Bitters for the cure of Dyspepsia, Loss of Appetite, Dizziness, Blood Purifier, Headache, Kidney and Liver Diseases, A Perfect Stomach Regulator. Now is the time to use them.  
On receipt of 30c United States postage stamps, I will send one package and recipe to make one gallon Bitters from Stekete's Dry Bitters; 2 packages, 50c. A delicious flavor. Made from imported Roots, Herbs and Berries from Holland and Germany. Be your own doctor and use these Dry Bitters. Send direct to the proprietor, Geo. G. Stekete, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Now all this time I had been quaking inwardly lest Captain O'Brien should remember me. But, by good fortune, he did not do so, which, at first, appeared strange, yet later I recognized not to be so wonderful. For not every man is gifted with observation; besides, at Quimper we had no method of shaving, so that our beards had grown long for want of a razor, and there, also, our clothing was of the scantiest sailor garb, and that mostly in rags, whereas now I was cleanly shaved, and my hair tied neatly back with a black ribbon, and I was dressed in a decent suit of gray frieze, which Miss Margaret had managed to get fashioned for me by some village artist, also being much wasted by illness. I doubt not I looked very differently to what I did as I sat in the courtyard carving wooden spoons. So he did not remember me, and the earl, after this brief notice, passed me by as an insignificant and indifferent person, and so, bidding his friend enter, they quitted the porch and went into the house. Of the little maid my lord took no notice more than a slight nod, and Tom carefully kept out of sight.

**CHAPTER VI.**  
I saw no more of the earl and his friend that day, for of course they took their meals apart in the great dining room as became such noble and distinguished personages. But the fact of their presence raised many thoughts in my mind, and Tom and I had a long talk that night in our room.  
"A conspiracy there is, and no doubt," said Tom, "and this earl is up to his neck in it, and in league with the Frenchies for certain."  
"And will they let us go?"  
"Yes, I think so, and Mick will help us. Mick is a good fellow, and he hates my lord like poison, by reason of his sister Eileen."  
But it was not so simple a matter as Tom thought, for he was considering only the case of us two men.  
That would be tolerably easy, doubtless, but how could I go and leave these two helpless girls here alone, in this turmoil, and in the power of an unscrupulous villain, as this Anthony, this false earl, had proved himself to be?  
And the little maid! How would she fare? How could I ever face David or my lord with such a story? No! Flight for us, alone, would be a dastardly proceeding, which I could never consent to.  
What conclusion we should have come to, had we been left more time to consider, I know not, but as oft happens in such cases, matters took such a turn, that we had only time to act, instead of thinking, for as we still talked, there came a low knock at my door, and opening it, there was Miss Margaret, white as a ghost, and trembling.  
"Oh, I am stupid!" she said, "but—but he frightened me so. He says that we must be ready to sail tomorrow morning at dawn, in Captain O'Brien's ship—that he means to send his little cousin to be educated in France, and that we must get ready tonight. And I fear, oh, I fear worse!"—and a sudden flush passed over her white face. "I fear he does not mean to let me go with her. Oh! he means to murder her, or shut her up in some convent or prison, where she will never escape!"  
"We will get out of this," I said again. "Go, Margaret, and get yourself and the child ready; you must take nothing with you, but put on your darkest clothes. We will go together, till near the village, and then Tom shall go on for Mick, and we will wait."  
Surely, in the foldings of these hills, we shall find some place to hide, until this tyranny be overpast.  
It seemed a fearful task, but to stay

**CHAPTER VII.**  
Until the day broke Mick went on, keeping the track which was, here and there, more distinct. Then, suddenly, he paused, and putting his ear to the ground, listened a moment.  
"There are horsemen coming," he said. "We'll just wait and see who they are before we wish them the top of the mornin'." Come up here, my darlins', and, turning the pony's head straight up the side of the hill we were traveling, we quitted the track, and plunging through deep heather, reached a point some distance above the track.  
"Thanks be for the mist," he muttered.  
Just as they came below us, we heard the foremost draw rein and call to another who followed to pause.  
"They can't have got much beyond this," he continued, as his comrade comrade came up, and we all knew the earl's voice. "If it wasn't for this cursed fog, we should see them."  
That he certainly would, for we stood together but a hundred yards or so above his head.  
"It is just a wild goose chase," growled his companion. "I tell ye, man, I must go back, or the vessel will go without me."  
"You can't now, without me," said the earl. "We must find them, for I have sent the boys in every direction. How are they to get so far, afoot? They'll be crouching under a bush, or stuck in a bog, unless they have got ponies, and so reach Killala. Then I'll have them safe. The brat is my cousin—my ward, and the girl I'll say is my wife—as I mean her to be."  
"Why, what will Kitty Fenigan say to that?" sneered O'Brien.  
"Hang Kitty Fenigan!"  
"Oh! hang her, by all means, if you like, but you'll have to reckon with her, some day. She's got her lines safe enough. Well, now, I'm going back."  
"You'll be bogged!"  
"Well, I'm not going to Killala. I don't want to be seen there, and, moreover, I don't want to be pestered with the brat without the girl; that isn't in the bond."  
So, after some more grumbling, O'Brien agreed to accompany the earl and they put spurs to their horses, and we heard the thud of their hoofs along the road.  
Margaret had not spoken since we heard those evil men's converse, but her head was bowed, as if with shame, and her soft lips set in a curve of hard resolve, and I knew her heart was full of bitterness.  
So we went, till mounting the crest of a hill, we suddenly came in view of the town, lying on the slope, by the entrance of a bay or estuary.  
"What is that house yonder?" I asked of Mick, noting a building of some size backed with woods, now beautiful with fresh spring tints of young leaves.  
"Sure, that is the bishop's house," said Mick, "your English bishop, I'm maning!"  
"The bishop's house," I repeated; and then a sudden inspiration seized me. The bishop's house! why! was he not our father in God? was he not bound to help and protect us? Yes; there was the refuge I had been longing for and praying for, while we tramped over that weary way, wondering whom we should find to protect us in our sore need.  
"Mick!" I said, "we'll go there."  
So Mick took us to the gate of the bishop's house, and then leaving us with many thanks on our part, went to the town with his pony, whistling carelessly; was he not on business? And we went up the broad walk to the house.  
Then came a hush, and presently a sound of footsteps and voices and the clapping of doors, and almost immediately, down a broad, oaken staircase on one side of the hall, there descended an elderly lady, dressed in black,

followed by several other women.  
At this I stepped forward and after a few words, the lady signed to me to be silent.  
"This seems a business to be spoken of more quietly," she said, for by this time quite a group of servants and attendants surrounded us. "Follow me; my husband is a better counsellor than I can be."  
So we followed her into a library, where, before a table loaded with books and papers, the bishop himself sat, and after a word from the wife (as the lady was), I told him in as few words as possible our story.  
I saw his face grow graver and graver as I spoke, and I guessed that our little story touched with greater matters than we wotted of, and so I ended, saying that not knowing who else to have recourse to we had come to him, for protection and help and counsel.  
"You did well," he said, "and you shall not ask in vain. But this is a matter that reaches farther than perhaps you can guess, and I ask you to be silent and speak of it to no one save such persons as I shall indicate. For the present, you need most rest and food; you must stay here, and my dear wife will, I am sure, charge herself willingly with the care of this young lady, whose sad and strange story you have related, and her brave and faithful governess. We will communicate at once with England, so as to learn if her father has reached home and what steps he is taking to find her."  
Which the good bishop did, and compelled us to stay hid in his house till all fear of pursuit was past, and the real earl had won back his own.  
So that was how we got out of the snare, and escaped from the net of the fowler, and with it, ends my part in this narrative. Ah! Margaret is coming this way—I can hear the jingle of her housewifely keys.

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Pays the highest market prices—no commission charged—prompt returns.  
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COUNTRY PUBLISHERS CO., OMAHA, Vol. 5—No. 2—1901

Captain John Cobb of Casablanca, Morocco, writes that he is about to send a fine Arabian saddle horse to Washington for President Roosevelt's personal use. Captain Cobb, a native of Clinton, Conn., has been in Morocco thirty years. He is nearly eighty years of age.

Hat dealers buy principally from the English and Italian markets. England furnishes stiff and Italy soft hats.

Among the things that are bound to turn up, sooner or later, are your toes.

**OUT OF THE SNARE**  
BY S. N. HOOVER.

**CHAPTER VI.**  
As health and strength came back, so did curiosity as to my entertainers wake once more in my breast.  
One afternoon I was sitting in my cushioned chair in the old porch, and the soft air from the sea was like wine to me. Near me, Miss Margaret sat at her spinning wheel, and the little maid played out on the bit of greenward which fronted the house, with her doll and a little gray kitten—Mimi, as she called it, which was an especial pet.  
"Miss Margaret," I said, as I sat watching her sweet face as she bent over her wheel, whose pleasant turning made a pleasant, sleepy whirling in the still afternoon. "Miss Margaret you have never yet told me how it was that you and your little charge came to this out-of-the-way place. You are not Irish?"  
"No," she said, smiling; "I cannot claim that honor. No, I come from Sussex, in England, from a little seaside town, called Hastings."  
"From Hastings?" I answered, with a start. "Perchance you may know a lad called David Bossum?"  
"David Bossum!" she exclaimed. "David Bossum; then he is not dead—cruelly murdered, as we feared?"  
"Surely not," I said, "unless the storm treated him more hardly than it did me, for he was well and hearty when we parted. Loth enough were we to separate, God knows, but 'twas thought well for him to remain with my lord aboard the frigate, while I came with the poor ship whose fragments still strew your black rocks."  
"My lord," she said, repeating my words, "what lord speak you of?"  
"The earl of Mounbrendon," I answered. Then did she stare at me quite as if stupefied, and so sat down again, for she was all of a tremble.  
"The earl of Mounbrendon," she said slowly. "What earl of Mounbrendon? For this house belongs to an earl of Mounbrendon, and he it was sent us here, using, I grant you, much deceit in so doing. Yes—an evil man—but still he said he knew naught of David, who went to London on the little maid's business, and then disappeared and hath never been heard of again. But if indeed he really lives and you have been so long with him, hath he never spoken of his cousin Meg, and the little maid his father brought home from France?"  
"Oh! what a dolt I have been," I cried as light flashed in upon me—"why did I never guess the riddle?"  
Now just as I had ended, the little maid came running toward us crying, "Meg, Meg, look at the beautiful ship," and so following with our eyes the direction of her little pointing finger, we were aware of a vessel, brig rigged, but of foreign aspect, which had just rounded the promontory and was close in shore.  
"They mean to land in the cove below," cried Miss Margaret, "who can it be?" Then she ran back into the house and brought out an old perspective glass, and leveled it as the boat came nearer. I saw her cheek grow pale. "God help us," she murmured, looking at me with a consternated air. "It is the earl—our earl—the traitor. He is coming here!"  
"Is it so?" I answered. "Then see here—we will not say a word about my imprisonment. Keep silent, Miss Margaret, and I will tell Tom to be so likewise—Ah! here he comes. It will be well to walk with caution among this cove, for your earl is a dangerous man, and doth not stick at half measures."  
"He is indeed a dangerous man!" she replied. "For it was with deceit that he brought us here. I had never come so far from help had it not been so. But I must go to warn the household of his approach. Stay you with Monsieur George," she said to the little maid, "and be very wise and greet his lordship courteously."  
The child's face fell as she came and stood by me, catching my hand in hers—which was a way she had. But she hung her head a little and pouted her soft lips.  
"I do not love Monsieur Milord," she answered.  
"Never mind, chere petite," said Miss Margaret, "that does not matter. Remember you are a little lady of noble birth, and so must behave nobly. 'Noblesse oblige'—remember that always, for 'tis a good motto."  
Thus we waited, the child and I, and presently we heard low voices talking together, and then coming round the angle of the house appeared two men, one of whom I recognized with an irrepresible start, for it was none other than Captain O'Brien—our gaoler at Quimper; the other I knew at once from David's description to be the false earl of Mounbrendon—who sat in my lord's place, and kept the true heir prisoner.  
At the first sight of Captain O'Brien, I am free to confess that my heart sank within me, for I thought, surely, he will recognize, and so will guess I know my lord's story, and with these desperate men in this lonely place, where the king's writ has never been known to run, there will be 'little chance that Tom and I ever come out alive.  
Tom, too, saw who it was, and shot a consternated glance at me. Then a thought struck me.  
"Slip away, Tom!" I whispered. "Let him not see you yet. If he knows me, it will all come out, but if not, you can keep out of the way."  
Tom did as I told him, slipping back into the servants' quarters, and I, sitting in my chair, with the little

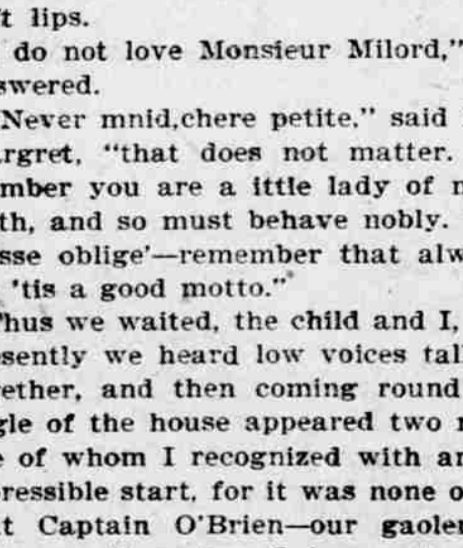
maid's hand in mine, awaited the advent of the two gentlemen.  
Heaven save the word! It did not fit them well, but there, it must serve this turn for once, as many worthy things get unworthy using. They came slowly across the bit of greenward, and as they reached the wide steps, that led into the porch, I rose painfully from my chair, putting on, perchance, a trifle more of the invalid than my recovery warranted, and took off my hat, greeting them with great politeness.  
"Hallo!" said the earl, pausing, "who is this?" He looked frowningly at me, and then at the child, who made her best and most formal courtesy, with a wonderful air of the great lady which amused me even at the time.  
"Your lordship," I replied, humbly, "I am a poor castaway from the sea; I was wrecked on your coast and much hurt, and by the kindness of your household have been sheltered and nursed ever since."  
"Eh?" he said, abruptly. "Aye; I heard somewhat of that. A prize was it not? But I thought the survivors had gone on from here."  
"So they did," I replied, "but the rocks here dealt somewhat hardly with my ribs, and I was forced to remain and he still till they were mended."  
"What is your name?" he said. "You are not a sailor, eh?"  
"My name is George Bishop," I replied, thanking my good genius which had prompted me to call myself Patrick Milligan to Captain O'Brien at Quimper, under which cognomen I had figured in the list of the prisoners.  
"No, I was not bred to the sea, and became such only through hard necessity."

**TALK ABOUT WOMEN.**  
Mrs. Jane Mansfield, a centenarian of Lynn, Mass., lives in the oldest house in that city, which was built 250 years ago.  
Miss Alverda M. Stout of Columbus, O., who although but 18 years of age, is a mechanical engineer and among the most competent members of that craft.  
Mrs. Ole Bull, wife of the celebrated violinist, lives in Cambridge, Mass. She has presented the instrument used by her husband to the museum at Bergen. It was made in 1522 by Caspario di Salo.  
Mrs. Roosevelt, while in New York shopping recently, ordered the necessary napery for the White house for the coming year, from the handwork of Porto Rican women. These will include table scarfs, covers, doilies and bed linen.  
Miss Mary Mildred Lee, a daughter of General Robert E. Lee, visited the state senate at Richmond, Va., on the 18th, and was introduced, the senate taking a recess of five minutes, in order that the members might personally be presented.  
Mrs. Edwin B. Grossman, a daughter of Edwin Booth, the actor, is living in Chicago, on the only property that the actor owned in that city at the time of his death. She has had her father's will filed in that city in order to complete a chain of titles to its possession.  
Mrs. J. H. Fall, a stepdaughter of President James K. Polk, has sold her step-father's private papers to the Chicago Historical society. The collection includes his diaries in his own handwriting, covering a period of 21 of the most important years in American history.  
Mrs. S. Lou Hall Manroe of Portland, Ore., has a number of interesting relics of her grandfather, Judge Geo. Shannon, who accompanied the famous Lewis and Clark expedition to the Pacific coast in 1805, and event which the people of Portland and the northwest will celebrate in 1905.  
Mrs. Emma Whitmore, station agent at Wantagh, L. I., has been a rail-roader for twenty-five years. She not only sells tickets, but takes care of the freight and baggage. It is to the credit of the company that she receives the same compensation that would be paid a man for the same services.  
Mrs. Etta S. Chapman is a second assistant examiner in division 33 of the patent office, "designs, trade marks, optics." She enjoys the distinction of being one of the few if not the only member of the examining corps, of her sex, in the patent office. Mrs. Chapman has been on the rolls for over twenty-three years, a period of time which has enabled her to absorb much information in regard to her particular class of work. Her examining duties relate exclusively to trade marks. Mrs. Chapman is probably the most expert person in the United States on trade marks and carries around in her memory a store of knowledge which enables her to tell almost at a glance whether an applicant has a good case without recourse to the drawings.  
Brooklyn Eagle: Mr. Doubleduff (effusively)—I think Miss Simpkins is every bit as good a dressmaker as that expensive Madame Soakyou! Why, that waist she made fits you like the paper on the wall! Mrs. Doubleduff (grimly)—Yes! Like the paper on this dining room wall, that you put on yourself!

**CHAPTER VII.**  
I saw no more of the earl and his friend that day, for of course they took their meals apart in the great dining room as became such noble and distinguished personages. But the fact of their presence raised many thoughts in my mind, and Tom and I had a long talk that night in our room.  
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But it was not so simple a matter as Tom thought, for he was considering only the case of us two men.  
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COUNTRY PUBLISHERS CO., OMAHA, Vol. 5—No. 2—1901

Thomas A. Edisons condition is worrying his friends. The famous inventor has recently been advised by several distinguished physicians to cease work, but he pays no heed to their counsel. He is engaged in the investigation of several difficult problems and refuses to rest.

When a man begins to back down you give up

The flower of a young widow's youth is seldom choked out by her weeds.

**OUT OF THE SNARE**  
BY S. N. HOOVER.

**CHAPTER VI.**  
As health and strength came back, so did curiosity as to my entertainers wake once more in my breast.  
One afternoon I was sitting in my cushioned chair in the old porch, and the soft air from the sea was like wine to me. Near me, Miss Margaret sat at her spinning wheel, and the little maid played out on the bit of greenward which fronted the house, with her doll and a little gray kitten—Mimi, as she called it, which was an especial pet.  
"Miss Margaret," I said, as I sat watching her sweet face as she bent over her wheel, whose pleasant turning made a pleasant, sleepy whirling in the still afternoon. "Miss Margaret you have never yet told me how it was that you and your little charge came to this out-of-the-way place. You are not Irish?"  
"No," she said, smiling; "I cannot claim that honor. No, I come from Sussex, in England, from a little seaside town, called Hastings."  
"From Hastings?" I answered, with a start. "Perchance you may know a lad called David Bossum?"  
"David Bossum!" she exclaimed. "David Bossum; then he is not dead—cruelly murdered, as we feared?"  
"Surely not," I said, "unless the storm treated him more hardly than it did me, for he was well and hearty when we parted. Loth enough were we to separate, God knows, but 'twas thought well for him to remain with my lord aboard the frigate, while I came with the poor ship whose fragments still strew your black rocks."  
"My lord," she said, repeating my words, "what lord speak you of?"  
"The earl of Mounbrendon," I answered. Then did she stare at me quite as if stupefied, and so sat down again, for she was all of a tremble.  
"The earl of Mounbrendon," she said slowly. "What earl of Mounbrendon? For this house belongs to an earl of Mounbrendon, and he it was sent us here, using, I grant you, much deceit in so doing. Yes—an evil man—but still he said he knew naught of David, who went to London on the little maid's business, and then disappeared and hath never been heard of again. But if indeed he really lives and you have been so long with him, hath he never spoken of his cousin Meg, and the little maid his father brought home from France?"  
"Oh! what a dolt I have been," I cried as light flashed in upon me—"why did I never guess the riddle?"  
Now just as I had ended, the little maid came running toward us crying, "Meg, Meg, look at the beautiful ship," and so following with our eyes the direction of her little pointing finger, we were aware of a vessel, brig rigged, but of foreign aspect, which had just rounded the promontory and was close in shore.  
"They mean to land in the cove below," cried Miss Margaret, "who can it be?" Then she ran back into the house and brought out an old perspective glass, and leveled it as the boat came nearer. I saw her cheek grow pale. "God help us," she murmured, looking at me with a consternated air. "It is the earl—our earl—the traitor. He is coming here!"  
"Is it so?" I answered. "Then see here—we will not say a word about my imprisonment. Keep silent, Miss Margaret, and I will tell Tom to be so likewise—Ah! here he comes. It will be well to walk with caution among this cove, for your earl is a dangerous man, and doth not stick at half measures."  
"He is indeed a dangerous man!" she replied. "For it was with deceit that he brought us here. I had never come so far from help had it not been so. But I must go to warn the household of his approach. Stay you with Monsieur George," she said to the little maid, "and be very wise and greet his lordship courteously."  
The child's face fell as she came and stood by me, catching my hand in hers—which was a way she had. But she hung her head a little and pouted her soft lips.  
"I do not love Monsieur Milord," she answered.  
"Never mind, chere petite," said Miss Margaret, "that does not matter. Remember you are a little lady of noble birth, and so must behave nobly. 'Noblesse oblige'—remember that always, for 'tis a good motto."  
Thus we waited, the child and I, and presently we heard low voices talking together, and then coming round the angle of the house appeared two men, one of whom I recognized with an irrepresible start, for it was none other than Captain O'Brien—our gaoler at Quimper; the other I knew at once from David's description to be the false earl of Mounbrendon—who sat in my lord's place, and kept the true heir prisoner.  
At the first sight of Captain O'Brien, I am free to confess that my heart sank within me, for I thought, surely, he will recognize, and so will guess I know my lord's story, and with these desperate men in this lonely place, where the king's writ has never been known to run, there will be 'little chance that Tom and I ever come out alive.  
Tom, too, saw who it was, and shot a consternated glance at me. Then a thought struck me.  
"Slip away, Tom!" I whispered. "Let him not see you yet. If he knows me, it will all come out, but if not, you can keep out of the way."  
Tom did as I told him, slipping back into the servants' quarters, and I, sitting in my chair, with the little

maid's hand in mine, awaited the advent of the two gentlemen.  
Heaven save the word! It did not fit them well, but there, it must serve this turn for once, as many worthy things get unworthy using. They came slowly across the bit of greenward, and as they reached the wide steps, that led into the porch, I rose painfully from my chair, putting on, perchance, a trifle more of the invalid than my recovery warranted, and took off my hat, greeting them with great politeness.  
"Hallo!" said the earl, pausing, "who is this?" He looked frowningly at me, and then at the child, who made her best and most formal courtesy, with a wonderful air of the great lady which amused me even at the time.  
"Your lordship," I replied, humbly, "I am a poor castaway from the sea; I was wrecked on your coast and much hurt, and by the kindness of your household have been sheltered and nursed ever since."  
"Eh?" he said, abruptly. "Aye; I heard somewhat of that. A prize was it not? But I thought the survivors had gone on from here."  
"So they did," I replied, "but the rocks here dealt somewhat hardly with my ribs, and I was forced to remain and he still till they were mended."  
"What is your name?" he said. "You are not a sailor, eh?"  
"My name is George Bishop," I replied, thanking my good genius which had prompted me to call myself Patrick Milligan to Captain O'Brien at Quimper, under which cognomen I had figured in the list of the prisoners.  
"No, I was not bred to the sea, and became such only through hard necessity."

**TALK ABOUT WOMEN.**  
Mrs. Jane Mansfield, a centenarian of Lynn, Mass., lives in the oldest house in that city, which was built 250 years ago.  
Miss Alverda M. Stout of Columbus, O., who although but 18 years of age, is a mechanical engineer and among the most competent members of that craft.  
Mrs. Ole Bull, wife of the celebrated violinist, lives in Cambridge, Mass. She has presented the instrument used by her husband to the museum at Bergen. It was made in 1522 by Caspario di Salo.  
Mrs. Roosevelt, while in New York shopping recently, ordered the necessary napery for the White house for the coming year, from the handwork of Porto Rican women. These will include table scarfs, covers, doilies and bed linen.  
Miss Mary Mildred Lee, a daughter of General Robert E. Lee, visited the state senate at Richmond, Va., on the 18th, and was introduced, the senate taking a recess of five minutes, in order that the members might personally be presented.  
Mrs. Edwin B. Grossman, a daughter of Edwin Booth, the actor, is living in Chicago, on the only property that the actor owned in that city at the time of his death. She has had her father's will filed in that city in order to complete a chain of titles to its possession.  
Mrs. J. H. Fall, a stepdaughter of President James K. Polk, has sold her step-father's private papers to the Chicago Historical society. The collection includes his diaries in his own handwriting, covering a period of 21 of the most important years in American history.  
Mrs. S. Lou Hall Manroe of Portland, Ore., has a number of interesting relics of her grandfather, Judge Geo. Shannon, who accompanied the famous Lewis and Clark expedition to the Pacific coast in 1805, and event which the people of Portland and the northwest will celebrate in 1905.  
Mrs. Emma Whitmore, station agent at Wantagh, L. I., has been a rail-roader for twenty-five years. She not only sells tickets, but takes care of the freight and baggage. It is to the credit of the company that she receives the same compensation that would be paid a man for the same services.  
Mrs. Etta S. Chapman is a second assistant examiner in division 33 of the patent office, "designs, trade marks, optics." She enjoys the distinction of being one of the few if not the only member of the examining corps, of her sex, in the patent office. Mrs. Chapman has been on the rolls for over twenty-three years, a period of time which has enabled her to absorb much information in regard to her particular class of work. Her examining duties relate exclusively to trade marks. Mrs. Chapman is probably the most expert person in the United States on trade marks and carries around in her memory a store of knowledge which enables her to tell almost at a glance whether an applicant has a good case without recourse to the drawings.  
Brooklyn Eagle: Mr. Doubleduff (effusively)—I think Miss Simpkins is every bit as good a dressmaker as that expensive Madame Soakyou! Why, that waist she made fits you like the paper on the wall! Mrs. Doubleduff (grimly)—Yes! Like the paper on this dining room wall, that you put on yourself!

**CHAPTER VII.**  
I saw no more of the earl and his friend that day, for of course they took their meals apart in the great dining room as became such noble and distinguished personages. But the fact of their presence raised many thoughts in my mind, and Tom and I had a long talk that night in our room.  
"A conspiracy there is, and no doubt," said Tom, "and this earl is up to his neck in it, and in league with the Frenchies for certain."  
"And will they let us go?"  
"Yes, I think so, and Mick will help us. Mick is a good fellow, and he hates my lord like poison, by reason of his sister Eileen."  
But it was not so simple a matter as Tom thought, for he was considering only the case of us two men.  
That would be tolerably easy, doubtless, but how could I go and leave these two helpless girls here alone, in this turmoil, and in the power of an unscrupulous villain, as this Anthony, this false earl, had proved himself to be?  
And the little maid! How would she fare? How could I ever face David or my lord with such a story? No! Flight for us, alone, would be a dastardly proceeding, which I could never consent to.  
What conclusion we should have come to, had we been left more time to consider, I know not, but as oft happens in such cases, matters took such a turn, that we had only time to act, instead of thinking, for as we still talked, there came