



CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

It was quite true that Mr. Thomas Esterworth had said that Vera was engaged to Sir John Kynaston.

It had all come about so rapidly, and withal so quietly, that when Vera came to think of it, it rather took her breath away. She had expected it, of course; indeed, she had even planned and tried for it; but when it had actually come to her, she felt herself to be bewildered by the suddenness of it.

One thing vexed her.

"What will your mother say, John?" she had asked, the very first day she had been engaged to him.

"It will not make much difference to me, dearest, whatever she may say."

Nor is truth would, for Sir John, as you have seen, had never been a devoted son, nor had he ever given his confidence to his mother.

"But it must needs make a difference to me," Vera had insisted. "You have written to her, of course."

"Oh, yes," he wrote, and told her I was engaged to you."

"And she has not written?"

"Yes; there was a message to you—her love or something."

Sir John evidently did not consider the subject of much importance. But Vera was hurt that Lady Kynaston had not written to her.

"I will never enter any family where I am not welcome," she had said to her lover, proudly.

And then Sir John had taken fright, for she was so precious to him that the fear of losing her was becoming almost as a nightmare to him, and, possibly, at the bottom of his heart he knew how feeble was his hold over her. He had written off to his mother that day a letter that was almost a command, and had told her to write to Vera.

This letter was not likely to prepossess Lady Kynaston, who was a masterful little lady herself, in her daughter-in-law's favor; it did more harm than good. She had obeyed her son, it is true, because he was the head of the family and because she stood in awe of him, but the letter, thus written under compulsion, was not kind—it was not even just. Such as it was, Vera put it straight into the fire directly she had read it; no one ever saw it but herself.

"I have heard from your mother," she said to Sir John.

"Yes? I am very glad. She wrote everything that was kind, no doubt."

"I dare say she meant to be kind," said Vera; which was not true, because she knew perfectly that there had been no kindness intended. But she pursued the subject no further.

"I hope you will like Maurice," said Sir John, presently; "he is a good-hearted boy, though he has been sadly extravagant and given me a good deal of trouble."

"I shall be glad to know your mother," said Vera, and she said she was coming to see him, eventually, but you will meet him first at Shadonake."

Now, by this time Vera knew that the photograph she had once found in the old writing-table drawer at Kynaston; was that of her lover's brother Maurice.

CHAPTER VIII.

Vera Nevill went to stay a week at Shadonake.

On the afternoon of the 3d day of January Eustace Dalrymple drove his sister-in-law even to Shadonake and deposited her at the stone-arched door of that most imposing mansion, which she entered, as usual, by the dressing-room, and was conducted almost immediately to her own room.

Some twenty minutes later there are still two ladies sitting on the small top of the mantel-piece in the fashion at Shadonake to finger between the hours of five and seven, who alone have not yet moved to obey the mandate of the dressing bell.

"What is the good of waiting?" says Beatrice, impatiently. "The train is often late, and besides, he may not come till the nine o'clock train."

"That is just what I want to wait for," answers Helen Rome. "I want just to hear if the carriage has come back, and then I shall know for certain."

Beatrice sits down again on the top of the sofa, and resigns herself to her fate; but she looks rather annoyed and vexed about it. Mrs. Rome paces the room restlessly and impatiently.

"What did you think of Miss Nevill?" asks Beatrice.

"I don't hardly see her in her hat and thick veil; but she looked as if she were handsome."

"She is beautiful!" says Beatrice, emphatically. "and Uncle Tom says—"

"Hush! hush! hush!" Helen, hurriedly. "Is not that the sound of wheels? Yes, it is the carriage."

She flies to the door.

"Take care, Helen," says Beatrice, anxiously; "don't open the door wide, don't let the servants think we have been waiting; it looks so bad—so un lady-like."

The two girls stand close together listening. Beatrice is hidden in the shadow of the room.

"There are two voices!" cries Helen in a disappointed tone; "he is not alone!"

"Is it not Mr. Rome's man?" says Beatrice, "he might come by this train." answers Beatrice, so quietly that no one could ever have guessed how her heart was beating.

Captain Kynaston and Mr. Herbert Esterworth entered upon the scene below. As the young man entered the inner hall Helen stepped boldly forward out of the shelter of the tea room, and held out her hand to Captain Kynaston.

Maurice looked distinctly annoyed, but of course he shook hands with her.

"How are you, Mrs. Rome? I did not expect you to be here till to-morrow. Yes, we are late," consulting his watch;

rather heavy features; he studiously affects a solemn and imposing gravity of face and manner, and a severe and elderly style of dress, which he hopes may produce a favorable effect upon the non-legal minds of his somewhat imaginary clients.

Presently, at the further end of the corridor, the door opens, and Mr. Pryme comes up the stairs.

Beatrice Miller, looking about her a little guiltily, comes swiftly toward him along the passage.

"Maurice, how much has she said?" she breathlessly; "I thought I should never see her again!"

"Never mind, so long as you are here," he answers, holding her by both hands.

He looks up her face curiously and longingly. To most people Beatrice is a plain girl, but to this man she is beautiful; his own love for her has invested her with a charm and an idealism that no one else has seen in her.

It is just as if he had said to himself, "Nethercliff is a plain girl, but she has been asked here for my benefit; Maurice has just been telling me about him; he is Lord Garford's nephew, and you know, is quite the other side of the county; he is a peer; so I suppose I might do for him," with a little more of "at all events, I am to sit next to him at dinner, to-night, and make myself civil. You see, I am to be offered to all the county magistrates in succession."

Maurice Pryme still holds her hands; and looks down with grave vexation into her face.

"And how do you suppose she will feel while Mr. Nethercliff is making love to you?"

"You may make your mind quite easy; it is impossible that there should be another man foolish enough in all England to want to make love to such an ugly-looking girl as I am!"

"And, meanwhile, what am I to do?"

"You are to make love to Sophie."

"But I don't like Sophie; she is the exact opposite of what she is the exact opposite of your having been asked here at all!"

"I don't like it, Beatrice," repeats her lover, gravely. "Upon my life, I don't. He looks away moodily out of the window. "I hate doing things on the sly. Add, besides, I am a poor man, and your parents are rich—I could not afford to support a wife at present on my own income."

"All the more reason that we should wait," she interrupts, "till we are rich."

"Yes; but I ought not to have spoken to you; I'd no business to steal your heart."

"You did not steal it," she says, nestling up to his side. "I presented it to you, free, gratis."

"There is another couple who are happy," says Herbert Pryme, indicating two people who were wandering slowly down the garden. Beatrice Miller, following the direction of his eyes, sees Maurice Kynaston and Vera.

"Those two?" she exclaims. "Oh, dear, no! They are not happy—not in our way. Miss Nevill is engaged to his brother, then?"

"Herbert! what can you mean?" cries Beatrice, opening her eyes in astonishment. "Why, Captain Kynaston is supposed to be engaged to Mrs. Rome; at any rate, she is desperately in love with him."

"Yes, everybody knows that; but is he in love with her?"

"Herbert, I don't care you must be mistaken!" persists Beatrice eagerly.

"Perhaps I am. Never mind, little woman, kissing her lightly; "I only said they looked happy. Let them be happy while they can, while they are young."

Herbert Pryme was right. Maurice and Vera, wandering side by side along the broad gravel walks in the wintry gardens, were happy—without so much as venturing to wonder what it was that made them so.

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POPULIST POLITICS.

Trusts, Pro and Con.

Mr. John D. Rockefeller, the head of the greatest criminal organization the world has ever seen, not excepting either the Carbonari or the Mafia, has testified to the industrial commission that these "advantages" result from trusts:

1. Command of necessary capital.
2. Extension of limits of business.
3. Increase of number of persons interested in the business.
4. Economy in the business.
5. Improvements and economies which are derived from knowledge of many interested persons of wide experience.
6. Power to give the public improved products at less prices and still make a profit for stockholders.
7. Permanent work and good wages for laborers.

Undoubtedly if anybody is in a position to appreciate the benefits of trusts, Mr. Rockefeller is, and if we proceed upon the theory that the professional thief can offer the most useful testimony as to the advantages to the public of unrestricted thievery his testimony should be accepted as conclusive. Some fifteen years ago there was an opinion current in this country that the only man competent to give evidence as to the value of a protective tariff to the country at large was one who was himself enjoying the personal benefit of that protection. Four years ago, and for that matter, to-day, the opinion was among many people that the only man able to give truly scientific and valuable information on the money question is the banker or financier, who makes his profit by buying and selling money.

It is quite within the bounds of possibility that the forces which control public opinion may attempt to persuade



THEY DO SOME THINGS PRETTY WELL IN RUSSIA.—Denver News

tion that an increase of money would bring prosperity, and now they say that is exactly what they want in order to advance prices and increase business. An increase of government money which would come without any cost to the people wouldn't do a bit of good, but an increase of bank money founded on bonds on which the people pay the interest will bring abounding prosperity.

If the money is increased to a great degree as is promised there will be good times and advancing prices, just so long as the inverted pyramid can stand on its top, which will be so long as the people do not ask for the redemption of the paper money, but when they do the whole thing will topple over and bury the business of the country in irreparable ruin. Sensible men will sell out on the expected advance and prepare themselves for the coming catastrophe. An increase in bank money will help business just as much as an increase of government money, but the former is unsafe, while the latter would have endured forever. Besides, under the banking bill the currency can be expanded and contracted by the bankers as they desire, and they can produce hard times or flush times according to their own sweet will. If they want low prices they will contract their issues, and if they want high prices they will expand them. The government has not only retired from the banking business, but it has also retired from the governing business.

Russian Remedy for Trusts.

The Standard Oil Company recently made an agreement with the Nobels family and a few English capitalists to own and control all the oil fields of Russia, thereby dividing the world's supply. Following upon that the price of oil went up to the American scale.

Witte, the Russian Minister of Finance, has made several efforts to in-

duce the oil proprietors to content themselves with a reasonable profit. Having failed in his laudable purpose, the Russian Government is now preparing a comprehensive scheme to purchase the oil fields and to operate them as government property. The owners will be dealt with liberally, but even after paying them more than they ought to get the government expects to sell oil for half the present price and make a large profit for the exchequer.

We are unable to do this at present, because the trusts own our American oil, who has not the heart to injure them.

A Damnable Measure.

The financial bill has now passed both houses of Congress and is signed by the President. In the last debate on the bill Mr. Overstreet, of Indiana, said:

"This bill holds out not the slightest hope of international bi-metallicism under present conditions. I say frankly that this bill will make it practically and absolutely impossible ever to have international bi-metallicism at the ratio of 16 to 1."

Mr. Overstreet ought to know what he is talking about, for he has worked for years to accomplish this thing. The St. Louis platform has been killed in the house of its friends, and no more elections will be carried by false pretenses. All the speeches made by Western Republicans in 1896 were so much idle wind—so many lying promises—so many attempts to deceive the people. This issue will be squarely drawn next time, and accomplished flairs of the Republican persuasion will find their occupation gone. It is the gold standard now, with all its accompanying evils, and the future will tell who among us have been the true prophets.

We look now for a large increase of bank currency. This will produce temporary prosperity, because an increase of money will always bring an increase of business and higher prices. Then will our opponents fling high their hats in the air and shout glory to the gold standard. But this temporary benefit will be followed by swift reaction, and then the people, overwhelmed with disaster, will never cease cursing these shiftily politicians from that time until the day of judgment.—Nonconformist.

Very Close.

Sappington—L once came within an ace of making \$500.

De Quincy—How so?

Sappington—It was a game of poker; what I needed was the ace of diamonds.—Judge.

The Japanese are remarkably free from the vice of drunkenness, one of the reasons being that whisky is very bad for them.

A Dwarf Queen.

Probably the smallest monarch in the world reigns over the Hindu vassal state of Bhopal, and governs a people of more than a million souls. This dwarf is a woman, Djihan-Begum by name, but although she is about fifty years old she does not appear larger than a child of ten. Her diminutive size does not prevent her, however, from holding the reins of government with a firm hand, and in her realm quiet and order are supreme.

A Practical American Mother.

An amusing story showing how practical are our cousins is going about in Washington. A young diplomat has lately appeared to pay considerable attention to a beautiful debutante. The lady has a mother whose name in fashionable New York inevitably suggests cotillions and the leading thereof. The elder swain's ardor was, it is said, considerably damped the other day, when, on an indirect reference to his intentions regarding the daughter, the mother cut short his panegyrics with, "Well, Mr. —, she would be a very expensive young woman to support"—London Leader.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, Lucas County.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1896.

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio.

Be sure you get the genuine.

She—Nonsense; nobody ever pays taxes. Pa always got out of 'em."—Indianapolis Journal.

It All Depends.

Caller (picking up manuscript)—Is this a joke?

Humorist—It is if I can sell it, but it's no joke if I can't.

VITALITY low, debilitated or exhausted cured by Dr. Kline's Kidney and Bladder Remedy. It restores the vitality, cures wind colic, 25 cents a bottle.

The Pugilist's Last Word.

"It is better to give than to receive," as the pugilist said when he delivered his knock-out blow.—Judge.

Spring

Annually Says Take

Hood's Sarsaparilla

In the spring those Pimples, Boils, Eruptions and General Bad Feelings indicate that there are cobwebs in the system. It needs a thorough brushing, and the best brush is Hood's Sarsaparilla, which sweeps all humors before it. This great medicine eradicates Scrofula, subdues Salt Rheum, neutralizes the acidity which causes Rheumatism—in short, purifies the blood and thoroughly renovates the whole physical system.

"We have used Hood's Sarsaparilla and it has given the best of satisfaction, especially as a spring medicine. It builds up the general system and gives new life." Dwight C. Park, Whiteland, Indiana.

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Happy Women

who have been relieved of painful menstruation by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, are constantly writing grateful letters to Mrs. Pinkham.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

cured them. It always relieves painful periods and no woman who suffers should be without this knowledge.

Nearly all the ills of women result from some derangement of the female organism. Mrs. Pinkham's great medicine makes women healthy; of this there is overwhelming proof.

Don't experiment. If you suffer get this medicine and get Mrs. Pinkham's free advice. Her address is Lynn, Mass.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup

Is the best remedy for bronchitis. It relieves the troublesome cough at once, effects an easy expectoration and cures in a few days. 75 cents at all druggists.

PENSION JOHN W. MORSE, Washington, D. C. Successfully Prosecutes Claims. Having secured the services of Dr. J. B. Peaslee, Boston, Mass., in the successful prosecution of his claim, he writes: "I have secured the services of Dr. J. B. Peaslee, Boston, Mass., in the successful prosecution of my claim, and I am glad to say that he has succeeded in securing for me the full amount of my claim."