

DECEMBER 8, 1897.

WANTED—A TITLE.

"But, my dear madam—"
 "Enough Mr. Hargreaves, I have given you my decision; kindly be satisfied with it, and, if you please, don't 'dear madam' me again."

And Mrs. Morris, the kind-hearted, but ambitious widow of a wealthy Chicago pork-packer, raised her lorgnette to her eyes, and surveyed the presumptuous "Britisher," who, on a three months' acquaintanceship, had dared to ask her daughter's hand.

Charley Hargreaves had met Mabel Morris and, of necessity, her portly mother, on board the Campania, bound for England. Mabel was exceedingly pretty, and evidences were lacking that she also was, or would be in time, wealthy. Consequently it was only natural that Mr. Hargreaves should make himself agreeable and useful to both mother and daughter. The many little services which he was able to render her on board had made him acceptable, for the time being, to Mrs. Morris, and his soft words, pleasing manners, handsome face, and fine physique found him much favor in Mabel's pretty eyes.

The acquaintanceship begun on board the Campania, Hargreaves was clever enough to renew in London; but, though Mabel's greeting and apparent pleasure on seeing their travelling companion again was cordial to the utmost degree, Mrs. Morris was by no means warm or demonstrative when Charley called on her at the Hotel Cecil. Truth to tell, Mrs. Morris, from a regular and religious perusal of the American society papers, had become thoroughly imbued with the idea that a duke, or, at least, a real lord was easy of acquisition to a smart Chicago woman with a pretty daughter and a generous banking balance. She had, therefore, made up her mind that Mabel was to reject all proposals until the desired "title" was offered. Hargreaves was, she considered, a very charming young man, and had she a second daughter to bestow, she would have no objection to cultivating him, but she had but one, and, after all, Hargreaves was only a commoner, and commoners in Chicago were to be had in hundreds every day.

In spite of the frigid reception given to him by Mrs. Morris, Hargreaves continued to see and meet them frequently. Mrs. Morris was much annoyed at the Britisher's persistency, but her natural kindness of heart added to the lingering hope that he might be an nobleman in disguise deterred her from cutting him outright. He, however, was making the best possible use of his time and opportunities, with the result that three months after the Campania had deposited her living freight at Southampton, he had asked of Mabel a certain momentous question, and had been answered in the affirmative.

The mother's consent is a highly necessary formality, and Charley Hargreaves now stands before Mrs. John Henry Morris in her private reception room at the hotel, rejected as a son-in-law.

Her quaint "Don't dear madam me, sir," amused him in spite of the blow she had just administered to his hopes, and he smiled feebly.

"Pardon me, Mrs. Morris," he said; "I am sorry I do not meet with more favor in your eyes. I presume you do not wish me to call here again?"

"No, Mr. Hargreaves. Good-day."

Charley had secured Mabel's consent—that to his mind was the most important thing—as he walked slowly down the marble steps of the grand staircase he swore softly to himself that no pork-packer's widow in the universe would or could prevent him marrying Mabel Morris. He did not despair of ultimately winning over the old lady, and he determined to put his knowledge of her little idiosyncrasies to the best advantage. He was well aware of her hankering after England's old nobility, and when he was not engaged in elaborate researches into his own pedigree in the hope that some remote possibility of its succeeding to a title existed, he was racking his brain to devise some plan by which he could turn Mrs. Morris' weakness to his especial account.

To him the axiom "All's fair in love, etc.," held good beyond question of doubt, and it must be confessed that he had succeeded in bringing Mabel round to his belief that a little mild fraud played on Mrs. Morris would, if it advanced their courtship, be perfectly justifiable. Thus, although it was Hargreaves himself who had elicited from Mrs. Morris her fiat that he was not to call on her again—he had done so because he knew it to be inevitable—he took the opportunity every afternoon of seeing Miss Morris in the Grand Salon when her mother was upstairs enjoying her daily siesta and dreaming of the hordes of son-in-law dukes and earls.

Mrs. Morris' ostensible object in visiting and remaining in London so long was to once and for all thoroughly "do" Europe, that pilgrimage as sacred to the rich American as that to Mecca is to the Mohammedan, though as has been explained before, her real intention was to make her daughter "my

lady," and so score distinctly over the rest of Chicago millionaire society.

The morning on which her last, or what she hoped to have been her last, interview with Hargreaves took place, she had received invitations from the greatest function in the the social life of the American colony in London—the Ambassador's annual garden party and ball.

During the time that elapsed between the receipt of the tickets and the date of the ball Mrs. Morris saw nothing of Mr. Hargreaves. Not so her daughter, for she, with that personal freedom which is every American girl's right, met her lover nearly every day. They put their heads together more than once to evolve some means by which Charley could climb back into favor with Mrs. Morris and ultimately secure her consent.

Unfortunately time was slipping by, and so far their only hope was a wicked plan devised by Hargreaves, by which Mrs. Morris was to be given to understand that if Charley was not a noble in his own right at least he was an intimate of most of the British peerage. They fondly hoped that the widow, failing to find a lord, and Mabel determined that fail she should, would open her eyes and perceive the great personal merits possessed by Charley Hargreaves.

The day of the great ball arrived; the Ambassador's garden was resplendent in colors, red, white, blue and purple draperies brightened the scene everywhere. Everyone who was anyone was there; the commerce kings of the New World rubbed shoulders with the diplomats and courtiers of the Old, and the graceful vivaciousness of the American girl mingled in harmonious contrast with the dignified stateliness of English womanhood.

Mrs. and Miss Morris had come accompanied by friends, and immediately on their arrival looked about for possible acquaintances from distant Chicago. None, however, appeared, so when Mabel suggested a turn on the lawn her mother instantly agreed. Accordingly they betook themselves out of the crush, and for some moments strolled leisurely up and down. Suddenly Mabel drew her mother's attention to the approaching form of Charley Hargreaves.

"Say mommy!" she whispered in her ear, "here comes Mr. Hargreaves and some friends. Now, don't cut him."

Mrs. Morris was already feeling bored, and the prospect of Hargreaves entertaining company was not to be lightly thrust aside; in any case, her kindly nature did not keenly relish snubbing anybody. Hargreaves and his friends passed close to where Mabel and her mother were standing, and, raising their hats, bowed politely in response to the ladies' nod of recognition. Returning that way they found Mrs. Morris directly in their path. When Hargreaves drew near she extended her hand cordially.

"How d'yo do. Mr. Hargreaves? Didn't expect to have the pleasure of meeting you here."

"Glad you think it a pleasure, Mrs. Morris," replied Hargreaves, "and how are you, Miss Morris?"

Salutations having been exchanged, Hargreaves asked, and was granted, permission to introduce his friend.

Lord Broadfield—Mrs. Morris, Miss Morris. Poor Mrs. Morris' heart beat with joy, and as she gave her hand to the young nobleman she mentally upbraided herself for her previous slighting of Charles Hargreaves.

Lord Broadfield proved himself a most delightful companion, and very soon Mrs. Morris was engrossed in his entertaining conversation, so much so that she was practically oblivious to the fact that Hargreaves and Mabel had moved some yards away, and were chatting vivaciously. Mrs. Morris was mentally determining how best to "fix" her new acquaintance when she was recalled by the voice of Hargreaves.

"By Jove, Broadfield, isn't that Balfin?—over there to the left?"

"Yes, so it is," answered Broadfield, and they both nodded to a fashionably-dressed young man, who immediately approached.

"Let us take pity on him," said Hargreaves, turning to Mrs. Morris, "he seems to be alone."

"Viscount Balfin—son of the Earl of Ballintubber," murmured Hargreaves, by way of introduction.

Mrs. Morris beamed proudly; only the publicity of the place prevented her falling on Charley's neck, so great was her gratitude.

"Anybody with you, Balfin?" asked Hargreaves.

"Only Edgetown: he's in the buffet, I think. He's leaving here in a few minutes, as he's dining with Lady Downmouth in the evening."

The party moved about together, and the best possible good feeling prevailed. Lord Broadfield and the heir of Ballintubber earldom made themselves particularly agreeable to Mrs. Morris, whilst Hargreaves and Mabel were excellently well pleased with everything in general and with themselves. Balfin was his friend Jack Donnelly of the Stock Exchange, and that Broadfield was really Tom Armstrong, also of the Stock Exchange. Mabel was much shocked at the deception, but in the end he induced her to smile at it.

For two all-too-short hours Mrs. Morris enjoyed the charming society of the two En-

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return with as little delay as possible to their hotel. Hargreaves having accompanied them he then made his way to his own chambers, there to remedy his singed hair and replace his burned clothes.

Next morning when Hargreaves called to inquire after the ladies he was met by Mabel, who joyfully told him that her mother was anxiously awaiting his arrival, "Go in," she said, "and see her alone."

Charley did so, and immediately entered the reception-room. Mrs. Morris, looking none the worse for her previous day's exciting adventure, came forward, and taking him by the hand, said, "You're real grit, young man. even if you ain't a lord, and if you want to be my son-in-law—well, I'm satisfied."

WEAK NERVES.

Nerve weakness accompanies heart trouble—both are curable by Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, the successful tonic and invigorator. Those who use them praise them. Here is one. "My nerves were completely unstrung," says Mrs. H. Church, Caledonia, Ont., "and palpitation, loss of memory and shortness of breath troubled me greatly. Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills were beneficial from the first, and removed these troubles in a remarkable short time. They made me feel better in every way."

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"Isn't that a very slow horse of yours?" "Well, he isn't much for speed, but he easily frightened, and runs away a good deal, so he gets there just the same."