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welcoming glance, and his heart beat rapidly, leaping into his eyes as he looked down upon her on her low cushioned seat. She was dressed in blue brocade picked out with gold. Diamonds glistened upon the golden hair, raised, according to the fashion of the day, above the broad white forehead; costly lace veiled the square low-cut bodice and the beautiful neck and arms; jewels gleamed upon the fan she slowly moved until her face was hidden from other eyes in the room. "I have been anxious to see you, Master Vesey," she said in her low-toned haunting voice. "Rumor says you met with an adventure a while ago."

"Rumor for once in her life speaks truly Lady Joan. I had what might have been, save for most unforeseen circumstances, a most disagreeable and dangerous misadventure." "But you are here—you have returned." She spoke eagerly, leaning a little nearer to him as she lowered her voice still more. "I presume, then, that in spite of misadventure you succeeded in the errand you were bound on?" "You knew what my errand was?" he regarded her intently. She gave one cautious comprehensive glance around from behind her fan, then turned her grey eyes with the sweetest most confiding look upon his.

"I know all," she said softly. "Tell me how you succeeded." "I bore the papers to their destination. They are across the water by now. Their owners are safe." She drew a deep breath. "You did well. I knew they were wise to trust you. Now tell me your misadventure, Master Vesey." In short forcible language he told his story, and she listened with silent interest until he came to the description of Stella, then she leaned forward a little. "I have never seen a bonâ-fide gipsy girl. Tell me, was she really as beautiful as poets and others say?" "She was perfectly beautiful in her way."

"The most graceful in form and perfect in coloring of any woman you have ever seen, I suppose?" smiled the lady. "Of all, save one," replied the gentleman with significance. "Whether she understood the meaning of his tone or not it was impossible to say."

She laughed a little and said: "I imagine you are smitten by this wild beauty, Master Vesey. I must tell Mistress Luke and others of their possible rival, I think." "You know better than to take such needless trouble, I hope." "Mistress Luke is here to-night, I fancy. Do not let me keep you from finding her. You have amused me much by your story." "And having amused you for a passing half-hour, I am to be dismissed for a more favored friend," he said with resentment and pleading curiously mixed. "I shall see you again soon. Later on, some of us—you understand me?—are going to hold a conclave in a private room you know. I shall be there, and you will be invited to join. Shall you care to come?"

She had risen and turned to flash upon him a smile and glance of unutterable witchery as she spoke. He answered passionately: "If the cause were not my dearest object in life I should come to meet you there."

Her little jewelled hand just touched his arm. "They may want you to do a harder task than the one you carried out so bravely the other day. Shall you be ready and willing?" "To the death," was the earnest reply, and again she smiled as she turned away. It was one of the times when a troubled under-current, a secret ferment, pervaded half the circles in the kingdom. The monarch in power was not the rightful king many implicitly believed, and those enthusiasts were willing to sacrifice everything—money, liberty, even life itself, with unflinching devotion for the refugee across the seas whom they looked upon as their sovereign lord. Lovely Lady Joan was a more ardent politician, a more dangerous conspirator, than even her intimate friends quite knew. As she turned with that sunny glance from Esmond Vesey, she encountered the dark, sinister, but adoring eyes of a man who had pressed up closer than the absorbed conversationalists knew. "Ah, Lord Bellinger, how do you do?" Lady Joan extended the tips of her pretty fingers, and greeted him with a careless conventional smile. "You are here after all, then?" "Like the needle drawn by the magnet." "Against its will, I suppose you mean. If I were a man I think I would have a little power of resistance," her lips curled scornfully. "If you were a man, Lady Joan, you could, perhaps, understand the magnitude of the attraction you depreciate, and the acuteness of the pain you inflict—I try to believe unwittingly," was the bold reply. Her ladyship yawned. "Are we going to have no amusement, no music, no games to-night? Conversation, pure and simple is very scant entertainment, I think."

"You seemed to find it all sufficiently interesting just now," Lord Bellinger said jealously. She laughed a careless ringing laugh. "Circumstances alter cases, or conversation depends upon those with whom we converse, doesn't it?" "It would appear that your ladyship had no objection to display your preference sufficiently for all the crowd to notice and gossip upon."

"I would appear that your lordship is equally generous in the display of your temper." "The grey eyes looked dangerous. "I have simply your true peace and happiness at heart." "Lord Bellinger altered his tone and tactics instantly. "I would rather hold them in my own hands, I thank you." "So long as they remain there I have no fear. It is only if you trust them to hands that I know to be totally unworthy."

"Those must be very bad hands indeed, if you consider them so. I know no one of such calibre." "Pardon me, you know one—you condescend to receive him as your friend." "Then if I hold him as my friend, Lord Bellinger, even you must know me well enough to be assured that I will listen to no syllable against him." And she swept across to another group of gaily-attired chattering dames and gallants, who welcomed her eagerly. "I know well enough that you will hear no syllable against the fellow, confound him!" his lordship muttered angrily. "But I will upset his pretensions, somehow. You shall hear and believe something ere long, or I, John Bellinger, have lost my wits!"

The hour was growing late; half the guests had departed, and others were gradually vanishing; not all into the streets or into the sedan-chairs waiting outside, though. In a small room far away from those crowded with beauty and fashion, were grouped in earnest conclave some of those whom the uninitiated thought had left the mansion; among them Lady Joan Ambrose, Esmond Vesey, and Lord Bellinger. Standing by the table, with his back to the fire, and his face to his eager silent listeners, stood a tall grave man, who was speaking with low fervid eloquence, that weighted each syllable he uttered. "It is no child's play I propose. It must not be undertaken carelessly, or without weighing the danger, I ask if one among you here has the pluck, loyalty, and endurance to do this service for our king."

[TO BE CONTINUED]

What a Butterfly May Be Worth.

There can be no doubt that it ordinarily pays to make thorough use of one's eyes, but the profit is not always in money. A young man camping in the Sierras recently found himself unexpectedly and liberally rewarded for observing and capturing a butterfly. With no technical knowledge of moths, he nevertheless perceived that this was a somewhat unusual specimen, and he was at some pains to watch it in its movements and afterwards to secure it. Those to whom he showed it confirmed him in his opinion that it was a rare find, and at last, by advice, he sent the specimen to the Smithsonian Institution at Washington. In a few days received a cheque for \$1,500, with request to make careful search for other moths of the same kind. It was an individual of a fossil species, supposed to be extinct, and great was the excitement among the scientists at the discovery that one of the race had been recently alive. The most diligent search, however, conducted systematically by men well paid for the service, failed to bring to light another similar creature.—Christian Union.

Common Salt.

The power of soda used in cooking to relieve the pain of burns is now extensively known. Its usefulness is enhanced by its being so common as to be usually within reach. Somewhat akin to this is the efficacy of table-salt in certain forms of inflammation. It is a remedy that finds a place in nearly all countries and households. But the very fact that these articles are so familiar in domestic use makes it difficult to regard them as powerful remedies. It would be quite otherwise if they were rare, and could be obtained only of druggists.

There is the highest medical authority for the statement that there is nothing better than common salt for any ordinary inflammation of the throat, mouth, or nasal passages. Dissolve a desert-spoonful in a cup, and gargle the solution, or snuff it up the nose. Repeat two or three times a day until cured. Dr. Thackery has found that salt is effective in the most violent attacks of erysipelas, and moreover, leaves no unsightly scars behind. He uses a saturated solution—that is as strong as it can be made—and simply keeps the parts covered with a cloth wet with it. At the same time he cools the system with a dose of Epsom salts, mixed with lemon-juice, and orders a light farinaceous diet. As erysipelas is so sudden in its attacks, and so speedy in its action, those located at a distance from doctors would do well to make a special note of this. "Oh, if I only had a neck like that, what a collar I could wear!" said the duke, while looking at an ostrich.

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Who suffer from nervous and physical debility great help is found in taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It produces the rapid effect of a stimulant, without the injurious reaction that follows the use of stimulants. The result of taking this medicine is a permanent increase of strength and vigor, both of mind and body. "I find Ayer's Sarsaparilla just what I have needed for a long time. I have tried different medicines or tonics, but never found a cure until I used this. My trouble has been a low state of the blood, causing faint turns."—Lena O'Connor, 121 Vernon St., Boston, Mass. "I have been a victim for the past two years of general weakness with turns of fainting. Have tried various remedies, but with little relief till I used Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Some six months since I began to use this remedy, and am greatly benefited."—Miss K. E. White, Somerville, Mass. "This is to certify that I have been using Ayer's Sarsaparilla for some time, and it has done me a world of good. It has cured my headache, cleared my blood, and helped me in every way, and I am determined to use it so long as I need such a medicine."—Mrs. Taff, 152 First Street, Lowell, Mass.

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Total Income,	832,168.379
Payments to Policy holders,	11,842,836
Assets,	107,150,309
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Surplus,	\$22,821,074
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