

(CONTINUED FROM TENTH PAGE.)

ception had not been very cruel, you must admit.'

'Oh Ronald! Why did you not tell me this before?'

'Because, my love, I wanted for a wife a lady whom I knew loved me well and truly, one that would marry me for love alone. Such a one I have found.'

'But—ah, Ronald, you cannot have thought out this matter. Your friends will never let you marry a poor orphan like me.'

'I am my own master.'

'That may be. I don't know much of the world, I admit, but I hear how these things are managed from the girls in the school. I know how proud people in your position are; and I fancy, Ronald, that their consent would never be given to our marriage. And oh, I am sure I should break my heart! And you must recollect, Ronald, that you do not know my history.'

'I know that you are the adopted daughter of Sir Archibald Blackmore, and that is quite sufficient for me. My mother, I am sure, will welcome you with open arms. My father, as you know, is dead.'

'You know best, Ronald, and I will trust all to you. You are going to London, are you not?'

'For a time. Then I shall return to my home, Radstock Castle, at Arkwell.'

'If—if you meet Sir Archibald in London, you will not say anything of—'

'No, no, Violet; not at present. That I promise.'

'Because I am afraid that I have sadly disobeyed him.'

'Even if he knew it he would forgive you. Who could resist you?'

'No, Ronald,' replied Violet, shaking her head, 'you are mistaken. Sir Archibald never forgives. But in London, Ronald, you may meet someone whom you like better than me, and if you do, do not let me stand in the way of your happiness. I would rather remain as I am than—'

'Oh, Violet—Violet, do not say that. My whole heart and soul are yours; my love can never change.'

'Shall I hear from you?'

'Yes; I will direct the letter to the post office in your initials.'

After a little more conversation, the lovers parted. Ronald went off to the station, while Violet, her parasol over her left shoulder, and her hat swinging in her right hand, walked thoughtfully homeward.

'Will he be true?' she muttered. 'Will he forget me when he gets in glittering London, where, they say, there are ladies of great beauty? Oh, surely, surely not! He says I shall always be his sweet Violet. Shall I or shall I be as unfortunate as my poor mother?'

CHAPTER III.

'Sir.—In reply to yours of yesterday's date, I am pleased to inform you that Miss Violet Loveridge has completed her education in all branches. She is quite ready to leave here at once should you so desire it, although all of us will be sorry to part with such a dear, kind, and affectionate creature.'

'To Sir Archibald Blackmore.'

So ran the letter from Miss Jones, Violet's governess, three days after Ronald's departure.

'Hem!' muttered Sir Archibald after reading it. 'All as it should be. Thank God, I can say I have done my duty by her. Now, what is to be done with her? I cannot have her here. People would think it rather strange. What am I to do?'

After a few moments' thought he decided to have her at his house for a few weeks until he could find her an engagement as governess or companion, and with that view he called in the housekeeper, and directed her to prepare for her reception.

'You can see that Lady Blackmore's rooms are prepared for her,' he said. I suppose they will not take long to get ready?'

'No, Sir Archibald; but the blue-room is ready. I understood you to say that Lady Blackmore's rooms were never to be interferred with.'

'I did say so, but I have altered my mind. Get all there in readiness.'

And the housekeeper went out, muttering: 'How strange to have to prepare those three splendid rooms for an adopted child! Well, she is lucky, that's all!'

Sir Archibald took the pen in his hand, and wrote to the governess as follows:

'I thank you for your information, and I beg to tender you my sincere thanks for your kind treatment of Miss Violet. Enclosed is amount due, together with a fifty pound note, which expresses my appreciation at the way you have educated the girl. Tomorrow you will pack her off to this address.'

This was a very businesslike affair, and so Miss Jones thought it. The direction to 'pack her off' sounded very harsh—so harsh, indeed, that Miss Jones did not show Violet the letter for fear of wounding her feelings.

On the morrow, Violet left school which had been her home for seven long years. It was a sad parting—very sad, for without one exception, everyone there loved the poor orphan—the poor girl who had not a friend in the wide world.

Violet was very much affected, and as the coach which was to convey her to the railway station moved off, amid the 'God speeds' of her companions, she did not dare look back for fear of utterly breaking down.

And as the school disappeared from her sight, her eyes wandered to the old Abbey, and then for the first time the tears rolled down her pretty cheeks. She thought of Ronald, and she wondered whether at the post-office a letter was waiting, directed to 'V. L.'

She was started out of her reverie by the voice of the driver. His honest face had been turned to her for some time. He saw the tears roll down her cheeks, and he said cheerily:

'Come, miss, cheer up! Surely you do not want to stop at school all your life!

Your tears will change to smiles when you reach London, depend upon it.'

But it was all very well to talk. She had been very happy at the school; there, all loved her; when she was going to, there would be none.

When she reached Victoria Station she stood for a moment upon the platform, looking wonderingly on the busy scene. She was about to turn to look after her boxes, when a footman, touching his hat, said respectfully:

'Beg pardon—Miss Loveridge?'

'Yes,' replied Violet timidly.

'Sir Archibald Blackmore's carriage is outside, miss, and will you kindly follow me? The luggage will be sent on.'

Violet did so, and soon found herself seated in a splendid equipage drawn by two beautiful chestnuts.

It was the first time in her life that she had been in a carriage of this description, and she immediately realized how grand it was.

'Ronald always rides in his carriage,' she thought, 'and it, some day, I should be Lady Radstock, I should do so. Ah me! Poor mamma used to tell me how she rode in her carriage, and that one day I should have a carriage all to myself. I wonder if I ever shall.'

At that moment the carriage stopped, the footman jumped from his seat, the carriage-door opened, and the steps were thrown down in so rapid a manner, that the poor girl looked hopelessly bewildered.

The old hall porter stood upon the threshold, and as Violet entered he started back, and placed his hand quickly over his mouth. Had he not done so, a cry of astonishment would have left his lips.

Violet did not notice it, neither did she notice the hall-porter at all. Seven years had passed since she last saw him, and she had forgotten the man who sat by her on that day when she followed her mother's remains to their last resting-place.

'Miss Loveridge,' said the housekeeper, 'will you follow me, my dear? Your rooms are all ready, and beautiful rooms they are, too. Then, when you have rested and taken some refreshment, Sir Archibald will see you.'

THE NEW CENTURY BENEFACTOR.

Paine's Celery Compound.

THE CHOSEN MEDICINE OF OUR BEST PEOPLE.

Its Great Curing Virtues Have Been Long and Fully Tested.

IT HAS NEVER DISAPPOINTED THE SICK.

Paine's Celery Compound Being a Great Physician's Prescription Is Recommended by the Ablest Doctors.

Its Use Quickly Restores the Weak Rundown and Failing to Perfect Health.

The relative merit and efficiency of Paine's Celery Compound, in comparison with all liquid medicines and pills for making sick people well, is clearly shown in the intelligent character and standing of the people who are using it at the present time to cure nervous debility, sleeplessness, headaches, dyspepsia, neuralgia, rheumatism and kidney and liver troubles.

Paine's Celery Compound to day is the choice of physicians, clergymen, professional men, generally, bankers, members of parliament, business men and our best people. When ill health, sickness and suffering come to the old or young, the wise and intelligent use Paine's Celery Compound and banish their troubles. Its reliability and efficacy have made it a prized home medicine.

With an established and unassailable reputation for 'making sick people well,' Paine's Celery Compound is offered to the weak and broken-down in health as the only medicine that can positively restore health, vigor and true life. Do not be induced by substitutes to take the something called just as good; insist upon getting Paine's Celery Compound, the kind that cures.

Couldn't Teach Him.

A London showman had an announcement stating: 'Come and see the great sawed fish!'

A learned gentleman read it, and informed the showman that he had made a mistake in the word 'sawed,' that it ought to be 'sawd.'

'Ye'd better come in an' see fer yerself; the hadmission is only a tuppence, sir,' said the showman.

So the learned gentleman paid his 'tup-

pence,' went in, and was shown a large codfish sawn in half.

'Ye'r aint the fust gentleman wot has tried to teach me 'ow to spell; but I tell yer I've 'ad a good eddication, an' I'm runnin' this show jist to prove to people I've,' grinned the showman.

The learned gentleman left, deeply indignant with the world in general and the showman in particular.

EATING BY PRESCRIPTION.

Novel Method of a Boston Cafe to Protect the Health of its Patrons.

Most people who are not in good health know in a general way what ails them; some of them know what kind of food they ought to eat in order to overcome their bodily infirmities and prevent a recurrence of them. But people who have good health usually consider only their taste or their pocketbook when they order a meal.

An experiment which one of the Boston hotels is making shows that others besides invalids are beginning to understand that it is important to have the right sort of food as well as to have it properly cooked.

The cafe of this hotel provides not only a bill of fare, but a diet list made out by a physician and intended as a guide to the patrons of the house. It prescribes the food best suited to various physical conditions. To the fat man it offers a variety of dishes that tickle his palate, and at the same time check his tendency to grow fatter. The thin and anæmic can procure the things which make blood and tissue and build up an enfeebled system.

The new way of looking at the food question puts health first and reference afterward. It considers the needs of the individual, and makes practical application of the old saying that 'one man's meat is another man's poison.' It tries to make the diet like a well-stocked wardrobe, offering plenty of variety, yet designed for and fitted to the person for whom it is intended. Lilac is a charming color, but the red-haired girl does not need it to enhance her peculiar charms. Sirloin steak is a toothsome and desirable thing, but melons and coarse bread may be better for the full-blooded man who has a tendency to rheumatism.

How one can fit his diet to his own needs is a matter which the physician can best decide. It is certainly easier to preserve health by the use of proper food than to regain it by taking medicine; and the prescription filled in a restaurant is pleasanter to take than one compounded by the druggist.

ONE TOO MANY.

He Could Stand All But That of Being a Faith-Cure Believer.

'But he called you a liar first,' suggested the good Samaritan who was trying to allay the feelings of a very irate old resident.

'Of course he did. That is one of the tricks that men of his caliber employ in a discussion when they are getting the worst of it. I just sniffed at him and continued to drive my arguments home.'

'He called you an old fraud and said that you never had a deal a man in your life that you didn't worst him.'

'I know it. But what does that amount to? That's flattery to me, for I hold that every man's first duty is to look out for himself and those dependent on him.'

'He said that you were a born kicker.'

'That's right, I am. The man who don't kick in these days is going to take the kicks. There's no getting away from that.'

'He declared that you kept yourself sick by worrying.'

'I wouldn't give three hurrahs in hades for a man who didn't worry. Show me a man who don't think and stew, and figure and worry over his affairs, and I'll show you a man who never does any better than make a living. I considered that intended stab as a compliment.'

'What are you mad about, then?'

'Good heavens, man! You heard the conversation. You called me all the names he could think of, didn't he?'

'Yes.'

'That cut no more figure with me than if he had been tossing nosebags at me, but when he said that I took the faith cure treatment for acute indigestion I went at him, and it I had been ten years younger he'd know what that cure would do for a spread nose and a broken jaw, confound him!—Detroit Free Press.'

Seven Sententious Sentences.

Half truths make whole troubles. Heredity and circumstances surround our little lives like the ocean—but the strong man swims.

Gossip scandal, slander—heart quake, heart ache, heart break.

The principal advantage of being married is that only one person has a right to find fault with you.

If people knew how to sympathize with us we should let them. Fortunately they don't.

We all begin by being round pegs in

Seal Brand Coffee (1 lb. and 2 lb. cans.) Every bean effuses fragrant Coffee of absolute purity. It is largely imitated. Examine your purchase closely. CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL AND BOSTON.

square holes. Some of us make over the hole, and most of us make over ourselves. Some can do neither. These say fate has a spite against them.

FATE OF CHARLEY ROSS.

Mistake of the Detectives in Their Pursuit of the Kidnappers.

Ex-Mayor John Brist of Trenton, N. J., has made a statement of what he knows about the kidnapping of Charley Ross. He was brought into the case because it was believed at first that the boy was hidden in or about Trenton and the police wanted Mr. Brist's help in searching for him. Most of his knowledge of the case from the Philadelphia detectives. Mr. Brist says:

'The secret as to who the kidnappers were was confined to the heads of the Philadelphia and New York Police Departments, and both supposed that they were on a boat plying either on the Delaware and Raritan or the Pennsylvania Canal, the letters being posted from Trenton, Bristol, New Brunswick and Newark tending to confirm that theory.'

'The detectives felt so certain that they would have the kidnappers within a few days, and receive the credit and reward, that their identity was kept a close secret among themselves. Had the matter been made as public as was the Cudaby affair, at Omaha the criminal abductors would have been arrested within a few days by the police officers of Newark, Jersey City or Bayonne. Their theory that the kidnappers were on a boat was correct, but it was not the kind of a boat they were looking for, as it afterwards turned out.'

'William Mosher and Joseph Douglas were the abductors. They had been peddlers and engaged in an oil and lamp store in Philadelphia, with a branch store in Trenton in charge of other parties. The wagon was one that had been used in the business. They brought Charley from Germantown to Trenton over the lower Delaware bridge, and through Bridge street to Hamilton avenue, and across the state to a yacht they had prepared for the purpose on Baritan Bay. The detectives had the right parties, but they were on the wrong scent for the boat, and the kidnappers kept them so by depositing their letters in the Trenton Post Office and other cities near it.'

'Mosher and Douglas no doubt kept Charley Ross on that boat while they sailed around Newark, Raritan and New York bays and adjacent waters and up the Hudson river on marauding expeditions to maintain themselves. There he was secure from prying eyes and gossiping neighbors.'

'Charley Ross died not more than three months after his capture, from neglect, home sickness, and disease, and his little body was buried in the waters of Newark Bay. The body of a boy about his size and age, dressed in clothes too large for him, as if they had been purchased at random, was found floating on the bay, and turned over to the authorities of Jersey City. Mr. Ross was called over to see it, but he failed to identify it as that of his lost child.'

'Whether it was the body of the boy whose fate had touched the hearts of millions of mothers and fathers throughout the land I am not prepared to say. But I feel just as certain that that was the end of the unfortunate boy as I am that he was kidnapped. They did not mean to harm him, but only to hold him, as Pat Crowe did the Cudaby child, until they could get the ransom money in their hands, and then he would have been sent home or placed where he could have reached there.'

'William Mosher was a man of ability. He had children of his own whom he loved and for whom he had striven to earn honest dollars, but poverty had been the lot of him and his, and his wife said they had always been poor, and he took that means to secure money to secure some of the luxuries of life that others were enjoying, and which he coveted. He had no idea of doing harm to the boy, but thought that he would be ransomed within a very short time.'

'Douglas was only a weak man in Mosher's hands, and was under his subjection. The mistake of the detectives was in the kind of boat the kidnappers were on and in keeping within themselves the names and descriptions of the abductors. Full and general publicity at the start would have resulted in their capture, and the restoration of the boy to his loving and almost broken-hearted parents.'

'On the night of Dec 14, 1875, Mosher and Douglas broke into the house of Judge Van Brunt, at Bay Ridge, L. L., and were discovered. Mosher was shot and killed. As Douglas lay on the grass plat where he had been carried, wounded unto death, he said: 'We stole Charley Ross. He was urged to say more, being assured that Mosher was dead, but he would not believe it, and died before he could again open his lips.'

Dyspepsia Pain.

arising from the formation of gas owing to improper digestion, is the source of great misery to many. A very prompt and efficient remedy for this trouble is found in Nerviline. It relieves the distention instantly, and by stimulating action on the stomach aids digestion. Good also for Colic, Colds, Rheumatism, Neuralgia and Headache. In medicinal power Nerviline has a value five times greater than any other. Test it and see if it is not so. Druggists sell it.

Progressive Economy.

Mrs. Bargyn-Hunter—'Why, I saved seventeen dollars by buying these goods! Her Husband—'You don't happen to have the seventeen?'

Mrs. Bargyn-Hunter—'Of course not! Her Husband—'I thought not. If you had, you'd spend it and save some more.'

No Cause for Worry.

Tourist (in Frozen Dog).—'Heavens! Those two cowboys are quarreling violently and drawing their revolvers!'

Bronco Bill.—'Don't worry, Podner! They're only making a bluff at fighting, so as to accidentally shoot a few holes in your plug hat!'

An Artistic Distinction.

Mr. Sappeigh—'Mr. Wozoon seems badly smitten on that young lady pianist. 'Music hath charms,' you know.'

Miss Gabbageigh—'Yes, and in this case it must be the music which hath the charms.'

A Loss That Will Prove A Gain.

A medical journal says that man's little toe is disappearing. This is comforting news. There will be that much less for the conductor to tread on in a crowded street car.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY!

Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills.

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CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. FOR HEADACHE. FOR DIZZINESS. FOR BILIOUSNESS. FOR TORPID LIVER. FOR CONSTIPATION. FOR SALLOW SKIN. FOR THE COMPLEXION. GUARANTEED PURELY VEGETABLE. CURE SICK HEADACHE.