

# My Friend One Chauffeur.

By C. N. & A. M.  
WILLIAMSON,  
Authors of  
.. THE ..  
Lightning Conductor  
.. THE ..  
Princess Passes,  
ETC.

(Continued.)  
"Too busy! Doing what?"  
"Playing dolls," I explained.  
"I wish you were a little older," said the Prince, with a good imitation of a sigh. "Ah, why haven't you a few years more?"  
"You might ask Mamma," I replied.  
"But then, if I had, she would have more too, wouldn't she?"  
"That would be a pity. She is charming as she is. She must have married when almost a child, and she would have been a child when she married." "Did you come out here at this time of the morning to ask me about Mamma's marriage?" I threw at him. "Because, if that was your reason, I'd rather go into my dolls."

"No, no," protested the Prince, in a hurry. "I came to talk about yourself." I began to feel an attack of giggles coming on, but I stopped them by holding my breath, as you do for hicoughs, and thinking about Job, which, if you can do it soon and solemnly enough, is quite a good preventive. I knew now exactly why Prince Dalmar-Kien had dashed on his clothes at sight of me and come into the garden on an empty stomach. He had thought, if he could get me all alone for half an hour (which he'd often tried to do and never succeeded) he could find out a lot of things that he would like to know. Perhaps he felt it was impossible for any body to be as young as I seem, so that was what he wanted to find out about first. If I wasn't, he would try; if I was, he would merely pump.

There wasn't much time to decide on a "course of action," as Mamma's lawyer in Denver says, but I put on my thinking cap and tried it right under my chin for a minute. "There's more fun to be had in playing with him than with dolls," I said to myself, "if I set about it in the right way. But what is the right way? I can't be bothered having him for my doll, because he'd take up too much time. Shall I give him to Mamma? No, I'll lend him to Mamma to play with, so long as she plays the way I want her to, and doesn't get in earnest."

"What are you anxious to say about me that can't wait till breakfast?" I asked.  
"Those men will be at breakfast," said he. "They are in the position of your owners, yet they put themselves forward, as if on an equality with me. I do not find that conducive to conversation."

"Mamma asked Mamma yesterday whether it was better to be an Austrian prince, or an English baronet," said I. "Sir Ralph Moray's a baronet."

"So he says," entered the Prince.  
"Oh, he is, Mamma looked him out in Burke the very day I found you were thirty-nine in the Almanach de Gotha."

"Anybody can be a baronet. That is nothing it is a mere word."

"It's in three syllables, and 'Prince' is only in one. Besides, Austrians are foreigners, and Englishmen are not."

"Is that what Miss Destrey said to your Mamma?"

"No, because Mamma's a foreign Countess now, and it might have hurt her feelings. Mamma said she felt more at home with a plain mister—like Mr. Barrymore, for instance; only he's far from plain."

"You consider him handsome?"

"Oh, yes, we all do."

"But I think you have not known him and Sir Ralph Moray for long. Your Mamma has not mentioned how she met them, but from one or two things that have been dropped, I feel sure they are in her employ—that she has hired them to take you about in their very inadequate car; is it not so?"

"I'll ask Mamma and tell you what she says, if you'd like me to," I replied.

"No, no, dear child, you are too literal. It is your own fault. And I find that you are all three too trusting of strangers. It is a beautiful quality, but it must not be carried too far. Will you not let me be your friend, Miss Beechy, and come to me for advice? I should be delighted to give it, for you know what an interest I take in all of you. There! Now you have heard what I followed you out especially to say. I hoped that this would be a chance to establish a confidential relationship between us. Voluz-vous, ma chere petite?"

"What kind of a relationship shall we establish, exactly?" I asked. "You say you don't want to be my Papa."

"If I were your Papa, I should be dead."

"If you were my brother, and the age you are now, Mamma might as well be dead."

"Ah, I would not be your brother on any consideration, not even your step-brother; though some step-relationships are delightful. But your Mamma is too charming—you are all too charming, for my peace of mind. I do not know how I lived before I met you."

I thought that the money-lenders perhaps knew; but there are some things even little Beechy can't say.

"Your Mamma must have great responsibilities for so young a woman," he went on, while I grunted and primed. "With her great fortune, and no one to guard her, she must often feel the weight of her burden too heavy for one pair of shoulders."

"One can always spend one's fortune, and so get rid of the burden if it's too big," said I.

The Prince looked horrified. "Surely she is more wise than that!" he exclaimed.

"She has not spent it all yet, anyhow," I said.

"Are you not anxious lest, if your Mamma is extravagant, she may throw away your fortune as well as her own? Or did your Papa think of that danger and make you quite secure?"

"I guess I shall have a little something left, no matter what happens," I admitted.

"Then your Papa was thoughtful for you. But was he also jealous for himself? Had I been the husband of so fascinating a woman as your Mamma, I would have put into my will a clause that, if she married again she must forfeit everything. But it may be that Americans do not have their jealousy in the grave."

"I can't imagine poor Papa hugging anything," I said. "I never heard that he objected to Mamma marrying again."

Anyhow she's had several offers already." "She should choose a man of title for her second husband," said the Prince, very pleased with the way the pump was working.

"Maybe she will," I answered. He started slightly.

"It should be a title worth having," he said, "and a man fitted to bear it, not a paltry upstart whose father was perhaps a tradesman. You, Miss Beechy, must watch over your dear Mamma and rescue her from fortune hunters. I will help. And I will protect you, also. As for Miss Destrey, beautiful as she is, I feel that she is safe from unworthy persons who seek a woman only for her money. Her fate is her fortune, nest-egg."

"Well, it's fortune enough for any girl," said I, thinking again of Job and the other really solemn characters in the Old Testament as hard as ever I could.

The Prince sighed, genuinely this time, as if my answer had confirmed his worst suspicions. "He will be able to Mamma, now," said little Beechy to big Beechy.

"No more vacillating. He'll come straight to business." And promising myself some fun, I got up from the bench so cautiously that the poor river was cheated of a victim. "Now I must go in," I exclaimed.

"Good-bye, Prince. Let me see; what are we to each other?"

"Confidants," he informed me. "You are to come to me with every difficulty. But one more word before we part, dear child. Be on your guard, and warn your Mamma to be on hers, with those two adventurers. Perhaps, also, you had better warn Miss Destrey. Who knows how unscrupulous the pair might be? And unfortunately, owing to the regrettable arrangements at present existing, I cannot always be at hand to watch over you all."

"Owing a little to your automobile, too, maybe," said I. "By the way, what is its state of health?"

"There has been no room for the automobile in my thoughts," said the Prince, with a cooled-down step-fatherly smile.

"But I have no doubt it will be in good marching order by the time it is wanted, as my chauffeur was to see at four, knock up a mechanic at some shop in the village, and make the new change-speed lever which was broken yesterday. If you are determined to leave me so soon, I will console myself by finding Joseph and seeing how he is getting on."

We walked together towards the house, which had opened several of its green eyelids now, and at the mouth of a sort of stucco tunnel which led to the door there was Joseph himself—a piteous, dishevelled Joseph, looking as if birds had built nests on him and spiders had woven webs round him for years.

"Well," exclaimed the Prince with the air of one blowing off a blow. "What has happened? Have you burnt my automobile, or are you always like this when you get up early?"

"I am not an incendiary, Your Highness," said Joseph, in his precise French, which it's easy to understand, because when he wishes to be dignified he speaks slowly. "I do not know what I am—, unless it is a wreck, in which case I resemble your automobile. As you left her last night, so she is now, and so she is likely to remain, unless the gentlemen of the other car will have the benevolence to pull her up a still further and more violent hill to the village of Tenda. There she will be the only mechanic within fifty miles."

"I engaged you as a mechanic!" cried the Prince.

"But not as a workshop, Your Highness. That I am not and shall not be this side of Paradise. And it is a workshop that we must have."

"Do not let me keep you, Miss Beechy," said the Prince, "if you wish to go to your Mamma. This little difficulty will arrange itself."

I adore rows, and I should have liked to say; but I couldn't think of any excuse, so I skipped into the house, and almost telescoped (as they say of railroad trains) with the nice monk, who was talking to Mamma in the hall.

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of coming to Europe? And if one gets opportunities, it would be similar to neglect them. Only one wants to be sure that one has taken the best."

"There they all three are, in the yard," I remarked, pointing out of the window at the Opportunities, who were discussing earnestly with Joseph. "Of course, I'm too young now to judge of such matters, but if it was I who had to choose—"

"Well?"

"I'd toss up a penny, and whichever side came, I'd take—"

"Yes?"

"Mr. Barrymore."

"Mr. Barrymore! But he has no title! I might as well have stayed in America."

"I said that, because I think he'd be the hardest to get. The other two—"

"What about them?"

"Well, you don't need to decide between them yet. Just wait till we've travelled a little further, and see whether you can cross anything better worth having."

"Oh, Beechy, I never knew whether you're poking fun at me or not," sighed poor Mamma, so fondly that I was sorry for a whole minute—that I'd been born wicked; and I tied her tulle in a lovely bow at the back of her neck, to make up.

(To be continued.)

## IF WOMEN ONLY KNEW

Thousands of women suffer untold miseries every day with aching backs that really have no business to ache. A woman's back wasn't made to ache. Under ordinary conditions it ought to be strong and ready to help her bear the burdens of life.

It is hard to do housework with an aching back. Hours of misery at leisure or work. If women only knew the cause of Backache comes from sick kidneys, and what a lot of trouble sick kidneys cause in the world.

But they can't help it. If more work is put on them than they can stand it's not to be wondered that they get out of order. Backache is simply their cry for help.

Earnings. Girls who are fond of earrings may perhaps be interested in hearing a few facts about them. Sad it is for the emancipated woman of the present day to learn that these fashionable ornaments were originally a mark of slavery. In bygone days the slave always wore his master's earrings. In the east they were a sign of caste and were buried with the dead. Some ancient earrings were very elaborate, and many statues had their ears bored in readiness for votive offerings of earrings. In England the earliest earrings were very cumbersome and made of stone or wood. The eighteenth century saw the glorification of the earring, fashionable beauties outvying each other with the rarest and most beautiful jewels.—London Graphic.

will help you. They're helping sick, overworked kidneys—all over the world—making them strong, healthy and vigorous. Mrs. P. Ryan, Douglas, Ont., writes: "For over five months I was troubled with lame back and was unable to move without help. I tried all kinds of plasters and liniments but they were no use. At last I heard tell of Doan's Kidney Pills and after I had used three-quarters of the box my back was as strong and well as ever."

Price 50 cents per box or three boxes for \$1.25, all dealers or The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

RESIST LOCAL OPTION Toronto, Feb. 3.—The fight against local option by-laws carried at the last municipal election in various municipalities will now be transferred by the liquor interests to the law courts wherever a chance appears to open the way for a legal battle on the question. Yesterday, on behalf of some ratepayers in Markham township, a writ was served on Reeve Slater to restrain the council from reading the local option by-law, carried by the people a third time, and also to restrain the council from signing the by-law. Slater to restrain the council from reading the local option by-law, carried by the people a third time, and also to restrain the council from signing the by-law. Slater to restrain the council from reading the local option by-law, carried by the people a third time, and also to restrain the council from signing the by-law.

From the official figures of the decennial census for 1891, just issued, the population of the city of Boston is 955,280, an increase of 98,460, or 10.3 per cent. over that of 1881. The state shows 5,005,380, an increase of 503,497, or 10.4 per cent. The native born have increased 349,671, or 20.15 per cent. The foreign born 153,809, or 20.11 per cent. The excess of females over males in the State is 80,502, the native born being 50,938 and the foreign born 29,564.

Not Seeing, Not Believing. There was a man in Nottinghamshire who discontinued the donation he had regularly made for a time to a missionary society. When asked as to his reasons he replied: "Well, I've traveled a bit in my time. I've been as far as Sleaford, in Lincolnshire, and I never saw a black man, and I don't believe there are any."—London Standard.

The Physical. The morality of clean blood ought to be one of the first lessons taught us by our pastors and teachers. The physical is the substratum of the spiritual, and this fact ought to give to the food we eat and the air we breathe a transcendent significance.—Tyndale.

A Story of Voltaire. One day when D'Alembert and Condorcet were dining with Voltaire they proposed to converse on atheism, but Voltaire stopped them at once. "Wait," said he, "till my servants have withdrawn. I do not wish to have my throat cut tonight."

Short of Cash. Uncle George—Harry, I suppose you keep a cash account. Harry—No. Uncle George; I haven't got so far as that, but I keep an expense account.

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The company is strong in numbers, and particularly efficient in the acting, singing and dancing arts. They are all ex-members of such well known metropolitan companies as The Seminary Girl, Mrs. Black is Back, The Vinegar Buyer, The Sultan of Zulu, Princess Chie, King Dodo, The Jolly Baron, The Gingerbread Man, etc. All are thoroughly professional performers, good-looking and richly costumed. The stage specialties will be exceptionally good.

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David Doherty has returned from the Pacific.

## THE COFFEE PLANT.

A Native of Abyssinia That Was Transplanted to Arabia. The origin of coffee is lost in the mists of antiquity, but the plant is believed to be a native of Abyssinia and to have been carried thence into Arabia early in the fifteenth century, whence the Meccan pilgrims soon carried it to all parts of the Mohammedan world. A bureau of commerce and labor publication notes that Burton in his "Anatomy of Melancholy" (1621) makes this reference to it: "Turks have a drink called coffee, so named from a berry black as soot and as bitter, which they sip up hot, because they find by experience that that kind of drink so used helpeth digestion and promoteth alacrity."

Although brought to Venice by a physician in 1501, it was only in 1632 that the first coffeehouse was established in London, and it only became fashionable in Paris in 1663, says the same authority. England gradually forsok coffee for tea, but the progress of the beverage, though slower, was steeper in France.

Until 1896, when the Dutch began to successfully grow coffee trees in Java from the Malabar (India) bean, all coffee came from Arabia. The coffee culture of the West Indies and Central and South America had its beginnings, it is said, in a slip taken from a tree in the botanic gardens at Paris, which had obtained a vigorous growth from a cutting said to have been stolen from the botanic gardens at Amsterdam. All the plantations of the old and new world are practically derived from the specimens taken from Arabia, first to India, thence to Java and elsewhere.

ANTIQUE SEVRES. You Can Always Distinguish the Genuine by its Gilding. False Sevres in the bric-a-brac shops is offered as genuine by "reputable dealers" in London and Paris as well as in New York. It is old, it is true, but only as old as the marks upon India, although the marks would indicate a much earlier and better period. The counterfeits may usually be detected by the surface of the gilding. In the real it was burnished in lines by means of metal nails with rounded points, which were set in a piece of wood.

The imitations of later date than the real have been burnished in a similar manner, but with an agate. It required considerably more force to obtain a bright surface by the ancient method than by the use of the agate point; hence the burnished lines in the genuine ware are perceptibly sunken, while in the counterfeit ware they are flush with the general surface of the gilding. There are other means of "spotting" the imitations, such as the incorrect copying of the marks which have served since 1753 to denote the date of fabrication, and the use of chrome green, which was not discovered until 1802, but the test of the burnished parts of the gilding is the easiest for the ordinary buyer.

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A New Application of Scripture. There was rejoicing in the village at the killing of a pig. Being dead, it was cut up. A neighbor's cat stole secretly into the larder and annexed a piece of pork, which she brought in triumph to her mistress. Next day the clergyman of the parish visited the old woman, who recounted to him the remarkable sagacity of the beast. "It was quite beautiful, sir," she said proudly, "to see the way the sweet creature brought me the piece of pork. It brought to my mind what we read in the Bible about Elijah and the ravens."

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