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THE DEAREST GIRL IN THE WORLD

"I am sure your thoughts do my fu- days, weeks and months wearily wait ture wife great injustice. I once thought as you do, but I know now I was mistaken. I once believed her to have investigated their class. One he worldly-hearted, but I am sure now evening in June a latter cane from that no mercenary thought ever her mind. I believe she longs for the Lord Wedderburn felt afraid to open tiers that she may show the world its the letter. He dreaded the contents. He mistake in believing her to be so worldly. She longs to take my poor little motherless daughter to her heart."

"I am happy that this is true," said Lady Ellsworth. She saw now that one word against the woman would break the old ties of friendship, and she could not after one word. It was now too late, but else felt sure that the Earl was bringing great troubles upon himself, and in her heart she pitled him

The glamour of love was over him. and she knew that she dared not speak. She soon reached her destination and the Earl was left alone with his thoughts.

In a week the party was to disperse and the Earl decided to urge an immediate marriage, that all arrangements might he made to receive his daughter her home-coming in June, at the close of the school, and he found no ovposition to his plane. The Hon. Mrs. Smith took rooms at the Victoria Hotel and made all arrangements for her approaching marriage.

"It would never do in the world to have it said that the Eart of Dunraven had married in that shabby little home in Curzon street; besides, there was a whole host of her near neighbors that would expect invitations, and this would never do at all. She could not as the Countess of Dunraven be expected to acknowledge the acquaintance any longer of the Waterleys, and the Butterfords and the like ilk. There were some neighbors that were army people, who had most mercilessly snubbed the Smiths. These people she would show a thing or two. She would make them clearly understand that she could favor them now. A few days before her marringe the Earl had told his daughter shout his marriage. She had simply clasped her arms about his neek and eried. She did not reproach him or raise an objection. He had a right to make his own life as happy as possible, beeides she felt that her life would be a short one, and he stood greatly in need of some one to love him, and it never occurred to her that any one could know her father and not love him. She felt and that she should have to share his love with another, but it would make him happy, and she would do so, to render his life more pleasant to him. In a short time there was a very quiet wedding at St. Paul's, and the Earl and Counters Dunraven went on the contiment for a few mouths' tour. The in his pocketbook with the sample. After daughters returned alone to the little, I all, he was no more convinced than beshabby house on Curzon street to await fore. The detective saw his doubt and

CHAPTER VII.

Lord Wedderburn went to town and told the story to his solicitors. These men were greatly actonished. It certainly was a strange story, and Lord Wedderburn's face pleaded with them for help. They could plainly see that he had things." suffered greatly.

"It is certainly a strange story, I can not understand how the young lady coffin so mercilessly hard, Lord Wedcould drop so completely out of existence," said Mr. Willer, the senior of the near by, lest he should fall

next be some mystery concerning her, to view it was clearly seen it since Lord Wedderburn remembers on was not the man they sought. one occasion hearing Dame Wynter re- It did not take long to replace the mark that she was no kith nor kin of hers. It is probably our best plan to accertain who Dorothy Wynter is. 1 am to the station, he looked back at the sure our only possible way is to trace the man Boughman-he certainly knows something to give us a cius be convinced, but he was not. The whereby we may set to work," remark- certainty that he had expected, he had ed Mr. Wiggins. "I agree with Lord Wedderburn that

the most probable solution of the diff. culty lies in the supposition that she is bright face into the hard cold one he dead. There are many railway accidents had seen. about this time and they both may have been killed-in fact, I feel very nearly convinced that such is the case. It is a grave situation for our young friend. He must set about ascertaining if the man who performed the ceremony is really a ciergyman or having power to perform such a ceremony.

"Then having proved this, the next step will be to trace the whereabouts of the girl or Boughman. I am inclined to believe that the ceremony was legal, and was actuated by some motive that I cannot understand in the dame. Perhaps she had a good reason for wishing the girl, Dorothy, to be Lady Wedderburn. At any rate, as the matter stands at present, it would be most unsafe for Lord Wedderburn to contract another marriage—that is now impossible. If it can be proven this marriage is no legal marriage, then it will be a most fortunate this for our client." Mr. Miller held so strong to the belief in the railway accident that he resolved to employ detectives to trace the matter up. Mr. Wiggins had a theory of his own

that he firmly believed in. Lord Wedderburn was almost vinced that he should hear that Dorothy was dead. She must have met with an socident. She was a child as innecent as the flowers that grew on the moorlands, and as unused to the world. She knew that he was to be found at Castle Royal. If she had lived, thrown as the must have been, on the merciless world, with nothing to battle with but her uncultivated childhood, she must have come to him, or he must have heard from her. He thought of her last words to him: "I want you to remember

it is not my fault that I am forced upon you-I did not want this marriage." She had gone from him thinking he plamed her for it, and she had gone out of life feeling that she had in some way

wronged him. How his heart smote him, and every evil act in his life turned itno demons that mocked him. He could not bear to leave Castle Royal for any length of time. He knew if word ever came to him, it must come here. If he wanderer were alive and ever came back she would come here. So he waited

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secured the door, carefully, lest he should be interrupted during its perusal, and he nerved himself for the worst and read:

"We have traced every clue and have found one that seems probable. We have found that between Lymwick and Ashwynwick there was a railway disaster, and many killed and wounded The station agent remembers seeing a strangely assorted pair walking about the etation. He is not sure that he could identify them, but thinks it probable. If Lord Wedderburn could meet them at Lymwick station on June 8th they would exhume the bodies that he might identify them."

He put the letter in his sade and started at once. His heart was heavy. Here was almost conclusive proof. His Dorothy lay could and dead in an unknown grave, instead of laying in the great family vault of the Homes.

Lord Wedderburn blamed himself se verely. He had not one excuse for leaving her alone in her great trouble, and this was his punishment, and it was almost too heavy to bear. Every one that looked on his pale, sad face was filled with sympathy for him. There was grief written in every feature of

he decided to walk over the fields to the town. He did not wish to excite comment or notice of any kind. The detectives had their permits ready and they soon exhumed the body of the girl. When the coffin was raised and the lid about to be removed, Lord Wedderburn grew suddenly ill. He could hardly see for the white film before his eyes. He trembled violently, and it was by the greatest exertion he could stand the ordeal.

The men removed the coffin lid and one approached him.

"The body is in a tolerable state of preservation. Come at once, my lord." He followed the man. There before him lay a girl that was very like his Dorothy, and still unlike her. He could not decide even now. There was a wealth of hair, but it was not golden, as was Dorothy's. There was a strange look on the face, but death might have caused that. After all, he was not convinced. Parkins had made the dress she wore off, and Parkins would remember the goods. One of the detectives cut a small piece and handed it to Lord Wedderburn, who knelt beside the open coffin and cut a strand of the long, bright hair, which he tremblingly placed

features so that dearest friends do not recognize them. It has, perhaps, discolored her hair. We can tell you of hundreds of incidents of this same thing. It is our business to know these

They replaced the body in its restingplace, and, as the earth fell on the derburn leaned heavily against a tree

They soon unearthed the other body "Who is Dorothy Wynter? There and when the face was exposed body as they found it, and as Lord Wedderburn started to fetrace his steps little unknown, unmarked grave, and his heart ached sorely. He had come to not Still those men were almost sure. Death changes everything, they said and perhaps it had frozen his Dorothy's

> In a few days there was a beautiful column erected over the grave of the girl. It was a beautiful broken shaft on it was instribed: "Sacred to the memory of my belowed Dorothy, aged about fifteen years." The few who noticed the shaft and the inscription, thought it belonged to some of the graves near it, and that Dorothy was a

> beloved child of the family. Lord Wedderburn went home to Castle Royal with the same aching, heavy heart. He was haunted by the dead face he had seen. He had grown to think of it as Dorothy, and he was more restless than ever.

One June evening he went to walk on the moors. There was Parkins, the castle housekeeper, who had been to the village. How should he show her the piece of the dead girl's dress he had in

is pocket he did not know. Before them, cold, dark and dreary, lay old Lenthill. Lord Wedderburn pointed to it.

"The old place looks more gloomy than ever, since Dame Winter's death," he

"Yes, and it seems so strange to me that we have received no tidings from Dorothy and that man. My heart aches yet that I let her go with him. He had such an evil face."

"You did your duty by her. made her clothes, did you not?" She did not notice the anxiety in his

"I made her two black dresses. They were of old goods it is true, but she could could not go out with her rags on, and I did all I could for her." Lord Wedderburn took the piece of

goods from his pocket and handed it to "Is this anything like the goods of her

dress ?" She took the goods and looked at it moment and handed it back. "No, my Lord. The dresses I made

were black. This one is brown." He then handed her the hair. "Is this like her hair?" he asked. "Nothing at all like, my Lord. Her

This is rough and coarse."

"Are you sure?" he asked "As sure as I live," she replied. "I trust you will not speak of this," he

"You know I will not, my lord." Lord Wedderburn continued his stroll alone. His mind was more unsettled than ever. He determined to follow every clue that was presented, and he did for many months, but there was none so probable as the one that it was his Dorothy that lay out in the village churchyard at Lymwick, and he thought of her as dead.

It was the evening before the close of Madame Brown's school. The girls have all assembled in the music room and were chatting gaily. In a great easy chair, pale and languid, with great haggard eyes, sat Elsie Dunraven. She had grown seriously ill now, and her cough had grown very annoying. She had almost given up going around, but kept her chair, and was constantly attended by Dorothy. The devotion of the two was a most lovable sight. If Elise Dunraven moved, Dorothy anticipated her wishes. She walked supported by Dorothy, and when she moved no one could make her comfortable but Dorothy. The one girl was completely helpless without her friends. The girls looked on in admiration. They could not help but respect and love Dorothy, and the derision that had sprung up at first, left them, and in its place came love and respect. The morrow would bring partings, but the new lives before them made them comparatively happy. They were all discussing their future lives. "I shall go down to the seashore and

rest until next season, then I shall be presented," said one. "I shall joint a party for the continent.' ' said another.

of Wight," said another. Each one had hopeful anticipations. "What have you planned?" asked one girl of Elise Dunraven.

"I shall spend my summer at the Isle

"I have no plans for the future . My future is very uncertain," she replied. There was a world of sadness in the tone, which deeply impressed every listener. At lest some one broke the painful silence by saving to Dorothy, "and what are you going to do, Dorothy?"

"My future will likely be too absurdly commonplace to speak of," she said, with a laugh; "still I think I shall take to her first meal alone. She had no a few music scholars and strive to ex-

"You may count me for one," one girl. "And I will take also," said another.

"I shall see too," said one of more "How shall we find you?" asked an-

"Perhaps I can arrange it through Madam Brown," said Dorothy. There was no sadness in her voice. If her world was not as brilliant as it might be, it

was through no fault of hers. She would

meet her trials bravely. There was not even the faintest tone of sadness in her voice, and every one

admired her bravery. Madame Brown's school being patronized by the daughters of the aristocracy there was always a crush at the closing exercises, Captain H--- had insisted that Lord Wedderburn attend with him, since his sister was one of the graduates; but Lord Wedderburn did not decide to do so until late, and they were almost the last arrivals there. If they "You must be prepared for great could have been earlier, they would changes, my lord; death hardens the have witnessed a scene long to be remembered .As the girls filed into the great hall every eye was turned upon the Earl's sick daughter leaning heavily on the arm of her companion. The Earl's daughter looked indeed ill with her pale, dark face and her great haggard eyes. She had been too ill, but had insisted on finishing all the exercises with the rest of her class. They were like pictures of sunlight and darkness. Elsie Dunraven looked like a picture of death in her snowy silken robe that showed off the great and death like pallor of her face.

Dorothy was clad in a filmy, black silken tulle with a bunch of white clover at her belt. Her cheeks were like roses that blushed at the greeting of dewy morn. Her hair lay like coils of golden sunlight. A more beautiful girl than Dorothy Wynter was seldom seen, and every eye was turned upon the strangely mated pair as they slowly wended their way through the throng, and a strange hush pervaded the whole room.

Captain H and Lord Wedderburn entered the room as the last notes of a song died on the air. Dorothy Wynter had sung a weird little Swiss song and her beli-like tones floated on the air with flowers drooping over its sides, and and thrilled every one with pleasure, and the clear ringing of the voice sounded like that of some sweet, Swiss nightingale, that brought with it the clearness and chill as if just from some snowy Alpine peak.

Lord Wedderburn heard the last few words of the song, and it thrilled him strangely. He turned to get a view of the singer, but a great marble column obstructed his view, and he could only catch a sight of one tiny form draped in black.

The sight of those girlish faces made him ill. He could think of no one but Dorothy-his iost Dorothy-and he soon excused himself to his friends and left physician to help.

After the school closed, friends came for Elise Dunraven, and the parting poverty I should have to go out of busi-

Dorothy started out in the great, cold world alone. She went out and hunted her a room. It was a small one in a second storey .It contained a small, faded carpet and a tiny bed. but its cheapness had recommended it to Dorothy. The single, little window looked out on a small park, where the sparrows twittered from morning until night, but the green grass and trees sent | whose help he requested. up a dewy fragrance even to the small second-storey room.





FOR MAKING SOAP FOR WASHING DISHES FOR SOFTENING WATER FOR DISINFECTING SIMIS CLOSETS DRAIRS ETC.

MADE IN CANADA EW. GILLETT COLID TORONTO-ONT.

WINNIPEG MONTREAL

Dorothy was happy. The little money she had was barely sufficient to pay her room rent, but she was full of hope and life. She rented her a piano, and bought a few coals that she might light a fire on cool evenings, and sat herself down thoughts that her money was almost gone, or that her landlady eved her curiously. She ate her bread and butter, drank her cup of water since tea was too expensive a luxury for every day use, and she was happy as could be. Day by day went by and there was no call for her. Dorothy had only a few pennies left now-true, there were those gold sovereigns that Lord Wedderburn had given her in the old days at Lenthill, but she would not use them if she starved to death. She decided to go to Madam Brown, as there might be some names there for her. When she had gone tripping down the street in her neatly mended old dress and gaiters. and her old worn hat set jauntily on her golden head, she looked like some tiny princess masquerading. The landlady saw her leave the house, and she took a duplicate key and entered the room. There was a tiny black box that could not hold much clothing; there were a few books; on the fly leaves were written: "From Elsie Dungaven to her friend, Dorothy Wynter." There were a few of the simplest toilet ar ticles on the dressing table; in the closet hung a much worn black dress with a small crepe ruching at the neck; it gave evidence of long wear, and was neatly mended in divers places. There torn sides had been most carefully darn-

ed over black cloth. Everything in the room plainly told tale of poverty. There were a few of Madame Brown's cards also. These the landlady read.

"Some poor school girl, I must be careful and get my rents," she said, and true to the letter at the end of each month she asked for her money.

To Dorothy's great delight she found three names awaiting her at Madame Brown's. Her moderate charges would just enable her to live, and her cloth-

ing must answer a long time yet. There was no one in the great city of London that was happier or lighterhearted than Dorothy, and day afted, she walked early and late giving her lessons, and at the end of each week when she had laid by her rents, she had only a few pennies left, but she ate her bread and butter, and drank pure water, and was as happy as the noisy little swallows that twittered in the park.

(To be Continued.)

THE WHY OF POVERTY. The social reformer set out blithely

upon his task af abolishing poverty. He came upon a politician and asked his

"Too bad," replied the politician. "I should like to oblige you, but poverty is not an issue just now. I'm afraid you will have to move on."

The social reformer went on a bit farther and met a physician. He asked the

"Really, good sir," said the physician, "vou will have to excuse me. Without ness, for it is the cause of many of the diseases I am called upon to treat."

"Can't do it at all, sir," declared the manufacturer emphatically. "It would be ruinous to ray business. poverty I could not hire little children or get adults at such low wages. You will have to move on, sir."

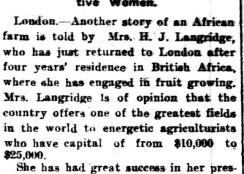
The social reformer went on a bit farther and came upon a charity worker

"I cannot deny that it would be good thing in a way," replied the charity worker, "but I cannot assist. You see, there is a vast quantity of capital invested in this and other charity organizations. Also they employ a great many people and give a great many others an opportunity to ease their consciences through contributions. Without poverty, of course, all this effort would be wasted."

The social reformer went on a bit farther and, meeting a pauper, asked him to help abolish poverty. "A splendid idea." declared the pauper, "and I should be delighted to help,

but as I have neither job, money nor influence, there is nothing I can do." The social reformer moved on and at latest reports was still moving.-From APRICAN PARM

Apples Main Crop-Slavery of Na tive Wamen.



She has had great success in her present enterprise and when she returns in a few months she is going to turn her attention to coffee, which she will grow on a tract of land which she has purchased, adjoining her husband's plantation, and sixteen miles from her present farm. Coffee, she says, is easy to grow, needs less capital than any other product, and is sure of a continuous and expanding market.

Mrs. Langridge's fruit farm is known is the N' Gelani estate, and it is near Manchako Town, about thirty miles, from the Uganda Railway, in the Highlands of British East Africa. She has about a hundred acres and it is all under cultivation. The farm has been laid out for more than twenty-five years, but it is only recently under her management that it has been made a paying proposition.

It is at present the only actual fruit bearing farm in the colony, although others are under cultivation. It contains 7,000 apple trees, besides oranges, lemons, pineapple, tangerines, peaches, plums, figs, apricots, greengages, guavas, quinces, pomegranates and vines.

She has on it fifty ostriches, thirty head of cattle, a small flock of sheep and a poultry farm. The main crop so far, however, comes from the apple trees. It pays best at present to push this crop because it can be easily packed and shipped to Uganda, German East Africa, Zanzibar, Aden and other parts.

"The apple crop is truly remarkable," said Mrs. Langridge. "We start picking apples in December and continue without break until August. In August I strip the trees of their leaves and white wash the bark all the way up in order to give the trees a forced rest. The trees are blossoming, fruiting and ripening all at the same time. You can see the bud, blossom, small and large fruit on the tree at one and the same period.

"The singular evenness of climate accounts for this remarkable fertility. The sun rises at 6 a.m. and sets at 6 p.m., with unswerving regularity, and every night a cool mist comes down on the hills, so that every morning everything is moistened. There are two rainy seasons -- in November and March -but the elements are very obliging and the rain descends only at night

Mrs. Langridge says that there is not nuch difficulty as regards labor. The natives work very well and are very quiet and teachable. Only male help, lowever, is possible, as the female naives work only in their own allotments.

wood and water, again milks the cows and prepares the evening meal.

But her duties are not over even then. Her lord and master, who spends has time between sleeping and drinking, wants a midnight meal, and this she has to prepare, so that her average alwas a little worn pair of gaiters whose lowance for sleep is from 1 to 4 a.m These women are enormously strong, and are frequently seen carrying on their backs burdens considerably over a hundredweight, supported by straps fastened round the forehead so that the main weight is borne by the head. Girls are sold at 16 years of age to the highest bidder in cows, the natives trading entirely in cattle and gools. Girls are never allowed to enter domestic ser-

vice, and the British Government will not allow Europeans to purchase gris for that purpose. The best native male servant is found in the boy who is taken away from his surroundings at about ten or twelve veils of age and given a thorough training in European ways. He is then very quick and willing to learn.

SEND IN NAMES

Ex-Members of Thirteenth May Now Register for Semi-Centennial.

Arrangements have been made for the registration of names in connection with the celebration of the semi-centennial of the Thirteenth Royal Regiment, and it is hoped that all ex-members will send in their names. The registration of names will be made at Nordheimer's music store, 18 King street west. This is the only means the officers have of getting into touch with ex-members, and it is hoped that the members and ex-members who know of the celebration will inform any ex-members whose whereabouts they know, so that they may accent this notice of the affair as an invitation to send in their names. As soon as names are received personal invitations will be sent out and information given regarding the celebration. Through the co-operation of all members and ex-members who know of the arrangements that are being made, the affair can be made the sucress the officers hope, and as elaborate arrangements are being made it is believed that the attendance will be very large on September 13, 14 and 15.

A SHY BRIDE.

Miss Violet Shy of Mishawaka, Wis. be married July 9.

is to be married July 9.

"There was a strange man here to see you to-day, papa," said little Mary, as she ran out to meet her father."

"Did he have a bill?"

"No, papa; he had just a plain nose."

Most Anything Editor: Why don't you muzzle those poets and poetesses? Or do you use their stuff so's you won't have to write anything? WR ave to write anything?—W. B. A man will do a lot these blistering days to keep from working.

When an English railway advertised fered his entire congregation.

THOSE POPULAR AIRS

In a certain office a jilted youth was whistling "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now?" when the bookkeeper, safe behind his screen, answered with "Everybody's Doin' It." The screen was of heavy wire; no fatalities.—Atchison (Kan.) Champion.

Eight Years of Bad Eczema on Hands



Cured by Cuticura Soap and Ointmen

Montreal, writes, in a recent letter: "Some nine years ago I noticed small pimples breaknine years ago I noticed smail pimples breaking out on the back of my hands. They
became very irritating, and gradually became
worse, so that I could not sleep at night. I
consulted a physician who treated me a long
time, but it got worse, and I could not put
my hands in water. I was treated at the
hospital, and it was just the same. I was
told that it was a very bad case of ecsema.
"Well, I just kept on using everything that I
could for nearly eight years until I was
advised to try Cuticura Ointment. I did so,
and I found after a few applications the

advised to try Cuticura Ointment. I did so, and I found after a few applications the burning sensations were disappearing, I could sleep well, and did not have any itching during the night. I began after a while to use Cuticura Soap. I stuck to the Cuticura treatment, and thought if I could use other remedies for over seven years with no result, and after only having a few applications and finding ease from Cuticura Ointment, it deserved a fair trial with a severe and stubborn case. I used the Cuticura Ointment and Soap for nearly six months, and I am glad to say that I have hands as clear as anyone. It is my wish that you publish this letter to all the world, and if anyone doubts it, let them write me."

Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere. For a liberal free sample of each, with 32-p. book, send to Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., 55 Columbus Ave., Boston, U. S. A. let them write me."

WASTE PAPER.

Accumulation of a Chicago Office Sold for \$1,331.

office buildings in Chicago made a pro-fit of \$1,331.57 last year by selling the waste paper which the janitors removed each night from the offices of tenants. comparatively few persons ever stop to think that there is any value to a scrap of paper thrown into a waste basket. There really isn't when a single sheet or even a basketful is considered. But when

even a basketful is considered. But when thousands of basketfuls are dumped into one big pile it is worth considerable. Removing the day's accumulation of waste paper is an obligation which the management of every big building must perform for his tenants, so a profit of \$1,331.57 is really just like finding that much money. Handling waste paper has been reduced to a science, and tons and tons of it is sold each year by the proprietors of the hundreds of skyscrapers in Chicago. This scrap paper is purchased by the second hand paper companies, who in turn dispose of it at profit to concerns that make it up into cheap grades and perhaps selt it back to the grades and perhaps self it back to the

away.

The office building management that tives work only in their own allotments. In their ordinary life the native woman is an absolute slave to the man.

She rises at 4 a.m., milks the cows, fetches the wood and water, cooks the food, and then goes to work in the fields from 6 in the morning until 6 in the evening. At 6 she again fetches the wood and water, again milks the cows out in bundles similar to baled hay.

The office building management that clears \$1,331.57 annually from this source employs a man at \$60 a month, whose sole duty it 4s to look after the wasts paper. After it is brought down in this big sacks to the basement each day the paper is carefully sorted over and example that the country of the paper is placed in bundles similar to baled hay.

These bundles are sold by weight and the market price of waste paper is about \$6 a ton. To realize a profit of \$1,381.57 over and above the salary of the man who handles the waste paper this one of fice building must dispose of more than three hundred tons a year—From the Chicago Tribune.

ENGLISH VIEW OF WAR OF 1812.

Preparations already afoot to celebrate the centenary of Angle-Saxon peace in 1915, writes a Daily Chronicle correspondent, add interest to the eircumstance that the war whose termination will then be commemorated began 100 years ago to-day.

In order to find crews for the great fleet that was necessary for the checkmaking of Napoleon, British captains were authorized to search any American warships or merchant vessels if they suspected that there were deserters on board. The United States submitted to this indignity for fourteen years, during which thousands of Americans were taken from under their own flag and forced to serve in British ships; but war at last became unavoidable, and was declared on June 18.

Probably most people in this country remember the war for the victory of the Shannon over the Chesapeake. As a matter of fact, however, the Americans had five sound triumphs to their credit before the Shannon came along to vary the monotony of our disasters. Before the end of 1812 we had lost thirty-eight gun frigates, Guerriere, Macedonian and Java and the eighteen gun Frolic, while early in 1813 the eighteen gun Peacock fell an easy victim to the American Hornet. Altogether there were fifteen of these single ship encounters, and the British ship was beaten in ten of them. In every case save one, however, the American vessel was superior in force.

The American navy at the outset of the war comprised only sixteen vessels. while Great Britain possessed over 600. The war lasted over three years, and we lost twenty-one ships before peace

was proclaimed. Lieutenant Provo Wallis, who was an officer in the Shannon at the time of her fight with the Chesapeake, died an admiral of the fleet in 1892, at the age of 100-From the London Chronicle.

---SECRET LOCKETS.

Would you have something quite new and different to wear on your pretty long chain? Then here are some fascinating lockets with a compartment for a hidden picture. They may be turned and twisted and examined most minutely and still retain the secret of the enclosed portrait. Neither hinge nor crevice is to be seen and the bejewelled and ornamented cover will dely the detection of the secret picture.

These lockets are handsomely carved in many beautiful designs, and they are shown in the jewelry shops in. various shapes and sizes. Some are studded with diamonds or pearls and

others with the colored stones. One charming locket is set with an amethyst and three beautifully tinted baroque pearls, while from it is suspended a large baroque pearl as a pen-