

THE GREAT HESPER OR THE SEARCH FOR THE BIGGEST DIAMOND IN THE WORLD. BY FRANK BARRETT.

CHAPTER VIII. Continued. "This is no time for sleep, Thorne; we must watch through the night whether you like it or not, if it is only for Miss Lasecelle's sake."

"Let us talk," he muttered, scornfully; "why not ask me to sing you a comic song? If the kid were here I suppose you wouldn't want me to amuse you."

"Go back to your room and fasten yourself in," he said; "it is our only security. Tap at the window to let me know that all is fast. I beg you to do this," he added earnestly, "you cannot understand the feelings of a man in my position—the torture of condensation impotency as you feel the approaching fate that you are powerless to avert."

"What is it, my dear? What is it?" he called as he entered the room. There was no answer.

I ran to the bell and rang it violently; then from the stairs in the cross-gallery I called to the servants to come down. In the meantime Sir Edmund had raised Edith and placed her on the bed, where she lay like one dead.

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"What was this?" she asked herself, starting up in a fright. She felt from side to side; now the bolster was gone there was nothing there but the bed.

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A SPENDTHRIFT COUNT.

ANNA GOULD'S HAS COST HER \$2,017 A DAY.

The Amazing Extravagances of Count Eoni de Castellane. — In the Eleven Years of Their Married Life He Has Spent Over \$9,000,000.

Even if Count Eoni de Castellane effects a reconciliation with the Countess, his income will be so cut down as to practically extinguish one of the greatest spenders that even prodigal Paris has ever known.

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maker had the task of making it keep time.

For his Countess he bought a tortoise shell wardrobe in which Louis Seize once kept his royal robes. About \$280,000 is said to have been the cost of this. In his boudoir he has the bed used by Napoleon on the night of his coronation, and the rest of his private quarters had decorations in keeping with the bed.

One of the greatest extravagances was the purchase of the Palazza della Scala, in Verona, that he might get the eleven ceilings painted by Tiepolo. Sarcophagi had he written his check for a gigantic sum to secure the palace when he made the artists of the world gasp by putting a force of men at work tearing it down.

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Lace holds its own, and figures very effectively as the prettiest of all fabrics for our evening dresses up to date.

Lace too, offers just now the most exquisite bagatelles, and so cunning are the so-called "imitations" that one ceases to be shocked by the suggestion of cheap simulations.

Lace buttons—those most satisfactory little things for fastening blouses and lingerie and baby things—are almost impossible to get, the supply never seeming to equal the demand.

As a result it is dying out, and unless in a few years it can be revived, it will be a case of finding a satisfactory substitute. So far there's nothing on the market that quite takes their place.

Modes of the Little Trianon. The delightfully simple little frocks that Marie Antoinette used to indulge in upon the rare occasions when she and her court stole away to the Little Trianon to while away the hours in all sorts of pastoral pursuits have come down to us of today in many pictures and portraits.

Such is one of those examples of elaborate simplicity whose cost is appalling to the uninitiated. The gown is a sheer silk organdie, pointed and printed in a dull, blurred, faded rose design, the ground being one of those indefinite and indefinable greens that throw up the design into exquisite harmony and relief.

Henry Meloché, who conducts a fish store in Windsor, and who is nearly sixty years old, said yesterday that when he was a small boy he witnessed the charm tried on his father, and claims that, without any medicine or medical aid, his parent recovered after the charm had been worked.

"My father was bitten in the field at 8 o'clock in the morning and a messenger was at once despatched to Belle River for Jacques Latonier, who was famous as a snake poison charmer. He came to our home as fast as his horse would carry him, and when he grieved he found the limb greatly swollen and a string, which had been tied around the leg to prevent the poison from reaching the body, was buried in the flesh."

"I never saw it attempted on any other person," concluded Mr. Meloché, "but I have often heard of Latonier visiting different people who were bitten in the old days. Snakes were plentiful in Essex county fifty years ago, and it was not uncommon to be bitten by rattlers every year."—Detroit Free Press.

A New Dish. It was Tuesday morning, the clothes had been washed, dried and folded the day previously, and common sense pointed to the fact that it was ironing day, but cautious Scandinavian Tillie, the new maid, was not going to make the mistake of going ahead before being sure that she was right.

Before committing herself to the obvious task, she poked her head into the dining-room to say appealingly: "Meesis, I skuld like to speak some thing."

"What is it, Tillie?" "Skal I cook some flat-iron" asked Tillie, earnestly.

INDIAN CHARM FOR SNAKE BITE.

At Least One Recorded Case Where It Worked a Cure.

The report from the township of Sandwich West that an attempt had been made to counteract the effect of the poison in a boy's leg produced by the bite of a rattlesnake by a charm caused some inquiries to be made, and it was ascertained that snake poison charmers have been known in Essex county for the past hundred years.

When he was elected to the Chamber of Deputies he felt so good-natured that he gave a feast that would have made Lucullus turn green. The bill was \$200,000. He seemed to like that amount, for it figures frequently in his accounts.

At another time he got the idea that modern dress was all wrong and that it only required a daring individual to revive the styles of past centuries. Toward this end he gave a flower ball and all men appeared in the costumes of the Louis XVIII period. Bill \$125,000. But then his ideas were always costly.

While his palace was building, some of the lots he needed were occupied and although it was altogether unnecessary, he impatiently bought the inhabited houses and evicted the tenants. That cost a pretty sum.

Sometimes the Count's methods were what might be termed questionable, and in the light of the recent scandal, it is probable that one of his little mysteries is revealed. About six years ago he presented to his wife a necklace that he had paid \$100,000 for. Anna Gould realized how he was draining her fortune, and when she looked at the bauble she didn't think it was worth the money, so she hurried to the jeweller. She found that he took a lofty attitude and insisted that his business was with the Count.

A Canessa, a wealthy art collector of Naples, is in this country. He has excavated \$3,000,000 worth of art in Italy.

The Mexican Government has decided to permit Chinese immigration.