THE REVELSTOKE HERALD
AND
RAILWAY MEN'S JOURNAL.

Vol XIV: NO. 38 | REVELSTOKE B. C. THURSDAY, MARCH 24, 1904 | $2 00 a Year in Advance

C. B. HUME & CO., Limited
DEPARTMENT STORE.

Our Millinery Opening Takes Place

TUESDAY EVENING MARCH 29

We will be pleased to have any of the Ladies visit Our Show Rooms. MISS WARD has returned from the Eastern Markets where she spared neither time or expense in gathering together a stock which we consider complete. All the new shapes are here.

Torpedo, Tricona, Automobile, Shepherdess, Gainsborough, etc.

The Trimmings are exquisite in Colorings and Effect: Mimosa Laces, Yak Lace, Cluny Lace.

Fruit and Flower designs in Apliques Plumes, Yeddah Straw, etc. Among the Pattern Hats are shown some very clever Conceits.

As usual you will find our stock of Children's and Bebe Hats and Bonnets well worth looking over.

Don't Forget the Date

Tuesday March 29th

THE HOME OF THE Slater Shoe

IS AT OUR STORE IN REVELSTOKE

For the Spring Season we are making special preparations to sell you Shoes. We are devoting more space than ever and have collected a stock of the "WANTED KINDS" that is well worth your while to have a look at.

SOME NEW ONES—

Men's Black Willow Calf Coin or Rational Toe, McKay Sewn, will take a high polish . . $4.00

Men's Vici Kid, Bulldog toe or Rational toe, made in two widths, very light and soft. Makes a nice and very dressy shoe, ... $4.00

Men's Box Calf, heavy or light soles, Rope stitch, wide or narrow toe, any width . . . $4.00

Men's Patented Leather and French Enamel Shoes or Oxfords, a nice, dressy Shoe, always look well, different widths and styles. $4.00

Engineers' and Firemen's Gaiters, or Congress Shoes in light and heavy soles at $2.75 $3.75 $4.50

Men's Dancing Shoes, soft pliable soles, in dull Crome Kid or Patent Calf, wide or narrow toe, $2.75 and $3.50.

We make a specialty of the Genuine Slater Shoe in all the best styles.

We also have in stock the GEO. A. SLATER or "Invictus Shoe.

MEN—All we want is a chance to show you these UNION MADE GOODS.

C. B. HUME & CO., Limited
Department Store.

WORK TO BE RESUMED

On the Pedro and Minnie F. Group—Test Shipment gives Values of $94 per ton—New Board of Directors.

(Special to THE HERALD.)

TEQUT LAKE CITY, B. C., March 18.—Word has been received here from Minneapolis stating that work will shortly be resumed on the Pedro group situated at the head of Canyon creek.

The Pedro and Minnie F. claims are owned by the Marie Marilla company. In the past considerable work has been done, principally tunnelling on the lead. The ore is high grade silver and a test shipment gave returns of $94 per ton. The property is equipped with substantial mine buildings, including bunk, cook, store and powder houses and a blacksmith shop. It possesses also a magnificient water-power, with a perpendicular fall of 700 feet. The first native silver found in this section of the Lardeau is credited to the Pedro.

At the annual meeting of the shareholders of the company held at Minneapolis, the following board was elected: W. S. Herron, president; Dr. J. V. Newton, vice-president; A. A. Barker, treasurer and W. S Dudley, secretary. The company purposes moving its head offices from the Flour City to Toledo, Ohio. The treasurer's report showed a substantial fund on hand for development purposes.

Amusements.

The Ka-no-ta Concert Co., appeared at the opera house on Friday and Saturday nights of last week. The bill they put on was certainly worthy of larger houses than they received.

This is a specialty company, nothing more, nothing less. What they attempt they put on in first class shape. Their work is refined, amusing and high class in every particular.

Doubtless many have seen the majority of the specialities they introduce and it is not new, but at any rate it was well put on. Better an old act well done than a new one botched.

DR. JORDAN, PRESIDENT OF GREAT WEST OPTICAL CO.

Dr. Jordan, who appears above, is the president of a newly formed company, The Great West Optical Manufacturing and Supply Co., whose advertisement appears elsewhere in this issue.

Mr. Jordan is an eye specialist and optician of unquestionable skill. Graduating from the famous Chicago University's School of Optics, some 15 years ago, he has had wide experience in a number of the large cities of the States and was of late connected with the Boston Optical Company.

The Dr. has, in his extensive practice, met with all the peculiar diseases little and great, pertaining to the eyesight and is a thoroughly competent man in all respects.

The company, which has its headquarters in Vancouver and also branches in Winnipeg and the east, is exceedingly fortunate in securing the services of so eminent a specialist as president of the company.

As Dr. Jordan states the eye is the chief of all our human senses and the proper care of that organ should be our one and chief aim. The present ill success in much of school work is partly due to defective eyesight. 75 per cent of the pupils who enter the primary schools with normal sight are when finishing college seriously in need of eye treatment. Weak and defective eyesight, continues the Dr., are responsible for one half the ills of the system as a whole. It has been said "The eyes are the windows of the soul," also claims Dr. Jordan, are they windows of nearly all physical complaints. Any bodily ailment will show itself in the eyes as quickly as anywhere therefore, what we propose to do, says he, is not on examination to give patients glasses indiscriminately, but such whose eyesight can be remedied by our lenses we treat, those whose eyes show other bodily trouble we turn over to the physician. In this way we wish to work in concert with the medical men as we feel we are indispensable to them and they to us.

Significant is it that the Great West Optical Company has its headquarters not in the east and a branch in the west, but vice versa. In Vancouver they will manufacture nearly all the material used except of course the lenses. All the grinding and polishing however will be done there. This is another gratifying evidence of the advantages to be derived from the Great West. Among the other members of the company are Dr. Ernest Hall, of the Burrard Sanitarium, and Dr. Townley as well as numerous prominent physicians on the coast.

Mr. Maitland, who is working in conjunction with Dr. Jordan in introducing the Optical Company through B. C. gave a very entertaining and instructive lecture in the Young Men's Conservative club rooms on Friday and Saturday last. Mr. Maitland is an able speaker and with the numerous lantern slide illustrations he used made the evening both interesting and profitable. In general the speaker said that as our sense of sight was immensurably greater in delicacy and usefulness than any of our other senses it was worthy of our utmost care and attention. He pointed out the marvellous ability of the eye as a physical organ in that it can so readily detect and distinguish color, the intricate delicacy of its mechanism, how it instantaneously accommodates itself to the multitude of the various shades of light and unconsciously contracts and dilates to a perfect focus of any object. As a subject of study it is perhaps the most interesting of any line of work, in that the knowledge to be obtained thereby is unlimited. It ever presents new and varied avenues of thought to the student of optics.

Mr. Maitland gave numerous figures showing the great capabilities of the eye and convinced his hearers that the organ of sight is most fearfully and wonderfully made. In its most intricate delicacy and its infinite power of expression. The human eye is the most convincing evidence of the omnipotence and omniscience of the powers of the Creator.

CAMBORNE CULLINGS

St. Patrick's Concert—Harbor Lumber Co. Putting in more Camps—$4,000 Monthly pay roll of Eva mine.

(Special to THE HERALD.)

CAMBORNE, B. C., March 18.—The initial band concert given by the Camborne brass band last night—in honor of St. Patrick's day—was one of the most enjoyable social functions ever held in this embryo city. Few places in the Province, with a population of Camborne's size can boast of such an excellent aggregation of musical talent as is to be found in the Camborne brass band, an organization by the way that has been in existence barely three months. It is also satisfactory to note that the efforts put forth by its members to entertain the citizens and visitors from Comaplix, Beaton and the lumber camps, was fruitful of splendid financial results, so that in a short time the band will be equipped with a full complement of music and instruments. Then too the members have at their head in the person of J. Findley, a conscientious and untiring conductor. Bert Northey, the capable secretary-treasurer of the organization must also come in for praise, for his share in making the performance so successful.

Besides several selections by the band that were played with splendid spirit and interpretation the following members took part in the programme: G. R. Northey in a clarinet solo; Frank McAbee sang "My Wild Irish Rose." Diamond brothers gave a happy ragtime selection in their banjo duett. Messrs. Findlay and Northey sang a duett, "Upper Ten and Lower Five." Bandmaster Findlay was down for a cornet solo. In each case the performers received hearty encores and responded willingly. As an accompanist Dr. Lazier was all that could be asked and added much to the pleasure of the evening. After the programme came a social hop for which the full band played the dance music.

The Harbor Lumber Company is arranging for the establishment of additional camps further up Fish river from this point. J. E. Branford has the contract for hauling 50 tons of supplies.

B. E. Drew & Co. have now got their stock on the shelves in the McDowell block and settled down to business in the new stand.

Some $4,000 was distributed at the regular monthly pay day at the Eva mine.

H. Gracey, manager of the Imperial Development Company of Nelson, B. C., has returned south after an inspection of the Eva mine. He stated to your correspondent that the amalgation of th Development Company and the Calumet & B. C. Gold Mines, Ltd., was on the books, but he could not give out anything of a definite character.

Business generally is picking up, and while the weather is not exactly of the best, it bodes for an early spring which will be welcome by all.

Salmon Arm.

Although spring is a little backward, farmers are getting ready for the seeding.

We notice improvements going on on all sides. D. T. Forbes has moved into his new house and is pruning his orchard.

Pruning and spraying has been the order all around the last few months and everything looks favorable for another good crop of fruit this season.

We have several families who have just arrived, looking up farms to locate on and yet there is room for more in this beautiful valley.

The Farmers Institute are making arrangements to have Mr. Sharp, manager of the Dominion Experimental Farm, attend the next meeting to answer any questions that the farmers may wish to ask about.

Mr. Revall, of the Revelstoke Dairy, was in town Thursday on business.

There is a movement on foot to have our district incorporated into a municipality which, will be an improvement on the present method. Still all seem contended and happy, and as soon as the mud dries you may see things humming until the seed and the great number of fruit trees that are coming are planted.

W. Monteith, our Smithy, has built an addition to his shop for a residence and will move into it the first of April.

N. Eckland, of Revelstoke, is expected here shortly with his family to take charge of the valuable orchard, which he purchased from K. Anderson.

BOURNE BROS.

Hay, Oats, Bran, Shorts, Feed Wheat, Flour, Rolled Oats, Etc.

Bacon, Hams, Eggs, Groceries and Canned Goods, Etc., Etc.

ORDERS SHIPPED SAME DAY AS RECEIVED

BOURNE BROS.

MACKENZIE AVENUE.

An Important Announcement

A Vancouver Company of Eye Specialists Establishes a Branch in Revelstoke.

This announcement is made by Dr. A. McKay Jordan, President and Managing Director of The Great West Optical Manufacturing & Supply Co., Limited. Dr. Jordan who has been in Revelstoke since Sunday has just completed arrangements with Mr. E. M. Allum of this city, who has become a shareholder of the Company. Mr. Allum, who is too well known in Revelstoke as an Optician to require an introduction, will become the Company's manager in this city and will be assisted from time to time by the Company's ablest Eye Specialist, who will regularly visit Revelstoke.

This is the largest exclusively optical company in Canada and aims to establish a chain of branch offices that will extend from the Pacific to the Atlantic. It will manufacture all its own spectacles at a saving to the public of the middlemen's enormous profits, and give to the small towns the services of the most competent specialists in Canada. This Company requests every patron to be sure and obtain an official receipt from the specialist supplying glasses. This receipt will contain the Company's guarantee of every frame sold and should anything prove unsatisfactory the Company holds itself responsible and will replace or make good the glasses purchased.

This is the only company of opticians in existence that protects its clients by guaranteeing its work. To quickly and permanently introduce the work of this Company to the residents of this city, the President, Dr. Jordan,—who is acknowledged as the most proficient Eye Specialist in Canada—will remain the balance of the week and will close out the entire stock of Optical Goods consisting of Spectacles, Eye Glasses, Eye Glass Chains, Eye Glass Cords, Field Glasses, etc., at slaughtering prices, before placing its own goods on the market. Such an opportunity to secure glasses at half the regular prices, when fitted by such a specialist as Dr. Jordan, has never before presented itself to this community. So make your engagements early if you will avoid missing this opportunity as the Doctor will positively remain in Revelstoke no longer than Saturday. Remember these goods are all new and up-to-date, and will be sold at slaughtering prices so long as they last. So come early.

Yours respectfully,
THE GREAT WEST OPTICAL CO., LIMITED.
E. M. ALLUM,
Local Manager.
A. McK. JORDAN,
President.

Nettie L. and Silver Cup will Resume Operations.

(Special to the HERALD.)

FERGUSON, B. C., March 21.—The announcement is made that work will be resumed on the Nettie L. and Silver Cup mines on April 1st when a full force will be gathered. Meanwhile extraordinary efforts are being made by a force of 85 men at Five Mile towards the completion of the combination 20-stamp mill and reduction plant being erected in conjunction by the two companies owning these mines. When this plant and the mines are in full operation the combined pay roll will number from 200 to 230 men.

In connection with the mill at Five Mile several cottages are to be constructed for the employees. It is understood that the companies will not allow a licensed hotel, but may possibly put in a store for wholesale mine supplies.

Among the local improvements proposed is the adding of a number of rooms for the Lardeau Miners' Union Hospital, and P. Burns & Co. will also erect a meat market.

Tony Becker, who has a lease on the Black Prince mine on Gainer creek purposes carrying forward development. The property is a high grade galena proposition on which in past years much work has been done.

In a short time a syndicate of local men including George B. Batho, Frank Barber, Chas. Foote and E. G. Hadow, will commence work on a group of placer claims at Five Mile, below the mill dam. The south fork of the Lardeau river has for years past yielded placer gold and the operations of this syndicate are looked forward to with much speculation.

Knights of Pythias Ball.

The committee are sparing no pains to make their ball on Easter Monday evening a success in every way. Supper will be served in the supper room in Opera House. Card tables will be arranged for those who are fond of a game. A first class orchestra of five pieces has been engaged. The proceeds will go to the organization of a temple of Rathbone Sisters in connection with Gold Range Lodge. Come and enjoy a treat.

Eleven Lives Lost.

The British Submarine torpedo boat, No. A 1., while submerged off Portsmouth, was struck by a steamer of the Donald line, and the entire crew lost. The shock of the collision overturned the gasoline tanks and it is supposed the crew were suffocated by the fumes of the gasoline while battened down in their water tight compartments.

The Team of the Marquise

BY LEON DE TINSEAU

I.

A squadron of chasseurs was sent for the autumn manoeuvres of 1883 to the little town of G——, situated in the middle of an immense barren tract of Morbihan, between Pontivy and the sea.

G—— does not pique itself upon being the home of progress. It is nearly forty-eight miles from the railway, and if the telegraph is there, it was established only in the face of a unanimous vote of the city council refusing the five hundred francs demanded of it by the State as its quota of the expense.

"We don't want Paris spying upon us," said these worthy Bretons.

G——, however, has nothing to conceal. At most, sundry packets of smuggled tobacco, sundry blows a trifle too vigorous on the nights of the "Pardons" in years when the cider crop has been good.

Of course, this distrustful city has kept its ancient ramparts, whose stalus slopes, hired out to butchers who raise their own mutton, supply the chief revenues of the municipal strong box. The lighting has remained stationary, and the committee on public highways is somewhat remiss in its duties. After eight o'clock in still evening the infrequent passerby takes care to keep in the middle of the street, for certain details of the interior service of the houses are accomplished through the windows—not a very serious inconvenience in a region where it rains on an average three hundred days in the year.

At the time of the Revolution, out of its two thousand souls D—— counted twenty-five noble families whose heroic devices are still to be seen on the sombre granite of their house-fronts. The greater part of these families has disappeared, flown towards the sunlight of a more active civilization, or are lying in endless sleep under the flags of the old church or in the vault of Quiberon, some leagues away. Four or five are dying out where they are, wrapped haughtily in a pride of name which covers their poverty and suffering as with a mantle, and thus managing to exist at the end of the nineteenth century on what would already have been insufficient eighty years earlier.

With the exception of the four privates and the brigadier of the county police, no cavalry had been seen at G—— since the risings of 1832. The chasseurs were received with feelings that wavered between curiosity and resignation, but never assumed the shape of enthusiasm. For that matter, the soldiers themselves, and especially the officers, went there as one goes to Purgatory, glad to think that the manoeuvres would keep them all day long in the open country, far from a town all black granite and looking like a monastery, where everybody talked "bas-breton," even to the very tavern signs.

The first day, the squadron entered G—— towards seven in the evening, half dead with hunger and fatigue. The seven or eight officers dismounted in front of the Goaziou hotel, which had taken charge of their mess. After dinner most of them went to bed in the houses where they had been billeted on the inhabitants. They needed rest before the "surprise" to be attempted by the "enemy," according to programme, at about half-past two in the morning.

"With whom do you lodge, d'Avricourt?" asked a comrade of the lieutenant bearing that name.

"Really I do not know," he answered, "and I confess I do not care much."

Then, drawing a paper from the pocket of his dolman:

"The Marquise de la Meaugon! That sounds well. I will send her my card when I go to her house."

"You are the fellow for luck in your lodgings!"

"Oh! luck! because my countrywoman is a marquise? You may be sure that if she were young and pretty as well she would not be living in a hole like this. Well, good-night! Our crazy general would have done well to defer the night alarm to nine o'clock in the morning."

"Yes, and let us be driven form G—— by the enemy instead of leaving us here for a week as victors."

II.

The Marquise lived on the public street in a house built in the days of Louise Quinze, but not inclining the period by any architectural ornaments because it costs too much to chisel Breton granite into mouldings, spandrels, and volutes. Even time had given up trying to indent it.

Raoul d'Avricourt had only to push the leaves of the heavy oaken door in order to gain admission to the mansion of his noble hostess. The sight that caught his eye in the courtyard by the fading twilight was so strange that, in order to see it better, he concealed himself behind a clump of sweet bay that flanked the entrance on the inside.

An old-fashioned, superannuated chariot, widowed of horses but not of a coachman—for a white-haired old man sat on the box as proudly as if he had under his whip a pair of horses worth five hundred louis—was drawn up in front of the perron. An old woman, leaning upon two younger ones, came down the steps and made ready to enter the vehicle. Before taking her seat she accosted the honorary coachman in a thick and broken voice:

"Are you holding your horses well, Thegonnec?"

"Madame has nothing to fear," answered the man in a very loud tone, removing his hat as he did so.

"Good, my friend; be careful. You know what a poltroon I am in a carriage."

Madame de la Meaugon sat down on the back seat of the carriage and her two companions on the front one. Two maids in caps raised the monumental step, and one of them opened the leaves of the porte-cochere. Meanwhile the old coachman, descending noiselessly from his seat, made an authoritative gesture to which two vigorous fellows, hidden in an angle of the wall, responded by coming obediently to take their places at the swingle-trees. Thegonnec was at the head of the pole; the two maids were at the back, ready to push.

From the inside of the carriage came the voice of the Marquise commanding:

"To the house of Madame du Faouet!"

At once the human team stiffened its muscles, the equipage shook, crossed the threshold, and disappeared in the street. The lieutenant might well have believed himself the only human being left behind. But, as he was wondering how he was to find his way to his room in this deserted dwelling, a sound of hobnailed boots became audible in the dark court.

"Is that you, Moreau?" called the officer.

"Yes, lietenant; I was waiting to take you to your room."

Five minutes later Raoul was making his night toilette in a chamber so vast that the single wax candle only succeeded in casting an uncertain glimmer. Lost in the immense space, the scanty furniture, the whole of which, saving the colossal bed, could have been stowed in a garret, seemed still more scanty. In striking contrast, on the chestnut table, darkened by years, glittered the silver, crystal, and ivory of the elegant dressing-case of a man of fashion.

"Oh, come!" said the lieutenant, while faithful Moreau was pulling off his boots, "what sort of a phantasmagoria have I just been looking at? Are these people fools, or is it the custom of the country to substitute coachman for the horses? You are not the man to have been here for the last two hours without learning something of the history of the house."

"As to that," replied the soldier-valet, "I think I am pretty well up in it, thanks to the fact that old Thegonnec talks French or something near it. We are in the house of the Marquise de la Meaugon, retired here with her two granddaughters."

"That does not tell me why she is so careful of her horses."

"Her horses, lieutenant? They have been dragging the stage-coach of Auray for the last two years. But the old lady is blind and three-quarters deaf, and she does not suspect it. She had a son-in-law, Comte de Pordic, who invested all his money in a big bank. The only trouble was that one day there was a——"

"A crash!"

"That's it, lieutenant. Then everything was cleaned out. The Comte died of vexation, and to prevent their grandmother from doing the same his two daughters have been bamboozling her, saving your presence, for the last two years. You saw the carriage act; for me, I saw the dinner act."

"What do you mean?"

"I had to go into the kitchen to get lukewarm water for Fanfreluche, and I kept an eye on the servants without letting them suspect it, and I saw through the trick—a very simple one, anyway. A chicken wing for the old lady and buckwheat cakes for the young ones. It is a tale of poverty in four volumes."

"But how are all those servants paid?"

"Thegonnec and the two maids are all that belong to the house, and it does not cost much to feed servants in this country. As to their wages * * * no danger but what they spend them—you understand me? As for the two polemen, they are nephews of the coachman who come to give their uncle a hand after their day's work is over."

"What amazes me is that the Marquise has not dispensed herself from lodging soldiers. She has the right."

"She would not. The old lady has courage and pride as high as a mountain. All the same, a little more income would be better * * * My lieutenant needs nothing more?"

"No, go to bed. You must wake me to-night at two o'clock. Take care that some one notifies these ladies, so that they may not be frightened if they hear anything."

III.

The Vicomte d'Avricourt was the son of a noble of ancient lineage and an enormously rich citizen's daughter. Like an intelligent fellow, he had appropriated from this mesalliance its best parts, taking from his father his name, character and sentiments, which were those of a man of good blood, and from his mother, who died young, two very handsome dark eyes and one or two solid millions. But, if he made use of his eyes—and very good use, for that matter—he had as yet merely the reversion of the millions. While waiting for his father to leave them to him, he lived on his pay of two hundred and sixteen francs a month, without incurring more debts than were becoming. True, to this somewhat meagre sum the Comte d'Avricourt had the good habit of adding a monthly subsidy of three thousand francs. It is a system which fathers who have sons in the inferior grades of the army would do well to adopt.

Raoul was the best-hearted fellow in the world. Worn out with want of sleep, he lay down between the sheets of a marquise whose granddaughters had not the wherewithal to buy meat. Hence he slept badly. When Moreau came to wake him, Raoul was dreaming that the Marquise, accompanied by her grand-children, was driving in the Bois in a victoria for which he had paid himself.

IV.

At the hour appointed, the enemies, represented by two or three companies of the line, attempted the surprise; but they were received in good style and hotly pursued into their positions with the alternatives of defeat or success. At ten in the morning they were still fighting. A platoon performed at a gallop a turning movement in a sunken road.

"Halt!" commanded d'Avricourt, who led the little troop. The twenty-five chasseurs drew rein. The tired horses stopped at once, though continuing to drive away flies by kicks which made the sheaths of the sabres ring against their dripping flanks.

"To the left, in line of battle!" cried the officer again.

The manoeuvre was performed; the platoon drew up in a double line, leaving a narrow enough space between the horses' heads and the talus of earth surmounted by chestnut trees which bordered the other side of the road.

"What!" grumbled a veteran, "isn't the day over? What an invention these grand manoeuvres are! I'll bet these flinty-hearted sluggards are going to fire on us again from under cover. And how mean that is, in such roads as this!"

"Come," said a non-commissioned officer, "shut up, you fellows; don't make so much disturbance! This is nothing! It is only the good God Who is going to pass on the right side."

In fact, a procession was seen approaching which was in striking contrast with the motionless platoon.

A young fellow marched in front, holding in one hand a lantern fastened to the end of a staff, and ringing with the other a copper bell. Then a Breton in a short jacket, breeches with flaps hanging down to the calf, a large black hat under his arm, his grey hair flowing on his shoulders, led by the bridle a pony with shaggy mane and tail which might have measured four feet across the withers. On this peaceful mount an old priest in a surplice was going to give the Viaticum to some dying person in a neighboring thatched hut. Seven or eight peasant women of all ages followed, reciting their rosaries, and making with their lighted candles and their high caps of the time of Duchess Anne the effect of one of those processions which artists of the sixteenth century loved to paint on the church windows of the period.

The rearguard was formed by a servant-maid in a costume more modern but not richer, accompanying her mistress, a graceful young girl with an aristocratic profile, whose carelessly put on black veil covered her admirable hair of pale gold. Her steady, clear blue eyes possessed, on account of the infinite depth of their gaze, that startling attraction usually exercised by darker ones. They revealed both purity and tenderness, devotion and poetry, melancholy and courage, but above all the glorious radiance of a loyal and intrepid soul. Assuredly this beautiful personage would have attracted attention anywhere. But in the depths of this Breton desert, in the mystic frame of this astere landscape, by the dim light shed through the thick foliage on this strange scene, the apparition shone out with the charm of the unexpected and in the harmony of a decoration which seemed to have been made especially for her.

The little procession passed in front of the chasseurs, who presented sabres, while their horses, champing their bits, seemed to be smiling at the sight of the strange congener whose ears, withers and croup formed a horizontal line, and whose light-colored mane almost touched the ground.

The lieutenant had saluted with his sword as the Host went by. But when the beautiful blonde young girl passed him the shining blade was again lowered to the ground, as if he also were paying homage to this Christian virgin.

And, in the silence scarcely broken by the choir-boy's bell and the knell that was toiling in the distance from an invisible steeple, Raoul d'Avricourt, contemplating the unknown with ecstasy, so far forgets himself as to murmur half audibly:

"It ought to do one good to die under the glance of eyes like those!"

The red which sprang to the cheeks of the young girl showed that she had heard these words. Presently the sacred procession disappeared at a corner of the road, while the horsemen, the sabres returned to the scabbards, continued their march in the opposite direction.

There was not one of these men who had not become more serious. As to the lieutenant, the meeting with these two supreme consolers, religion and woman, on the way to fulfill their sacred mission, had suddenly thrown him into a train of such thoughts as do not usually find lodgment under the kepi of an officer of twenty-eight years.

Once more he saw a death-bed, that of his mother; a priest was blessing the dying woman. He heard the last words of her whom he had tenderly loved:

"My son, I hope that God will give you a good wife!"

Then, like a living response to the wish of the dead woman, the mysterious apparition of a moment since recurred to his mind with strange persistence. Who was this unknown young girl whom charity was conducting to the death-bed of a pauper? Certainly she was a good woman, and how beautiful she was!

Yes, though Raoul d'Avricourt once more, one would be happy to die if wept for by those tender and faithful eyes, and beholding that compassionate hand!

Presently the platoon came in sight of the lonely farmhouse where a formidable breakfast had been ordered the day before for the officers of the two armies. Everybody knows how two or three dozen oysters and several glasses of chablis develop the dispositions of a nature already good of itself. Hardly had he returned to his quarters when d'Avricourt made an extremely careful toilette which transformed the dusty warrior into a cavalier of lofty mien. Then he sent to ask the Marquise if he might have the honor of being received by her. How far we are already from the simple visiting card which the lieutenant had deemed sufficient the previous evening!

The reply took five minutes in arriving, and these Raoul spent in passing in review before a mirror somewhat tarnished by humidity. Yet it was a matter of calling upon a blind lady upon whom all this trouble would be wasted. But who knows? Mesdemoiselles de Pordic might be there, perhaps, and everything permitted, him to hope they had good eyes.

Notified that he would be welcome, Raoul was introduced by Thegonnec, transformed into a valet-de-chambre, into a salon which was in lamentable harmony with the horseless carriage and the dinner without a roast. One would have said the auctioneer with his hammer had passed through it. On the damasked tapestry of the walls, faded by time, squares of more vivid color everywhere guarded the traces of costly pictures which had recently disappeared. Over each door a plaster panel spread open like a fatally eloquent white page; everything had been turned into money.

The Marquise entered, led by her grand-daughters. This old woman had a bearing so noble, so sovereignly calm, so perfectly kind, that for an instant Raoul felt as if he were the ruined one, and that this grand lady were about to say to him:

"Poor young man! do not despair. At your age everything comes right in the end."

On either side of this beautiful figure a fresh and rosy visage, distinguished and charming, replaces the absent portraits to advantage. Mesdemoiselles de Pordic did not resemble each other, or did so as the red rose and the white bear mutual likeness. The one blonde, melancholy, dreamy; the other a gay and sprightly brunette, who seemed the elder, but by very little. The three were dressed in black, and one conjectured that the dressmaker who had fitted their gowns lived at no great distance.

"Madame," said d'Avricourt, bowing half a yard lower than one does nowadays to the duchesses of the left bank, "it must be difficult to avoid cursing your invader. I wanted to lay at your feet, as soon as possible, my excuses for this involuntary disturbance."

"Involuntary on your part, sir, but not on mine. I am a soldier's daughter and I have insisted, in spite of my privilege as a defenceless old woman, on bearing my part of the expenses of war. I have been rewarded by having a well-bred man sent to me. Apropos," added the blind woman, with a gaiety surprising to anyone who knew her history, "it seems we had a fine escape last night. But, thanks to you, I was appraised beforehand that the city would not be taken."

"It will not be taken for a week; until then you are condemned to the tediousness of our presence."

"The tediousness could not be great, alas! At least, you are not too badly off in my house? Your horses agree well with mine, I hope. They are not accustomed to seeing strangers; but they are old, and obliged to be peaceable."

Mesdemoiselles de Pordic became red as cherries in listening to these words. As to Raoul, he had scarcely stopped looking at one of the young girls, the blonde, as she had kept her eyes obstinately bent on the floor, which is sometimes, for eyes of eighteen years, the best way of seeing very well.

"Pardon, Mademoiselle," he said, at last, "it seems to me that we met this morning."

"Yes," she replied, delighted to turn a sadly embarrassing conversation. "Do you know, grandmother? those soldiers whom we found in the Kergrist road were under Monsieur's command. How fine it was, all those armed cavaliers in battle array, lowering their sabres before a poor priest who seemed the image of peace!"

"And before you, who seemed the angel of charity, Mademoiselle. I see that you do not dread fatigue when doing good is in question."

"Alas! it could not fatigue me to return to the house of poor Annie, who leaves little children without bread or shelter."

"You will deign to receive my alms for your proteges?" said Raoul, drawing out his pocketbook.

"Oh!" cried the young girl, her eyes shining with joy, "how good you are! How the dear little things will bless our meeting! They have gained bread for the whole winter from it."

"And I," said Raoul softly, feeling once more the emotion of the night before, "have gained from it memories which will last longer than the winter."

Yvonne made no answer, and for a moment silence reigned in the salon of the Marquise.

"Madame," the officer said at last to his hostess, who with tense neck and watchful ear was waiting for the sequel of the conversation, "I see that it is unfortunately impossible to accompany your grandchildren in their promenades."

"My health will not permit it. All I can do is to get into the carriage three times a week to go and spend the evening with an old neighbor still more to be pitied than I, for she is paralyzed and does not leave her armchair."

The conversation continued for some time. The Marquise spoke to the young man of his family. It seemed they had alliances in common.

"Well," said Madame de la Meaugon, "since we are relatives, or nearly so, you must dine with me to-morrow evening. I had a chef who has left me, and whose place has been vacant ever since. But a soldier in the field accommodates himself to everything, and these little ones will do their best to prevent you from famishing."

This time the "little ones" became pale with terror, and four great beseeching eyes were raised to the officer, as if to say:

"We hope you will not have the cruelty to accept."

But he seemed not to notice.

"Madame," said he, "a person more discreet than I would feel bound to refuse. For my part, I accept, only, since this is war-time, you must permit me to impose my conditions. My orderly, who could give Vatel points, will take possession of your ovens, and you will share our booty."

"Fie! sir officer, Booty! Can you be conducting yourselves like Prussians or Cossacks?"

"Not at all, although imitation is the order of the day. We made hecatombs of game in our cavalry charges and I brought back my holsters full of it."

It was the young man's turn to blush at a falsehood which did not deceive Mesdemoiselles de Pordic in the least. Wounded pride was plainly evident in their glances. But in rising Raoul laid his finger on his lips and then pointed to their grandmother, smiling with pleasure in her easy-chair. They understood the gesture, and by a spontaneous movement each offered her hand to the lieutenant. On withdrawing, the latter had a long conference with Moreau, who was an adept in contrivances of all sorts.

That evening, while they were brushing their hair in their common room, Jeanne de Pordic, the brunette, said to her sister, continuing a conversation begun much earlier:

"This Vicomte d'Avricourt is really very good-looking. Did you recognize him at once?"

"The minute he came in. But if you knew how much better he looks on a horse, at the head of his men, not so polished, not so well brushed—more like a soldier, in fact. And then, with all that, such a soft voice!"

"What! Such a soft voice! for commanding his squadron?"

Yvonne blushed; but she did not think it more timely now than in the morning to relate what Raoul had said of her eyes.

"How good he is!" she went on, without replying. "One hundred francs! Those poor children are quite rich—richer than we are," she added, with a sad smile. "Ah! in spite of everything, this meeting, almost beside a death-bed, frightens me a little. Who knows whether we shall not regret it?"

"Superstition! Why should we regret it? I never saw a man who inspired confidence so quickly. He made grandmother smile again—is not that enough to make me adore him?"

"And he will love you. He will take you and I shall remain alone. You will see whether I am wrong; people always say I have the second sight."

"You don't know your trade. If he loves one of us, it will be you. You are blonde, you are of the Gaelic type and your name is Yvonne; how do you suppose a Parisian could resist all that?"

"There! You have the faculty of of laughing at everything. Think that to-morrow we are going to dine on the bounty of this man!"

"You will have to get used to it when you are his wife. You will have, between you, an income of one hundred thousand and five hundred francs, for he would have one hundred thousand on his side."

The discussion continued for some time longer; then everything was silent in the two white beds. But an eye that could pierce the shadows might have seen that, under the mysterious pinion of the Dream, it was the face of Yvonne, the saddened beauty, which now was smiling.

V.

The next day, when they were at the roast, Madame de la Meaugon said to her guest, after moistening her lips in a glass of old Medoc:

"Sir, I am quite ready to admit that your orderly is an eminent cook. But own that my poor wine cellar has some fine remains."

It was some time since the remains of the wine cellar of the Marquise had become the property of the hotel-keeper Le Goaziou, who had consented to reconvey several samples of it to Moreau for this occasion. At the old lady's words the proud Yvonne reddened and bent her head over her plate. She had done nothing but that since dinner began, not to eat, for she had barely touched what was placed before her. One might have fancied she was regretting her buckwheat cakes, and possibly one would not have been wrong.

"I am no connoisseur," said Jeanne, who thought it more dignified to look the situation squarely in the face, "but I would swear that this wine has made more than one journey before arriving here."

"That is what makes it so good," replied Raoul. "I have never tasted any which I liked so well. Madame la Marquise, I drink to your health and to the honor you are doing me at this moment."

The talk became more lively. Raoul was witty. He would have been more so if he had looked less steadily in front of him, at Yvonne, that is to say, who was pretty enough to turn a head more solid than that of a lieutenant of chasseurs. When they rose from the table, poor d'Avricourt felt so discomfited that it seemed to him Madame de la Meaugon must have perceived it, blind though she was. But the dear woman was preoccupied with another idea. After they had entered the salon she said to her granddaughters:

"Children, it is time for you to go to church. M. d'Avricourt will permit you to leave him alone with me for a quarter of an hour."

Raoul bowed and Mesdemoiselles de Pordic disappeared.

"My dear Vicomte," began the dowager when they were alone, "I seldom have a chance to talk with a man who understands business. Permit me, then, to be confidential with you. My son-in-law, I may as well tell you, understood business about as well as I would understand how to command a drill. I will not criticise him since he is no longer here; but after all, he was badly inspired on the day when he put all our fortunes into that bank. * * * Do you know what I wish to speak of?"

"I know, Madame."

"Some people pretend that we have lost everything to the last sou. I do not believe a word of that myself, for among the officers of the company there are names which are the best of securities. But, however, it may be, for the last two years we have not received a copper, and, between you and me, I cannot avoid being very much embarrassed."

"It is only a passing difficulty," said Raoul. "Perhaps you have not claimed it?"

"Yes, assuredly. Only, no one pays much attention to a poor blind woman away off at the end of the world. My granddaughter Jeanne, who acts as my secretary, has never received any answers to her letters."

Alas! she had received answers! But instead of sending money they demanded it.

"For the moment," continued the Marquise, "some thousands of francs in partial payment on the interest money would make me patient, and I would leave my debtors tranquil provisionally. Perhaps, Monsieur, you could point out to me a conscientious man who would undertake to act in my name?"

"Take my notary, Madame?" said d'Avricourt. "He is an able man who has rendered me a similar service; for, like you, I am interested in these tiresome affairs."

"And people have let you have money?"

"A little, yes. It is only a question of showing your teeth. I will write to M. Fossier to-morrow. Will Madame kindly give me some figures?"

When Mesdemoiselles de Pordic came back from church they found Madame de la Meaugon twenty years younger.

"My children," said she, "come and embrace me. I am very happy this evening. Without owning it to you, I was somewhat uneasy about your future. But our good old friend here has reassured me. Perhaps your poor father was not so badly inspired, after all, in the investment of his fortune."

Once more the young girls raised their large, almost severe eyes, and looked at Raoul. And again he laid his finger on his lips. During this pantomime the blind woman was heard saying:

"Yvonne, let some one go and tell Madame du Foucet not to expect me this evening, because I have somebody at home. Thegonnec may take out the horses."

Dear noble woman, whose hearth, visited by ruin, was now deprived of other guests. You should have heard her broken voice swell forfully to say:

"I have somebody at home."

If anyone had predicted to Raoul the day before that he would pass one of the most charming evenings of his life opposite a blind woman of seventy and two young girls in black merino gowns, he would have shrugged his shoulders. Which proves that one ought to swear to nothing, especially not to love some day a poor little provincial who deserves it, when one has pretended up to then to love many brilliant Parisiennes who could hardly be said to deserve it.

The Marquise asked d'Avricourt to tell them his history. He obeyed without waiting to be urged, but he suppressed some details. * * * The result was a biography so edifying that one wondered why this young man was not in the seminary instead of at the great manoeuvres. However, there was one among the three women who would have been sorry enough if Raoul had worn the cassock instead of that fine uniform which became him so well. This one was the fair Yvonne, the melancholy, of whom everybody at G—— said:

"There is one who will die a nun."

When that old tell-tale of a clock essayed to strike eleven, Raoul would have liked to throw it out of the window. The Marquise almost immediately inquired the hour.

"Goodness!" said she, "we are sitting up late to-night. These children must be ready to drop with sleep."

But no one was inclined to go to sleep.

D'Avricourt kissed the hand of the Marquise and that of Mademoiselle Jeanne. Before the second sister he bowed profoundly, without trying to take her hand. And yet it was Yvonne who was all one blush.

The next morning at dawn, while Raoul was making war on the neighboring moors, Moreau was galloping towards the nearest railway station to put in the express box an envelope bearing the following address:

"M. Fossier, Notaire,
Rue de Lille,
Paris."

VI.

The next evening and that which succeeded it resembled that which has been described, a fact which gained for the lieutenant, who had become invisible to his comrades, a storm of pleasantries which he forced himself to take neither badly nor too well.

The fifth morning witnessed a very unusual event. The courier brought a registered letter addressed to the Marquise de la Meaugon! Mademoiselle Jeanne, sent for in great haste, drew from the envelope three notes of a thousand francs each, and a letter from the notary Fossier.

While this letter was being read, Madame de la Meaugon, all radiant, was caressing with meagre fingers the three notes; they, at least, were not impostures.

"You see, my child!" said she to Jeanne de Pordic. "Was I wrong in blaming you for despairing too quickly? But how true it is that one must have friends everywhere! This notary seems to me a very worthy man, and M. d'Avricourt an eminent adviser."

Jeanne fled, under pretext of going to tell her sister the good news.

"Yvonne, here he is now trying to make grandmother believe that we are rich! But this time it is too much!"

When she had related the sending of the pretended payment on account, Yvonne said:

"Grandmother must be told everything. We cannot touch that man's money even with a finger."

"I have been thinking about that already," replied Jeanne. "This is what I am going to do. I will draw up a receipt which we will both sign. We will repay this sum one day when we are left all alone. We will go out as governesses, if we must. But I have not the courage to undeceive grandmother. For that matter, to see her die tranquilly I feel capable of accepting alms."

"Then," said Yvonne slowly, "I will go away myself."

"Why, sister? Have you not as much courage as I?"

"No, I have no more courage. I would rather see all three of us die than take his money."

"I comprehend," sighed Jeanne. "You love him. Poor Yvonne!"

And the elder sisters left her hands fall while her lips murmured:

"Ah! my God! make her blind also. Let her not know what she is going to make me suffer!"

During this time D'Avricourt, while pushing his reconnoitring to right and left, began to be unable to recognize himself. He had arrived at finding Brittany a charming country, the great manoeuvres the best conceived of institutions, the women of Paris mere dolls without minds or hearts. His imagination was not called on to build castles in Spain, since it found one ready-made in Lorraine and very fine, but it installed in the dwelling the most loving of young couples and even the rosiest of babies, which was going rather fast.

The young wife was blonde; a pretty shade. She was called Yvonne, a pretty name which Raoul kept repeating to himself to convince himself of this more fully:

"Yes, my dear Yvonne. No, my little Yvonne. Yvonne, have you told the nurse to take your daughter out for a walk? Yvonne, do you love me?" To this question Yvonne did not respond, and for cause, and Raoul dared not answer for her.

"In fact," thought this chasseur, suddenly becoming timid, "how do I know that she will ever love me? And then what does it matter? To marry her? Come on! Does a man marry at my age when the world is

before him and a uniform on his back? Besides, I should be running the risk of making a foolish bargain. I have an income of one hundred thousand francs, and she has nothing. How would I ever know whether she accepted me or the son of my mother?"

Lieutenant D'Avricourt was born under a lucky star, for chance undertook the clearing up of this doubt, ordinarily not so easily solved.

As he was dismounting from his horse, in the middle of the afternoon, in the court of Madame de la Meaugon, the two sisters appeared. The elder held a letter and a paper.

"Sir," said she, "the place is not well chosen for what we have to say to you. But it is essential that our grandmother should know nothing about this interview. In two words, you have lent us three thousand francs, rather by force. We accept them and are sincerely obliged to you. Here is our receipt, signed by my sister and me."

Raoul would have been glad to be three thousand feet under ground.

"This begins well!" he thought, taking meanwhile, with a very sheepish face, the paper held out to him, for the tone of Mademoiselle Jeanne admitted of no reply.

VII.

That evening the lieutenant had himself announced as usual at the door of the Marquise. He looked shamefaced; but he saw at once that Madame de la Meaugon knew nothing.

"Come here, my guest," said the old lady from the depths of her arm-chair. "I have a piece of bad news to tell you; the younger of my grand-childrenis suffering and her sister is staying with her. So you are condemned to a tete-a-tete."

"Well, Madame, I will profit by it to talk with you of serious matters, for my hours are numbered. Do you not think of marrying your granddaughters?"

"I think of nothing else. But you are acquainted with our affairs, and you know where the shoe pinches. You know too much of the world for it to be necessary to tell you that suitors do not crowd about our doors. You who work miracles, can you effect that of finding husbands for two young girls whose dot is not so easy to prove as their nobility? Have you any subjects in view?"

"I have one; but there are two difficulties. The first one is that my man is thinking of the younger of these young ladies."

"He knows them, then?"

"He knows them. The second obstacle is that Mademoiselle Yvonne must have a very poor idea of him, and that she may well have suspicions of the pretendant."

"What? She has seen him?"

"Alas! she has seen him but too well—"

"But, sir," interrupted the Marquise, trembling violently, it is not possible that you wish to speak? * * * How admit that there can be any question? * * * You should aspire to the greatest match in France. * * * You can choose among a thousand—"

"That is precisely why I choose so well. Unfortunately, I made a bad beginning, and I suspect that if Mademoiselle is indisposed, it is against me that she is so."

"Against you? But my dear child, is that possible? If I were fifty years younger I should be mad about you. Ah! indisposed against you. Yvonne! She would have to be more blind and deaf than her grandmother."

"Eh! Madame, who knows?" said Raoul. "But since you take my part, deign to take it in earnest. I have not more than one evening to spend here. To-morrow I must bid you good-bye. If Mademoiselle has not recovered, I shall comprehend that there is nothing more for me to do. If she finds herself sufficiently well to let herself be seen, I will return to your house in a few weeks, after taking my men to their garrison. Then, Madame, you will let me know whether you have succeeded in gaining my cause, which I confide to you."

"Would it not be better for you that I should lose it? And are you not very precipitate? A week ago you did not dream of our existence."

"Ah! don't talk to me of what I was a week ago. I have seen here in less than a week more grandeur, more nobleness, and real beauty that I ever met before in all my life; and I am twenty-eight years old! That is what you must say to Mademoiselle Yvonne, and if that is not enough, add, Madame, that having lost my mother as she has done, I had not the happiness of seeing her replaced by such a grandmother as I know of."

"You flatter me; that is in keeping with your role. But, sir, you have a father. And fathers do not usually seek daughter-in-law without a dot. At least, it was so in my time."

"Oh! Madame, it is very different now My father has told me more than a hundred times that he married a rich woman only that his son might be able to marry to his liking."

"You have an answer for everything. In fine, sir, come back to-morrow. We shall see whether my little Yvonne will leave her room."

Raoul withdrew, well enough contented with his evening. He had hardly departed by one door when Mesdemoiselles de Pordic entered by another.

"My children," said the Marquise, "sit down there. I have great news to tell you."

"Useless trouble, grandmother," replied Jeanne. "We were listening at the keyhole."

"And as I am deaf, M. d'Avricourt talked very loud. Fie, Mesdemoiselles! Are you not ashamed to listen at keyholes like chambermaids?"

VIII.

The manoeuvres were ended. The last review had been held. The next day, before sunrise, the chasseurs were to abandon G—— to its solitude.

While the muicipal punch was flowing at the town hall and the smoke of deplorably damp cigars was vieing in thickness with the eloquence of the toasts, Raoul d'Avricourt, who had excused himself, made his way into the salon of Madame de la Meaugon. She was awaiting him alone.

"Mademoisselle Yvonne? * * *" interrogated he with an emotion for which some one in an adjoining room was very grateful.

"It must be believed that her indisposition of yesterday was more serious than we thought. She declares that she cannot quit her lounge at this moment without risking her life."

"Then she will have nothing to do with me?"

"To tell you the truth, I think she is a little afraid of you. She has ideas about marriage which are provincial to the last degree, and she pretends that she would die of chagrin if, some day, she should find herself deceived."

"Eh! Madame, I beg you to believe that I am just as provincial on that point. But who talks of deceiving or being deceived? Foh! What villainous words! Ought not one to have confidence? I love your granddaughter with all my heart, and I swear to you that I will make her happy."

"Confidence? Between ourselves, sir, that is just what Yvonne seems to lack. Oh! if I could gurantee the future to her!"

"No one can guarantee anything. Since your granddaughter refuses me, I may become a hundred times worse than before, and it will be her fault. Tell her that my heart had remained good, and that it was hers. You may add that she is the first towhom I havegiven it."

At this moment a door opened and Jeanne appeared, pulling her sister by the arm, a trifle too rosy for an invalid.

"Sir," said the elder sister in a singular tone, "I have perhaps counselled my sister to an imprudence; but I have made her promise not to let you go away without saying good-bye to the guest who has been so attentive to our grandmother."

"That is good!" seconded the Marquise in an undertone.

Yvonne extended her hand to Raoul, who took it, kneeled, and kissed it without a word. If this were an adieu, it must be owned that it wonderfully resembled an "au revoir."

"Eh! well? has no one anything to say?" asked the blind woman, astonished at the silence which prevailed. "What are they doing?"

"They are doing nothing, grandmother," responded Jeanne, who, very pale, was acting as mistress of ceremonies. "They are on their knees beside your arm-chair, awaiting your blessing. Put out your hands. You will touch their two heads."

IX.

One evening, two months later, the Marquise entered her open carriage to go as usual to see her friend Madame de Faouet. Only one of her grandchildren was with her. The other had departed with her husband that morning after their nuptial Mass. But this time, Madame's carriage was drawn by real horses.

"Jeanne," said the old woman when they were on the way. "I shall regret the poor team that your sister has forced me to exchange for a new one. The others drew me more gently."

Without replying, Mademoiselle de Pordic softly pressed her grandmother's hand. Her heart was very heavy and she was thinking that the blonde and brunette team had been broken for ever.

At the end of the year the Marquise died and Jeanne remained alone. Her sister Yvonne wanted to take her home with her.

"Come," said the Vicomtesse d'Avricourt; "I will find you another Raoul. Meanwhile you will have a brother."

But Jeanne determined to remain at G— and not to marry, under the pretext that the name of de Pordic would thus survive for some years longer. But this was only a pretext.

Truth to tell, one would have to be a Bretonne and a daughter of the Chouass to devote one's life to wearing mourning for an unsuspected love.

(The End.)

The weather is a curious thing—
It changes so from day to day.
But if it didn't what on earth
Would stupid people have to say?
—Judge.

"Things never seem properly adjusted in this world," said the careless young man.

"For instance?"

"I have observed time and again that the people with the most expensive tastes almost invariably have the least money to meet them."—Washington Star.

Mrs. Newed—I'm afraid that my husband has h[illegible] trouble.

Miss Dash—Yes, poor fellow! And he'll probably never get over it entirely.

Mrs. Newed—What do you mean?

Miss Dashing—Why, only three weeks before he married you he told me I had broken his heart.—Chicago News.

Langtry & King Edward.

In commenting on that interesting and now historical episode in which she was said to have playfully sent a lump of ice tobogganing down the spinal column of the present Edward Rex, Lily Langtry said to Acton Davies the other day: "There is no reason in the world why I shouldn't tell the truth about that little matter, for the very good reason that it never occurred. When the King, then the Prince of Wales, heard the story, he asked me if I knew how on earth it could have been started. Of course I couldn't. However, my old friend, Mrs. Cornwallis-West, finally solved the mystery of how the story started, and her explanation, though a very weak one I admit, is the only peg on which any of us have been able to hang this story. An informal dinner was given one night at which Mr. and Mrs. Cornwallis-West and myself were guests. The Prince of Wales was not present. It was a very jolly little party; we all knew each other very well, and everyone was having a beautiful time, with the exception of Mr. Cornwallis-West, who was tired and wanted to go home. Several times he asked his wife to make a start, but she was enjoying herself and refused point blank. Finally he became quite angry and begged her to start. The ices were still on the table, and, taking a spoonful of hers, Mrs. Cornwallis-West laughingly slipped it under her husband's collar, with the remark: 'There, my dear boy, that will cool you off for a few moments.' This story must have been repeated by some of the guests, and enlarged upon until it was landed upon his Royal Highness and myself. That, I assure you, is all I know about the matter. Even my enemies must admit that I have always been noted for gentle manners, and that I or any other woman would ever have dared take such a liberty with the prince is too ridiculous. His Royal Highness was charming and most good-natured about the whole matter. In fact, only this past summer, when the King was talking to me at Newmarket about my last American tour, he remarked, with a twinkle in his eyes: 'I suppose they are still telling that lump of ice story on us in America,' and I answered, 'Yes, and I'm afraid their time prancing about like marion-time.'"

Kill or Cure.

A short time ago a veterinary surgeon summoned a man to the Winkletown County Court for two guineas for attendance on a dog, reports an English paper.

He swore that he had been called in and found the dog suffering from distemper, and that he had paid so many visits and had supplied such and such medicines, for which he claimed two pounds two shillings as per agreement. Then came the defendant's turn.

"You say that I agreed to pay you two guineas?" questioned the defendant.

"Certainly you did!" replied the plaintiff.

"Do you remember what our arrangement was?"

"Perfectly."

"Didn't I say that I was afraid of you running up a long bill; but that if you would agree to take two quid, 'kill or cure,' you might have the case?"

"Quite right; and I said that if you would make it guineas I would take it on," answered the plaintiff, with a gleam of triumph.

"Well, now, on your oath, did you kill my dog?" demanded the defendant, with a sudden energy that woke up the judge and made the usher jump again.

"Certainly not," replied the other, with a bluster that was perhaps justifiable in the circumstances.

"And you didn't cure him, cos he's dead; and as I promised to pay, and you agreed to accept, two guineas, 'kill or cure,' and you haven't done either, I wonder how you've got the nerve to ask for the money even, let alone bring me here."

At this point the learned judge intervened, and the case was remanded for further consideration.

An Engagement Extraordinary.

According to the Paris correspondent of the London "Telegraph," a determined suitor recently found a new way of using the motor-car for matrimonial purposes. The object of his affection was willing to wed him, but her parents were obdurate. He pretended to give up hope, and to be reconciled to the idea of being merely a friend of the family, and he took out the girl and her father for an automobile drive to Havre. At a dangerous part of the road he suddenly put on full speed, and the car sprang away at a terrific rate. The girl sat still and showed no fear, but her terrified father shouted to the man who wanted to be his son-in-law to stop. "Consent to my marriage with your daughter" was all the motorist replied. Still the car tore along, and if any obstacle had appeared in the road at least three fatalities would have occurred. "Stop! We shall all be killed!" the girl's father continued to cry. "Most certainly we shall," said the determined young man, grimly; if you don't consent at once I am going to send the machine into the ditch, and at this rate that means quick death." As he spoke he imparted violent lurches from side to side to the car. "I consent!" gasped the now vanquished parent. Immediately the car slowed down, and the rest of the journey was done at a steady touring pace. But during the motor's previous mad career a policeman had jotted down its number. When the girl's father, to whom the machine belongs, appeared in court to answer to the summons, his future son-in-law accompanied him, and looked exceedingly pleased with himself. When a fine of sixteen francs was imposed the younger man said he would pay it himself with pleasure. He confided to the magistrate that the day has been named.

Her Own Opinion.

Miss Askew—So your marriage is put off?

Miss Crummy—Yes, papa is not at all satisfied with his position; mamma doesn't like his family connections, auntie thinks he is too careless in his dress, and I think——

Miss Askew—Yes, what do you think?

Miss Crummy—I think I ought to wait till he asks me.—"Town and Country."

She—Do thoughts that came to you long ago ever return?

He (a poet)—Sure, if I enclose a stamped envelope.—Denver "Republican."

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S. C. WELLS & CO.
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A London Fashion.

According to the London "Daily Mail" one of the most noticeable changes in men's fashions is the new watch chain for evening wear, which is so quaint that it carries those who behold it back in imagination to the early days of Count d'Orsay and Lord Disraeli. The "Daily Mail" adds: "It is a narrow band of black moire silk ornamented at the ends with delicately fashioned diamond buckles. The band is worn quite taut across the waistcoat, and is about the length of the leather watch guard now popular among sportsmen—a trifle that looks inconspicuous, that is perfectly practical, and that costs about half a guinea. The price of the black moire band with its diamond fittings depends upon the value of the stones. Another reminiscence of the days of the dandies is the tendency among men at this present time to permit their hair to grow a shade longer than has been fashionable for some years past. It is also burnished to such splendid brilliancy that the use of macassar oil might be suspected, though the effect is really gained by a strenuous wielding of the brush, completed by the passing of a silk handkerchief over the ambrosial locks. Women who observe the trend of the times are fully, and not altogether without delight, expecting to see their men folk shyly cultivate a crop of curls above their marble brows, and modest clusters of them behind their ears, after the Byronic manner. They note also with satisfaction the assiduity with which the tailors are cultivating in their clients a neat and lissom waist, following the military tendency, accomplished in many cases by the wearing of stays. Stay-makers for men do not flaunt their wares as a rule in their shop windows, but all the same a demand for corsets for men, cleverly boned and made of the most delicate pompadour brocade, or of silk to match the underwear, are in huge demand."

A Woman's Power.

I was weary unto death with the struggle; I had battled and fought in my mad desire to attain that which I most coveted.

I had sacrificed my dignity and my position, and had done things which, if the final prize were not so great, I should blush to think upon.

Had I not left those who had been long in the race far behind, bleeding and exhausted, while I, ever selfish in my own desire, sped on with a determination deep rooted and evil, not caring what befel my victims?

And now—now! Ah, most cruel Fate, that at last it is over, and I have won, must I relinquish all—all that I have fought for, all that I have gained—and for a woman?

A weak, homely little woman?

Oh, that this should be! Man will do much for the woman he loves; yes, but I do not love this woman, do not think that I ever will, nor will she ever love me, even though this sacrifice be made wholly for her sake.

But the baby! Ah, yes, poor innocent little thing, she holds her to her heart, even as she stands before me.

The situation grows unbearable. I know that I must act, at once and quickly. So, rising to my full height, I raise my hat, and—since it must be done—offer her my seat in the Harlem train!—The "Harlemite."

Mommsen the Absent-Minded.

"Endless anecdotes are told of the great Mommsen, who was always buried in his own thoughts. I was on a tram one day as the little man with the big hat and long hair jumped off to go into the university. Said the conductor to me, with a grin: 'That's Mommsen. He doesn't know his own children!' The good professor's quiver was very full—I believe he had thirteen children—and it is a fact that he met one of them weeping in the street and tried to console it, without in the least recognizing it.

"One of the best stories, and perfectly true, is the following: A friend of Mommsen's met him one day in the Linden, coming from the university, hatless—as he frequently was—and walking in the gutter with one foot on the pavement. His friend asked him how he was; and Mommsen replied, 'Well, I feel all right; but I notice to-day that I seem to be limping. I fear I have got rheumatism.'"

Did She Know?

Fond Father (showing off his offsprings' intelligence)—Now, Elsie, dear, what is a cat? Elsie—Dunno. Fond Father—Well, what's that funny little animal that comes creeping up the stairs when everyone's in bed? Elsie (promptly)—Papa.—New York "Times."

Wife—Before marriage a man is known by the company he keeps. Husband—And after? Wife—By the clothes his wife wears.

ENGLISH SPAVIN LINIMENT
Removes all hard, soft or callaoused lumps and blemishes from horses blood spavin, curbs, splints, ring bone, sweeney, stifles, sprains, sore and swollen throat, coughs, etc. Save $50 by the use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful Blemish cure ever known.

Plant Used as a Rouge.

The Southern girl always had a pretty flush on her cheeks. She doesn't rouge, the other girls know that, for the flush is far too natural to come from such an outside source. Yet the fact remains that she who last year was pale is this year rosy. One day her hostess went into the room where the Southern girl was making her toilet and found her rubbing a green leaf on her cheeks.

Of course, then explanations were in order. The green leaf, it seems, was just common burdock. The burdock has a fuzzy surface, which, rubbed on the skin, brings the blood to the surface most effectively. After it is applied, the more the cheeks are bathed the redder they become. Here's a rouge worth while. Of course the "feel" of the burdock is not the most agreeable thing in the world, but its effects make up for its disagreeable qualities. The Southern girl was having fresh leaves sent to her every day in the letters from home, and that is the way she managed to keep up her healthful glow.

When her nefarious practice was thus finally discovered, she explained that the recipe for making and retaining rosy cheeks was an old one in her family, and had been handed down to her by her grandmother, who, in her turn in her young days, had used it, but that she was not unwilling to share the secret with her chums.—"Waverley Magazine."

Englishmen's Three Gods.

The Englishman is the last man among civilized races to be an artist, a musician or a poet, but he is the first to be a gentleman. An Englishman thinks coldly, loves coldly and fights coldly, but he gets there just the same. There is always a fascinating smoothness about him, and he worships three gods—his flag, his trade and his top-hat.—"Bulletin," Sydney.

A short time ago a pitman was asked by a friend who was very bowlegged to purchase when next "i' the toon" a pair of stockings for him. On the following Saturday the pitman entered the shop of a well-known hosier to make the purchase. The shopman was most obliging; but, having shown the intending purchaser nearly every pair in stock, he at last thought it time to ask of the man a more minute description of what was required. He said he had shown nearly all they had, and he was sure their shop was second to none; and, as they had hitherto given satisfaction to all classes, it was strange they could not now suit a customer. The pitman laconically replied, "What I want is a pair o' bow-legged yins."

Harris Cohen, the Baxter street clothier, whose recent death revealed the fact that the money he had made in business had all been lost in horse racing, was anything but an Irishman, yet frequently he made bulls.

One of his bulls concerned a horse he had just bought. A man said this horse was a poor one—said it could not compare with a certain animal of his own.

"Rubbish!" Cohen retorted. "Rubbish! Why, that horse of mine can stand still faster than yours can gallop."

Specialism is likely to run to seed. A physician just graduated from the medical school was asked about his plans. "I am to be a specialist on the nose." "Ah!" asked his bright interlocutor, "which nostril shall you treat?"

"Didn't you have a pleasant voyage?" he asked. "Oh, yes," replied Miss Greatblood, "except for the vulgar trade winds we encountered."—Philadelphia "Ledger."

A Thrilling Moment.

The death of the famous Spanish toreador, Reverte, recalls to the London "Globe" one of the most thrilling incidents ever witnessed in the arena. It was at Bayonne. After disposing of two bulls, Reverte had twice plunged his sword into a third, of great strength and ferocity, and as the beast continued careering wildly, the spectators began to hiss Reverte for bungling. Wounded to the very quick of his pride, the Spaniard shouted, "The bull is slain!" and, throwing aside his sword, sank on one knee with folded arms in the middle of the ring. He was right, but he had not allowed for the margin of accident. The wounded beast charged full upon him, but the matador, splendid to the last, knelt motionless as a statue, while the spectators held their breath in horrified suspense. Reaching his victim, the bull literally bounded at him, and, as he sprang he sank in death, with his last effort giving one fearful lunge of the head that drove a horn into the thigh of the kneeling man, and laid bare the bone from the knee to the joint. Still Reverte never flinched, but remained kneeling, exultant in victory, but calmly contemptuous of applause, till he was carried away to heal him of his grievous wound.

Those who of old Santa Claus
A silly myth would make,
Should do a little shopping now
And find out their mythtake.
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The daughters of the King are seldom recognized, except when they are with their parents. Recently Princess Victoria was walking in Bond street and desired to cross. The traffic was very much congested, and the Princess did not take advantage of her opportunity when the traffic was stopped, to the annoyance of the policeman on duty.

"Come, hurry up, young woman," said that functionary, gruffly; "we can't keep the cabs waiting all day for you."

The Princess smiled, and hurried.—Free Lance.

Sunlight Soap will not burn the nap off woolens nor the surface off linens.

SUNLIGHT SOAP REDUCES EXPENSE

Ask for the Octagon Bar.

The Heart of The Opal.

Now that opals have been restored to favor, and it is understood that instead of being omens of ill-fortune they are really "lucky stones," it is easy to understand why supernatural agencies have been ascribed to the fascinating gem, and it may be of interest to learn something of how to best preserve its brilliancy and beauty.

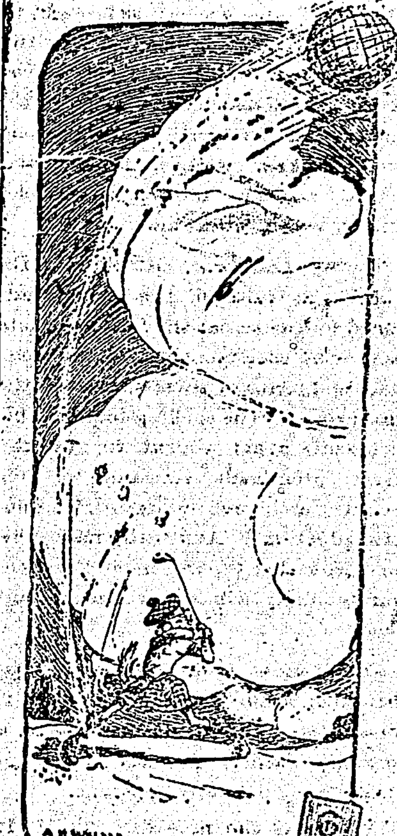
There is probably no other stone so susceptible to outside influences as an opal. The stone is soft, compared with other gems, and the flashing of its colors is due to the refraction of light on the tiny scales and almost invisible fissures within the stone, which act like a prism, dividing the light and throwing out all the varying hues of the rainbow.

The play of color is constantly changing. Dulness and brilliancy succeed each other with the regularity of atmospheric variations, moderate warmth having a distinct, luminating effect, while much heat is capable of robbing the stone of all its beauty by drying the moisture contained in the minute cells.

It is a curious fact, too, that there are vapors emitted from the human body in certain diseased conditions that are capable of rendering the stone dull and opaque. And the fading of life and fortune and the fading of the opal may be simultaneous, but the stone is the innocent victim of the condition of the wearer, not the cause of the disaster. Sir Walter Scott, in his "Anne of Geierstein" distorts the properties of the opal to heighten the uncanny element in his story, and to carry out this plot makes use of the supernatural.

To this story may be traced that "uncomfortable feeling" about an opal which people, not at all superstitious in other matters, cannot seem to shake off. If a man or a woman attempts to wear one, friends and acquaintances continually bring up the old superstition, until the uncanny stone sometimes ceases to delight. But it is time this old superstition should be sent flying after the old witch and her broomstick; for in the old days the stone was highly prized as an omen of good fortune.

Most of the finest opals come from Hungary, but the principal vein has been exhausted lately, so that the gem in its finest variety is exceedingly rare.—San Francisco "Bulletin."



A Scotch High Ball.—"Life."

Depriving the Pig.

A certain railroad officer driving one day in a farming country suddenly recollected his boyish fondness for buttermilk. Evidently, however, it was not churning-day in that locality, for he enquired at several houses without finding a housekeeper able to supply the desired beverage. With each repeated failure his thirst increased; nothing but buttermilk, he was convinced, would serve to allay that thirst, and buttermilk he intended to have if he were obliged to visit every farmhouse in that portion of the country.

At last his zeal was rewarded. He found his buttermilk—but lost his appetite at the same time.

"Yes," said the farmer's wife, pouring out a generous cupful of a pale-green, lukewarm, uninviting liquid, "I guess I can spare you a little, but I was saving it for the pig."—Carroll Watson Rankin.

A Scotch Wit.

Not many jokes that are made from the bench would stand being retold, much less printed. But with Commissioner Kerr it is different. Mr. G. Pitt-Lewis, K.C., in a book just published, which deals with the career of the late judge, reproduces many of his pungent sayings, and they stand the test remarkably well. The following will show that the old Scotsman, who was accustomed to hit straight from the shoulder, could also stand being hit back:

On one occasion an advocate with a beard and moustache (which he then [illegible]ated) appeared before him. "How can I hear you, sir, if you cover up your muzzle like a terrier dog?" he asked. "Well, I had rather be an English terrier than a Scotch cur," was the reply. The commissioner chuckled, and merely remarked, "Get on."

The commissioner's pet theory against giving credit once furnished occasion for a most amusing incident. One day a plaintiff was seeking to recover £13 odd for milk supplied. The commissioner said to a milkman, "I thought everyone paid for his pennyworth of milk each day as it was delivered." Plaintiff: "Oh, no, they don't, your honor. I serve your honor's house with milk; and they have not paid me for two months." The commissioner: "Ah, well, you'll not supply me any more; you will be watering my milk to make up for this £13 you are going to lose."

"I have been watching Harry, and I think the boy will make an artist."

"If he take[illegible]"

Little-Finger-Crooking

Little-finger-crooking is the outward and visible sign of an ostentatious soul.

The lines of a palm may be uncertain and misleading, but the crook of a little finger is a positive indication of the nature of its owner.

And, first, it denotes deceitfulness. The crooked little finger is more often seen on women than men, and this is because a larger proportion of the fair sex have deceitful natures.

The woman, then, who raises her tea cup with what she believes to be an elegant curve of her little finger, is trying to impress those who see her with the idea that hers is a refined and cultured nature. But the deceit is proved by the fact that this same woman seldom crooks her little finger in the privacy of her own room. This, therefore, proves that the crooking is not the natural result of refinement and culture, but a specious and flimsy pretense. Why it is accepted among those of the cult as a sign of good birth and breeding is a mystery indeed; for it has never yet been observed among the truly aristocratic. But it is so accepted, and it stands for veneering of all sorts.

If a woman is not quite sure of her position, her gown or her pronunciation, she crooks her little finger as she raises her bediamonded lorgnette, and fondly fancies all her shortcomings are overlooked.

As a rule, the little-finger-crookers are of those who sadly abuse the word "artistic." To them, anything bizarre or unesthetic is "artistic." A burnt-leather photograph frame, a draped fishnet or Bagdad burlap is enthusiastically dubbed with the poor, overworked adjective.

And then, with a smile of superiority, they curve their little fingers and sip their tea with the air of a connoisseur.

Deep and careful research has failed to discover the origin of the crook habit. The only possible presumption is that it is a relic of barbarism, and that there was a time when only [illegible] had cups to drink from. These, to protect themselves from their envious and covetous brethren, stuck out their little fingers to ward off possible assaults upon their porcelain [illegible].

Be that as it may, the crooking of the modern little finger apparently stands for a buffer against the assaults upon a fragile and easily demolished refinement.—"Cosmopolitan."

His Demand.

"What more can you ask?"

It was in the private office of one of America's greatest magnates. The gentleman sat twirling uneasily in his chair while his sole auditor gazed indifferently through the window as he slowly shook his head.

"Let me recapitulate," said the magnate, "and perhaps, my Lord Duke, you will reconsider your decision. You wish to marry my daughter. In return for this—in return for the privilege of uniting her with one of the flowers of England's nobility, namely, yourself—I offer you 400 shares in the stock of the Amalgamated Can Opener Company, par value $100; 2,000 shares of the Gold Hinge Power, par $1000; 100 bonds in the Compressed Leaves Limited, and a controlling interest in the Fish Scale International. Just think of it! Can it be possible, with this princely offer before you, that you absolutely refuse to marry my daughter?"

The Duke arose and turned toward the door.

"Yes, I refuse," he said, cruelly.

The desperate magnate strode after him.

"What will you consider?" he asked, anxiously.

The Duke looked back.

"It is absolutely necessary," he said, "that I have a hundred dollars in cash."

Challenge the Judge.

The Rochester "Post Express" thinks that the Buffalo witness who explained on the stand the other day that he preferred not to tell the truth as it might militate against the success of his side, was as frank as the old darkey who was put upon the witness stand and was asked whether he would understand what would happen if he did not tell the truth. He replied: "I 'specs our side will win de case, sah." It was a negro of a similar type who was being tried on a criminal charge, and during the preliminary part of the trial he had a juror challenged on the ground of prejudice. "Are there any more jurymen who have a prejudice against you?" enquired his counsel. "No, sah," replied the old man, "de jury is all right now, but I sholy would like to challenge the judge."—Buffalo "Commercial."

"Anthony Hope" on Marriage.

Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins, who was the special guest at a house dinner of the Authors' Club, referring to his recent marriage, said that twelve months before he became qualified to address them as a Benedict he wrote down his impressions of matrimony, occupying, as he did, to use the historic phrase, "a position of greater freedom and less responsibility," and he hoped that his no doubt ignorant but highly interesting lucubrations would find a publisher within the ensuing year. It was notorious that novelists wrote much better without experience than with it. Anyhow, he was going to call the novel "Double Harness." Literature, he continued, did not exist for the sake of making money. Money was a by-product, but it was a by-product which could easily be utilized. Even though a book was good, it sometimes insisted on making money.

Again on the War Path.

La Grippe has opened his winter campaign with all his old-time vigor. He is no respecter of persons, so you may be his next victim. It is, therefore, well to be prepared as far as possible, and in no other way can this be done so effectively as by fortifying the system against attack by taking FERROL, a perfect emulsion of Cod Liver Oil, Iron and Phosphorus, and, therefore, an unequalled tissue-builder, blood-purifier and nerve tonic.

In convalescence after an attack of La Grippe, nothing will so quickly and effectively restore a normal and healthy condition as FERROL.

Your Druggist has it.

Flipper: Why does he object to his wife going out alone in her motor-car?

Flapper: Because he can't see how one unmanageable thing can manage another.

Revelstoke Herald and Railway Men's Journal.

Published every Thursday. Subscription $2 per year. Advertising rates on application.

Changes of advertisements must be in before noon on Wednesday to insure insertion.

Job Printing in all its branches promptly and neatly executed.

THURSDAY, MARCH 24, 1904.

PROGRESS OF ORTHOGRAPHY.

Throughout all the workings of the universe nothing is so manifest as the system—the incontrevertible regularity, precision and order which dominates all the laws of nature. Nothing occurs by chance or accident. Everything has a regular cause and a reason for happening.

Laws which exhibit this harmony of concerted action most beautifully are—The indestructibility of matter—The law of magnetic attraction and repulsion—The law of gravitation, and the revolutionary system of the planets, which gives us our days, nights and seasons.

Not only are these laws of the universe perfectly systematic and methodic in their working but although the why of them has and always will baffle human intelligence, the simplicity of them is in all phases very apparent.

It is beyond the power of man to alter these rules and regulations of the Creator, in any degree, and certainly it is wise that it is so. They are arranged for his comfort, welfare and happiness and set as an example for him in the construction of his finite laws. Wherever man has obeyed these laws and worked in concert with them he has naturally been abundantly successful, when he has failed to obey and work in harmony with them he has dismally failed.

It is said that "Order is God's first law," and undoubtedly it is true. If the Creator required that, as his first principle certainly it is also a necessity to mankind, and our advanced civilization of to-day is the result of our infusing into all things, little or great, system and order.

Natural philosphy says a fluid of greater density than another will buoy up the fluid of lesser density. In compliance with this we build a structure by which we force the displace- of water by air and thus pursue our commerce upon the sea. In this we are systematic in that we follow a rigid principle. We do this because we are forced. When we are not compelled to follow certain laws and thus observe system and order we set up any arbitrary rule sensible or senseless, which happens to suggest itself to the fanciful brain. Frequently we disregard reason entirely and consequently we are encumbered with rules which are as contradictory as light and darkness.

Generally is this true of our English language (which, by the way, is the nearest to a perfect language, yet known) specifically is it true of one branch of it—orthography.

Writers and orators have labored to bring about a sensible and universal system of spelling, but like the farmer who kept asking in vain for his neighbors to come and assist him to cut his corn and finally found that the only way to accomplish anything was to do it himself. DO! There is the secret, cease advocating such a thing as good but do it, and show its value.

English people are laboring with their arbitrary pounds, shillings and pence. We are a little more systematic with our dollars and cents, yet our system might be made ten times more simple and practical. Even the universal decimal system of notation might with great advantage be changed to the octimal system. We are so arbitrary, we say 12 inches in a foot; 16 ounces in a pound (avdp.); 100 cents in a dollar; 12 ozs. in a pound (apoth.) 4 pecks in a bushel and 60 seconds in a minute, etc. What a terrible mixture! Where is the logic, reason or sequence in the above? Take the octimal system, and apply it thoroughly and see what a simplification—8 inches to a foot, 8 ounces to a pound, 8 or 64 seconds to a minute, 64 cents to a dollar, etc., etc. How easy it then becomes: Half a pound 4 ounces; quarter of a foot, 2 inches; eighth of a dollar, 8 cents; sixteenth of a dollar, 4 cents; thirty-secondth of a dollar, 2 cents; sixty-fourth of a dollar, 1 cent. What simplicity, no fractions, only 8 tables to learn instead of 12. Only 8 arbitrary figures to learn—infinite numbers following in a natural sequence to the young mind after mastering the first 8—instead of the 27 arbitrary figures even up to 100 which have at present to be learned.

To return from this little digression and repeat: There is no way to accomplish aught but to start out fearlessly and boldly and with no regard to criticism but in the light of reason and judgment pave the way to a proper system and order.

Significant is it that the medical profession, which has achieved more for mankind than any other product of the human brain, is taking up the sword and wading into the orthography of the English language. A medical journal entitled, "American Surgery and Gynecology", published in St. Louis, Mo., and as a periodical representing the very deepest thought and most intricate skill of the age, has started in and it is to be hoped that other leading journals of the day will assist in the good work and a liberal pruning and alteration will be continued till all this redundancy and contradiction in our present orthography will be done away with entirely and some consistency and order evolved from the chaos.

The above mentioned journal has wisely commenced gradually and struck a blow at the most flagrant incongruities as a starter. It has discarded the idiotic "ough" from "through" and spells it as it ought to be "thru". Also it has cut off the useless, "ugh" of "though" and leaves it in a rational form "tho". Still further has the worthy journal gone and "talked, walked, worked and mixed," are now the more sensible, "talkt, walkt, workt and mixt."

Emory Lanphear, M. D., Ph. D., L.L.D., the editor of the above mentioned magazine has the following note appearing each month under the name date and terms of subscription of the magazine. "The spelling found in this magazine is that voucht for by the most prominent educators of this country and is recommended for general adoption." And verily may it be so. Now that the ice is once broken, surely many will follow the valiant lead.

One cannot look over our alphabet and not find a great deal that is incongruous and should that one be a primary teacher, still more is the inconsistency painfully apparant.

Where is the necessity of "c"? It appears with two sounds that of "K" and that of "S". Thus it is a redundant letter and very confusing. We say to the child that c-a-t spells the word cat. The name of the letter "C" is one thing, the sound of it is quite different. To be systematic the name of any letter should be a suggestion as to its use. With "S" and "K", "C" is of not the slightest use.

Further the letter "G" is wrongly named. Rather should it be called "gay", using the hard sound invariably, then it would not be intermixed with "j" as it at present is. "H" is another misnomer, "hay" should be the name of this letter. The letter "q" cannot be used without its co-partner "u" why not give it its proper name "quay" and thus make it simpler. Then "w," what a name! "Dubbleu" or some such sound. This should be "way" in sound, and then it would be consistent with its use. And lastly "y" called "wi." Were this called "ye" as it should be if any connection is to be found between its name and use, then it would be consistent.

The letter "x" is amply significant in its sound and yet we will persist in prefixing "e" to it in nearly all cases—excuse, explain and extract. Why not drop the senseless "e."

We smile at the illiterate Englishman changing his "h's." We are just as foolish when we say "horse" and "hour," only we pride ourselves on following our arbitrary law.

While all alterations in orthography should be made with careful judgment and reason yet, now that the campaign is opened the most glaring of these offensive silent letters will surely be quickly dispensed with. All honor to the American Surgery and Gynecology Journal, and those that follow its lead.

LOOKING FOR TIMBER LIMITS

Enterprising Prairie Men Here After Investments.—Say That Their People Will Put Money in Here.

D. C. Parker, of Morden, Manitoba, and H. P. Simpson, of Winnipeg, are guests at the Hume. They are out here prospecting for timber land. They say they expect that there will be a very large accession to the population of Manitoba and the Territories during the coming year and for several years to come. With the increase in the number of people will come an augmented demand for lumber for all sorts of purposes. In order to supply that demand it will be necessary to call on the forests of British Columbia. These two gentlemen, who are wealthy and enterprising, say that they want to secure some timber limits in this province before the big rush to secure them begins. They intend to do this and will make another trip to this section for this purpose later in the year. They say that the provinces to the east cannot prosper without this province feeling the good effects of that prosperity; nor can British Columbia enjoy good times without the prairie provinces feeling the good effects of it. The two sections are so close together that they must necessarily trade a great deal with one another. What we have they have not, and what they have we are not provided with. Looking ahead a few years they can see that there will be a big demand for lumber in the section in which they reside and are determined to place themselves in a position to supply some of the demand.

When interviewed they stated that they were interested in real estate in Manitoba and thought it was the best country in the world, the same as the people here think that British Columbia holds the palm for all that is great. People who have not been on the prairies know very little about that section. Immigrants are coming in from Eastern Canada, Europe and the United States. Both gentlemen stated that they had attended a meeting at St. Paul at which was formed the Canadian Immigration Association. The idea of the association is to induce imigration from the United States. It has been decided by the association to spend $60,000 in advertising in the United States. The head office is in St. Paul. The Dominion and Provincial Governments, the city of Winnipeg, the railway companies and business men in Manitoba and the Northwest Territories are subscribing to the fund. The advertising department is under the charge of Theodore Knappen, who was formerly the associate editor of the leading St. Paul paper, but he gave up this lucrative position to push the advertising for the association.

Messrs. Parker and Simpson report that last year over 100,000 people came into Manitoba and the Territories, of which 50,000 were from the United States. They further state that they expect the influx will be even larger this year. So great is the demand for land that the price is advancing and good arable land is now worth from $6 to $7 an acre. This is cheap, they declare, for good wheat land.

The growth of Winnipeg has been very rapid, and is now putting on metropolitan airs. One sign of this is that a 12-storey steel building is to be erected by the Union Bank on the corner of Main street and William avenue, which will cost half a million of dollars. Last year the building permits in Winnipeg were for over $6,000,000 and this year the contemplated improvements will cost $9,000,000. The Canada Northern and the C.P.R. will spend about $4,000,000 this year in improvements at Winnipeg. The C.P.R. is putting in what it is claimed are the largest terminal yards in the world at Winnipeg, also new roundhouses and shops and other buildings. The builders will have all they can attend to this year in Winnipeg.

From what Messrs. Parker and Simpson have seen of British Columbia they feel satisfied that it is now on the up grade; that the mining, lumbering and business generally will be more assuredly prosperous than it has at any previous time. The people of the prairies are already looking around for places in which to put their surplus capital, and they predicted that many of them will invest in our mining, lumbering and other industries.—Nelson Daily News.

Yankee
WINTER RESORT
Pine Clad Sand Hills of North Carolina; Pine Bluff.
A Two-Cent Stamp for Booklet.
F. C. ALLEN, SECRETARY BOARD OF TRADE.

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Barrister, Solicitor, Etc.
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HARVEY, M'CARTER & PINKHAM
Barristers, Solicitors, Etc.
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W. B. FLEMING, W. M
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KOOTENAY STAR, R. B. P.
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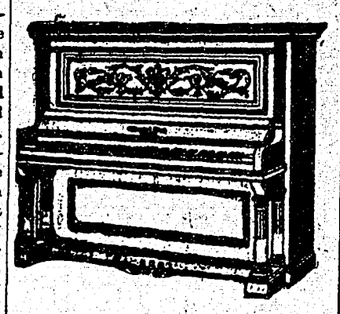

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

We are in receipt of the Seventh Annual Report of the Department of Agriculture of B. C. The Hon. R. G. Tatlow has prepared a very extensive and comprehensive report on the progress of this industry of our province. Throughout are numerous excellent cuts of farms, stock and fruit lands which show British Columbia to be second to none in quality of agricultural productions.

In speaking of Revelstoke the report says: "In the vicinity of Revelstoke quite a large quantity of land is under cultivation. Between Revelstoke and Carnes Creek there are some splendid flats for cultivation. At Revelstoke and along the railway line one is struck with the luxuriant growth of red clover and the thriftiness of the vegetable and root crop."

While we can claim for our district importance in the immense mineral and lumber wealth we can also show a considerable farming area. While much of the land is at present heavily timbered yet this timber—mostly cedar,—is very valuable and the cost of clearing is practically covered by the sale of lumber. This timber land makes the very finest fruit and vegetable land to be had anywhere. Even in the Big Bend country—essentially a mining locality and as such mountainous—there are, according to the report, numerous benches of excellent farming lands. As the mining industry of this section progresses, which it is bound to do, these lands will be cultivated and the products thus obtained will practically support the entire district—surely a gratifying consideration.

The decision of the judge of the court of revision in the matter of the assessment of certain lands of the K. & S. has been given to the effect that certain lands proven to have extensive timber values were left at the original assessment of $5; certain other lands of lesser timber values were reduced to $2.50 and the balance assessed at $1.

While the K. & S. people did not get all they claimed still we have been given to understand that the adjustment is quite satisfactory to them.

There seems to be a well founded rumor that there is a secret understanding between France and Britain, whereby the former will in all probability refuse to give any assistance to Russia in the present strife. If such be the case Russia is evidently on her own resources entirely and not backed up by France. True, what little help France could give would be of little avail as her trade with Britain is very great and any complications with England would practically cut off all her supplies.

It is quite possible that for this reason Britain has a distinct understanding with France that the latter shall refrain from entering into the present warfare in any way.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain who left London on Feb. 11th for Egypt, are returning both in excellent health.

Mr. Balfour will welcome the return of Mr. Chamberlain very heartily as the need of his presence is felt hourly considering the fiscal policy of Mr. Chamberlain which is now agitating the British cabinet.

Once more there seems a possibility of fresh Armenian atrocities. The Sultan has laid plans for the suppressive and probable extermination of the Armenians. France and the other signatories of the Berlin treaty will unite and force Turkey to refrain from such wholesale butchery as is her wont. It seems time that Turkey as a nation was wiped off the map. Perhaps no nation has at any time ever approached such brutality as Turkey has always been guilty of.

From the present outlook there seems to be quite an epidemic of the general elections. It is possible that the passing of the Grand Trunk Pacific bill may cause an appeal to the country some time this year.

The protective policy of Mr. Chamberlain is so far reaching and has so divided the British cabinet that a general election is most probable before 1905.

The American presidential campaign will soon be commenced.

Premier Coombes of the Republic of France is also on the eve of his resignation owing to various socialistic measures he has vainly attempted to introduce.

With Canada, United States, Great Britain and France all holding general elections there will be a fitting back ground to the cannonading in the Japo-Russian war.

The panic in the New York cotton exchange on Saturday owing to the failure of D. J. Sully & Co. to meet their margin calls on their vast holdings of cotton, was unprecedented in its frenzy and confusion. D. J. Sully during the past 15 months has "bulled" cotton from 7c. to 17c. per pound.

The "bears" made a well planned attack on Sully and unloaded immense quantities of cotton and sent the price down $13 per bale. Mr. Sully cornered cotton last May and cleared over a million dollars. At that time he forced the price up to 10c. per pound. This year he opened out on a much larger scale and unfortunately could not hold out. His losses will aggregate two or three millions.

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The people of the South are making more money than the people of any section of the union. Fruit growing and truck farming pay large profits because the farmer gets his products into market six weeks earlier than the farmer of any other section. Rice growing, sugar cane growing and the making of sugar, cotton growing brings to the farmers large return and these crops are sure. No droughts to cause a failure. Where people are making money is the place to loan for sure and safe return of principal and interest.

I give as reference Hon. Walter Clark, Chief Justice of Supreme Court for North Carolina, Raleigh, N. C; Mr. Josephus Daniels, Editor Daily News and Observer, the leading daily in North Carolina, Raleigh; Mr. John H. Sharp, Treasurer Seaboard Air Line Railway, Portsmouth, Va., and Mr. E. H. Clement, Editor Daily Transcript, Boston, Mass. If you want any information about the South, its lands, water powers, best place to spend winter, etc., as well as loaning money, write me and I will gladly reply. Address John T. Patrick, Pinebluff, N. C.

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THE HERALD deals with local matters in an impartial manner and for the past seven years has been an important factor in building up the City of Revelstoke.

THE HERALD is the Working Man's paper. It speaks fearlessly for the right no matter whose interests are affected.

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A FATAL WOOING

BY LAURA JEAN LIBBEY

Author of "The Crime of Hallow-E'en," "The Flirtations of a Beauty," "Willful Gaynell," "Little Leafy" "Only a Mechanic's Daughter," etc.

"That would be very appropriate indeed, and with a bunch of white heath or heliotrope on the breast, would form so pleasing a picture that the guests who saw you would never forget the lovely apparition."

"You sweet little flatterer," exclaimed Loraine; "you will make me exceedingly vain. You may go to the old chest in my room and bring the fichu— we will look at the effect anyhow; the chest is not locked."

The sweet odor of May blossoms stole in at the open window. The yellow canary in its gilded cage coquetted with the crimson breasted robin, swaying to and fro on the budding cedar boughs hard by, as if the cruelest blow that could be stricken at a human heart was not about to fall.

"I call that my 'curiosity shop,'" said Loraine, gayly; "I have no idea of the contents of it; some day, Izetta, you shall assort its contents for me; you will find no end of interesting bric-a-brac; the histories of many of these souvenirs are wonderfully romantic; among the debris you will come across a bunch of faded forget-me-nots, to which is attached a card with the initials E. H. The person whose name those initials represent was a beau of mine. You look surprised, Izetta," she added, with a gay laugh; "oh, I assure you I was quite a belle before I married; why, the poor fellow who sent those flowers quite refused to be comforted. We met him abroad; I would scarcely have recognized him he was so changed, and all for love of me," sighed Loraine, pityingly; "'twas said he lingered long over the wine-cup; I do not know how true that was; though he was to accompany Ulmont and me on our return trip home, he failed to join us, and I afterward read in the papers that he was dangerously wounded in a duel on the slippery Alpine heights the evening before we left. I never knew if he recovered, although I have repeatedly searched the foreign exchanges. You will find among the rest a faded lily; shall I tell you why I prize that above all else?"

"Yes," answered Izetta, taking up the lily which lay in a crimson velvet bed.

"Because," whispered Loraine, with a faint flush, "I wore that twined in my hair on the evening Ulmont asked me to be his wife; he was going abroad on the morrow.

"'Give me that lily, Loraine,' he said, 'and I shall wear it over my heart; whenever I gaze upon it I shall remember my Loraine's golden curls have rested against its white petals and its golden cup.' That is the reason that faded flower is beyond all price to me," she said, softly.

At last the fichu was found. As Izetta shook out its filmy folds, something dropped into her lap, hitting the wedding ring she wore with a clear, musical sound. Carelessly she stretched forth her hands to clasp it.

Loraine never forgot the wild, terrified cry that broke from Izetta's lips as she held up at arm's length a pearl portrait of a woman's face upon the petal of a graceful lily, her drooping curls wound round the stem and mingling with its golden calyx.

One sharp, jagged end had pierced her tender hand in falling, the hand which wore the marriage ring.

"My husband painted that portrait," said Loraine, proudly.

"Alderic, Alderic," moaned Izetta, faintly; the next moment she lay at Loraine Ulvesford's feet.

Kind hands bore Izetta to her chamber, placing her on the couch beside little Ulmont, who gazed in baby wonder at the still, white face of her who was wont to caress him.

Loraine had left the room in charge of a nurse an hour before. And the good old nurse wondered why the dark eyes bore such an expression of agony in their depths.

"Can I do anything for you, Mrs. Rossf" she inquired, and the answer came in a pitiful wail:

"Yes, leave me alone; it is the greatest kindness you can do me," and the beautiful face was turned toward the wall.

Still the attendant was loth to leave her alone; all the years of her life she had been used to seeing sickness and sorrow, but she had never seen such terrible woe in a human face before. A sudden fear crossed her mind.

"I'll leave you alone," she said, "but promise me you will do nothing rash. I do not know what great sorrow has come to you, but try to remember, for your baby's sake that you must bear up bravely. Have you forgotten your little baby in your sorrow, lady?'

"No," exclaimed Izetta, "it was of him I was thinking most; God help him; I shall go mad if I think of my poor little child," she cried.

Once more she was shut out from the gaze of mortal eyes — she was alone; had not little Ulmont been there, whom she loved, to claim her attention, her reason must certainly have left her.

Loraine Ulvesford's voice still rang in her ears, saying: "My husband painted that portrait."

Izetta leaned far out into the summer night, gazing up into the starry heavens.

"It was Alderic, my husband, who painted that portrait," she cried, wildly.

Her thoughts flashed through her brain like lightning.

How came Loraine Ulvesford with that portrait? Was she dreaming? Ah! the face of the portrait, where had she seen one like it?

Merciful Heaven; it was the smiling face of Loraine which she had seen in the hand of Alderic, her husband; which Alderic, her husband, had worn on his breast.

Izetta's breath came quick and hot; the blood leaped through her veins like molten lead; the very air seemed seething with all-consuming fire, bathing her very soul in its fiery caldron.

There could be no mistake; was not the very jagged corner proof positive? Izetta held the portrait tightly clenched in her hand when she had swooned, and they had not taken it from her.

She saw the portrait like a mocking, jeering falsehood coolly confronting her upon the table. She thought of that jagged edge of pearl she had so carefully treasured.

In another instant she held them in her hand; would those rough edges meet? God pity her, in another instant she would know.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Which Was His Wife?

Hoping almost against hope, Izetta caught up the portrait.

Oh, cruelest of cruel evidence, the jagged edges fitted each other exactly; this was no dream, but a terrible reality forced upon her.

The face, the form, the voice of Ulmont Ulvesford were so like Alderic, the husband who had abandoned her to the cold mercies of the pitiless world, the husband who had cast her adrift, with a smile on his lips and the blackest of falsehoods in his heart. The very breeze seemed whispering the startling thought.

Ulmont Ulvesford and Alderic, her husband could not be one and the same.

"This one has fair hair; Alderic's was dark," she cried; "and brother or other kindred he had none; he was the last of his race."

The very enormity of the terrible discovery which was dawning upon her almost drove her mad.

If Loraine's husband was Alderic, did he not know her? If he was her husband, how could he be the husband of Loraine?

"If this is Alderic," she cried, "great Heaven! which of us is his wife?"

The low breathing of little Ulmont aroused her; the thought of the baby was the keenest thrust of all.

"For baby's sake," she whispered, "I must probe this mystery to the very bottom.

Izetta drew herself up proudly to her full height; she forgot the wild, passionate love she had borne her husband in the face of the foul wrong that had been done the deserted wife.

"This cannot be Alderic," she wailed, "the husband of another — for am not I his wife before God and man? The very heaven that bends above us, and the listening angels can bear witness to my marriage. I would have flung myself into the stormy ocean before I would have bent myself to even a shadow of wrong in thought or action. I have always held my honor stainless. I shall not believe it sullied now. Heaven could not have been so cruel. I could not hope to meet my angel mother above if a stain lay on my soul."

A great torrent of tears welled up from the dark eyes, bringing no relief.

She flung herself down on the couch, her long, dark hair falling around her like a veil, moaning out:

"Alderic, Alderic! oh, cruel love, better I had died in infancy upon my mother's breast than live to suffer this!"

All the long summer night Izetta paced the floor, love, horror, and bitterest despair struggling in her heart for supremacy. Scenes such as that have made gentle, loving woman, the bitterest, most revengeful of foes.

"Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned."

It was strange her overcharged young heart did not burst then and there. How strange life should cling to her so tenaciously, when she wanted so much to die; she told herself she had not strength to live.

"My poor little Ulmont," she said, laying her hot cheek against baby's; 'tis well you are a boy; I could not have left an innocent little girl to have been thrown out on the mercies of relentless fate. Which would have been the worst crime, to have taken her with me in her innocent, sinless babyhood, or to have realized she would be buffeted about by adversity; and, if too weak to cling to life and hope, would not some cruel, blighting hand have struck her down like a reed in the storm? Thank Heaven, you are a boy, my sweet little one," she murmured. "I am very grateful for that boon. There is but one course left us, baby," she whispered. "We must leave this place at once; we will utter no word of the terrible wrong that has been done us!"

Izetta had read deep, tragic sorrows that had come to the lives of women, but she never remembered to have read of one as pitiful as her own.

How dared he gaze upon her face or the face of her child if he be Alderic, who had pledged himself so solemnly to the dying to protect her?

If she could only settle the question of the fair hair to her satisfaction, she would go forth with her child upon her arm and confront him, flinging out her wrongs that the whole wide world might know, crying out:

"See! this is the man who married me but to forsake me in my greatest need—and, lo! I find him the husband of another!"

Ah, this was why each caress he had given Loraine entered her heart like a dagger thrust.

She remembered, with a burning flush, how he had pressed his false, fair, smiling lips to Loraine's, but yester-noon at parting, while she, his wife, stood by.

She had heard of the daring treachery of men, but this exceeded her wildest imagination; all other crimes paled before this.

Izetta knew Loraine would soon come, or send to see if she were better.

"She would never be better now," she told herself, "until she died."

How could she look into Loraine's fair face, knowing she had stolen her husband's love from her, the love which had been her very life?

God help these two fair proud women; 'twas hard to judge between them; who could tell which breast would feel the deadly arrow's stroke the keener?

If this indeed by Alderic, Izetta could but pity poor, deceived Loraine; she had not forgotten that 'twas she who sheltered her that night from the pitiless storm. She wished devoutly she had perished out in the cold and the snow.

At that moment she heard Loraine's step in the corridor; she knew full well the dainty tapping of the dittle slippered feet.

"May I come in, Izetta, please?"

"Yes," answered Izetta, and she was startled at the hoarseness and hollowness of her own voice.

Loraine tripped lightly across the room to where she sat; the very room seemed brighter for her presence there.

"You are better this morning, are you not, Izetta? I had hardly expected to find you up and dressed so early."

Loraine drew back with a startled cry at the white, haggard face raised up to her own.

Izetta did not tell her she had not laid her weary head upon the pillow all the long night through.

"I was frightened about you last night; but I am still more frightened about you this morning. All the bloom has left your face; you look like a rose suddenly withered by an unexpected frost. If you have a secret sorrow, Izetta, tell me, could I lighten it in any way for you?"

A sudden impulse seized Izetta to unburden the terrible secret to Loraine, but it was instantly abandoned. She could not bear that the fair face of the only being who had been kind and gentle toward her should turn from her in horror and amazement at the accusations she would bring against her husband's honor.

"No, no, not yet," Izetta told herself; "she must think first what would be best."

A sudden thought occurred to her; she would speak to Loraine about her husband's hair; the suspense of the terrible mystery was killing her.

"Did you tell me, Mrs. Ulvesford, your husband painted that portrait?" asked Izetta, pointing toward the table on which it lay.

"Yes," answered Loraine, always pleased to speak of her husband. "He painted it while he was abroad in Italy, I believe, and quite from memory, too."

There was no mistaking the face; any one could see Loraine was certainly the original.

"How strange it seems, Mrs. Ulvesford," said Izetta, in a low voice, striving to appear calm. "that you should have preferred a —a husband with fair hair so like your own."

Loraine laughed a little, jolly laugh, replying:

"That is quite the amusing part of our romance. I always tell Ulmont I could never have fallen in love with a fair-haired suitor. Why, when we were first engaged, his hair was brown, a dark, glossy, nut-brown."

Loraine did not notice that the white, drooping face turned away from her was pale as death.

"I have a pretty portrait of my husband, the way he used to look; it is quite amusing to see the two pictures together, curiously alike, and yet so unlike. Come to my room, you shall see them."

Izetta followed her, like one in a dream.

"There," said Loraine, drawing aside the heavy silken curtains, "here they are side by side."

Izetta raised her eyes to the fatal picture. No word or cry escaped her; she seemed as if turned to stone.

No mustache concealed the proud mouth, whose every curve she remembered so well, and the dark-brown hair clustered about the brow of Alderic.

She had hoped against hope, prayed blindly to heaven that this might be a mere coincidence; all hope lay crushed; the last straw was broken. She was face to face with the terrible truth: Ulmont, Loraine's husband, and Alderic were one.

In that critical ordeal the promise she had given blind Marguirette came back to her.

"If ever you meet the one whom you have called husband, promise me that you will do nothing, say nothing, on the impulse of the moment."

Izetta knew that hour had now come to her; she would not break the promise she had given.

"You look so white and wretched, I beg you to go back to your room and lie down again; you are not yet rested. I can get on nicely without you. I am expecting mother to drive from Lorrimer Hall to-day, and Ulmont will return by dusk. I shall fill in the time very nicely," urged Loraine.

Glad of escaping to her own room again, Izetta consented to rest. She wanted time to think.

"I will take my child away at once," she said, bitterly. "He shall never again look upon the face of the child he has so cruelly wronged."

How his words taunted her.

"I should not like to part with the little child," he had said. "Indeed, I think him the handsomest little fellow I have ever seen."

She concluded to take little Ulmont to blind Marguirette's cottage that very night; then she would come back and confront her guilty husband.

A terrible idea occurred to her in her bewilderment and agony; she was rendered desperate by the thought of the cruel wrongs that had been done her.

"Heaven help me!" she cried out bitterly. "Whatever happens, I cannot hold myself accountable for my actions; my very sufferings cry out to heaven for vengeance!"

CHAPTER XXXIII.

For Her Child's Sake.

Had it not been for her child, Izetta would have crept silently away from the home which should have been hers and little Ulmont's in the dead of night.

"For my child's sake I must act differently," she told herself. A strong fear was upon her that he might attempt to keep her child.

No! she must guard against that, at all events. She would take the child at once to Silvernook. She hastily wrapped a thick, dark shawl around him and bore him from the room.

If she met any one, she could say she was taking baby for an airing in the grounds. No one would question her except Loraine; she must certainly avoid meeting her.

Izetta took the path that led by the carriage drive. She would certainly meet no one there, she told herself.

She had scarcely proceeded a dozen rods ere she came face to face with Mrs. Lorrimer, who was leisurely driving her pony-phaeton along the highway.

A dark frown crossed the lady's face as her glance fell upon the child; she inclined her stately head in a cold formal bow in Izetta's direction, touched her pony lightly with her whip, and was soon lost to sight beyond the lime trees.

Izetta tremblingly clasped little Ulmont closer to her breast, speeding quickly onward.

She was greatly fatigued when she reached Silvernook, which was about dusk; and her arms ached with Ulmont's weight.

It had been long months since she had trodden those grassy lanes; how much suffering she had passed through since then?

Izetta crept softly up the walk that led to the flute-maker's door. A cheerful, home-like picture met her gaze.

Marguirette sat at the spinning-wheel and Abel sat near her, puffing great wreaths of smoke from his stumpy pipe. Her keen ear had detected cautious, approaching footsteps.

"There is some one at the door, Abel," she said; "see who it is."

Izetta stole softly in, as Amy had done— the poor, Amy, whom the blind, patient mother so sadly mourned.

"Mrs. Moore," she said, softly, "I have come back to you, but I am not alone. I have brought my little child."

Izetta never forgot the cheery welcome she received at that humble cottage, a welcome that came from the very depths of their hearts, and, like a weary child, she sobbed out her sorrows on faithful Marguirette's honest breast.

She told her of her wanderings and of her persecution; how she had lost her way in the terrible storm while on her journey to Silvernook, and had found shelter at Ulvesford Mansion, but a few miles distant; but she could not bring herself to divulge the terrible discovery she had made; she could not tell them that at Ulvesford Manor she had found her husband. Ah, no; she could not tell them that!

"What is the little one's name?" asked Marguirette, patting the little curly head; "what do you call him?"

"Ulmont," said Izetta, in a voice she strove vainly to steady.

"Is he named after the master of Ulvesford Mansion?" questioned Marguirette.

"His wife gave him that name," answered Izetta, in a low, quivering voice, deep flushes burning her pale face at the startling truth.

Strange, she had not thought of it before.

"Will you keep little Ulmont here for a few days, Mrs. Moore? I will pay you well for it. I must return to the manor to-night."

"To-night?" echoed both Abel and Marguirette, in astonishment.

"Yes," she replied, firmly, "to-night."

"Bless the dear little fellow," said Marguirette, crying softly over him; "of course, I will keep him for you, Izetta; but do not speak of money; poor as we are, I could not take it; the happiness of having this little form resting against my lonely breast, if but for a day or an hour, is all I ask."

It was with the greatest difficulty Izetta induced the aged couple to accept the money of which they stood in such need.

"I shall not remain there longer than to-night," she said, hesitatingly; "then I will tell you what course I have decided upon for little Ulmont's future and my own."

Izetta resolved to take the stage back to Boston; by so doing she could reach there a little after dark; she was nerving herself bravely for the ordeal of seeing Ulmont Ulvesford and confronting him with his crime, of which she had been the innocent dupe, that very night.

(To be Continued.)

THEY ARE HOUSEHOLD WORD

Dodd's Kidney Pills doing great Work in Prince Edward Island

They put John J. Burns on his Feet After Eight Years suffering—His Case Only One of Many.

Darnley, P.E.I., Jan. 11.—(Special).—All through this tight little island, Dodd's Kidney Pills have established a reputation that has made them a household word. Many are the cases of Kidney Disease that have vanished before a treatment of Dodd's Kidney Pills. They have proved they cure sick Kidney complaints from Backache to Bright's Disease and all diseases resulting from disordered Kidneys from Rheumatism to Heart Disease.

John J. Burns, of lot 18 Darnley, and a well known member of the I.O. F., is one of the most notable cures and he often tells the story of it. "For over eight years," he says, "I suffered from what the doctors pronounced chronic Inflamation of the Loins and Kidneys. I got so bad I could scarcely walk, sit or sleep. The doctor's medicine did not help me, and I was about to give up in despair, when an advertisement led me to try Dodd' Kidney Pills. They did a wonderful work for me. I am now cured, and thank Dodd's Kidney Pills for saving my life."

The Kind of Man a Woman Likes.

On the face of it, the answer is obvious. A woman likes any kind of man better than no man at all. But what sort of man do the majority of women like best? Good women appear to favor bad men, perhaps because opposites attract, and also because they frequently appear to entertain a foolish delusion that they might be able to reform them. On the other hand, it is often found that unprincipled women—one does not like to call them "bad," for, as a gallant Irish peer once observed, the only way in the world that a true gentleman will ever attempt to look at the faults of an attractive woman is to shut his eyes—are usually keen in looking out for a man whom they term "a good sort"—one who will let them have their own way in everything, and who is kind-hearted, generous, patient, self-sacrificing and devoted (if such can be found)! But nearly all women appreciate a kind-hearted man, a man who is attentive to their wants, considerate of their weaknesses, full of petits soins, and lavish with his compliments and caresses—and, needless to say, his money.

A mean, niggardly man is particularly disliked, no matter what good qualities he may be possessed of in other directions. It may be absolutely necessary to exercise the strictest supervision over the household expenditure, but if the chancellor of the domestic exchequer has reduced the study of economy to a fine art and is little short of a financial genius, it will be deemed at best but a negative virtue on his part, and his cheeseparing policy will rarely commend itself either to his wife or to any other member of his household.

"I like a man to be a man," is an oft-repeated dictum of the fair sex. This axiomatic saying seems, at first, absurdly simple. But the Delphic utterance, with epigrammatic brevity and comprehensiveness, reveals, upon examination, a tremendous truth. Woman likes a man who is anything rather than a duplicate of herself. He must be manly, not effeminate; strong where she is weak; bold where she is timid; dauntless, outspoken and passionate where she is hesitating, fearful and reserved.

He must be a man who can act well his part in the outside world, for, strange to say, woman rarely likes or appreciates the domesticated man, who, they say, is "like a woman about the house," and who can wash and dress the children, or put them to bed, or cook the dinner with equal facility. Most women seem actually to prefer that a man should be positively helpless when within the walls of his own home, but probably this is because they wish him to realize his utter dependence upon them, and his incapacity to grapple with domestic problems of any and every kind during their absence.

It is the modern human fashion to consider that women are not ruled by passion. Never was there a greater fallacy. If woman is ruled by anything beyond her own whims and fancies for the moment, it is by passion—but she calls it love! Women, au fond, are all more or less passionate, and the men who appeal to her primitive passions and instincts are the men she really likes best.

"Man dreams of fame while woman wakes to love,"

and since love is a woman's "whole existence" the reason why she allows sentiment to guide her rather than common sense is not far to seek.

In spite of Wilkie's well-known boast that though it took him half an hour just "to talk away his face" (on account of his extreme plainness) he would beat any man that entered the lists against him for a lady's favor, it is undeniable that most women prefer men who are good-looking, and, in addition, well groomed and smart in appearance. Not that they admire a dandy or a fop, or a man who attaches too much importance to dress and fashion.

When Wilkie wrote his challenge to Lord Townshend he said: "Your lordship is one of the handsomest men in the kingdom, and I am one of the ugliest; yet give me but half an hour's start, and I will enter the lists against you with any woman you choose to name, because you will omit attentions on account of your fine exterior, which I shall double on account of my plain one." This is, of a certainty, a challenge full of assurance and conceit, but Wilkie knew his world—or, at any rate, the feminine portion of it—when he suggested the powerful influence of "attentions." No true woman ever disregards or disapproves of "attentions," even when bestowed by men to whom she is indifferent, but when they come from the man of her heart and choice they are treasured and prized enormously.

A woman is both fond and faithful, and the more a man respects her sensitiveness and her not always or altogether unworthy weaknesses over this question of sentiment the better will she like him. Women admire bravery, pluck, heroism in a man, also his skill in athletic sports and outdoor games generally. Commanding intellect or talent does not appeal to them in the same degree. Clever women, in particular, have a keen eye for physical perfection and prowess in a man. They admire a witty man, but they do not love him. The quiet woman likes a lively man, one who can "talk interestingly," and prevent her from feeling dull; the chatterbox prefers a quieter specimen of humanity, who will be content to let her do all or most of the talking, but who will be genial and attentive, not surly or gloomily unresponsive.

"Has your master come home yet?" asked the wife of a city man, addressing her housemaid. "No, ma'am," answered the girl. "But I thought I heard him in the hall just now?" continued the lady. "Oh, that was Towser you heard, ma'am, growling over a bone!" The grumpy, growling kind of man is most emphatically not the kind of man any woman likes, but she will forgive a great deal to a man who is cheerful and sympathetic, ready to make the best of things, considerate in trifles, thoughtful for her comfort, and anxious to protect her to the best of his ability "till death do them part."—"Modern Society."

Women and Kisses.

There are three classes of women:

1. Women who want to be kissed.
2. Women who do not want to be kissed.
3. Women who look as though they would like to be kissed, but won't let men kiss them.

The first men kiss, the second they do not kiss, the third they marry.

ITCHING BURNING SKIN.

Disfiguring Humors and Eruptions Permanently Cured.

Dr. Agnew's Ointment.

Diseases of the skin inflict intense pain, suffering and disfigurement. If not cured in time, they end in the decay of the bones, a pallid complexion, loss of strength, and a gradual wasting away of the body. **Dr. Agnew's Ointment** is an absolute specific in Scrofula, Eczema, Salt Rheum, Tetter, Ring Worm, Barbers' Itch, Ulcers, Erysipelas, Liver Spots, Prurigo, Psoriasis, and all sores and disfiguring eruptions of the skin. An old soldier, S. E. Buckman, residing at the National Soldiers' Home, Grant Co., Ind., writes: "I was a constant sufferer from skin complaints. Last summer a disfiguring eruption appeared on my face, and I decided to try **Dr. Agnew's Ointment.** I was relieved after the first application, and in a remarkably short time absolutely cured." **35 cents.**

Few Escape Dyspepsia and Indigestion.

If you suffer their agonizing pains, it is because you do not know that **Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets** relieve at once and cure when all other remedies have failed to benefit. 60 tablets, 35 cents. No. 34

"We used to think she was a lazy girl."

"Yes; that was when she was poor."

"How about it now?"

"Why, now that she is rich, we merely note the evidence of lassitude and ennui."—Chicago Post.

A TOTTERING WRECK.

Weak and Shattered Nerves Are Rapidly Restored to Health.

South American Nervine.

Three out of every four people who suffer from chronic and incurable diseases do so because of a disordered nervous system. **The Great South American Nerve Tonic**—not a medicine, but a physiological nerve food—restores vigor to the nerves and reconstructs the worn-out tissues. Cures Lost Appetite, Loss of Flesh, Headache, Palpitation of the Heart, General Debility, Liver and Kidney Disease, Colds and Coughs, Nervous Prostration and all other diseases of the nervous system. A. W. Stephens, a prominent business man of Strathaven, Ont., writes as follows: "I was a total nervous wreck. I almost despaired of ever recovering my health, until I followed a friend's advice and tried **The Great South American Nervine Tonic.** In a miraculously short time, I was entirely well."

A Sallow, Muddy Complexion.

If your kidneys are not in proper condition, your skin will soon tell the tale. ***South American Kidney Cure*** restores normal health to the condition, clears the skin of every impurity. Relief in six hours. No. 35

The Latest Humor.

"There is always room at the top," remarked the person with the chronic quotation habit.

"Yes," rejoined the easy-going optimist, "but in case of fire it's better to be at the bottom."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

"Here, take this rifle!" cried the excited showman. "The leopard has escaped! If you find him, shoot him on the spot."

"Which spot, sir?" gasped the green circus hand.—Chicago Journal.

Mrs. Cobwigger—Now that you are able to afford a box, it must be lovely to go to the theatre.

Mrs. Newrich—But it isn't, my dear. We are expected to arrive when the show is about half over and to go out before it is finished.—Puck.

DANGER IN THE AIR.

When Your Heart Gives Warning of Distress, Don't Neglect It.

Dr. Agnew's Cure

for the Heart is guaranteed to give relief in thirty minutes, and in a short period so strengthen and restore the heart to perfect action that the entire body feels rejuvenated. An ideal remedy for Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Neuralgia, Hot Flashes, Sick Headache, Mental Despondency and all other ailments resulting from impoverished nerves through lack of blood. The Rev. Father Lord Sr., of Montreal, Canada, says: "I had been a sufferer for 20 years with organic heart disease, and used a number of remedies, both in France and America, but could not even obtain temporary relief. I tried Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart, and was indeed surprised at the immediate relief I obtained. I am firmly convinced that there is no case of heart disease that it will not cure."

Humiliating, Disfiguring Eruptions?

If so, use **Dr. Agnew's Ointment.** No better remedy to restore the skin to a healthful condition. Not a grease, but a pure medicinal salve that cures like magic. Once you use it, you will use no other. **35 cents.** No. 36

Anecdotal.

During a recent conversation between District Attorney Jerome and several members of the New York bar reference was had to the sharp practices of a certain notoriously shifty politician of the city. "Certainly he is never at a loss," said Mr. Jerome. "Do you know, I really believe that if that man were cast on a barren rock in mid-ocean he would make money—if there were another man on the rock."

The late Thomas B. Reed's portrait was painted by Sargent during the last year of his services in Congress. When it was brought to him he looked at it critically. He noted the protruding lips, the faithful reproduction of his florid complexion, of his flabby cheeks, of his ponderous neck. His eyes narrowed between the lids, and there came a cold glint in them. Then, pursing his lips as was his wont, he is said to have remarked: "I hope that my dearest enemy is satisfied now."

Congressman Frank C. Wachter says that once, when a party of candidates were touring the State of Maryland, they stopped at the home of a farmer in one of the counties and found him not at home. They, however, saw his wife, and one of the candidates said to her: "Madam, is your husband a Democrat or a Republican?" "Well," she replied, "I'll tell you about him. He goes about a good deal, and when he is with Democrats he is a Democrat; when he is with Republicans he is a Republican; but when he is around here he is a darned nuisance."

Richard Mansfield has, like many other men, a host of enemies. One of these enemies paid him a sincere compliment last year. Mr. Mansfield was playing in "Beaucaire," and the enemy, a stage carpenter, peered at him from the wings of a Cleveland theater, scornful at first, but gradually less scornful. And, as the act went on, the carpenter, though he hated the actor, became more and more absorbed. He stood silent and rigid. He watched every gesture, he observed every intonation, of the star. And finally, when the curtain fell, he exclaimed, with flushed cheeks and a little tremor in his voice: "D— him, that man could act a gridiron!"

Mr. Choate, the ambassador of the United States at London, tells a story of a sculling-match that took place between an Englishman, a student of Oxford, and an Irishman, a student of Cambridge. The Briton won handily. At no time was he in danger of defeat. Moreover, in a spirit of fun and bravado, he had stopped two or three times in his course, and had bade the Irishman in the rear "to hurry up." After the race the Irishman came in for a good deal of chaff, in view of the overwhelming defeat he had suffered. But he merely shrugged his shoulders. "Faith," he said, "if I had had the long rests that he took I could have beaten him easily."

Marcellus Hartley Dodge, who has given $300,000 to Columbia University, was president of the class of '93. One of his classmates said the other day that Mr. Dodge had been a capable and conscientious student. "I remember, though," he went on, "a day when we had a singularly hard recitation in geometry. Before a certain difficult proposition student after student was stumped. The instructor said to each of them in turn: 'Very poor, indeed, sir. Come and see me at the end of the hour.' Finally this very difficult proposition reached young Dodge. He rose, bowed to the instructor and said gravely: 'I will come and see you, sir, at the end of the hour.'"

When Sir Henry Irving was staying lately at the Queen's Hotel, Manchester, a small boy, about six years old, son of Mr. William Mollison, a well-known member of Sir Henry's company, strayed into his rooms one afternoon. Invited to make himself at home, and take some refreshment, he consumed a pear and a bottle of lemonade with apparent satisfaction. Then gazing steadfastly at his host, he said, "I do miss Phil May." "So do we all," said Sir Henry, gravely. "Yes, but I miss him most," pursued the child. "He was my chum." "Ah! that makes it very hard," said Sir Henry. There was a long pause, and then the little fellow asked very earnestly, "Will you be my chum now?" So they swore eternal friendship on the altar of Phil May's memory.

A bookseller tells a story which admirably illustrates the tact and humor of the late Bernard Quaritch, the London dealer in books and manuscripts. The New York man visited Quaritch's shop for the purpose of obtaining a number of valuable scientific works. After making his selection, he stepped up to Mr. Quaritch and asked the price. As Mr. Quaritch began to quote the figures the American interrupted him, saying: "But I am a dealer myself. What are the trade prices?" "Oh," replied the famous bookman, "I thought you were a gentleman." The American was taken aback for a moment, but only for a moment, for Mr. Quaritch held out his hand and said, smilingly: "But I am delighted to find that you are not only a gentleman, but a dealer as well. The trade discount is one-third off."

Special to the Ladies.

We wish to call the attention of ladies who desire to improve their complexion to the arsenical preparations advertised in another column.

Dr. Campbell's Safe Arsenic Complexion Wafers and Fould's Medicated Arsenic Soap have been before the public for years, have been tried and tested, and have made a reputation in all parts of the world! As an internal remedy the Wafers purify the blood and clean the skin of all imperfections, as they are made from the formula of an old and celebrated physician and are really a medicine, while the soap is absolutely pure, and can be used on the most delicate complexion with the certainty that it will whiten and beautify.

Dr. Edson of the New York Board of Health once said that arsenic was literally a "Life Renewer." The Wafers and Soap are on sale at most of the drug and department stores in Toronto.

The Duke's "Missus."

A good story is going the rounds of a certain noble Duke whose wife holds a distinguished position at court. His Grace had occasion to dismiss a workman in his employ. The man paused a moment, and then said, "Certainly, your Grace; but, poor as I am, I ain't never been forced to send the missus to service!" Nobody, it is needless to say, enjoys the story more than the Duke himself.

How Religion Enlarges Life.

J. B. Remensnyder, St. James' Lutheran Church.

I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly.—John, x., 10.

No word is so expressive as "life." But life has a very kaleidoscopic range of significance. To some it has a narrow meaning, to others a large one. The life of the savage is dull and restricted as compared with the life of the civilized man, with its expanded and brightened aspects

To the universal human yearning for a deeper, larger life Christianity offers a unique response. To the cry of the soul for life it answers. "Life!" St. John tells us:—"In Him was life, and that life was the light of men." And this feature differentiates it from all other religions.

Why did the Egyptians embalm their dead? In a vain attempt to defeat the inevitable corrosion of time. Yet what a mockery of existence these sepulchred, mummified forms! The pious Hindoo indulges as his highest future hope the absorption at death into the nirvana' of an impersonal, dreamless sleep. And the noble spirits of the Greeks and Romans, wandering disembodied by the Styx, sighing for the earthly state they had lost, had but a fleeting shadow of life.

How refreshing, then, like a renewing breath over the dry bones of the world of death, these great words of the Son of Man:—"I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." That is, religion is a message of life. This is its prime feature, its supreme purpose. It fulfils this mission in two ways:—

First, by awakening the spiritual life. The life of man is threefold—animal, intellectual, spiritual. The spiritual is that in which exists the divine image. It is far the noblest form of life. It is the life of fellowship with God, of discernment of the spiritual and eternal, of heavenly aims and aspirations. Yet this uppermost round of life is just that into which men and women do not enter until awakened and lifted up to it by religion. And so marvellous is the change of experience it brings that it can only be denoted by "a new birth," a being "born again," an opening of the soul's vision to a higher realm of being.

And the second way in which religion is a message of life is by its revelations of immortality. This "new creature" is superior to death. The vital principle, inbreathed by the Spirit of God, can never die. Through the shock of death it shall be preserved, and when time shall be no more, and when at the archangel's trump creation shall be uncreated, undimmed will it shine on in the firmament of eternity.

We see here, then, the great mistake of many conceptions about religion. One of the most current of these is that it fetters, narrows, circumscribes life. People shrink back from religion, fearing that it will largely make them part with life, take its vim, its range, its felicity from it; whereas precisely the reverse is true. Christ proclaimed no fettered, gloomy, ascetic Gospel. But His message was one of good tidings, of freedom, of uplifting. He not only called to life, but to larger life, to higher life, to more exalted raptures. Religion denies no rightful pleasure, it restricts no natural faculty. It does not preach abstinence, but temperance. It only adds to the animal and intellectual sense of being the spiritual, the crown and flower of life.

A notable illustration of this Morley gives in his "Life of Gladstone." "His religious faith inspired him to high thought and noble action and gave new strength and beauty to his fine nature. There was in the greatest English scientists of the last century something lacking, that left them with a touch of meanness, narrowness and hardness and kept them to a lower range of manhood than that of Gladstone."

Religion, then, is a message of life, and of larger life. Those who hold back from it are only debarring themselves from the noblest actions, the finest experiences and the rarest joys. At the death of such a person, no matter what may have been his wealth and mental culture, we may truly say:—"He has never lived; he has never beheld the true secret of life." Religion but expands the nature of man, broadens the diameter and enlarges the horizon of life. It quickens the spiritual, it gives true freedom, it fosters love and good-will, it intensifies joy, and over the mound of death it rears the rainbow of an immortal hope.

We only then sound the vast range of life and taste the rarest essence of being when we develop and give scope to our religious nature. This is that message of a larger, fuller, more blissful life which religion brings, and which Jesus voices in these pregnant words:—"I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly."

The condition of the labor market in London, according to The Star of that city, is described by a Salvation Army officer who recently applied in person to a few of the advertisements in the daily papers. An advertisement for a carpenter asked that applications should be made at 9 a.m. At half-past 8 35 workmen were in waiting, and by 9 the number had increased to 110. The Electric Tram Company wanted men for road work, and when one of the applicants arrived at 8.30 there were over 300 men waiting. Thirty, who had shovels of their own, were engaged. For a job of night-watchman, at 24s a week, there were over 200 applicants. For the situation of a stoker to attend to an underground boiler and fires for a week of 77 working hours at 25s, there were 60 applicants. One man replied to an advertisement for a gardener, the wages being 22s a week. The man determined to get it, if possible, and arrived at the place at 7 a.m., when he saw a crowd of 350 there before him. The saddest sight was the rush for a warehouse porter's job at a guinea a week. There were no fewer than 150 men of all ages, from 20 to 50, and all respectably dressed, waiting.

For the Farmer

A horse trained to walk fast, whether suitable for the saddle, single harness or team, always commands a better price than one equally good in other respects, but a slow walker.

Attention is called to the dairy convention called at Belleville on January 6-8, and to that at St. Thomas on January 12-14, both of which are expected to be of special interest. Such important topics as the proper curing of cheese, the transportation of dairy products and the operation of creameries will be discussed.

Bees may be kept with advantage on every farm if one or two hives are allowed. Bees assist in fertilizing the blossoms of some plants and perform valuable service. If no bees are kept in the neighborhood it is possible that failure of fruits may be due to that cause, and it is a matter that deserves consideration by farmers. Bees give a large profit and though a beginner must learn something of them to succeed, yet the modes of arrangement are not difficult to understand.

The Farm Horse.

(Synopsis of a Talk on the Farm Horse at a Farmers' Institute at Bainbridge, N.Y., by Frank D. Ward of Batavia, N.Y.)

I am glad to speak upon this subject, for it is a question in which all are interested.

Some people are preaching that we are coming to a horseless age. Now, our children and grandchildren will never see that time. It was prophesied that the trolley car and the bicycle would supersede the horse, but that time will never come. Neither will the automobile nor any other means of locomotion. No, the time will never come when the class of horses demanded in the best markets will not be grown with profit. Europeans are looking to this country for horses, for we can grow better horses thany anywhere else, and, while some other parts of our country can grow them equally well as we can here in New York, that territory is limited, and nowhere can they grow them better than here.

One of the greatest troubles with our breeders is, we have been breeding from unsound or vicious horses. The saying of Paul, "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he reap," is as true to-day as when uttered, and nowhere is it more true than in the breeding of horses.

The different types of horses may be divded into four classes—the heavy draft horse, the heavy coach or carriage horse, the trotting horse and the general-purpose horse. And the successful breeder must hew close to the line and confine himself to one breed.

First as to the trotting horse. I wouldn't let a boy and a trotting-bred colt grow upon the same farm, for I would expect it to prove the ruin of the boy, and between the boy and the horse I will take the boy every time. So we will cut the trotting horse right out of this question. The general-purpose horse, too, will not be found profitable, for the class commonly known as general-purpose horses are too light for profit.

So we are now limited to the heavy draft horse, and the heavy coach and carriage horse. What shall we breed then? I think we will find every merit in heavy draft horses in three breeds—the Clydesdale, the Percheron and the Shire, and for coach horses I would also confine myself to three breeds—the French coach, the Hackney, the German or Oldenberg coach. As to the weight of the former, I would have one weighing about 1,400 lbs., and in coach horses a weight of not less than 1,200 lbs. Some one will say these heavy horses cannot stand it to work on ploughed ground or on the farm, but there was never a greater mistake.

Now, how shall we breed them, and what time of year? I believe with a spring colt it is much better to keep the colt in a good box stall than to allow it to follow the mare when working her. But I believe, though, that fall-bred colts are greatly preferable. The colt should be fed liberally and intelligently, and begin by feeding some grain when quite young. Feed at first with regular but moderate feedings of ground oats, some oil meal and a little bran.

The disposition in the dam is a question of great importance. A vicious, uncertain disposition in the dam will be transmitted to the offspring. Always halter break the colt while running with the dam, but never use a rope halter. Always use a good five-ring leather halter. Handle always with the greatest care, never to frighten the colt with the harness. Never use a bitting rig of any kind on the colt. Never check up the colt until he has been taught to drive. Always hitch the colt up with a good, young, snappy, vigorous horse, but never hitch it with an old horse that will teach it to walk slowly. A colt will learn more mean tricks from some slow, old plug in a few days than it will forget in years.

Having bred a horse of this class, then how shall we sell him? Why, we will not have to consider this question at all, for they will sell themselves. The man who will breed this kind of stock in any locality need never fear a lack of market, for the time will never come when such horses as these, if clean of limb, of good action and life, will not be in demand, and that, too, at profitable prices.

And, also, these good horses will do better work upon the farm. They will, as I have already said, be found profitable for the market, and, best of all, they will make the farm work more pleasant, and thus, as you will find, will have an influence in keeping the boys contented on the farm.

Now for the dairy farmer in New York, Wisconsin, or any other section equally well adapted to the growth of this class of strong, vigorous and hardy horses I have indicated, who is looking for some profitable adjunct upon his dairy farm to add to the resources, I believe horse breeding, if intelligently directed, offers better advantages to-day than almost any other line of work.—E. J. Brownell, Delhi, N.Y., in Hoard's Dairyman.

For the Housewife.

Household Hints.

Borax and water is a good wash for the hair.

A burn will soon be relieved by application of flour and water.

Sprinkle carpets with salt before sweeping; this will freshen them.

When the oven is too hot put a basin of cold water in it.

A newspaper will polish a stove better than a brush.

Brush pie crusts lightly over with fresh cream before putting them in the oven; this will give them a fine brown tint.

Soak the soles of boots which creak in linseed oil.

The nails of the hand can be improved by keeping them fifteen minutes in hot water and then paring them. Polish them with chamois leather dripped in oil, and finely crushed pumice-stone.

Salt is a very useful, though humble, friend of the housekeeper, if she would but realize the fact. Damp salt will rub off the discolorations left in cups by the sediment of tea and coffee. Salt will set the dyes of black and colored articles, if a little be added to the water in which these are washed. Salt, mixed with lemon juice, removes the stains of oak, tar or paint from the hands. Salt and water, applied to basket and straw work, and rubbed in with a soft nail brush, is a most effective cleansing agent. Brass ornaments may be kept bright by rubbing them occasionally with salt and vinegar. Salt thrown upon the grate will soon put out a fire in the chimney. Salt, when added in proportion to whitewash, induces the latter to adhere more firmly to any surface to which it may be applied.

At this time of year damp beds become greater elements of danger than they were in warm summer weather, though, of course, at any time a damp bed is to be avoided. In no household should the precaution of airing the bed linen before taking it into use be omitted, and it will make the bed more healthy and more comfortable if an india rubber hot-water bottle, or a stone bottle cased in flannel, be put in just before bedtime. As a final test of dampness in a bed, put a small looking glass between the sheets. Leave it there for about five minutes, and if it is then taken out with a cloud or mist upon its surface it is a sure sign that the linen is not thoroughly dry. In such a case do not attempt to sleep between it, for damp bed linen is a fruitful source of rheumatism and lung affection.

Home Recipes.

Jellied tongue—One large boiled tongue, one and one-half ounces of gelatine, dissolved in half a pint of water, two teacupfuls of rich, brown veal gravy, one bunch of savory herbs, one tablespoonful of sugar, one tablespoonful of burnt sugar, for coloring, one tablespoonful of catsup, one pint of boiling water, one egg, boiled hard. Put together the gravy, sugar, catsup, the burnt sugar, dissolved in a little cold water, and the herbs. Add to this the gelatine, then the boiling water, and strain through flannel; let the jelly cool and begin to thicken. Wet a plain mold with cold water; put a very little jelly in the bottom, and arrange the slices of hard-boiled egg in it; pour in a little more jelly, then a layer of tongue; more jelly and tongue, and so on till the mold is filled. Cover and set in a cold place till quite firm. To turn it out, dip the mold in hot water for an instant, invert upon a dish, and garnish with celery or parsley or nasturtium flowers. This makes a very ornamental dish for breakfast or supper. In serving, cut with a thin, sharp knife perpendicularly. The remains of cold tongue or fowl may be served in this manner, only using less jelly, according to the quantity of meat.

Horseradish sauce — Horseradish sauce is to be served hot with roast beef. Mix together, in the order given, the following ingredients: Four tablespoonfuls of grated horseradish, four tablespoonfuls of powdered crackers, one-half of a cupful of cream, one teaspoonful of powdered sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, one-half of a saltspoonful of pepper, one teaspoonful of made mustard and two teaspoonfuls of vinegar. When all the materials have been thoroughly mixed, heat them very hot over boiling water.—New York Post.

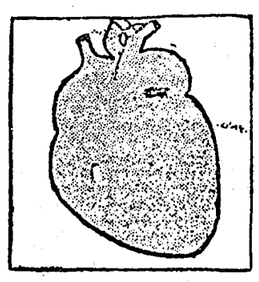
Lemon pie—One cup of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of corn starch and a cup of boiling water, butter half the size of an egg, the grated rind and juice of a lemon; cook together till clear, and when cold add the yolk of an egg. Line the plate with paste and bake; then fill, putting on the white of an egg with a little sugar for icing; then put in the oven and brown.

English plum pudding—One pound of raisins, one-quarter of a pound of flour, one pound of suet chopped fine, one pound of currants, three-quarters of a pound of stale breadcrumbs, half a nutmeg, grated; one-quarter of a pound of brown sugar, five eggs, grated rind of one lemon, half a pint of brandy, half a pound of minced candied orange peel. Clean currants, stone raisins. Mix dry ingredients together. Beat the eggs, add them to the brandy, then pour over the dry ingredients and mix thoroughly. Pack in greased small kettles or moulds (this will make six pounds), and boil six hours when you make it and six when wanted for use. Serve with hard sauce.

Cocoanut pudding — Take three ounces of butter, one-half pound of grated cocoanut, one cupful and a half of stale sponge cakes crumbled fine, three ounces of sugar, one large cupful of milk, six eggs, one-half teaspoonful of vanilla or rosewater. Cream the butter and sugar, and add the beaten yolks; when these are well mixed, put in the cocoanut; stir well before adding the milk, cake crumbs and flavoring; lastly, add the whites of three eggs. Pour the mixture into a pie dish—which should not be quite full—and bake one-half an hour. At the end of this time whip the other whites to a very stiff froth, with three tablespoonfuls of white sugar, and flavor with vanilla. Pile this in large spoonfuls on the pudding and close the oven until it is slightly brown.

A Bullet in His Heart.

Recently The London Daily Mail published the drawings of a young man, and his heart, with this explanation:—"Mr. Max Meyer, the young German, who is the only man living with a bullet in his heart. A friend accidentally shot him with a revolver, and the bullet lodged in his heart. It has been there for two years, but he feels no inconvenience from it except after violent exertion. Above is a diagram of Meyer's heart,



sketched from a Rontgen ray photograph, showing the bullet."

The diagram referred to is here produced. The wound seems to be much smaller than injuries which, in ancient times no less than in our own, have been constantly inflicted upon deserving young, middle-aged and old men by cruel (but always young) women. The hearts of some of these present-day victims of woman's wiles, according to their own stories, have been either completely stolen or so badly crushed as to become almost useless. Turn on the Rontgen rays and prove the vacancies or the bruises.

Sold a Negro.

A despatch from Indianapolis, U. S. A., says:—"The Woman's Christian Temperance Union of that city held a rummage sale recently, which lasted for several days. One day an old colored man entered. 'I wish you'd sell me,' he said to one of the women. 'I'm tired tramping around the country, and I'll work for anybody the rest of my days for my victuals and clothes.'

"After a consultation the women decided to accept the old man's suggestion and it was agreed that he should be sold by auction. The first bid was fifty cents. The bidder explained that he simply wanted to give the auctioneer a start. The next bid was seventy-five cents, and quarter bids were received until the old man was valued at two dollars. Then there was a lull in the bidding, but the order persisted, and the bargain was finally knocked down to H. W. Shea, a commission merchant, at two dollars and thirty-nine cents. The negro eyed the commission man closely and announced that he believed he would like to live with him. He said he had had no home for years and he was tired of living from hand to mouth. Mr. Shea told the women that he would give his new purchase some light work around his commission house, and, if he proved to be trustworthy, the job would be permanent. He agreed to give the negro a suit of clothes and plenty to eat. The old man thanked the women for having found a home for him and went away with his new master, seemingly quite satisfied."

Throughout Indiana the city of Indianapolis is known as the "niggers' heaven," because of the unusually liberal treatment of colored folk, compared to their lot in surrounding States, and in other sections of the State itself.

Wants to be a Lawyer.

The appeal of Miss Cave of London, England, against the decision of the Benchers of Gray's Inn refusing to admit her to the society, in other words, rejecting her application to practise law has aroused as much attention in Britain as could be expected in a country which has scant time to discuss anything but "fiscalitis" and "brain fag." A special court of the House of Lords heard Miss Cave's appeal, and the public were excluded from its hearing. After listening to what she had to say, the Judges seemed to be amused thereat) the Lord Chancellor immediately said there was no precedent for an admission such as Miss Cave had sought, and he saw no reason to create one. If only a certain other Lord had discovered a like difficulty in regard to Uncle Sam's application to be appointed permanent guardian of part of Miss Canada's property we would still be throwing bouquets at him. However, the British daily papers seem to be very well pleased with the decision, a number having first frightened themselves into hysterics by picturing courts presided over by unwedded ladies of uncertain age, juries of women of all ages, and female barristers. What chance, they argued, in effect, would mere man have against such a combination. Still, the question is not settled, as Miss Cave has determined to embark upon a regular campaign which shall result in the removal of the barriers against women practising law in Britain. When she makes her next application she ought to say less about it being allowed in Hungary, Switzerland, Holland and the United States, and point to Toronto. Perhaps when their Lordships are informed that Toronto has taken down the bar they will relax in order to give one more proof of the tie that binds the mother country to the colonies, which is just as smart a conclusion as that there is no precedent for admitting women to the practice of law in Britain.

A Hard Road to Travel.

Some details as to the road by which the Thibet expedition is advancing may be of interest at the present moment. Kamba Jong, where the mission is now encamped, is 35 miles, as the crow flies, due north of the Indian hill-station of Darjeeling, but, of course, the mountain road by Tongu is much longer. The present height of the camp above sea-level is 13,800 feet, the surrounding country consisting of high mountains, intersected by deep valleys. From Kamba Jong two roads lead to Lhassa, one due north through Shigatse, on the bank of the Tsang-Po, the great river which eventually becomes the Brahmaputra. The distance by this route, says The London Daily Chronicle, is ninety miles to Shigatse, and 130 miles further to Lhassa. The southern route by Gyantse, which it is proposed to follow, is thirty miles longer, Gyantse being 165 miles from Lhassa. But both routes cross the watershed of the Eastern Himalayas, which is a very arduous undertaking. The statement that Colonel Macdonald has ordered Canadian fur coats for his troops shows that he thoroughly appreciates the rigor of the climate which he has to encounter. At the beginning of November 20 degrees of frost were registered at Kamba Jong, and the winter was then only just setting in. In the expedition of 1888 the Thibetan field force found snow lying deep on the slopes in the month of March, and the small garrison of Gnatong had afterwards very trying experiences in the dreary winter weather. The tableland of Thibet is covered with snow for several months, and life under canvas is almost impossible during that period. The great danger is from pneumonia, which is more formidable than the muskets of the Thibetan army, these being only muzzle-loaders, and the army itself an untrained and unwarlike rabble. But the native soldiers of the Indian plains, of which Colonel Macdonald's force will mainly consist, are little accustomed to extreme cold.

Elizabeth smiled sweetly on Mary Stuart.

"Do you know," she inquired, "why Sir Walter cast his cloak beneath my feet?"

"I suppose," retorted the beautiful Queen, "he wished to use something large enough."

And the signature was affixed to the death warrant before sundown.

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KOLA TONIC WINE

Manufactured from Kola, Celery, and Pepsin. Kola makes muscle, Celery strengthens the nerves, and Pepsin aids digestion. It is the greatest Tonic and Appetiser. For weak and nervous people it is very invigorating. By its use it enables the system to ward off fevers, billous headaches, and is a positive cure for indigestion and dyspepsia. It can also be recommended for Liver and Kidney Trouble, Asthma, Constipation, and Rheumatism. It contains no drugs, not intoxicating, and very palatable. Dr. Nachtigall, who writes from personal experience, states as a medicine it will undoubtedly take a very important place in the future.

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WHAT A PROMINENT DRUGGIST SAYS:

Toronto, Feb. 24, 1903.

Hygiene Kola Co., Toronto, Ont.:

Gentlemen,—It affords me a great deal of pleasure to certify to the merits of your Kola, Celery, and Pepsin Tonic Wine. I have tested it and can recommend it very highly to anyone needing a first-class tonic and dyspepsia cure, and the Kola, Celery, and Pepsin used in the preparation of it are pure and of the very best quality, and altogether I believe you have a preparation which only needs to be known to be appreciated.

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Roosevelt and Folk's Sayings.

President Roosevelt's last message to Congress contained a long and violent denunciation of bribery (not in the remotest connected with the Panama game which, of course, was played by Mr. Roosevelt and his advisors with the most conscientious regard for the rights of their weaker "sister republics"). That denunciation had a familiar ring, and now, not through any desire on the part of Mr. Roosevelt, who with characteristic modesty maintains silence on the subject, the note of familiarity has been explained by several newspapers. The New York World thus delicately expounds the situation:—"The mystery attending the deadly parallelism between the passage on bribery in the President's message and certain public utterances of Prosecuting Attorney Folk of St. Louis, is still impenetrable. Mr. Folk declines to talk. He can afford to 'stand pat.' For it appears that the ideas and the language incorporated in the President's message were not expressed by Mr. Folk in any one interview or speech. Full of his subject, in his pursuit of the Missouri boodlers, Mr. Folk delivered himself of the sentiments that have now attained a world-wide fame, on three separate occasions. In a speech at New Florence on August 1, in an interview on October 8, and in a speech at St. Joseph on October 24, only from the White House can come the true explanation of the reappearance of these views and arguments in the President's message of December 7. Conjecture may work injustice. But, whatever the explanation, there can be no excuse for the adoption of the gross exaggeration and the flamboyant style of these virtuous but violent denunciations of bribery. A state paper by the President should be marked by dignity and correctness of diction, accuracy of statement and moderation of view. When Daniel Webster 'killed a dozen proconsuls of Rome' in his editing of President Zachary Taylor's message, he did a deed of a nation a real service. It is a pity that Secretary Hay was not permitted to wield the blue pencil over the message of his chief."

Women in Convention.

The Anglo-Russian, which devotes one page of each issue to "woman," says:—The National Conference of Women Workers met this year in Cheltenham, the garden town of England, for the first part of the debates, and in the old cathedral city of Gloucester for the concluding discussions. Most important subjects were exhaustively dealt with, such as the higher education, the training of midwives, the increase of gambling and speculation and their effect upon society, workhouse infirmary management, popular education, the promotion of public health, and the moral training of children. "Speaking generally," writes the editor of The Cheltenham Chronicle, "what struck one as being the distinguishing characteristics of the gathering and of the tone of its discussions is earnestness—a deadly earnestness. In this respect the men are quite put to shame. . . . In organization, too, the men must confess that they have been equalled, if not 'outclassed.' Nothing could have exceeded the harmony and mutual good feeling with which the several committees worked. . . . Further, the proceedings were conducted in an extremely business-like manner. Those women who do take an interest in public questions are evidently zealous reformers, and in a much greater hurry to right the wrong than man. When they get the vote, which they ought to have and doubtless would have but for the apathy of their own sex, Liberal statesmen may indefinitely retire from business, but social, as distinct from political, reform will be expedited rather than impeded." Which means, adds The Anglo-Russian, that at the hands of women, liberty, retrenchment and reform, instead of being only party watchwords, will become practical national assets.

Expensive Canaries.

Seventy pounds for a pair of canaries is a pretty good price to pay, yet it was, according to recent London papers, obtained at a recent sale in that city. It seems that some time ago the King took up the hobby of canary breeding, and a great many people—not because of his Majesty's hobby, certainly not—have suddenly discovered more beauties in canaries than they had ever dreamed of before. The most expensive varieties are those with crests, or top-knots, of feathers. Perfect crested canaries are very difficult to breed, and they are subject to blindness, the crest being cultivated to such an extent that it grows right over the eyes and hides even the beak. Prices for good "crests" range from £5 to £40.

Nothing is said in the English papers as to the musical abilities of the birds. It is not, apparently, even stipulated that they shall be able to whistle "John Bull's Store," or "Your Food Will Cost You More," or "Onward, Ye Liberals," or any of the many campaign songs the result of the protracted epidemic of fiscalities now raging throughout the old land. They are not even expected to whistle or chirp or try to make sounds which could by stretching the imagination be construed as a declaration in favor of "Free Food Forever," or "How's Joe?"

Sir Conan Doyle Nominated.

The London Daily Chronicle says that Sir Conan Doyle, in accepting the Unionist invitation to contest the Hawick Burghs, is renewing his attempt to enter Parliament through a Scottish constituency. In 1900 he tried Central Edinburgh, but the author was beaten by a publisher. The Hawick Burghs are aggressively Radical, but the adverse majority—only 225—may look tempting to Sir Conan. Mr. Thomas Shaw, who sits for the Hawick Burghs, is always ready to accept a challenge, and delights in a straight issue. Although he had in his pocket a letter from Mr. Carnegie offering Hawick a free library in response

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Use Lever's Dry Soap (a powder) to wash woolens and flannels,—you'll like it. 32

Sir John B. Maple.

A correspondent writes:—The recent death of Sir John Blundell Maple, Bart, the millionaire breeder of horses, who made his money by selling house furniture in a shop in Tottenham Court road, a by no means aristocratic quarter of London, recalls the story of the ingenious and enterprising genealogist who was retained to trace his pedigree from the records of the Heralds' College. The name Blundell was a good starting point, and the learned genealogist was able to deduce a pedigree which greatly pleased the newly-created Baronet, and which (to his satisfaction, at all events), proved his descent from Blondel, the favorite bard of the Court Richard Plantagenet, who discovered the dungeon in which his loyal master was held in durance vile, the veracity of the pedigree being confirmed by the final surname Maple. For does not history tell us that on hearing the harp of his faithful bard outside the walls of his dungeon, Richard the Lion-heart was heard to explain 'Blondel M'Appelle," "Blondel calls me"; after which Sir John's branch of the family adopted the surname of "M'Appelle," which in a later age degenerated into "Maple"—at least so the story goes, and genealogy is never at fault.

After an unsatisfactory banquet the guest of the evening was introduced by the toastmaster as follows:

"Gentlemen, we have with us tonight Prof. Long-Bowe, who will tell us one of his best and biggest 'after dinner' stories."

Amid loud applause Prof. Long-Bowe arose.

"Mr. Toastmaster and gentlemen," he said, "to begin with my biggest story, let me tell you how thoroughly I have enjoyed your banquet."—Chicago Tribune.

"What do you think of Hamlet's advice to the players?"

"It's fine, for poetry," answered Mr. Stormington Barnes.

"But hasn't it immense practical value?"

"No. He gives them a lot of instruction in elocution, when he ought to be telling them how to get to the next town."—Washington Star.

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "I do wish you would keep away from the race track."

There was no reply.

"I heard some men talking about a lot of long shots that landed, and if I had known, Charley, dear, that there was a rifle practice going on in the neighborhood I should never have let you go near the place."—Washington Star.

An amusing story is told of a small colored boy in one of the public schools of the city whose love of mischief was so strong that punishments had no terrors for him. Finally his teacher in despair sent him home. His mother, a merry, portly old lady, appeared with the incorrigible youth and asked what was the trouble. The teacher said the boy was so bad she could do nothing with him.

"Lord bless you," said the mother with a grin, "I don't see how he kin help bein' full of mischief. I think he inhales it frum me!"—Youngstown Telegram.

Thomas Nelson Page brought a good example of the negro's peculiar and particular theological bent to town with him, and retailed it the other night at the Southern Society dinner. There was an old darky preacher who would never become ordained, he said, but was content to remain just an exhorter. This seemed rather strange to some of his congregation, and one day they asked him about it.

"Well, it's dis way," said he. "When you's a preacher, you's gotter have a tex' an' stick right close to it, but if you's only a exhorter you kin branch."—New York Tribune.

"There was a good old lawyer of the good old southern type," said President Woodrow Wilson of Princeton the other evening, "who had a most eloquent way of pleading. His brief for three days had been a marvel of classical allusion and legal erudition.

"The Judge, however, became a trifle impatient, and, as gently as he could, intimated that the docket was somewhat crowded, and it might be to the client's interest if the lawyer could contrive to end his plea. And, do you know, the old barrister declares that the last four days of his argument were a marvel of condensation."—New York Tribune.

"No, no!" said the singing-teacher, who was instructing the class of Kentuckians; "this will not do. You must let your voices blend. Get more of a mellow effect. Each of you seems to strike out on his own line, according to his own ideas."

"Wa-al, cunnel," said the first basso, "Ah doan' b'lieve yo' kin git any blend hyuh. Half th' boys has been drinkin' rye and th' otheh half drinkin' bouhbon, an' they woan' blend."—Judge.

The "American" Invasion.

Brandon, Manitoba, Oct. 19.

I found the big man who boarded the train at Regina was inclined to be communicative, and as we thundered eastward through the night the hard seats of the colonist cars discouraged sleep.

We were both going a "short" journey only—some 450 miles—to Brandon, in Manitoba, but I had found the sleeper full, and my companion said he "couldn't stand being stuffed up in those cars." As my cigar case grew rapidly lighter, he commented emphatically on a paragraph I pointed him out in an English newspaper.

"Say," said he, "just you write that chap and tell him he's away off about the West becoming 'Americanized'; I guess he doesn't know what a real 'American' is."

"But they have been coming in by thousands this year," I objected.

"Not 'Americans'," said my companion. "Up along the Prince Albert Railway, where I come from, there have been over a thousand families settled this year in one district I know of, and though they all come from 'America', they are no more 'Americans' than I am."

I looked puzzled. "What are they then?"

"They are all Germans," said my friend, "and it's as reasonable to say that Manitoba is becoming Russianized by the Doukhobors, as to say these men are 'Americanizing' the North-West. A German is a German, just as a Frenchman is a Frenchman, the world over, whether he's in Quebec or Paris, Chicago or Berlin; but he will make a good Canadian just the same for this Western country, if he gets the chance.

"Why," he continued vehemently, "we have no time to fool with that sort of thing when there is all this to settle up"—and he waved his hand towards the darkness—"what we want are good settlers, and we don't care a darn if they are from Iceland or 'America', Germany or Scandinavia. Their children will be what I am, a Canadian heart and soul; but if Canada is ever to amount to anything, we must have the people here to develop her. The true 'Americans' of the States are the English-speaking people. You don't hear of German-Americans, or Italian-Americans, or French-Americans over there."

"No," I retorted, "but you hear a good deal of French-Canadians on this side of the line."

"I heard a good deal about Scotsmen when I was over in Great Britain," was the reply. "French-Canadians are as much a people as they are, or as the Dutchmen of South Africa are. If a thousand Germans had settled in the North-West a hundred and fifty years ago, there would be German-Canadians here also. But they didn't, and the world moves too fast for that now. I guess there are about as many different 'peoples' or nations in it as there is room for."

"A great number of the 'Americans' settling in the North-West are English, speaking," I remarked.

"Why shouldn't they make as good Canadians as the British settlers in 'America' have made good 'Americans'?" he asked. "The rank and file of the working world are not concerned with international politics, and ambitious schemes of that sort. They read about them in the papers and then light the fire with them. When a man has got to figure on getting a living off 160 acres of virgin prairie, he's too tired of nights to trouble about kings or presidents or emperors, and when he's on velvet and the living is coming pretty easily he'll hurrah on the 4th of July, and cheer on Albert Edward's birthday just as hard. He don't care a fig for most of the pretty little distinctions of race and nationality that you think so much of; but he will admit that our land-laws and legal administration in this Canadian North-West are better than those of the State he came from. And he makes the best settler we have ever had in the North-West, for he knows the game from the start, and no matter what happens you can't stick him anywhere."

"Then you really approve of the 'American invasion'?" I asked.

"Yes, sir, or any other invasion of as good men. They are worth a shipload of greasy Poles, and don't cost any money to settle either; it's the Northern Europeans we want."

"What nationality was your father?" I asked.

His blue eyes and fair hair told me before he answered: "My father was a Norwegian sailor, who settled in Nova Scotia fifty years ago, and if I can give a lift to a Norwegian, you bet I always do it. If I had my way, I'd Scandinavianize the North-West."

And he laughed merrily as he lit the end of another cigar.

H. T. Munn, in London "Outlook."

A LOVER'S MISTAKE.

Lovers of Lucre.

An American paper has published a list of "European aristocrats" who were suitors for the hand of Miss Goelet. This includes five peers, all of whom have been married for a considerable time, and the eldest son of a peer, who only came of age a few weeks ago; also Prince Henri d'Orleans, who has been in his grave for several years; and the Grand Duke Boris of Russia, with whom Miss Goelet could only have contracted a morganatic marriage. Why the Duke of Roxburghe should be described as a "fortune-hunter" it is impossible to understand, inasmuch as his estates bring in upwards of £30,000 a year, and his personal property left by his father (besides funds in settlement) was upwards of £120,000.

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Our Millinery Opening will take place on TUESDAY, MARCH 29 and following days. This Department is under the management of MISS SHOOK, who has just returned from the United States. We promise you our display in this Department will surpass all previous efforts, and our prices will suit your pocketbook.

We Invite Every Lady in Revelstoke to Visit Our Show Rooms

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SATURDAY, the 19th instant, we are giving Special Discount in all lines of Men's Wear.

Call and See Our Prices. Watch Our Bargain Window; it will surprise you and save you money.

FRESH GROCERIES

OUR Grocery Department is complete in all lines. Our Prices are away down.

We pay particular attention to this Department and we can assure our customers that goods in this line are fresh and tasty.

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FIRST STREET

CLEARANCE SALE OF FURNITURE

We have a large number of lines which we want to reduce. We will give you a good discount on any of them. We are going to make our Showrooms considerably larger and we will give you all kinds of tempting offers to help us reduce our stock in order that we may carry out our alterations. ASK FOR DISCOUNT.

John E. Wood, REVELSTOKE FURNITURE STORE

Cabinet Making Upholstering Picture Framing.

FOR

Fountain Syringes Hot Water Bottles Atomizers

GO TO THE

Canada Drug and Book Company

Coming Events

April 4.—Easter Monday. Knights of Pythias Ball.

April 19.—Bazaar and Concert in Selkirk Hall, under auspices of Ladies Aid of Methodist Church.

May 6.—Supper and Bazaar under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid, at the Opera House.

BORN.

NEEDHAM—On Sunday, March 13th, to Mr. and Mrs. S. Needham, a son.

HOOLEY—At Revelstoke, March 13th, 1904, to Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Hooley, a son.

LOCALISMS

Dr. Curry, resident dentist, over Bews' drugstore.

W. Fleming has disposed of his wood business to S. Carlson.

—Read C. B. Hume & Co's. advt. on first page of this issue.

Chas. Deutschman left this morning for a hunting trip up the line.

—Fancy boxed chocolates for Easter gifts at Bews' drug store.

E. A. Bradley returned yesterday from French Creek.

—New Wash Goods and Dress Materials at C. B. Hume & Co's.

J. A. Darragh returned from Calgary on Wednesday morning.

—Call and see the pretty Go-Carts at R. Howson & Co's furniture store.

Ald. W. A. Foote returned last Tuesday from visiting relatives in the east.

—If 20 yards of carpet will cover your room you can get a bargain at R. Howson & Co's remnant sale.

Reid & Young will have their millinery opening on Tuesday next. See their advertisement.

Mrs. T. Cleary, mother of Mrs. A. Johnson, left by the delayed No. 1, for her home in Ballard, Wash.

—Bring that next prescription to "The Red Cross," we will deliver it promptly —The Red Cross Drug Store. J. A. Buckham, proprietor.

Robt. Steiss left on Tuesday morning for Trout Lake City where he has accepted a position with the sawmill company operating on the lake.

—Knights of Pythias Ball, Monday evening, April 4th. Tickets—Gentlemen $2, Ladies free. Music furnished by Revelstoke Orchestra, 5 pieces.

—Good Eggs in any quantity retailing for 35c. per doz. at C. B. Hume & Co's.

The Big Bend mail came in yesterday.

—New Cabbage, Lettuce, Radishes and Onions at C. B. Hume & Co's.

—A well selected stock of Easter Cards at Bews' drug store.

E. McAdam left this morning for Edmonton, to continue work on the iron mines near that city.

—High grade Perfumes and Toilet Waters for the Easter season at Bews' drug store.

—*It pays to buy 12-foot linoleum*, R. Howson & Co. have it in stock, also inlaid and floor oil.

The Imperial Bank has moved into their new building on McKenzie ave., opposite the Molsons Bank.

—See our window for new ideas in Pompadour Combs, Hair Fasteners and Side Combs—The Red Cross Drug Store.

Dr. Curry, dentist, has gone to Salmon Arm on a professional visit. He will return to Revelstoke about April 18th.

The regular monthly meeting of the Ladies' Hospital Guild will be held in the City Hall on Tuesday afternoon next at 3 o'clock.

—Have a look at our window—see the new Chatelaines and Hand Bags which will be all the go this summer—The Red Cross Drug Store.

The Intermediate Lacrosse Club will meet to-night at 8 o'clock in Roy Smythe's tobacco store, for the purpose of re-organizing for the coming season.

—Knights of Pythias Ball, Monday evening, April 4th. Tickets—Gentlemen $2, Ladies free. Music furnished by Revelstoke Orchestra, 5 pieces.

Members of Gold Range Lodge No. 23, Knights of Pythias, are requested to attend a special convention at the lodge rooms on Saturday evening, Grand Chancellor C. F. Nelson, of New Denver, will be present.

Mail Orders Receive Prompt Attention

Copyright

BRACED UP !!

By some of our tonics you can pass through the change from winter to Spring without trouble and be in good shape for Summer.

Spring Medicines !!

We keep all the Staple Lines of *Sarsaparillas, Blood Bitters*, etc. A fresh stock of Beef, Iron and Wine to hand.

Dispensing always promptly attended to.

WALTER BEWS, - Phm. B.
Druggist and Stationer.

—C. B. Hume & Co., Limited, Millinery opening, Tuesday evening, March 29th.

Pete Default, Gus Lund and McKinnon, left yesterday morning to work on the McCullough Creek Hydraulic Mining Co's. property in the Big Bend.

—Come in and see the new Face Massage Roller which removes all wrinkles and leaves the skin fresh and healthy, at The Red Cross Drug Store.

The Kamloops Presbytery met at Sicamous on Tuesday evening when Rev. W. C. Calder's resignation as pastor of St. Andrew's Church, was duly accepted.

—California Apples fresh in, also first class Navel Oranges for 20c. per doz. A big reduction for a few days only, at C. B. Hume & Co.

Art. Hyatt, captain of last season's lacrosse team, who has been spending the winter in the east, returned to Revelstoke on Wednesday. Prospects point to very enthusiastic lacrosse this summer.

Mr. Wickens, ledger keeper in the Imperial Bank, has been removed to Vancouver. Mr. Grubb, of Edmonton, takes Mr. Wickens' place here. The abundant good wishes of Mr. Wickens' friends follow him to his new position.

Prof. Jones, who has been quite successful in forming various boxing and gymnasium clubs at the coast is at present trying to organize one in Revelstoke. Mr. Jones has had a wide experience and is doubtless a master of glove tactics.

E. C. Fromey has received this week a carload of fresh lime and cement for the Spring trade. Mr. Fromey is to be congratulated on his enterprise in filling a long felt want as this is the first time in the history of Revelstoke that such material has been available here in the early spring.

The second fatal accident in the building of the bridge at New Westminster occurred on Wednesday last when Mr. Macdonald while rivetting on the upper structure work fell into the river. He struck some of the iron work in falling and it is thought that must have caused instant death as the body sank almost immediately and did not rise.

The estimates for the year ending June, 30th, 1905, of the Dominion House are some $63,000,000, with the supplementary estimates yet to come. This is quite a contrast to the promise made by the Liberal party of reduction when they obtained power. Each fiscal year of the Liberal government, barring the first, has seen the estimates exceed $60,000,000. Nearly two-thirds of the estimated expenditure is voted for the French constituencies. —Why?

Manager Wanted.

Trustworthy lady or gentleman to manage business in this county and adjoining territory for well and favorably known house of solid financial standing. $20.00 straight cash salary and expenses paid each Monday by check direct from headquarters. Expense money advanced. Position permanent. Address Manager, 810 Como Block, Chicago, Illinois. mc25-12

K of P. Special Meeting

I hereby call a special meeting of Gold Range Lodge, No. 26, Knights of Pythias, on Saturday evening, March 27th, *at 8 o'clock, to confer ranks*, installation and tender a reception to Grand Chancellor C. F. Nelson, who will pay an official visit.

A. J. HOWE, C. C.

The Rawei Family's Visit

Mr. Rawei, who has lectured every evening this week on life in New Zealand to large and appreciative audiences, will make his last appearance to-night in the Opera House, leaving to-morrow en route for the St. Louis Exposition. Mr. and Mrs. Rawei intend, if satisfactory arrangements can be made, to give a representation of Maori life at the Exposition.

Mr. Rawei's lecture and views to-night will be generally descriptive of life in his native country or in other words—A glimpse into Maoriland. Mr. Rawei is expeedingly well qualified to entertain and those who attend the Opera House this evening may anticipate a treat.

What Do You Want in a Drug Store

Here we have a well equipped and carefully conducted Prescription Dispensing Department.
We have all the Standard Remedies on the Market. Fresh New Stock.
We have a selection of Toilet Articles Face Lotions, Perfumes, Massage Creams, etc., second to none in the town.
We deliver promptly all prescriptions left in our care.
We solicit a call, feeling sure of your patronage.

Red Cross Drug Store

J. A. BUCKHAM, - - - PROP.

Have you seen our Massage Roller for the face.

Opera House

TO-NIGHT

Thursday, March 24

THE CHARMING AND BEAUTIFUL

NATIVE ENTERTAINMENT

"Maoriland"

BY THE GIFTED

RAWEI FAMILY

Illustrated with Music, Song and Scenery of South Sea Island Life.

Admission, 25c. **Children, 10c.**

Commencing at 8 p. m.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that two months after the publication of this notice I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase the following described lands situate on the north side of Upper Arrow Lake, in West Kootenay district:

Commencing at a post planted near the Indian graveyard, about half a mile east of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company's station at Arrowhead and marked "Jas. H. Nelson's north west corner," thence east 80 chains, thence south to the shore line of Arrow lake, 20 chains more or less; thence west along the shore line 80 chains more or less, thence north 20 chains more or less to the point of commencement.

Dated this 15th day of January, 1904.

JAS. H. NELSON.

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF KOOTENAY, HOLDEN AT REVELSTOKE.

In the matter of Alexander Green, deceased, and in the matter of the "Official Administrators' Act," dated 14th day of March, A. D., 1901.

Upon reading the affidavit of Malcom Ewen Doherty, it is ordered, that George S. McCarter, Official Administrator for part of the County of Kootenay, shall be Administrator of all and singular the estate of Alexander Green, deceased, and that notice of that order be published in four issues of the Revelstoke HERALD newspaper, published at Revelstoke, B. C.

J. A. FORIN,
J.

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IN THE COUNTY COURT OF KOOTENAY. HOLDEN AT REVELSTOKE.

In the matter of Jenny Charlotte Anderson, deceased, and in the matter of the "Official Administrators' Act," dated 14th day of March, A. D., 1904.

Upon reading the affidavit of Morris August *Anderson and the renunciation executed by said* Morris August Anderson, it is ordered, that George S. McCarter, Official Administrator for part of the County of Kootenay, shall be Administrator of all and singular the estate of Jenny Charlotte Anderson, deceased, and that notice of that order be published in four issues of the Revelstoke HERALD newspaper, published at Revelstoke, B. C.

J. A. FORIN,
J.

NOTICE.

Creditors and others having claims against the estate of the above named deceased are required to deliver particulars of same to the Administrator on or before 6th April, 1904.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that 60 days after date I will apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special licence to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands:

Commencing at W. Sutherland's south east post situate on the west bank of the north fork of Eastall Creek, thence north 160 chains, thence west 40 chains, thence south 160 chains, thence east 40 chains to the point of commencement.

And

Commencing at W. Sutherland's south west corner post, situate about one quarter of a mile north west from the south west corner of Lot 871, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to the point of commencement.

Dated 15th March, 1904.

W. SUTHERLAND.

FRESH LIME AND CEMENT

I have just received a carload of fresh lime and cement for the Spring trade. Orders left with J. McCallum will be delivered at once.

Mail orders receive prompt attention.

E. C. FROMEY,
Revelstoke, B. C.

SINGER

Sewing Machines

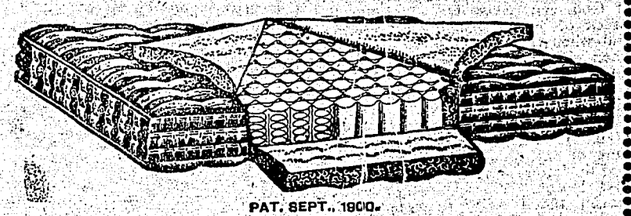
Can be purchased on payment of $5.00 per month.

Anybody wanting a first-class Singer Sewing Machine on easy terms, can get them from

H. Manning, Agt.

Mackenzie Avenue.

THE MARSHALL SANITARY MATTRESS.



PAT. SEPT., 1900.

R. HOWSON & CO., FURNITURE DEALERS.

AGENTS FOR THE "OSTERMOOR" MATTRESSES.

Your Opportunity

To purchase a building lot in the choicest residential portion of the City is NOW.

All indications point to the coming year as the most prosperous year in Revelstoke's history.

At the opening of Spring, and the building boom that is inevitable, that choice plot that you have contemplated buying, may be advanced in price or bought for speculation.

We have facilities, not generally possessed by other agents that we offer you on a building proposition on these most desirable residence lots of the

Smelter Townsite

LEWIS BROS., Sole Agents.

HOTEL VICTORIA

One of the best and commodious hotels in the City . . . . . .
Free 'Bus meets all trains
Hourly Street Car.
Fare 10 Cents.

W. M. Brown, Prop. Front Street.

Revelstoke Assessment District

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN in accordance with the Statutes, that Provincial Revenue Tax and assessed taxes and Income Tax, assessed and levied under the Assessment Act, 1903, and amendments, are now due and payable at the office of the Provincial Assessor at the Court House, Revelstoke. This notice in terms of law is equivalent to a personal demend by me upon all persons liable for taxes.

Dated at Revelstoke, B.C., as at April 1st, 1904.

FRED FRASER, Assessor and Collector,
Revelstoke Assessment District,
Revelstoke, B. C.

WANTED

A man to represent "Canada's Greatest Nurseries," in the town of Revelstoke and surrounding country, and take orders for

OUR HARDY SPECIALTIES

In Fruit Trees, Small Fruits, Ornamentals, Shrubs, Roses, Vines, Seed Potatoes, etc.

Stock true to name, and free from San Jose Scale. A permanent position for the right man. Liberal terms, outfit free, pay weekly.

STONE & WELLINGTON,
Fonthill Nurseries,
(Over 800 acres)
TORONTO, . ONTARIO.