CONTRACTOR CONTRACTOR

But it told upon him—no food, no sleep, no rest would he take—this constant warfare that kept every nerve strained. It seemed to him that if he once gave way, even if only for a moment—if he opened his heart to the dreadful sorrow awaiting to be admitted—if he closed his eyes in rest—he must die. Colder and harder and prouder he grew, shutting himself and his sorrow in icy reserve; and at last Kate grew so miserable about him that she sent for Evelyn.

miserable about him that she sent for Evelyn.

"I must talk to you, Eve," she said, "or my heart will break. I do not like to distress my husband—he is ill enough; and if Felix goes on like this much longer he will have a terrible illness, or he will die. What is the matter with him, Eve? He does not eat or sleep; he looks He does not eat or sleep; he looks like a man who has been stunned he grows so hard and cold that I am almost afraid of him. He does not even open his heart to me; he avoid me the does not even look at me-in

me he does not even look at me—he who used to love me so well. What is the matter with him, Eve?"

Eve looked very pale and sad, her sweet face was clouded; but Kate, in her distress, did not not—

ice it.

"I can tell you what is the matter," she replied; "I heard it this afternoon. Violet Haye has gone to London to be married."

Kate cried out that it was impossible—that it could not be—Violet Haye was betrothed to Felix.

"It is so," said Eve; "Aunt Jane told me about it this afternoon, and, fearing you would be in great trouble, I came to you at once. Violet broke off her engagement with Felix some short time since, and she is gone to London to be

Married to whom?" cried Kate in hot anger for her boy's sake.
"I do not know—she has so many mirers; but I believe it is som dmirers; but I believe it is some bry rich man. Mrs. Haye is almost wild with excitement about it. She told my aunt the day before they started." And then remembering how Felix loved Violet, they both wept together.
"I understand it all now," said Kate. "My poor boy has hidden it from us less we should know what

from us lest we should know what he suffered. • Evelyn, does heaven

me suffered. Evelyn, does neaven punish treachery?"
"I am afraid so," she replied, gent-ty. "You say that Felix has grown hard and cold. Tell me where he is, that I may go and see him." "He is at the office," replied Mrs. Lonsdale. "Do go to him, Eve. He was

always fond of you—he always trusted you. Go and try if you can com-A slight shadow of pain came over

the sweet face; it rassed in a minute, "Yes," she said, thoughtfully, "he always trusted me. I will go and see what I can do for him."

what I can do for him."

Eve walked gently through the warm, sunit streets Many looked after her as she went on her mission of mercy—after the tall, graceful figure in the single much dess. ure in the simple muslin dress, the plain, pretty hat with the broad brim. On her fair, sweet face, as she walked along, thinking what she should say to him, a beautiful light

shone, She went into the office without eny announcement—she had done so since she was a child. Only Felix sat there, his pale, haggard face bent over his papers, a shadow like death lin his eyes. He looked up in wonder at his visitor. Eye, with her sweet like an angel coming to minister to iv

him.
"Evelyn," he said, "you are an unexpected visitor."
She went round to him and stood

by the side of his chair.
"Felix," she said, "I know what has happened, and I am come to comfort "Comfort! 'Comfort scorned of

dovils,' the poet sings. Eve," he laughed; "what comfort can you give me?"

She took the papers from his hands and was startled on that warm day

and was started on that warm day to find his fingers as cold as death. She held them in her own—her sweet eyes filled with tears. "Felix, you must not harden your heart against me, dear. You must not keep me outside it. We have heen such true friends—such dear

been such true friends-such

friends always. Do not be hard and "I will not, Eve," he returned, gently. "Heaven bless you, Eve!" "Listen to me a little while, Felix,", she said, and her voice stole like a strain of sweet music over his tired senses. "No man can know a greater sorrow than this sorrow of

yours. The one you loved and strusted has deceived you. Violet has been false to you."

He shrank back with a cry at the

sound of the words. She only clasped his hands the more tightly. "Never mind the pain, Felix," the said. "It is right that you should accustom yourself to hear the words and not shrink from them. Violet

has proved false to you. I know how you loved her, and I know the words cut you like a sharp knife." "It is true, Eve," he told her, in a low voice; "it is quite true, She has

"It is a terrible sorrow," she said: "It is a terrible sorrow," she said; "no greater sorrow could have beginned by the point of the point of the point of the point of sorrow so unwisely. Some, when the sorrow so unwisely. Some, when the sorrow falls to their lot, hegien their hearts—shut all tenderness, all love, all affection away from them. They change their whole natures. To such persons God's dealing comes as a curse, not a blessing." "Such sorrow as mine must be a curse," he returned, sadly, "By no means. You know the old saying, 'sorrows are but blessings in

caying, 'sorrows are but blessings in disguise.' Who can say in after years what guise their sorrow may wear?'
"But I loved her so dearly, Evenad I have lost her," he said.
"I know that you loved her; but,

Felix, has there never been a mis-taken love? Have you never heard of a man idealizing a woman and worshipping in her virtues that she never possessed? The very fact that Violet could prove false to you proves also that she was unworthy of your love, that you thought her possessed of qualities quite foreign to her, and that she is not worth all this passion of regret."
"I loved her," was all he ans-

wered. wered.

"I know, dear friend, I know," and Evelyn's voice was sweet as the cooling of a dove, "and it is a terrible grief to you. Fellx, because we are such dear and true friends I am come to talk to you about this sorrow. There are three ways in which men ment generally. mout this sorrow. There are three ways in which men meet sorrow. The wearekr part of them fly at once to drink, to dissipation, to a reckless kind of despair; they have no nobility. You are above that. Others harden themselves; they shut out all love and sympathy from their hearts; they grow cold and proud, so that no kindly influence reaches.

so that no kindly influence reaches them. Others—and, dear friend, believe me, these are the noble ones—accept sorrow, as part of the discipline of life—as a gift sent from Heaven, and while they accept it with humility, they bear it with dignity. It makes them noble, grander, and better. It is an education that prepares them for heaven. Which of the three classes will you

oin, Felix ?"

"The last if I can, Eve," he said, slowly. He looked at the light on her fair face.

"Believe me," she went on, earnest-

"Believe me," she went on, earnestly, "we shall not know until we come
to die what great sorrows do for us,
and then we shall thank heaven for
them. There is something weak and
cowardly in the idea if being beaten by any trouble. This world is a
battlefield,, and we must fight nobly.
The temptation to yield weakly to
a great grief is one of the hardest a great grief is one of the hardest that comes to us. It would be so much easier for you, Felix, to lie down and dle than to do battle day by day, and so have to live your serrow down."

"Yes, it would, Eve," he replied. "Yes, it would, Eve," ne replied.
"A soul that has never suffered is but a puny soul," she said. "The strong and noble soul is the one that passes through the furnace of fire passes through the furnace of fire and comes out pure gold—not base metal or gold with an alloy—but pure, refined, true gold. The mystery is why men and women must all suffer; but that we shall never fathom. We only know that God sends pain—even to His best beloved He sends pain."

Something in the brave face and the brave, patient voice touched him. He tooked up at her suddenly.

"Surely, Eve." he said, "you have had no sorrow that you should speak in such a fashion?"

She smiled, and he thought how like her face was to that of pictured angels.

like her face was to that of pictured angels.

"Yes," she said, "I have a great sorrow; but it is dumb—it will never find a voice—it will die with me, and be buried in my grave."

"What has your sorrow done for you, Eve?" he asked after a time. Again came the beautiful light on the sweet face.

"It has opened my heart," she replied, "it has killed all self-love, it has made my love and pity every

has made my love and pity every one who has suffered, it has taught me that life is but short and that heaven is my true home.

heaven is my true home."

"It shall teach me the said, "if you will kelp me, Eve. I loved her so dear-them the said, the said the sai that my loss has almost killed

His pride and self-control gave way; he sobbed like a child.
"My dear old friend!" said Eve,
and, as simply as a child might have
done it, she drew his head topon
her arm, and the first tears he shed

drown his sorrow in the hardest work he could find. And yet he did not know the worst; he only knew that Violet had broken her promise, and declared it impossible to marry him; he had not the faintest notion that here was really any wealthy lover at hand. He believed firmly

over it. There was to be a grand dinner given to all the tenants, to all the servants and dependents; and the bell-ringers had been told how many times a merry peal was to be rung on the eld church bells in honor of the bride and bridegroom. The only persons who nothing of all this were the inhabitants of Valle House—the invalid father who saw no one but the doctor and Eve Lester the bright inductions are the bright inductions. ter, the kindly industrious young step-mother, and the young lover himself. No one cared to speak to them on such a subject and they were the last to hear of it, Even Evelyn, who never shrunk from trouble, shrunk from speaking to these who never shrunk from trouble, shrunk from speaking to them

about it. Felix wondered one night she came to Vale House, why she was so kind, so tender, and compassionate to him, why she hovered round him like a mother over a sick child, why she spoke such low, earnest words to him—so noble, so beatuiful, that his whole soul was stirred by them.!

"Felix," she said, "listen to this, It is a verse I read last night in a poem of Adelaide Anne Procter's, I copied it to read to you because I thought it so beautiful." She was sitting by his side in the attitude that painters of old gave to guardian angels, so full of love and protection., In her sweet, clear voice, she read to him:

"Who is the angel that cometh? "Who is the angel that cometh?

Pain! Let us arise and go forth to greet

him,
Not in vain
Is the summons for us to meet him.
He will stay

He will stay A desolate night, a weary day, Since in that shadow our work

And in that shadow our crowns are Let us stoy still while his bitter chal-Slowly into our hearts is poured—

Blessed is he that cometh In the name of the Lord!" In the name of the Lord!"

"It is very beautiful,' he said, when the sweet voice ceased—it was as though a strain of solemn music had died away—"very beautiful! I chall remember the angel of pain, and show him a brave face, I hope, when he comes, But tell me why you spenk to me in this strain to-night? It may be only my fancy, but it has seemed to me that on the face of every man and woman I have met to-day I have read pity; it must be fancy, but it seems to me so strange."

seems to me so strange."

She could have told him that every man, woman and child in Lilford knew that on the morrow Violet Haye was to marry Sir Owen. She could have told him also that there was none among them who did not feel sorry for him and indignant with

"I had almost begun to fear that "I had almost begun to fear that there was something fresh concerning that unfortunate will," he said—"people have been so strange with me. It cannot be my love story; no one knows all that. People all know, of course, that Violet has gone away to London, but I do not think any one out of our own household knows that she has broken with me."

Eye could not tell him; she could help him; she could strengthen his

help him; she could strengthen his heart and his mind, but she could not look at him and say, "To-morrow will be Violet's wedding day," She turned away sick at morrow will be Violet's we day." She turned away sich heart when she remembered heart when she remembered the treachery, the cruelty, and the deceit—sick at heart that she could not take the whole burden upon herself and suffer for him. She was brave enough, but she could not say to him: "The girl for love of whom you are breaking your heart thinks so little of you, so little of your pain, that she is going to marry to-morrow the man, above all others, whom you dislike."

She talked to him again in the same strain, of the grandeur and nobility of sorrow, the bravery of bearing pain, the cowardice of fall-

nobility of sorrow, the bravery of bearing pain, the cowardice of falling under a burden; and then, when she left him, she whispered to Kate: "Be very kind to him to-morrow, madre. He will stand sorely in need of it."

But even Kate cid not dream what the words meant. The harvest moon that night shone cown upon many different scenes, It crept into a superb room in London, where Sir Owen, flushed with love and wine, toid, with many an oath, to a choice circle of friends, how he had outwitted the lawyer and carried off his bride.

off his bride.
"I shall have some fine amusement

with him when I return to Gars-wood," he sadi. "He must have been as vain as Narcissus himself to "ink that any girl would prefer him to me."
His friends drank his costly wines

The moon looked in at another window—the window of a magnif cent chamber, wherein lay all the details of a superb bridal costume—a lace veil of priceless value, a wreath of orange blossoms, white satin shoes, and white glove, with a dress that was a triumph of art. It shone on a dote it, she drew his head took her arm, and the first tears he shed over the great sorrow of his life felikidly ministering hands.

CHAPTER XXV.

From that day a change came over Felix Lonsdale; he went home even that same evening an aftered mar; he opened his heart to the love and sympathy that Kate had showed him. The proud, sterm coldness fell from him—he took the children in his arms and kissed the little faces. He said to himself that children of his own would never climb his knees—children of his own would never climb his knees—children of his own would never gladden his heart.

He did not suffer less—but it was in another fashion now. He worked harder than ever; he said to himself that if it were possible he would drown his sorrow in the hardest work he could find. And yet he did not know the worst; he only knew here the little of the could find. And yet he did not know the worst; he only knew here the little over all.

cept work. The silvery moon shone brightly over all.

Felix worked until his tired eyes could see no longer, and then he put away his papers. He had busi-

him; he had not the faintest notion that here was really any wealthy lover at hand. He believed firmly, that her parents had talked to her and argued with her until she had been overruled by them. Still at Lilford—all but himself—knew that —Violet was going to marry Str Owen; it had been kept quite secret for some time, but now the day was fixed—the fourteenth of September—and there could no longer be any secrecy.

The whole place was in a ferment over it. There was to be a grand dinner given to all the tenants, to all the servants and dependents; and any other day. He saw that it was a very lovely morning; there was bright sunshine, a sweet western wind, while all nature looked blithe and gay; still he could not underall stand the commotion in the town. clerk was not there. Without loss of time he went to work busily at his papers. Ha! Surely he was not mistaken as to the chime of the old courch bells—surely they were chiming not an everyday chime—surely he heard a burst of jubilant melody, a clang of joyful sound! He opened the window and the rich sunlit air. "It is like the sound of wedding

bells,' he thought to himself, no one has been married here." There was something pathetic in the handsome, wondering face leaning from the window, listening to the bells that were ringing his death-knell.

He said to himself that it was no

He said to himself that it was no business of his, that he must go on with his work; he should know during the day why the bells were rung. He went to his papers again, but it was impossible to write; the air was full of music, the gay, sweet chime rang out every moment. He could not write; it was as though a thousand gay and airy shapes were flitting round him. There was one consolation—the bell-ringing could not last—it must stop soon. He could not work with that mad, merry music filling the air; but he could go and ask what it all meant.

It was strange that the first person he saw was the vicar's wife, Mrs. Hunter. He asked her why the bells were ringing, and, as she looked at him, her eyes filled with tears.

"They ring for so many things," she replied, "how can I tell which it is?"

He passed on, but as he walked away she looked at him closely, while something like a sob rose to her

lips...
"Beautiful women are beautiful "Beautiful women are peautiful fiends sometimes," said the vicar's wife to herself. "I would not have done such a thing."

Felix thought her strange; but he had almost ceased to wonder at anything. Then he met his old friend, Dr. Ludlow. He stopped and spoke to him.

or. Ludlow. He stopped and spoke to him.

"I ought to be very busy with my work," he said, "but those bells distract me. I have had to put away my writing. What are they ringing for, doctor?"

And the kind-hearted doctor looked sadly at him.

ed sadly at him.

"Have you not heard?" he said.

"No-I hear so little-I am so busy always. What is it for?"

The be Continued.)

### MEDICINE FOR MEN.

mething That Will Banish Worries and Brace Up the System.

Has it ever occurred to you that rou that you need a medicine as men—not as old or young men, but as men? Are you never conscious that the special wear and tear of life which men sustain need repair? Worry wears a man out quicker than work, but worry is not an accident, it is a symptom—a symp-tom of nervous exhaustion. Other symptoms are nervous headache, morning laziness, that makes it dif-ficult to get out of bed; a weak feeling in the back; indigestion; breathlessness after slight exerbreathlessness after slight exer-exertion; irritable temper — per-haps come nerve pain such as neur-algia, sciatica or insipient paraly-sis. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, as a medicine for men, act directly upon the source of discomfort. They re-store manly vigor and energy, im-prove the appetite and tone up the nerves and the whole system. Mr. Neil H. McDonald, Eastmere, N. B., is one of the many men who Mr. Neil H. McDonald, Eastmere, N. B., is one of the many men who has proved the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. He says; "I am glad to be able to say that I have found Dr. Williams' Pink Pills all that is claimed for them. I was completely run down; my appetite was poor, and I suffered much from severe headaches. Doctors' medicime did not give me the needed relief, so I decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I used only a few boxes, when my former health returned, and now I feel like a new man."

Weak, nervous, broken down men—and women, too—will find new

—and women, too—will find new health and happiness in a fair use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. But its health and happiness in a fair use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. But 14s sure that you get the genuine with the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" printed on the wrapper around every box. Sold by medicine dealers or sent by mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2,50, by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. Brockville, Ont.

### VERVE AND NERVE

A newspaper woman in a New Engand town was sent to report an enter tainment where amateurs sang, recited and did other stunts. In her account of the affair the woman wrote:
"Mrs. Blank sang two solos with her

"Mrs. Blank sang two solos with her usual nerve."
"See here," called the editor; "yo.1 mean 'verve,' don't you?"
"If you had heard the singing," said the woman reporter, "you certainly would know that I wrote it correctly."
"But it will make Mrs. Blank ang.y and we shall probably hear from her."

"But it will make Mrs. Blank angly and we shall probably hear from her."
"Tell her that it was a typographical error. That will appease her wrath, and all who heard her efforts will commend the property of the state of the sta the paper for its truthfulness."

"And so it came out in the nerve."-New York Press.

# TROUBLESOME BABIES.

Bables are not naturally trouble some—they should be bright, active and happy and a joy to your home. When baby is troublesome you may depend upon it there is some of the many minor ailments bothering him. These can all be overcome by the use of Baby's Own Tablets. Proof of this is given by Mrs. C. L. Marshall, Falkland Ridge, N.S., who says: "I am pleased to state that I have used Baby's Own Tablets for my children with great success. I think the Tablets the very best medicine for all the ailments of small children and would recommend them to mothers who have troublesome

Baby's Own Tablets cure constipation, indigestion, diarrhoea, prevent croup, allay irritation at teething time break up colds and destroy worms. In fact there are none of the maor allments of childhood which the Tablets will not cure. Sold by druggists of may be had at 25c a box by writing direct to Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville,

#### DISAPPEARANCE OF THE SCHOOL BULLY.

Dr. Haigh-Brown, the master of the view that athletics are not overdone in modern school life. With the absence of games, he once observed, there would be much more time of bullying and worrying, whereas we now hear nothing of the bully.

# TREATMENT FOR SMUT IN OATS.

Many enquiries have been made by Ontario farmers regarding the treatment of smut in oats. Experiments have been conducted in the college in order to ascertain the most effectual remedies which can

most effectual remedies which can be used for this pest. Two varieties of oats were selected in the spring of 1902, and again in the spring of 1903, and uniform samples from each variety were submitted to special treatments with the object of killing the spores of smut adhering to the grain. The various treatments were as follows:

1. Immersion in Hot Water.—For this treatment the grain-was placed in a bag, which was then immersed in water at about 115 degrees F. Soon afterwards it was placed in water, which was kept at a temperature between 130 degrees and 135 degrees F. The grain was occasionally stirred and was allowed to remain in the water for a period of fifteen minutes. It was then spread out on a clean floor to dry, where it was stirred occasionally.

2. Immersion in Bluestone Solution for Five Minutes.—For No. 2 treatment a strong solution was made by dissolving 1 round of some treatment a strong solution was made by dissolving 1 pound of cop-per sulphate (bluestone) in 1 gallon of water, and then immersing the oats in the solution for a period of five minutes.

ive minutes.
3. Immersion in Bluestone Solu-3. Immersion in Bluestone Solution for Twelve Hours.—In this treatment the bluestone solution was made by dissolving one pound bluestone in 25 gallons of water, and the oats were immersed in this solution for a period of 12 hours.

4. Sprinkling With Bluestone Solution—This solution was made by dissolving one pound of bluestone in 10 gallons of water, which was used for sprinkling over the oath

used for sprinkling over the oath until they were thoroughly mois-tened after being carefully stirred, 5. Immersion in Potassium Sul-phide Solution.—The potassium sul-phide treatment consisted in soak-ing the seed for two houses in ing the seed for two hours in

ing the seed for two hours in model in solution made by dissolving eight pounds of potassium sulphide in 50 gallons of water.

6. Immersion in Diluted Formalin (Formaldelyde).—The solution of formalin used for the immersion process was made by pouring one-half pint of the formalin into 21 gallons of water, and the seed cate. lons of water, and the seed oats were immersed in the solution for

Eight lots of oats of each variety were, therefore, used for this experi-ment. After the treatments had been completed a few hours, the oats were completed a few hours, the oats were carefully sown on separate plots. When the oats were coming into head, they were examined frequently, and all smutted heads were removed and chrefully counted from day to day. The following table gives the total percentage of smutted heads of oats from each treatment:

Percentage of

Percentage of Areatments. Hot water Bluestone, oprinkled Potassium sulphide, 2 hours... 1.7 

ut in oats very frequently causes a great reduction in the yield of grain. The treatments with hot water, formalin, and immersion in bluestone for twelve hours have given the best results at the College. The formalin is a clear liquid, which can be Obtained from almost any drug tore. The treatment with formalin in casily performed, comparatively cheap, and very effectual. Farmers would do well to treat their oats before sowing in the spring.

C. A. Zavitz.
Ontarlo Agricultural College, Guelph.

## "THE LAND O' CAKES."

Confections as Varied as Chrysan themums in Japan.

The Japanese are fond of sweet-meats, and they possess the power of making cakes and confections out meats, and they possess the power of making cakes and confections out of the most impossible materials. Their artistic seense, too, enables them to give a certain beauty even to these perishable dainties of the table. Where natural forms are imitated both the design and coloring of the leaf or flower are carefully copied from the original.

copied from the original.

Japanese cakes are divided into
two classes, the soft and the hard.
The soft kind are made of bears, The soft kind are made of beans, pounded into a pulp and well sweetened. This pulp is enclosed in a covering of rice dough, white in its natural state, but usually tinted with some deleate color. Some are round, some are diamond-shaped, and some in the form of leaves and flowers. There is one curious cake, with a mass of brown bean pulp folded inside a thin layer of rice-dough and wrapped in a leaf. When there is a full moon the sentimental Japanese take evening walks to enjoy the sight of it; and every here and there itinerant vendors of sweets are crying, "Tsukimi dango" "Millet cakes for looking at the moon!" These for looking at the moon of the protection of his lands.

warm.

The hard cakes are made of sugar and rice flour. They are dry and powdery, like the biscuit that the Red Queen gave to Alce in "Through the Loking Glass." Another famous cake, "A soba," is a sort of macaroni wade. made from buckwheat. It is boiled till it is soft, served in a large bowl and eaten with soy. A mountain of "s-ha" speedily becomes a moleill under the vigorous attacks of a hun-dark red stuff, called "yokan," made like very thick blanc-mange. This is cut into strips and eaten with chopsticks, or taken into the fingers; it

world, and is regarded as very reworld, and is regarded as very re-freshing and strengthening. "Ame," or "mizu-amie," is a sweetmeat ra-ther than a cake, and is a thick liquid something like molasses. It is made from wheat and is delicately sweet, with no suggestion of medi-cine about it, though Japanese doc-tors insist that it has the comtors lisist that it has the com-bined virtues of malt extract and octi-liver oil. Besides the liquid form, it is also made in solid oblong pieces, very much like the Turkish weet-meats that are sold in the streets of American cities.

### AN INDIAN ELOPEMENT.

Chief Red Fox and Pretty Ball Woman Surprise Their Folks.

Cupid's darts never sped truer to the mark than did the shaft sent by Chief Red Fox, of Lame Deer Indian Agency, Montana, when he drew a bead on Ball Woman, the pretty Pottawatonie squaw with whom he eloped from Indian Territory early this week. He met her at the Cheyenne frontier day festivities.

festivities. festivities.

They were both at the Union Depot in Denver last night, chief and squaw, happy as eloping lovers can be. They had a section of a Pullman car over the Burlington out of Denver, for Chief Red Fox is a sly old Reynard and has valurox is a sly old Reynard and has valuable ponies on a wide stretch of hills in Montana. He was paying his way with a lavish prodigality, and the section the two occupied was provided with nuts, candy and fancy pieces of gaily colored cloth which he had bought en route for his pretty squaw wife.

Many passengers were approach to see

Many passengers were amazed to see an Indian travelling first class. When Indians travel they have to bear cre-dentials. Uncle Sam does not allow dentials. Uncle Sam does not allow them to roam at will from the reservation. Chief Red Fox was equipped with a passport from Agent Clifford of the
Lame Deer agency in Montana, which said he left that place a month ago to pay a "friendly visit" to the Pottawatomic reservation in Indian Territory.
Ball Woman sported a passport, too.
Hers was signed by Agent John H. Seger of the Pottawatomic reservation in Indian Territory, and was only good for sixty days. This passport was secured upon the representation that she was merely going to the Lame Deer agency on a visit. But as soon as she was safely on the way she was joined by Chief Red Fox, and the two were married in Wichita, Kan.

Chief Red Fox was unsuccessful in

Chief Red Fox was unsuccessful in his open and above board wooing of Ball Woman, for the reason that she is an heiress and her title to an immense stretch of land in Illinois is still in the were immersed in the solution for twenty minutes.

7. Sprinklings With Diluted Formalin.—One half-pint of formalin was poured into five gallons of water. The oats were then sprinkled with this solution and carefully stirred until the grain was thoroughly moistened.

8. Untreated.—One sample of oats of each variety was left untreated in order that the influence of the various treatments might be observed. courts. The chief of her tribe used what influence he had to break off the

The Indians had two modern suit cases in which they packed their be-

ongings.

Their dress was a combination of the Their dress was a combination of the picturesque costume of the nomads of the plains and of that of the civilized Indians. Chief Red Fox wore "citizen's clothes" and had a broad sombrero to distinguish him from other passengers. His hair was cut short and his feet

were encased in shoes. His bride wore moccasins, small and ornamented with beads. She wore a Navajo blanket, and there was little to-distinguish her from the border savage. Yet inside the blanket her dress was that of the civilized woman. She wore the blanket and moccisins merely as a travelling costume. She was educated in the Indian school on the reservation.

Whether the Government will take steps to stop the runaway couple is not known. Their passports are regular, known. Their passports are reg and the railway men who knew were eloping were apparently anxious to see them get to their destination in safety.—Denver Republican.

Distributing Colds

H. E. H. writing in the New York H. E. H. writing in the New York Times, says:
While your correspondents are giving their views on the subject of. "catching cold" in cars, may I call attention to the people who distri-bute the germs of "colds" by sneez-ing over their fellow-passengers? They do not seem to know that when a man sneezes, he becomes for the moment a human attorior, disthe moment a human atmoizer, dis-tributing mucus in fine spray from his noise, and that every considera-tion of the health of his neighbors requires that this spray should be discharged into his handkerchief.

Nine men in ten sneeze firs, and then use their handkerchiefs, if they use them at all. This is particularly

was them at all. This is particularly true of men standing in cars, who by reason of hanging on to a strap with one hand and holding a paper in the other, find it inconvenient to reach for a handkerchisf, and who if they sneeze, distribute the germs of disease through the surrounding atmosphere. and narticularly over

ese take evening walks to enjoy the sight of it; and every here and there itinerant vendors of sweets are crying, "Tsukimi dango!" "Millet cakes for looking at the moon!" These cakes are made round, of millet-dough, with or without bean-pulp in the centre. They are usually eaten and the catching of "colds" lic vehicles will, in my opinion, be re-

#### duced 50 per cent DAMASCUS GUN BARRELS.

The Damascus gun barrel is manufactured only at Nessovaux, near Liege. Belgium, while the steel barrel is made in Liege. Every barrel must under the law successfully withstand the Government test before it is admitted for sale. The gunbarrels are made by the workmen in their own homes and are workmen in their own homes and are delivered to the merchants, who com-bine the parts for the markets. It is the universal understanding that United States is the best market for the cheap grade of guns. The two towns sold \$273,000 worth to the States last year.