

Hetty's Tramp.

By James Vernon.

"I'll run away!"

This was Hetty Warner's reply to her mother when told that she could no longer keep company with Sam Beecher. Hetty was nineteen and an only child, and the Warners were well-to-do farmers living just outside the town of Lincolnville. Sam Beecher was a rather fast young man living in town, and his calls at the farmhouse had not been received with favor by the old folks.

"Don't be foolish, Hetty," said her mother. "We don't want to see you throw yourself away on a worthless young man."

"Who says he's worthless?" demanded the daughter, with flashing eyes.

"Why, everybody knows he drinks and swears and gets into scrapes."

"He's simply a young man of spirit, and I admire him for it."

"For the last sake!" Well, it seems that father didn't put his foot down a minute too soon. Now, you'd better finish hemming that tablecloth and wait for a better man to come along."

Hetty had no more to say. She felt humiliated and defiant, and she was determined to do something. She wanted to make her mother and father feel bad—worse than she felt herself. There was one thing left—to run away. The more she thought of the plan the better she liked it. She would steal away at night. She would leave behind her a letter saying that her heart was broken. She would go far, far away among strangers and probably die within a few weeks of the plan the better she liked it. She would steal away at night. She would leave behind her a letter saying that her heart was broken. She would go far, far away among strangers and probably die within a few weeks of the plan the better she liked it.

Hetty allowed a week to glide past to lull suspicion and to see if Sam Beecher could bid defiance to her father's edict, and then she was ready. Sam did not show up. He was having a lawsuit just then over a horse trade, and he had no time to scheme and plan.

At 10 o'clock one summer's night Hetty stole from the house to return never again. She left a heartbroken letter on the kitchen table, and there were tears in her eyes as she bade the cat and dog and cherry trees and flower beds good-bye. Her plan was to walk through the village and keep on until she had put hundreds of miles between her grieving heart and the dear old home. She had 70 cents in cash and a grim determination to die a martyr to parental injustice.

She got along bravely until she had passed through the village and was half a mile beyond. Then a thunderstorm came up and drove her to seek shelter in a farmer's barn, but before she got under cover she was thoroughly drenched and had torn the skirt of her dress half off in getting over a rail fence. She found a door of the barn open and crept inside with chattering teeth and a shivering body. She was alone, and she was wondering if Sam Beecher would shed tears of grief if he knew her situation, when the odor of tobacco smoke came to her nostrils. Before she could make a move, however, a man with a pipe in his mouth stood between her and the door, and a gruff voice said:

"Well, old dusty, I bids ye come in out of the wet and make yerself at home. Got any cold vittles with ye?"

"Who—who is it?" screamed the girl as she started back.

"Thump me if it 'tain't a female!" growled the man. "Who is it yerself?"

"It's—me—a girl!"

"And it's me—a tramp. By jingo, but this is a rum go! Did yer father send ye out here to disturb my meditations and turn me out in the midst of a thunderstorm?"

"No. I—I don't belong here. I was going somewhere, and the storm drove me in here. I guess I'll go now."

"I guess so. Havin' invaded the sacred precincts of my domicile, as Shakespeare has it, I want to know the whicness of it. Besides, no lady should travel about at midnight in a thunderstorm without a beau. Are ye a big gal or a little gal? Come, now tell me what's the trouble."

"I want to go!" exclaimed Hetty, who'd have given all the Sam Beechers on earth to be safe at home in her bed just then.

"But ye can't ye know," protested the tramp. "It's what the perlice calls a suspicious case, and I've got to investigate. Whose gal are ye? What do ye live? What are ye doin' out here this time of night? I ain't a bad man, and if ye've got any sorrows pour 'em into my listenin' ears."

Chattering with the cold and trembling with fear, and having only the idea of appealing to the tramp's sympathy, Hetty stated her case. It wasn't much of a case, as she had to admit to herself when she had stated it, and the reply of the man, was prompt and to the point.

"Say, gal," he observed as she finished, "ye are a silly kid. Yer dad and marm was dead right, and ye ought ter be locked up. What was ye runnin' away to?"

"I—I don't know."

"What was ye gin' to do when ye got there?"

"I—I don't know."

"Course ye don't. It is jest a gal's whim, and a mighty silly one. Gals has got to be bossed, and ye ought to know it. The old folks has got to keep an eye on 'em till they're married off. A kid of a gal is as apt to marry a rascal as an honest feller, and I don't reckon your beau Sam is anything to brag of. The storm is passin' over, and when it stops rainin' ye are goin' back home."

"But I can't," sobbed Hetty.

"But ye must. Yes, marm, I'm goin' right along with ye. Mebbe ye kin get into the house and up to yer room without anybody bein' the wiser. At any rate ye've got to try it."

Miss Hetty wept and objected, though all the time hoping the tramp would carry out his programme. When the rain had ceased and the stars shone out again, he said:

"Now, gal, we'll jog along. Purty

A 10 cent packet of

Wilson's

Fly Pads

has actually

Killed a Bushel

of Flies

wet and muddy, but ye'll remember it the longer."

Very little was said as they splashed through the mud left by the shower and brushed against the wet walls of the highway. The tramp smoked and Hetty shivered, and she was ready to sink down from exhaustion and emotion as the pair finally arrived at the farmhouse gate. It was nearly 2 o'clock in the morning, and all within the house was quiet.

"Did ye leave the door on the latch, kid?" asked the tramp.

"Yes."

"Then sneak in and up to yer room, and tomorrow mornin' ye set out to git yer common sense back. Ye'll excuse me, won't ye?"

"Y-yes."

"And not bear any grudge?"

"No."

"Then here's my paw, and I'll stand here till ye are safe inside. Don't stand to it again. Good night."

And the only thing said next morning was by the mother, who observed:

"The cat must have got sopping wet last night for I found trails of water all over the kitchen floor when I got up this mornin'."

EMERALD MINES OF COLOMBIA

Digging Gems in the Far-Away Republic.

Methods Employed in Taking the Precious Stones From the Depths of the Earth.

A report on the condition and trade of the Republic of Colombia, with the exception of the district of Panama, for the year 1901, just issued by the foreign office, states that the emerald mines of Muzo and Cosquez, the property of the Colombian government, have produced the finest emeralds in the world. They are at present rented to a British company. Up to the year 1875 all the emerald mines in the country were the property of the nation. After that date the government granted the right of exploration and working to private enterprise, reserving only the right to the Muzo and Cosquez mines. Since then several companies have been formed and considerable capital expended with very poor results.

The most promising of these seem to be the Somondoco mines, which were discovered by a mining point of view. It is a totally different geological formation to the other mining departments of the republic, no gold or silver being found, save in the few rivers emptying into the Magdalena. The one great mine of production is that of Muzo, famous since the year 1855 for the production of the finest emeralds of the world. It is in the rough weighing 2,300 carats having been taken from one of the many veins of this mine. These mines are the property of the Colombian government, which leases them for periods of five years to the highest bidder at public auction, which takes place in the capital of the republic one year previous to the expiration of the term for which they are leased. The value of the production of these mines has always been kept a secret by the lessors.

BLASTING SLATE ROCK.

The mode of working is similar to that adopted in Europe in large quarry mines. The top soil is removed by hydraulic machinery, the slate rock is then left bare, this being cut away by means of long, strong bars handled by native labor. The work is then done by blasting with black powder manufactured at the mines and employed where no damage can be done to existing veins. The veins are then extracted from the slate, which run in no given direction or large rock for slate formation. The stones are found chiefly in pockets, but occasionally some are found isolated from the vein, necessitating constant care and vigilance.

The immense amount of debris resulting from the cutting of the slate falls from the quarry is carried away by means of discharges of water from reservoirs at an elevation above the quarry by means of syphons which empty the lock, when full, automatically, great care being taken conveniently to direct this great discharge of water so that no damage may be done to existing productive veins. The short term of the lease does not admit of any extensive system being adopted, as, for example, in Kimberley, to prevent stealing of the stones, but special care is taken in the selection of the workpeople, who, in turn, watch most carefully all operations on the banks. The stones after extraction are classified into their respective classes, ranging from first to sixth quality, by the superintendent in charge, who forwards them to the government. The greater quantity are forwarded to British India to be cut, and afterward the better qualities return to the markets of Europe for sale.

ORIGIN OF THE CRYSTALS.

The theory is that the silicate of glauca and alumina ran in the surface of the veins, and there cooling off formed the particular hexagonal crystal, and, according to its abundance, produced the different qualities. The theory is also unfavourable conditions existing. The Cosquez group is said by tradition to be very rich and the quality of the stones said to be of the particular "cristalline" or "sugar" quality. Many attempts have been made to find the actual "locus in quo" of the production, but up to the present no important success has been achieved (says Consul Dickson) that an emerald-producing formation of great importance has been discovered by the aid of old Spanish parchments in the Somondoco district, locally known by the name of Chivor, but as yet has not been worked by the discoverers; at present only the old Spanish tunnels and workings indicating that in recent centuries the mining operations had been carried on there have been overhauled, giving proof of the existence of "emerald" veins. It is intended to open up these extensive workings, so long lost to the world since the suspension of the works by order of the King of Spain in the year 1792, owing to the fact that all the emerald properties, Muzo and Cosquez included, produced a loss and not a profit to the Kingdom of Spain.

CAPTAINS OF THE MINES.

This was due to the dishonesty of the captains of the mines, who by law were obliged to deliver the fifth part of the production to the King of Spain in return for the assistance accorded in the form of troops and ammunition to protect them from hostile tribes. It was during this suspension that so many mines were lost sight of and completely overgrown with tropical vegetation, as were also the bridge paths which led to them through the forests and mountains. Even towns with 2,000 inhabitants dependent on the mines were abandoned; some have been rediscovered by accident, a hunter coming upon a paved street or stone foundations of a house. The Spaniards always built their towns with stone foundations. Among these lost towns Muzo may almost be counted. At one time it boasted of seventeen churches and a large population. Today there is one church and only about 300 people. It is interesting to note that, with one or two exceptions only, all the mines of any worth now being worked were known to the Spaniards, and in the majority of cases considerable workings are evident.—London Globe.

Valentine Ziegler, a Louisville, Ky., cigarmaker, became a grandfather at 31 and now has a daughter 3 months old.

Great excitement was caused recently by the offering of a sirloin steak as a prize at an entertainment.

BRITISH PRESS PRAISE CANADA

Leading Journals Express Their Opinions.

Agriculture—Credit Due Hon. Mr. Fisher, Prof. Robertson and Others for Its Progress.

It is as great a help to countries as to individuals to be permitted occasionally to see themselves as others see them. In this respect Canada is not an exception, and our population may profitably spend a few minutes viewing themselves in a British mirror. No one who knows the conservative Morning Post of London, England, will accuse it of undue enthusiasm on any subject, much less of lavishness in dispensing praise; therefore, when Canadians see themselves mirrored to advantage in its columns, they may rest assured that reflection is not far wide of the mark.

In the last edition to hand, this is the picture presented:

"Today the splendid results of Canada's commercial enterprise are apparent even to the most casual student of affairs. Her foreign trade increases month by month, and year by year; the population of Nebraska, the Dakotas and other Western States is being drawn up into her Northwest; and almost every day she advances the boundaries of her civilization towards the north. The results are apparent to all; the processes whereby they have been attained are understood by few in this country. That Canada possesses illimitable natural resources, and is both the Scotland and the Normandy of North America, does not explain the amazing rapidity of her development in the short space of ten years she has grown into a commercial great power. In particular, the growth of her agricultural trade—always a sure foundation for national greatness—is without parallel in the world's industrial history. In 1896 the aggregate value of her exports of foodstuffs was \$35,773,123; last year it was \$63,098,841. Moreover, the average Canadian's standard of living has been considerably raised in the interval, and the country's population has been much greater than in rural districts, the difference between these two sums does not adequately represent the increase in the actual value of her farm products. How has this remarkable advance been brought about? The plain truth is that Canada has always been governed by business men, and that every member of the present cabinet is a member of the board of directors for the nation, has the necessary talent and training for supervising the business of his department. No least able of those able men is the minister of agriculture, who has shown a constant and successful policy—no new thing, though it has been revised and extended of late years. And much of the success of that policy is due to Prof. Robertson, Canada's indefatigable 'agricultural traveler'."

The Canadian Gazette, also a London paper, and which devotes itself to Canadian men and matters, in a leader, states: "The Canadian department of agriculture is still giving points to the world. Here, for instance, is the St. James' Gazette, taking the last annual report of the minister of agriculture as affording a contrast between the useful activity of the colonial government and the inactivity of our own (the British) in these matters." As an excellent example of the way in which the Canadian Government assists the trader, the St. James' Gazette takes a recent article sent out by the Canadian department of agriculture, in reference to Canadian cheese, and how to prepare it for the British markets. The Canadian Gazette adds that 'if British agriculture had a few such enlightened officials as the Hon. Mr. Robertson, sent to the present department of agriculture vote at their disposal, the British farmer would soon hold up his head.'"

The Cork Examiner (Ireland) says: "There are many ways of accounting for the different results attained by the prosperous farmers of the colonies, and the embarrassed, unscientific agriculturists at home. One of the chief reasons is that the colonies have more thorough co-operation between the farmers and the department of agriculture, the latter being more ready to afford advice and instruction, and the former to avail themselves of such assistance at every occasion. The results should be of some value to our department as well as of interests to all concerned in agricultural pursuits. The annual report of the Hon. Sydney Fisher should indicate to our farmers how far ahead of them their colonial rivals are in agricultural instruction and experiment, and how seriously handicapped they must remain until co-operation and instruction have advanced to an equal degree in this country (Ireland)."

The Globe (London, England) suggests in its latest editorial the expediency of establishing in South African centers of agricultural instruction, "where our farmers may learn the best methods of cultivation and stock-raising as is already done in Canada." It goes on to state, "the annual report of the Canadian minister of agriculture demonstrates the highly satisfactory results of the enterprise. In Canada any farmer who finds himself face to face with some new problem never previously encountered, need only state his predicament to the nearest center of information to have all his difficulties removed."

Referring to our cold storage systems, the Times, the leading daily newspaper in the world, declared in a leader that "capital put into cold storage warehouses will prove a sound remunerative financial investment"; and the Commercial Intelligence, another English publication, has endorsed it.

With such points before him, and such pointers ready for him, he may require them, the Canadian agriculturist may do well to dwell a moment upon the superior advantages freely offered for his acceptance; and the least he can do in return for these privileges is to co-operate with the experimental branches of this department in still further improving the farmers' position in this land, and their commercial status throughout the world's markets. The success of this Dominion rests in the farmer's palm. The government is doing its duty by the farmer, and he in turn is in duty bound to reciprocate.

Sergeant James Condon is the oldest enlisted man in the United States army, having served from Nov. 7, 1833, to May 7, 1885, when he went on the retired list. He served in Florida, Mexico and the Civil War. Minard's Liniment Co.'s Blanduff.

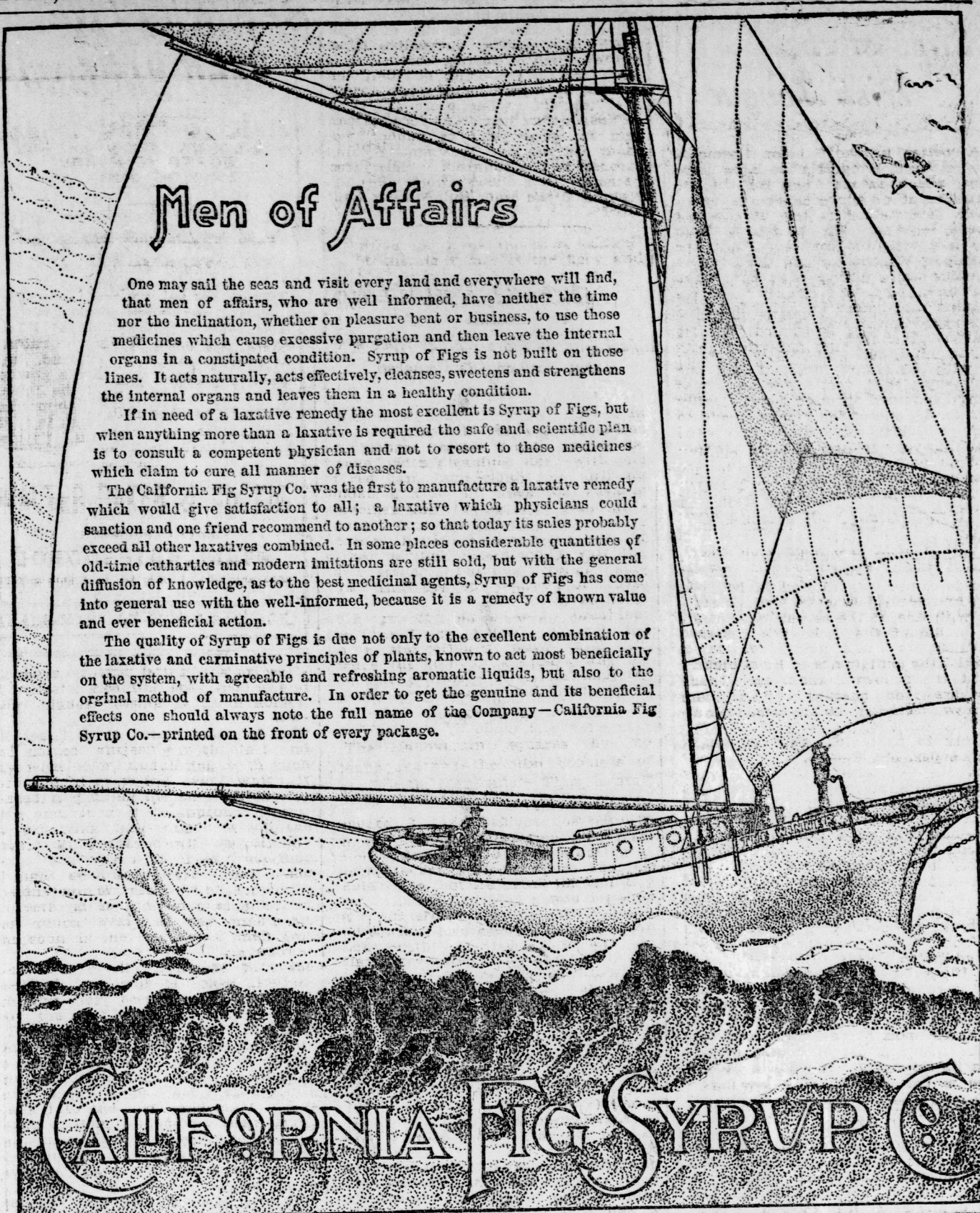
Men of Affairs

One may sail the seas and visit every land and everywhere will find, that men of affairs, who are well informed, have neither the time nor the inclination, whether on pleasure bent or business, to use those medicines which cause excessive purgation and then leave the internal organs in a constipated condition. Syrup of Figs is not built on those lines. It acts naturally, effectively, cleanses, sweetens and strengthens the internal organs and leaves them in a healthy condition.

If in need of a laxative remedy the safe and scientific plan is to consult a competent physician and not to resort to those medicines which claim to cure all manner of diseases.

The California Fig Syrup Co. was the first to manufacture a laxative remedy which would give satisfaction to all; a laxative which physicians could sanction and one friend recommend to another; so that today its sales probably exceed all other laxatives combined. In some places considerable quantities of old-time cathartics and modern imitations are still sold, but with the general diffusion of knowledge, as to the best medicinal agents, Syrup of Figs has come into general use with the well-informed, because it is a remedy of known value and ever beneficial action.

The quality of Syrup of Figs is due not only to the excellent combination of the laxative and carminative principles of plants, known to act most beneficially on the system, with agreeable and refreshing aromatic liquids, but also to the original method of manufacture. In order to get the genuine and its beneficial effects one should always note the full name of the Company—California Fig Syrup Co.—printed on the front of every package.



MAMMOTH PRIZE COMPETITION TO BE HELD IN CONNECTION WITH GOLD SOAP \$2,500.00 IN PRIZES.

In order to get thousands of people in all parts of the country to see how pure and economical GOLD SOAP is for all manner of washing and cleaning, the manufacturers have decided to hold a Mammoth Prize Competition, to start May 15, 1902, and end November 15, 1902. The prizes will be awarded to the person sending in the greatest number of GOLD SOAP wrappers before November 15, 1902. The full list of prizes will be found below, and all those who do not wish a prize will receive a regular Gold Soap premium in return for their wrappers, varying in value according to the number of wrappers sent in.

There are 5,213 PRIZES. The manufacturers of Gold Soap could not afford to offer such an astounding inducement to the public were it not for the fact that they feel sure that once Gold Soap is tried it will be used constantly, as no good housekeeper would think of going back to one of the common, impure soaps after using the soap that is "worth its weight in gold." GOLD SOAP is the purest, handiest and most economical soap that it is possible to make, and if used constantly will keep down expense, make the washing more quickly and easily done, and will bring the clothes out beautifully white.

IF YOU START NOW TO SAVE YOUR GOLD SOAP WRAPPERS YOU WILL HAVE QUITE A LOT BY NOVEMBER, AND YOU WILL THEN SHARE IN THE BIG GOLD SOAP COMPETITION. Do not be afraid to send in your wrappers, no matter how many you may have, because you are CERTAIN to receive a prize or a regular Gold Soap premium. Please note that you are not asked to send any money or do any work of any kind—simply use the best soap in the world, save the wrappers and send you a prize or a premium. This is the greatest offer ever made to the public, and will make GOLD SOAP known from ocean to ocean—and wherever it is known it is liked and recommended.

DIRECTIONS—Save your Gold Soap Wrappers and send them into Gold Soap, Toronto, marked "Competition," before November 15th, 1902, with your own name and address inclosed. The prizes will be sent out on November 24th with a full list of the winners. You may send your wrappers at any time so long as your name and address comes along with each lot. Do not send in the whole wrapper, but just the center part, with the words "Gold Soap, Good as Gold."

LIST OF PRIZES IN THE MAMMOTH PRIZE COMPETITION: 1st PRIZE—(For the largest number of Gold Soap Centers received) \$100 in Cash. 2nd PRIZE—(For the second greatest number) \$50 in Cash. 3rd PRIZE—\$30 in Cash. Each of the next 50—A 14k Gold-Filled Watch for Lady or Gentleman, guaranteed. Each of the next 100—A 14k Gold-Filled Watch for Lady or Gentleman, guaranteed. Each of the next 100—One dozen Silver-Plated Teaspoons, guaranteed. Each of the next 100—A Handsome Piece of Silverware—Silver Sate, Cream Jugs, Ladies' Novelties, Sugar Bowls, Salts and Peppers, Cutlery, Knives, etc., etc. Each of the next 2,000—A Copy of the Famous Picture, entitled "King of the Forest," designed especially for Gold Soap. This Picture cannot be procured elsewhere.

CONDITIONS: All wrappers sent in must have contained soap; we have a secret process for detecting bogus wrappers. Consumers should be careful never to buy Gold Soap unless it is wrapped in the regular black and orange wrappers. All wrappers (or centers) must be plainly marked "Competition," and must contain the name and address of the sender, and be mailed to Gold Soap, Toronto, on or before November 15, 1902. Those that receive prizes will not receive any premium as well, but all those not winning prizes will receive a regular Gold Soap premium in return for their wrappers. In case two people send in the same number of wrappers, the prize will be divided. Persons giving information leading to the conviction of anyone trying to defraud Gold Soap will be liberally rewarded. Address all communications simply GOLD SOAP, TORONTO.

The Air Line to Health.

The modern city is becoming more and more like a wheel—a central hub in which business is done, and from which radiating spokes and trolleys which carry the life of the city to an outer circumference of green fields and woods, where one may go after a day of playing Mr. Hyde in town to give Dr. Jekyll a chance to regain the upper hand.

Between the spokes live those to whom life without gas, sewers and policemen is not worth the living. But those who can't and those who won't dwell out of town grow fewer every year. For the first, the problem is being solved by increasingly rapid transit; by improvements which will, in a few years, merge the suburbs of New York into those of Philadelphia.

This better service is throwing open the farms for fifty miles around the city to pre-emption by the business man. Even now he may cry By Jove! over a bird at his luncheon in Delmonico's, and exclaim B'gosh! over a real broiler at his dinner in Podunk, twenty miles from Madison Square.

There is hope for the man with dark blue lungs, who rails at his folly in cooing an acre of ground to grow grass that, once a week, in the sweat of your brow, you may push a lawn mower over it. For your earnest neighbor with the wilted collar, who is planting turnip seed in the serene hope of its glorious resurrection as early radishes, was but last year a Philistine, his home a flat, his portion of heaven the few square feet fenced off by the top of the light-well, his children's playground the street.

The only man who never can and never will be converted to the country is the fellow who was raised on the farm and kept close to nature from sunup to sunset, with an hour at noon for soggy pie and oatmeal water. He

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If you once become acquainted with these Rolled Oats then you can't help being their steadfast friend.

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will go to see "The Old Homestead," and choke up a little, perhaps, when the fiddles play low, but that is about as near the real thing as he ever wants to get again.—Philadelphia Post.

Masses, Sweden, has a woman's fire department, 150 strong.

In China grand banquets last twelve hours or even longer, and the menu includes such delicacies as pickled birds' nests.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

PUL-MO CURE

IS A POSITIVE for consumption and all throat and lung troubles. Thousands have used it successfully. Price, \$1.00 per large bottle, 15 cents for small bottle. For sale by all druggists.

A FREE SAMPLE BY MAIL to every sufferer. THE PUL-MO CO., TORONTO, ONT.

Crows have 27 different cries, each referable to a different action.