affording an additional source of ue for the company. oness von Roques, mother of Mrs. brick, has retained the services of J. E. Harris, solicitor, London, to pen this case. Mr. Harris is in communication with the Home e, and it is alleged that some new nce of a sensational character and avor of Mrs. Maybrick's plea of not has been obtained. Daily Chronicle descriptive writer Mr. Gladstone's speech in the House ommons this week was very debone in manner, and great in voice. No who has not heard Mr. Gladstone k-and at his great age this peculiar

is as noticeable as ever-can have idea of the way in which words can nade to have a certain smashing efcan be hurled, like bolts of live der, out of a human mouth. The dors of Mr. Gladstone's voice, veiled years ago, now shine out with unished strength, and they are always oyed with special effect on big party ons. The Old Man wore violets in uttonhole, and was altogether alive electric fashion, flashing, weighty, hant, and with his heart clearly in work of bearing down a warlike the one thing, perhaps, that the ier hates more than any other move litics.

most disastrous fire that has over experienced in Sheffield occurred yesterday (Dec. 21) morning, breakit in the extensive drapery establishof Messrs. Hovey & Sons, which es a commanding position in the of the town. About 50 assistants sleeping on the premises, and they not roused until the fire had got full of the building. They had very v escapes as they made their way the fireproof staircase at the rear building in their . night-dresses. one of the assistants succumbed to ery element. The loss is estimated on \$1,000,000, as considerable adg property was also consumed. great amount of sickness continues recorded throughout the country, quent on the continued changeable er, which on the whole has been mild up to the time of writing. Sixcases of smallpox have occurred at olelyn Castle, East Ham, which is as a reformatory school for boys. disease was introduced by a visitor of the boys. The disease is also prevalent in many towns throughout ountry, and was introduced into during the Russian fetes. Scarlet and measels, not to mention influhas raised the death-rate enormousmany of the provincial towns, Notam alone showing a record of 32 per JOHN HALL

### IT'S NEVER TOO LATE.

unt Forest Man Thought His Case eless-Urged by a Friend, He Made More Trial for Health-The Happy

George Friday is a well-known nt of Mount Forest, and among acquainted with him it is known he has been a great sufferer from bronchitis, accompanied by a ough that used to leave him so that he would lie down for hours time. Mr. Friday's friends have I lately that he has regained his le vigor, and in conversation with rter of the Confederate a few days was asked to what agency he his renewed health. "To the agency," said Mr. Friday, "that omplished so many wonderful throughout the country-Dr. Wil-Pink Pills. For the past three have been so ill that I have been do but little work. I doctored ied many remedies with but little benefit, and at last I went to the I at Brantford, where I remained time, and while there I felt hat better. The improvement ly temporary, for scarcely had I ed home when I was again as ill re. I had spent a great deal of in doctoring without benefit and discouraged and began to look ny condition as hopeless. A friend me to try Dr. Williams' Pink and as you can see I have reason thankful that I did. After I had number of boxes the cough had troubled me so 'much eneased, and I could eat a work 's hearty meal, but before long I to go to work. I am now in health, and believe that Dr. as' Pink Pills have saved my Williams' Pink Pills strike at the disease, because they build up od, driving out all impurities If fair trial they never fail. aler does not keep them they will by mail, post paid, at 50 cents or six boxes for \$2.50, by adthe Dr. Williams' Med. ille, Ont., or Schnectady, N. Y. are imitations of these celebrated gainst which the public are can-



## BY EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

Hull to mind.

ed place of the dead and mutter:

II

MAPLE HILL CHARITY.

Cynthy Hull!"

it the rattling door.

ed on.

GRANDMA HULL.

The glory of Indian summer still lay like a delicious dream upon the land when a certain early November hight came upon Maple Valley among the gray New England hills, and with it all the storm-swept bitterness of winter.

brought on a bad night early; a wild night without, but within the great farmhouses of the valley it also brought that blessed warmth and glow which no storms save those of misfortune and sory can chill or change, and those dear old New England suppers with their me-locious kettle-songs, their wealth of shining pewter, their spotless table cloths and

host of flickering candles; those pleasant, olden, year-round glow-worms within the gentle murk and dark of amle farmside homes. At their evening meal, in the wide, low living-room of Maple Hill farm-house, sat Frandma Hull," her two remaining fatherless children, four-year-old Mary nd ten-year-old Dick, and her servant Jane, whose husband, old Josh Tooker, was still busy for "chores" and in housing the shivering dumb brutes from the itious storm. As the mistress of the farm-house pushed her chair away from the table, the light from the fire-place revealed the sorrow-sharpened outlines of a plain, motherly face. White-haired from have-labor, and love loss, she was still scarcely a middle-aged woman, who had come to be called "Grandma Hull" by the valley folk opprobriously at first and finally from universal habit, through her stubborn kindliness and generosity to all suffering waifs cast by the tide of misfortune on the rocky beach of Maple Valcharity.

She'd better tend ter keepin' Maple Hill outer debt;" was the remark of one member of Turnover Club at the odorous "Come in!" village store. 'Its jess sech silly critters as keeps Maple Valley full o' passels er vaga-

mes:" struck up another. Jim Hull'd shrink up till his gravethe night into the cheery old room. Then her hand still upon the latch, the snow lothes wuz loose at sech goin's on, if he peaten about her black hair which was cud know on 'em;" vouchsafed another. Even the parson wailed from the vilmatted wildly about her handsome head,

lage pulpit: "There are those in this and stood there the embodiment of desvery neighborhood-and may they be forperate hope and fear, ready for instant given!-who waste their substance upon flight at the first intimation of unfriend godless scoffers, when millions of heathen iness. Grandma Hull saw nothing poetic souls are hungering for the manna of the Word!" Whereupon all the village the weird apparition, and with a genuine congregation groaned at the obdurate incourt-martial air, chopped out the one ienity of Grandma Hull in the old house word. on Maple Hill.

"Hungry ?"

"Oh. missus! I doant mind a bein' hun Whenever Grandma Hull was struck in her untoward heart by a particularly gry But they be chasin' hus away; an' ve gone an' got lost!" said the heathen, cruel shaft of this nature, she merely clapped her sun-bonnet on her head; took as if half a mind to spring back again inher Bible in her hand; started for the to the night and the storm. "Oho!" ejaculated Grandma Hull with little family burying ground beside Maa world of conviction in the word. "I ple Hill grove, where the Gipsies came see. You're one of those Gipsies that's and chimped once or twice each year; sat there among the little headstones bebeen campin' in the grove?" "Yes, missus, I be," rejoined the waif; side her parents', her childrens' and her dead husband's, Jim Hull's, graves for a as if realizing that between her own and ttle time; when she always returned the Christian race the gulf of hate and SUNTHN' HAPPENS. distrust lay measureless and impassable. Then the little vagabond burst into tears, which Richard Hull in after years remembered made her seem pitiful, engaging and pretty. Grandma Hull, never fussy about her charities, made haste to bolt the kitchen door against the hired men. Then, with Jane and Josh, who were now bustling with the warmth of transmitted hospitable influences, the wild thing was placed at the table where, between excited sobbings, she was made to eat a hearty meal; everything on Grandma Hull's part the while being done with a brusque yet certain touch of appreciation of the girl's immediate needs, that had in it genuine umanity. "Dirty?" asked Grandma Hull, when he raven had finished her meal. "Hus Gipsies are never dirty!" said the girl quietly, with a noticeable fire in her eves. "Pooh, pooh!" retorted Grandma Hull, while she looked appealingly at Jane, who in turn looked appealingly at Josh, while Josh looked straight at the snowpelted panes; but all three seemed cleary satisfied that the vagrant must have a sousing bath before lying upon a Christian bed. The girl understood it instantly, Gipsies always understand. In a flash she had her splendid tawny bosom bared, and then, whisking her sleeves up to her ing song of round shoulders, said excitedly: "See, see!-a clean Gipsy!" In another instant she was bending down to present the same unanswerable argument as to her shapely legs. Jane put her back against the kitchen door and again flung her apron over her head; while Josh went to the window and almost curtained it with his hulking form. But Grandma Hull took the waif prisoner, marched her into the garret, and stowed her away in a capacious trundle bed beside the roaring chimney, where, muttering words in an unknown tengue which surely had the modulation and accent of prayer, this lost heathen sobbed herself to sleep. That night a Gipsy brother, or mayhap a good-for-nothing lover, had followed the girl through the storm. For a moment, perhaps, he had feasted his hun-For its gry eyes on the Gipsy racklie safe within the farm-house cheer. Then he had crept to the barn where, like a faithful dog, he had watched and waited until morn. Refusing breakfast, he had taken charge of the girl, and, after such grateful looks as had never glowed upon Maple Hill farm-house before, they had set out together, hurrying across those bleak New England hills, dark silhouettes against a winter sky. As they disappeared from view, Jane Tooker remarkd with all the conscious firmness of prophecy to her husband, who had lingered at the kitchen window, until the ragged Romany were lost from sight. "Joshua Tooker! mind my words. Sunthn' 'll happen. Grammer Hull 'll hear from this!" And truer words were never spoken than these. TIL CHARITY AFIELD. Ten years had passed, North and outh the shadows of hate and strife lay

South the strength and light had gone, perhaps never to return, from out a million happy homes; and at Maple Hill, the trembling hearts of Grandma Hull, of Mary, now a sweet-eyed lass of fifteen, and of faithful Jane and Josh, were ceaselessly quivering in dire expectancy from every far-borne thrilling echo of the dreadful conflict; for somewhere in its thick and heat was the only son of Grandma Hull, Along the blackened war fields Sher-

man's conquering hosts had fought from Chicamauga to Atlanta and beyond. The cruel sacrifice of Atlanta had been made. He had the door open and was nearly gone, when he turned to the woman who Intoxicated with victory, onward swept these hosts to Savannah and the sea had uttered no word and never changed Some thousands of Federal troops had her position, when from the greatcoat been turned back to battle with the brave came a parting injunction for Grandma and reckless Hood and his heroic band

as with luckless valor they assaulted strategic Northern bases of supplies, and "Keep thinkin' it over, Cynthy-hard. With my money we could make Maple Hill, well-jess shine. Keep thinkin', barefooted and starving, were now menacing the city of Nashville. ynthy!" And with this, he closed the Another wild November night had loor, only to encounter Josh Tooker, come. Trainloads of Northern troops, again a snow man in the pelting storm. chiefly of field artillery commands, had With a gruff salutation, the 'Squire passbeen summoned from Chattanooga to the eleaguered city. Here horses, guns, "See here, Si Slater," called the old caissons, limbers, artificers' wagons and man after him, "taint no use. Taint no all, were packed roof high in the scant airthly use! One gravestun down thar freight cars ready for being hurried for-

in th' lot's with more to Grammer Hull The inexorable order to the halfward. than ev'ry bone in your body, with ev'ry clad, half-fed, march-exhausted men had gol-danged penny you've got throwed in!' been: off!" "Ride on the car-roofs-or fall off!" Standing knee-deep in the freezing mud, beaten and stung by a bitter storm of snow and sleet, both officers and men If there was answer) Josh Tooker heard not for the howling of the storm. But if he had followed 'Squire Slater villageward down the blinding road, he would were in a savage mood almost of ferocity have seen him pause for a moment where and mutiny. the little graveyard lay peacefully beneath

War takes no heed of breaking hearts; the snow, to shake his fist at the hallowand Richard Hull's was one. Halffrozen, desolate, desperate, he tramped "I'll level ev'ry cussed stone, if I live his guardsman's beat beside the laden long enough!-and all your fine airs too, train until the signal for its departure. That very hour Jeff Dean, a soldier in the Massachusetts Thirty-Ninth, had staring at the poor-house door as at an shown him a letter from 'Squire Slater.

It had guardedly, but still surely, said The occupants of the pleasant room that when Dick Hull's mother and sishad scarcely all returned when the storm ter and mother were dead, and Maple seemed to clutch the old farm-house fu-Hill sold for debt, and in the hands of riously, and a ghostly knock was heard strangers, doubtless Dick Hull would never care to see Maple Valley again. "There 'tis! I knew it. I knew sun-There are moments in lives when the thn' 'd happen!" gasped Jane Tooker dohuman soul first knows the awful prislorously, with her gingham apron before onment of utter loneliness and despair. her eves; when old Josh rose to his feet Such a one was this to the boy-soldier threateningly. But Grandma Hull, quite there. But in this very moment came used to Jane's alarms, merely said calmthat infinite saving consciousness of the human peril of others. A thousand refugees, ground between the teeth of war, The latch was sprung quickly. Then and the victims of soul-sickening indigniit was raised slowly. Another great frenzy and wailing of the elements and ties, were huddled in and about the railway station. A man and a woman crept scared, trembling girl who shot out of shiveringly from these to where Dick tramped his beat. They begged him piteously the merciful privilege of passage towards the North and their friends on that train. Something in the woman's manner, the man's voice, and even in heir skulking ways, swept a host of tender recollections upon the soldier's memory. He knew where there were two grim old cannon in the very car he was guarding. Under these was a bit of spare room on which he himself had set [ store. But there are greater heroisms than on the field of battle. In there

among the blackened howitzers, at the risk of court-martial, the refugees were smuggled, and a fortification of taroaulins. water buckets and camp kettles built about them, fencing them to friends and safety; while Richard Hull, with numbing limbs and bursting heart, upon the icy car-roof, like a soldier true did battle with the night and storm.

IV.

under the old standard, those wearing the gray under a new, sought like frenzied beasts each others' lives. North and sent merrily to grass, finally being tossed "Hold the gang right there!" should over the fence into a young hazel copse Joe Beale, working furiously spon his for raising the acceptable disturbance! sketch book, not comprehending the significance of the scene, but filled with an Tinker Zeb, recovering his breath while still laughing uproariously, had just partartist's enthusiasm. "Just a minute more! Great Scott! Dick Hull, if I can ed the hazel branches with his hand preparatory to returning to camp by way of the open farm-lot and road, when his eyes met a pitiful sight. An old woman lay prostrate among the dew-wet graves a few rods distant, her white face pressed close to a narrow mound of earth, and her thin arms clasped tightly around the little weed-stained stone at its head. A few bounds like those of some pon

THE VICTORIA WEEKLY TIMES, FRIDAY, JANUARY 19. 1894.

derous animal brought Zeb beside her. He peered sharply in her face, placed his upon her breast, and then bellowed "Everlastin' hammers and tongs! ear out. W'at hever be's th' matter wi' Grandma

gige

come

an' tongs!-but 'ere is a go!-

How to Talk Well.

He lifted her in his arms and carried her into camp as lightly as though she had been an infant; with a few quick words in Romany to his companions he the two men to Dick and those who left her tenderly nursed by the women in Chief Stanley's tent; and hurrying away in a few minutes had returned with Mary Hull, who, ghostly white but with something of the calm of her mother's early days in her quiet eyes, set straight about reviving the broken old life; while Jane and Josh, trembling in feeble helplessness and terror, soon crouched and moaned beside the hopeless pair.

Then these strange Gipsy folk, marelous in their cunning as in their boundtals sang before. less compassion, drew from Mary and Josh the whole sad tale: Of the soldier lad who had suddenly stopped writing to his mother, and had never returned, though the ever and never despairing mother-heart refused to believe him dead; of Hate was stilled. of debt growing to obligation, and it in turn to encumbrance, which had swallow

ed even the life-time savings of loyal Jane and Josh, leaving them weakly open grave, and which was to take Maple Hill farm forever from Grandma Hull this very day; and, finally, of the which your thoughts will be expressed. one relentless hand that had swept hope and peace from this wrecked victim of her own good deeds, and ripened the ruin of a defenceless home; when poor old Josh in an agony of helplessness piped

"It's all the doin's-cuss him!-of old Silas-"Slater!" The whole camp hissed the name with

out:

wering brows that told of Gipsy dread and hate. As if the Old One is ever ready at call. voice.' at this moment a smart open buggy in which sat two men-one a weazened old man, with a frowsy white head dropped almost out of sight between thin, peaked shoulders; the other, a hard-faced, officonsideration: it is never worth while cious fellow of perhaps forty, the village making a malicious remark, no matter constable-was driven from the highway into the edge of the camp. The younger how clever it may be.

Worth what while? Worth, my dear man bawled out blusteringly: "Squire Slater here, owns this ranch girl, the while here, which is, after all, arter noon to-day. You fellers kin hev so short, and the while hereafter, which jess twenty-four hours to mosey outer is, after all so long and sweet. It seems this! D've hear?" to me that when you and I stand before the good God it will be the little gossip, "I'll jail ev'ry one if they don't. em that, Jeff. Tell 'em, too," shrieked the petty talk about others, of which

the old wretch with a savage gesture of we will be most ashamed. Never forget that mere idle talk is his shrivelled hand towards Maple Hill farm-house, "that old fool goes too. She's quite as bad as gossip, for nobody is run her rope. Can't git another dollar, gaining any good from it and As no can she, Jeff?" vacuum exists in nature, none can in "Not a darned red. cent, You fellers everyday life, Not to be a good talk

The name of a certain Milltown lawyer

was more than once spoken under their

out-of-the-way New England nook to

perous man there was a strange sadness

he conversed with his artist friend, now

and then peering through the maples to-

wards the gray old farm-house on the

hill, or, closer still, even upon the hud-

They came along together, the artist al

book, and the author patting this dog,

dled graves beyond the hazel copse.

group still lingering there:

friend).

a little."

n his face and huskiness in his voice as

panion:

camp.

petter hustle now!" And with this the er, my dear girl, not to be an interest precious pair drove rapidly away towards ing woman, quick in your sympathy and ing woman, quick in your sympathy and Milltown, the county seat, twelve miles | ready always to give the word of gladdistant.

der thought to one who is in affliction, There were quick movements about the

# CHILGOTIN NEWS.

How Christmas Was Celebrated-The Weather and the Stock.

(From our own Correspondent.) The Indians recently found a cow of Beecher & Duster's dead, with a bullet hole through her head. This makes the eatch that grouping, it 'll be worth a thousand dollars!" "Left 'im in a fit!-left 'im in a fit!" third animal found in Chilcotin shot through the head during the year 1893. Last June a cow, supposed to belong to yelled Zeb Boswell, wildly waving a pa-per above his shaggy head, as he and E. D. Oaklyn, and in November a fine large mare belonging to Mr. Oaklyn.

his companions dashed into eamp and leaped from their panting horses with whoops of hilarions triumph. "Eere, 'ere, 'Grandma','Ull! 'Ere's the mor-Christmas was celebrated in great style by the Chilcotin Indians. They managed to secure in some way their usual amount of fire-water, but before the -clean o' Si Slater as your poor ol' toasts were given extra police were elect-'art from meanness. Maple 'Ill's yourn agin, an' hus Gipsies doan't mosey!--" ed, and whenever a Siwash grew noisy or quarrelsome he was pounced upon by the police and hobbled and then thrown The sentence was not completed, for handsome Helen Wharton, grabbing Tininto a corner out of the way to cool off ker Zeb, and her grinning husband, while or sober up.

laughing, crying and gasping out, "The soldier that saved hus?" jerked her raven Snow fell to the depth of about an avererage of six inches. Finer winter weather head violently in explanation and dragged has never been seen in Chilcotin. Over half the cattle on the range would make bound him in love's embrace, where the beef; no necessity for feeding anything trio beset him with incoherent thanks this winter unless it be calves that were and blessings: Zeb somehow getting outweaned early in the fall. side the whirlwind of emotion long

Mr. Charley Bunbrick is getting the material ready for a new residence. He enough to bellow, "Everlastin' hammers says the old house is large enough for 'For its "Chee! Chee!" when the bobbies a "bach" but not for a family so we take it for granted he contemplates mat-timony. Good luck to thee, Charley. We would like to hear something more whereupon the wildly jubilant camp, giving full sway to the delirious influence of ballad and victory, sang as never morabout the Canada Western or British Pa-cific railway that the Victoria papers And when the stars shone out that were full of some time ago. Give us night upon Maple Valley, their gentle the railroad through Chilcotin country rays fell upon a happy farm-house home, and we will send you the fattest beeves a happy sleeping roadside camp, and a peaceful village there below; for the hand you ever saw. One man here claims to have hundreds of tons of rich gold quartz almost ready to ship when that railroad

is built.

About 70 or 80 head of cattle belong-Learn to listen well, and very soon ing to Beaumont & Drummond, E. B. you will find yourself speaking the word Drummond estate and others have perished this winter by breaking through in season and surprising yourself, as the ice while in search of water. The well as others, by the quickness with many small lakes scattered over the range are almost a nuisance to stockmen Read the works of great writers, think especially during the early winter months. Mr. William Strause, one of Chilcothem over and conclude in what way tin's best citizens, has sold out completeyou differ from them. The woman who ly to Mr. Graham. Mr. Strause will talks well must have opinions-decided probably leave in the early spring for ones-but she must have them well in California or Florida.

hand, as nothing is so disagreeable as All the settlers here are very anxious that the coming legislature will grant an aggressive talker. Say what you them the privilege of buying 160 or 320 have to say pleasantly and sweetly! reacres of land in addition to the 320 acres member always that the best thing in that they are already allowed to prelife, dear, sweet love, has often been empt. Every person that has stock must won by that delightful thing-"a low necessarily have two ranches, one on the river or near the range to grow grain and Do not be too critical; remember that run a dairy and another up in the mounevery blow given another woman is a tains where the natural hay meadows boomerang which will return and hit you with double force. Take this into are. Give us a show.

# Crows Nest Pass.

Hugh H. Lumsden, an engineer in the service of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, who has had supervision of the Canadian Pacific surveying parties in the Kootenay country which have been seeking a satisfactory line from as the Crow's Nest Pass westward through the Kootenay mining country to the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway at some point west of the Rocky Mountains, gave to the Montreal Star these details: The Canadian Pacific Railway Company now controls what was popularly known as the Galt Railway, running from Dunmore on the Canadian Pacific Railway to the coal-mining town of Leth-bridge; it also owns the line extending from Calgary to Macleod, which runs ness to those in joy, or speak your ten- about as far to the southward as the Galt road. In British Columbia it has

us your marbles or we'll kill you." us your marbles or we'll kill you." s what Morris Vandevoort fourteen f age, of 306 East One Hundred enty-second street. New York, and Allen. thirteen years of age, of 31s ne Hundred and Twenty-second neard as they were about to turn e Hundred and Twenty-third street cond avenue. They were confronted le colored boy who was about half ze, says the Morning Journal. In d he held a blank cartridge revolver, ick of him stood several of his white ons. At a sign from their leader ons. At a sign from their leader who had first spoken to them went their pockets, and, besides taking

Young in Years. But Bad.

their pockets, and, besides taki marbles, relieved Vandervoort and chain. Brown of 215 East One Hundred ty-third street happened to come the time, and, seeing what the doing, ran after them. He was catch their leader, who had when he turned, and, pointing j t. The cartridge, however, did ' effect on Brown, who, grabb t the waist, lifted him into the who had the knocked the pistol out of his hand. handed him over to Policeman

l police station he said he was Johnson, nine years of age, of 416 ne Hundred and Twenty-fourth In the Harlem Police Court vester-nt Moore of the Children's Society ed him as having been sent away Judge Welde gave him into the same care.

#### Hood's and Only Hoed's

Sarsaparilla is carefully prepared rsaparilla, Dandelion, Mandrake, sissewa, Juniper berries and other wn remedies, by a peculiar combinoportion and process, giving to arsaparilla curative powers not by other medicines. It effects recures when other preparations

#### S PILLS cure biliousness

home calm and cheerful to say to Jane and Josh, as she had said scores of times before, that when Jim died he had told her, nearly the last thing he said, to be 'kinder easy and fair to them as hadn't had much show," and that, neighbors or no neighbors, a little kindness to the heathen right under our own noses seemed to be about the right sort of religion for Cynthy Hull, widow, better known as 'Grandma Hull," as long as she could keep the dear old home together. Suddenly old Josh Tooker, tin lantern in hand, burst into the room like a halfshattered snow man, and quickly latching the door, gave a premonitory "S-s-s-sh!" Setting down his tantern, he shook himself into recognizable shape by the fire-place and blurted out. "Jane Tooker, git right outer this set tin' room! Bring the children. He's comin! I seed him wrastlin' in the snow along the lane, and jist slid in ahead on Cuss him!" And without another word, he jerked his lantern from the floor, jerked himself into the kitchen among the hired men and slammed the door behind him. Then Jane Tooker rose up. She marchd Mary and Dick authoritatively before her into the kitchen, and pausing an instant at the door just as muffled footsteps were heard on the snow-banked porch, remarked portentously, "Yes, it's him! Grammer Hull, it's sly Silas. Sunthn's goin' to happen. Sunthn' allus does happen arter that pesky old miser comes!" with which she snapped the door behind her, as Squire Slater, the self-made great man of Maple Valley village, in response to Grandma Hull's in nowise cheerful answer to his insistive knockings, was hurled into the room, as though even the ugly storm was glad for a little to be rid of him. "Jess passing, Cynthy. Been havin' a hard day chasin' Gipsies outer the val-Poorhouse full enough just now. fough night, aint it? Thought mebby you'd be glad to see me a minnit. 'Rememberin' th' widder an' fatherless' is a divine injunction, Cynthy; an' bein' in the law, I always mind injunctions!" His square head was set so low beween his peaked shoulders and he was so stoutly muffled, that the smart chuckle which followed seemed to come from some pocket of his great coat rather than from his hairy throat. "Ye aint changed yer mind yet, Cynthy ? He waited a little but got never a word from Grandma Hull who now sat ocking and looking calmly into the firewith an impassive face, "No? We're gittin' on in years, Cynthy. bemme see. It's nigh onto fifteen years afore Jim's time-ye know. I'm gittin' richer ev'ry year-and you aint!" A close listener might have heard another low chuckle from one of the great coat pockets. Tough night, aint it? Well, guess I'll pull out. Prayer-meetin' night, an' got ter see young Jeff Dean yit. He's chasin' away them Gipsies, too. Ye ought'nt to let them camp in the grove, Cynthy. Makes talk. Course I hush up, down to the village. Course you money. But don't keep doin' things that make talk, Cynthy, Its bad. Makes

rouble. Friends fall off; solid friends.

Makes money tighter, an' that's mighty

bad. Corners folks. Well, I'm off!"

Another ten years had come and gone The sweet sunshine was flooding into Maple Valley, back there among the now verdure-softened New England hills. It was an early morning in May, and but few sounds broke the stillness of the great Gipsy camp in the grove alongside the highway on Maple Hill farm. The birds above, and a rollicking old tinker, Zeb Boswell, among the handsome wagons and hooded tents below, were having all to themselves the glory of the opening day. Soon Tinker Zeb bellowed out in heary song the refrain of an old Vorkshire Gipsy ballad, when as if by magic every member of the drowsy camp seemed astir. Smothered voices in the close-hooded tents took up the melody. Grinning heads, musical as the morning, protruded from snug wagon-covers. Half-dressed

Gipsies came into sight everywhere. As if possessed by some swift and unaccountable spirit of mirthful mischief, all seemed ready for frolic. The tinker re-peated the refrain. More and more voices joined. Zeb looked up from his mending knowingly, conscious of the ballad's power upon his fellows, and, after briskly patting some dogs which had bounded to his side as if they too knew the merriment in store, began the roar-

IT'S "CHEE! CHEE!" WHEN THE BOB-BIES COME. On the drom (road) there's much that

trying; Make dickering do for thy buying; Be as wise as an owl, But if bobbies should prowi, Just give them a lesson in lying! Look them square in the yak (eye),

If they warn ye! Hit them plump in the nak (nose), If they scorn ye! For its "Chee! chee!" when the bobbles

assist him in securing additional illustrations for his new volume, "With an An-cient Race." For a famous and pros-Then its "Cheel chee!"-When the bobbles

Far better be lying then crying!

On the drom there's much that is trying; Listen soft! when the grye (horse) is

a-shying; When the dugal (dog) lies low; Get behind the hedgerow; For then the sly bobbies are prying! ook them square in the yak, For thy raume (wife); lit them plump in the nak— Save thy caunie (hen, fowl)! for its "Chee! chee!" when the h come:

bobbies that chauvie, or another racklie, upon Then its "Chee! chee!"-When the bobbies

Far better be lying then crying!

Gradually moving to the centre of the camp from all directions, still singing, came the Gipsies, every face, from spacwife to chauvie, aglow with the to them rrepressible humor of the song. Some of the men sang in wonderful baritone, and powerful bass voices were heard. The women and children carried the soprano, rich, hearty, eloquent; and many an old and toothless woman lifted her tones to a thrilling falsetto sang clear and true above all the rest.

How they sang, though! It was as if one voice and spirit were bent on revealing the whole strange, weird drama of the tent and the road. The melody, too, piped Josh. was almost lyric in its fitness to the brave situations disclosed; the whole concluding with the marvelously rollicking and voiferous refrain— "Far better be lying than crying!-

stranger. "Brother!-brother!" gasped Mary Hull, immediately upon which the entire band close upon a shuddering land. Because indulged in a glorious frolic, wherein a few cunning leaders had so willed, a many an old dame found herself being springing after her mother into the arms, of Richard Hull, who stood there deathly pale and speechless as these, to him, ap- aged couple named Hines, a month ago. million Americans, those wearing the blue | carried above stout Gipsy heads to the

is to be that most unpleasant of people camp, but not of preparation for hasty -an unfeminine woman.-Ruth Ashflight. Low and rapid consultations by more, in Ladies' Home Journal. leaders were held. In one group the clinking of gold could be softly heard.

THE TERRIBLE LA GRIPPE.

s Ravages are Apalling\_Only Prompt breaths. Three of the best horses were saddled, and shortly three huge Gipsies. Measures can Restore the Sufferer to Health. Chief Stanley, Elias Wharton and kindly

The people of this country have good Zeb Boswell, were upon their backs, skimming like swallows along the pleasause to view with alarm an outbreak of ant highway in the direction the 'Squire grippe, as it leaves behind it more and constable had taken. They soon shattered constitutions than any other overtook the conveyance, and as they passed it. Chief Stanley said, almost known disease. Mr. Edward Botting, apologetically to the 'Squire and his comfor ten years a councillor of the united townships of Bedford, Olden and Pal-"Hus be jess ridin' up to Milltown, fur merston, in Frontenac county, is one who summat as we needs afore ' breakin nearly fell a victim to this scourge. To a Whig correspondent Mr. Botting said: "All right, Gip," returned Jeff surlily. About two years ago I had a bad "Mosey 'long. Quicker ye git back an' git out, the better!" and with a reof that malignant trouble brought me spectful "Thankee, sirs," from all, the so low that my friends despaired of my hree increased their speed and had soon recovery. I was troubled with severe placed miles between themselves and the and constant pains in the back, sensa-Maple Valley representatives of the law. tions of extreme dizziness, weakness, The sun had scarcely turned the shadand was in fact in a genarally used up ows of the great maple trees from west condition. I had read frequently of to east across the perturbed camp, when Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and felt they two well-favored men of perhaps thirty must have some special virtue else they years of age strolled into the little grove could not obtain such strong endorsations from the old highway which leads from in all parts of the country. I deterthe city of Boston, to the grand New mined to try them, and I bless the day England hills. The face of one who that I came to that conclusion. carried a portfolio was full of eager infore the first box was finished I felt. terest as he surveyed the picturesque benefited, and I continued their use scene. His companion was a young New until I was as strong as ever. I con-York author. His writings upon the sider Dr. Williams' Pink Pils the best Romany race were already making him medicine sold, and I would not be withfamous. He had brought his artist out them in the house if they cost \$5 friend Joe Beale of Philadelphia to this

box. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have had marvellous success in removing the after effects of la grippe and restoring sufferers to their former vigor. No other medicine can accomplish the results they achieve, and those who have suffered with la grippe should use them without Can be had from all dealers or delay. by mail from the Dr. Williams' Med.Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y., at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for ready impatiently fumbling at his sketch | \$2.50.

### American News.

the head or nodding familiarly to one or Chicago, Jan. 12 .- Fred Names, who another of the lads or men, until close believed it his mission to liberate the beside Chief Stanley's tent, when he said assassin Prendergast from the county pleasantly in their own language to the jail, was tried as to his sanity to-day and sent to Jefferson asylum. When ques-"Is your rom (chief) about the camp? tioned by the judge as to the way he am known to many of your people as expected to obtain authority to release Prendergast, Names quoted the Scriptures. All questions asked with the exception of those regarding Prendergast and his proposed release were answered intelligently.

Baltimore, Jan. 12 .- By the capsizing a small ferry boat early this morning the following were drowned: Neil Fin-layson, W. H. Nelson, Robert J. Wilson sailor, name unknown. shrieked Grandma Hull, staggering from. the tent and desperately clutching the

of Clementine Manning, an abandoned voman, in August, 1890. Cincinnati, Jan. 12.-At 1 o'clock this

water and rail route extending from Revelstoke to Nelson; and other mineral roads running south from the main Canadian Pacific Railway are projected. The Canadian Pacific proposed new- line through the mountains by the Crow's Nest Pass will leave the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway at Dun-

more; follow the Galt line to Lethbridge; cross the country from Lethbridge to Macleod (a link of about 20 miles to be built); enter the mountains to Crow's Nest Pass, and reach Nelson and other British Columbia points by the most available route. The development of the silver region of British Columbia under the proposed new tariff in the United States, which admits Canadian lead ore and galena free of duty, will, no, doubt, be very great; and as the United States lines into British Columbia are already bidding for this mineral traffic, the Canattack of la grippe, and the after effects adian Pacific Railway may be expected to "get a hustle on" and proceed with its Crow's Nest Pass road as early as possible in the spring. Some 30 or 40 miles of the line between Macleod and the Pass are already graded. The snows in early November brought the work of the surveying parties in the Kootenay country to a standstill, and Mr. Lumsdan states they were then withdrawn for the winter. With the securing of the Crow's Nest Pass the Canadian Pacific Railway has practically got control of all the passes through the Rocky Mountains in Can-Be adian territory; as the northern terminus of the Calgary and Edmonton railway, which they are operating, is opposite to and controls the Yellow-Head Pass; the only available pass that is not already occupied.

Some Incidents in Modern War,

Modern science has effected a marvel lous alteration in the conditions of warfare. England is at war with a savage despot in South Africa. Our irregular forces are marching on his capital, one battle and a few skirmishes have been fought, when his brother calmly strolls into the fort which is one of the bases of our operations and informs the authorities that he wishes to send a telegram to the high commissioner. A Brazilian warship is docked at Monte-

tevideo. The insurgents arm a cruiser to attack her. When their vessel reaches Montevideo the harbormaster puts her in quarantine for a couple of days. Besides these events the story that the Spanish ship, the Comde Venadito, has terrified he Moors with her search lights that they dare not remain on the coast, saunds like Jules Verne's tale of the negroes who mistook a balloon for

the moon and imagined that its inhabitants were gods -- Pall Mall Gazette. Popular Everywhere.

Beginning with a small local sale in a retail drug store, the business of Hood's Sarsaparilla has steadily increased until there is scarcely a village or hamlet in the United States where it is unknown.

To-Day Hood's Sarsaparilla stands at the head in the medicine world, admired in prosperity and envied in merit by thousands would-be competitors. It has a larger sale then any other medicine before the American public, and probably greater then all other sarsaparillas and blood purifiers

combined. morning Rosero Park was lynched at West Union, Ohio, for the murder of an Such success proves merit. If you are sick, is it not the medicine for you to try? Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures.

the gorgiochal (the non-Gipsy Gipsies I have brought a friend with me, and we would tike to remain here In the words of Gipsy welcome that instantly came and the scurrying of Gipsy feet to do him honor. a sudden commo tion was heard within the tent. It was Jane Tooker, who first screeched out: "Lord, I know'd sunthn' 'd happen!" "I'll be gol-danged to all 'tarnity! "It's him! Mary!-Its him!-Dick! I'd know my boy's voice in heav'n!"

and John Hughes, of the British steamer Marrea: Peter Safranski, ferryman, and St. Louis, Mo., Jan. 12.-Samuel Web-ster was hanged to-day for the murder