

The Sentimental Chappie.

I've now come from seeing Soper. He is an utter fool, with a sort of undercurrent of cunning—just enough cunning to overtake himself, don't you know. And that is what he's done with me. But he laughs best who laughs last, and I laughed last.

I'm not one of those stupid chappies who pretended the world's an empty egg-shell, and that everything's been done, and there's nothing new, and nothing to see or learn or profit by. I'm always open to new ideas, and like to understand things as I go along. People think I'm an awfully narrow-minded, empty-headed Johnny, but I'm not.

I may as well write this story out while I'm in the vein and have the details all fresh; but I don't for a moment suppose you'll believe it, because nobody ever believes anything nowadays, don't you know. It's bad form.

Well, I came down to breakfast one afternoon just as chippy as could be—reduced to the last stages of chippiness, in fact. I shuddered even at the sight of my dairy toast; and if dry toast makes you shudder, then you're properly chippy. My man Symes removed a loathsome omelet, and suggested a fragment of kippered herring and a brandy and soda. Symes knows what it is to be chippy himself; but his is a more animal chippiness, don't you know; mine's mental.

There were three letters on my table. One was pink and scented with "Cherry Blossom"; the second came from my tailor; the third—the really important one—from Triggs. I burnt the pink note without opening it. What's the use of reading worrying letters when you're chippy? But I studied the tailor's letter, because his communications always amuse me. This was a fac-simile of many others I have had from him. My tailor is a mean bound, don't you know. He tries to get sentiment into his accounts. He whines and whimpers, and I believe, drops water about on his bills to make me think he has been crying over them. As to the missive from Jimmy Triggs, it was short and simple. He wanted me to go down and shoot birds and things, and stop a week or two at his place in Surrey.

I laughed. We were within a week of the new burlesque at the Gaiety. My stall was booked; the gardenia I should wear was already in bud somewhere; and yet Triggs wrote thus. But still, at another time, I should have humored Triggs, and run down, because I was mentally chippy, as I said before, and wanted tone.

The thing had weighed heavily on my mind for a month. It's quite too extraordinary the number of things a chippie's mind will hold at one time, don't you know. Mine's simply crammed with ideas about yachts and plays and racing and money and society and clubs and the Services and politics and religion—yes, really—and, of course, girls.

Girls get into every Johnny's mind. They wriggle in, God knows how, and you can't keep them out. Chippies have gone in for being monks and hermits, and lived in caves, and given up society, and sat and moped, like eagles at the "Zoo," don't you know, and worn their hair shirts next their skin, and teetotalled and starved, and kept a skull to talk to when they felt depressed; but it's been no good. They've only chucked themselves away and lost their chance, and got horribly self-righteous, and wasted their lives and missed being family men. Every Johnny ought to go in for being a family man, don't you know, after a certain time in life. But the thing is to find the right woman. It's better to keep single than start being a family man with the wrong girl.

A girl was worrying me and had been for an age. To explain the thing I must go back a bit. I'm a fairish judge of a girl, don't you know; and when I met Edith Marchant I got very keen over her from the first. I told Soper about it at the club, "The Vampires." Soper's a fool and hasn't any depth, but sometimes he'll say a good thing, and even a wise one, by accident. I know he's a liar, and would sacrifice his best friend on the altar of a joke; but Soper doesn't play it low on me, because I know a thing or two about Soper that isn't generally known, don't you know.

He said: "My boy, she's engaged at present to a chappie in the War Office; but that's nothing; she isn't very much gone. Cut him out. Marry her, by all means. It's a fair deal. She has beauty and brains; you have coin."

Soper is a vulgar little cad, but there's often a grain of sense in what he says. I pointed out that I loved her, as far as I could judge, and that true love casteth out all baser considerations of talent or beauty. He replied that he didn't know anything about love, but that he knew a great deal about Edith Marchant; and he reckoned I might go in and win hands down, if I cared to. He also felt sure that Edith was weary of the War Office chappie, because he knew the chappie and the chappie was rather sick about it.

He said: "She'll spend your money,

you bet, and go the pace. But she's meant to shine pretty high up. She'll drag you to the top of the social ladder, if you'll let her. You'll get your money's worth, anyhow."

Well, I proposed one day, after she'd told me in so many words that it was right off with the War Office. I put it quite plainly, down at Harlingham. I said I was a Johnny neither better nor worse than other Johnnies, but, if anything, better. I told her I liked her awfully—loved her, in fact; and that if she thought it good enough, it would be too immense, don't you know.

She said she thought it was good what she saw in me. It may have been my cravat—an old-gold silk with a diamond in it; it may have been my button-hole—gelder-rose and verbenas; it may have been my moustache, or my money; it may have been all these things taken together; but, anyway, she said it was good enough. I remember the words.

"Haven't you seen that I love you? Why, dearest, I love as I have never loved or thought I could love. It's not money I want, but love. I'll make you a good little, true little wife; and I thank God for bringing such happiness into my life."

I laughed, don't you know. It was rather a jolly sort of thing for a chappie to hear a girl say. And yet I found myself wondering all the time what she'd said to the War Office Johnny.

A month afterwards, at the Podbury-Percivals, I kissed her among the chrysanthemums; and my eyeglass fell out of my eye and hit her on the nose. Then she laughed, and invented a nickname for me, which I shall not repeat here. It was what writing Johnnies call a sort of idyl, don't you know—love's young dream, and all that.

But the worst of it was that, owing to my awful idiole, love's young dream got off the rails before we had been engaged a month. I ought to have married her instantly before we could change our minds, because I still think we were meant for one another. Instead of that, I couldn't get the War Office chappie out of my head, and I proposed we should wait six months, to see if our characters suited one another. It struck me that if they didn't, it would be better to find it out before than after, don't you know.

Then the thing that made me so awfully chippy happened. I had never doubted myself for a moment. I worshipped Edith, and felt that life would be a hollow tomb without her. No; my fear was that she, who had tired of the other joker, might possibly weary of me too. Well, she didn't weary of me; but I actually found myself getting a bit tired of her. It was frightfully rough on a chippie with my sensitive nature to discover a thing like this. I couldn't understand it. The old fascination gave place to an absolute indifference. The girl was just as affectionate as ever, but I didn't want to marry her nearly as much as I used to. In fact, I didn't want to marry anybody.

I went down and saw Soper. He is one of those inspired idiots who will sometimes help a cleverer man than himself. Besides, he had known the girl before I did. But still Soper is no judge of a woman.

I told him everything. I analyzed my emotions, and simply dissected myself that Soper might know all the facts. I said: "Now, what on earth is an honorable Johnny to do?"

He was good enough to say he would think it out for me.

"What's become of the War Office chappie?" I asked. "Could we have him back into the boat again?"

But Soper happened to know he'd just married money.

So I left him to think it out for me. Three days later—upon the afternoon I received the letters already mentioned—I was to meet Soper again and get his ultimatum. Some of the boys stopped me as I ascended our celebrated marble staircase at the "Vampires," and one and all declared that death was written on my face. I knew they were right, too. I felt that if I didn't go away pretty soon and get tone, I should be lost to them.

Hang it all, life isn't worth living if you're going to get aches and agonies. And mental agony is the worst sort. People don't think I feel things deeply; but I do, don't you know. I get horribly down, and have little blue devils dancing all over me, and hanging out of my tie, and swarming up the gold chain of my eye-glasses, and swimming round and round in my brandy and soda, and sitting astride on my cigarette.

And when it's a girl, of course it's worse.

I found Soper in the smoking-room. Soper's appearance is simply paltry. We haven't got a footman who couldn't give him any weight and beat him. He parts his hair at the side and wears a ghastly beard and arranges boxing-machos. He fusses about, and hasn't any repose or bearing or style; and when he gets excited, his sharp black eyes look different ways—a thing I hate. I fancy there's a bit of Jew in Soper's blood, because he always has his knife out on Jews; and he's a regular Shylock after money.

Soper said: "There's only one thing to do—you must let her down gently. Leave town and write her a letter.

Say you feel you are not good enough for her, and will never be able to make her really happy, and all that stuff. She jilted one man; it's only poetic justice another man should jilt her."

Soper is a vulgar little Johnny, and doesn't understand girls, chiefly because they utterly bar him; but still, there seemed to be some reason in what he advised, though he didn't put it like a gentleman.

So, after all, I accepted my friend's invitation to shoot things. I gave my stall for the new burlesque to Soper; I cared not who wore the gardenia that was growing somewhere for me; I turned my back on the metropolis, and sought the sylvan retreat of Triggs, that I might there recover tone and get into a condition of robust health before writing to Edith Marchant.

I'm a soft-hearted beggar, and a letter once posted, like a lie once told, is beyond control. I thought all this carefully out in the train, and determined to do nothing in a hurry. People think I don't think; but I do, don't you know. I'm a hard thinker. Because a chappie's sucking the handle of his walking-stick, or looking at himself in a mirror, it doesn't follow he's not thinking.

Concerning Triggs, I will merely say that he is the right sort. Some enough. I never shall understand Johnnies are like light-houses, don't you know; brilliant and glorious to behold, and bursting with brains, and full of great and tremendous ideas. You admire that sort of man, because you know he's a million times wiser and cleverer and more celebrated than you ever can be. You admire him, but you don't like him; you don't want to know him, and get chummy with him. You feel he's not your sort, and you don't care a groat if the brilliant Johnny comes to grief or dies tomorrow. But other fellows are like wood fires—ruddy, cheerful, pleasant. You won't get much light from them, but you'll get any amount of warmth. Most chippies want warmth, not light; and you can warm yourself at a wood fire, but not at a light-house, don't you know.

Jimmy Triggs was a wood-fire kind of man—always full of sympathy for jokers in a fix, and a wonder at getting hidden troubles out of anybody. Though I'm a devilish secretive chappie as a rule, yet I always find myself talking openly to Triggs. He's got the trick of getting confidences; and yet I don't see why he should, because he's an awfully blunt, sledge-hammer sort of Johnny, and says just what he thinks. The third evening after my arrival, Triggs and I dined alone, and when we had done he lighted a cigar and poured out a glass of port, and put his feet up, and said:

"Now drop the sublime, old man, and take that thing out of your eye, and try and be human for once. What's bothering you? Tell me all about it, and if I can give you an idea I will."

Then I laughed, don't you know, and told him all about it, as he suggested, and explained the painful nature of the position. He said:

"There isn't a shadow of reason for breaking it off—not a shadow. You feel there isn't yourself. You've lots of sense, only you go and bury it under all this—nonsense and affectation. You say she's a good woman; then stick to her. They're not so common. Go back and marry, and come down here and live in the country, and take up something rational. Grow roots, or study artificial manners or broed cattle—anything. But take my tip; give up this knock-kneed, hollow, masher foolery, and settle down and begin to realize that a man with your fortune owes something to the community."

Of course no chippie living has a right to talk to me like that, but I can stand anything from Triggs. The really strange part of it was that, since my arrival in the country, I had begun to seriously doubt if I had rightly gauged my emotions in the matter of Edith. I couldn't put them into words; they were shifting and indefinite. And that night, as Triggs talked, I half fancied that I still cared a little for the girl, after all. I knew one thing, she was the only woman who ever understood me. For I'm a deep Johnny, and take more understanding than people think. The longer I reflected upon the subject of Edith, and the longer I listened to Triggs, the firmer grew a determination in my mind not to decide too hastily.

To be Continued.

Why is a man who walks behind a chimney sweeper like a card player? Because he follows soot.

Why is it always proper to take up a penny collection? Because there is some cents, sense in it.

"That's part of the sinking fund," as a chap said when a box of money went to the bottom of the river.

The Deacon's last conundrum: Which is the quickest, heat or cold? Heat, because you can catch cold.

A noted lawyer having shaved off his full beard, the Judge remarked that lawyers ought to be barefaced.

Prominent People.

Lady MacDonald, wife of the British Ambassador to Peking, brought about the famous audience which the Dowager Empress of China granted to wives of the foreign Ministers, and read the address upon that occasion. She has lived in all parts of the world, and, although accustomed to Eastern servants before going to China, Lady MacDonald considers the Chinese as the very best of the servant class.

The German Empress is an energetic woman, rising at 5 o'clock and riding horseback for two hours, and drives in the afternoon. Her companion in riding and driving is her sister, the Duchess of Gloucester, who shares with her in all her tastes.

In accordance with the wish expressed by her late husband, Lady Tate has presented to the National Gallery of British Art Millais's "Boyhood of Raleigh," exhibited at the Academy in 1870, and recently sold at auction in London for \$7,500.

Queen Victoria has a wonderful aviary near Windsor, to which she takes pleasure in giving her personal attention. It contains many kinds of English birds, and the pride of the collection is a golden eagle, which was captured 30 years ago in the Windsor Forest. There is a room attached to the aviary containing a collection of stuffed birds which were shot by the Prince Consort.

Mrs. May Wright Sewall, of Indianapolis; Mrs. Dandurand, of Montreal; Mme. Semetschikine, of Russia; Mme. Meyers, of Denmark, received special municipal attention at Paris while attending the Woman's Congress, in connection with the Paris Exposition.

Of the Queen's daughters it is said that the powers of the Empress Frederick and the Princess Christian with her pen would get them a good living any day; the Princess Louise is as good at painting as at sculpture, while the Princess Beatrice is one of the best amateur actresses. Taken together, the queen's sons and daughters are not wanting in versatility.

Beatrice Harraden, it is said, wields a saw and plane with as much skill as her pen. While living on a ranch in California for her health's sake she became quite expert as a carpenter, helping upon occasions to build a fence. She set out, with her own hands, a small orchard and attended to the grafting and pruning. It was also her proud boast that she could harness a horse as well as any cowboy.

Very musical, a composer of music and a skilled player on the violinello, Miss Harraden was the life of the ranch. She is an ardent suffragist. Although "Ships That Pass in the Night" brought her fame it added but little to her fortune, as she sold the book outright for a trifling sum. The story was rejected by Mr. Blackwood, of Blackwood's Magazine, in which her first published story, "The Umbrella Mender," appeared. He said that the story was too sad to suit the public taste.

The Countess Louise Erdody, who died in Vienna the other day, was the originator of the modern scheme to make Latin the language of the world.

Jeanne Bernhardt, the youngest sister of Mme. Bernhardt, died recently in Paris. Although not generally known she was considered a high-class actress, with a promising career. She accompanied Mme. Bernhardt on her first American tour, and then played minor parts.

Queen Victoria's boudoir at Windsor Castle is upholstered in red damask and gold and is the most beautiful room in the castle. The door bears the inscription in Her Majesty's handwriting, "Every article in this room my deeply lamented husband selected for me in the twenty-fourth year of my reign." The bay window, commanding a magnificent country view, is hung with medallion portraits of all the Kings and Queens since the conquest. The Queen has a great love for the natural song birds of England and the bullfinch and linnet, purchased by her some time since, are kept in this special boudoir under the care of a special attendant.

INDEED HIS HELPMATES.

Twice the Dowager Empress of Russia saved her husband's, Alexander III, life. One day, when in the emperor's dressing room, she observed on his dressing table lay a curious looking jewel case. Something about its appearance aroused her curiosity, and, taking it up, she became aware that it was extremely heavy. Without saying a word, she went into her room, and placed it carefully in a basin of water; then, sending for the prefect of police, whose duties kept him much about the palace, she begged him to have it examined, and it was discovered to

be one of the most marvelous infernal machines ever invented by the ingenuity of man. The second occasion on which the empress was directly instrumental in stopping murder occurred in the Winter Palace, when she heard a slight noise which indicated the presence of some stranger in the czar's study. Without betraying the slightest anxiety, she begged her husband to come and speak to one of the children. He did so. She locked the door, and only gave up the keys to a party of soldiers, who found that some one had just escaped through the window.

MRS. ROBERT L. STEVENSON.

Mrs. Stevenson accompanied her husband to Samoa and endured trials that would have crushed many women. An exchange gives this little sketch of her:

She was equally at home upon a well-appointed yacht or upon a "cockroach steamer," beguiling the time with infinite resources when the ship lay becalmed, undismayed by tempests and sudden squalls; and whether upon a lonely atoll or under the palms in an island village, she would set up her household gods, and make each spot a home.

She has begun more than one voyage as an unwelcome passenger. The captain and crew wanted "no fine ladies" aboard. There was "no accommodation for ladies." In short, they were afraid of having to wear their company manners every day. But invariably, the end of the voyage found every man on board, from the captain to the Chinese cook, her devoted friend and servant.

Her courage in an emergency, her uncomplaining fortitude in the matter of rats and cockroaches, her calm acceptance of South Sea customs, called forth enthusiastic approval.

She could cook like a French chef, bind up a wound as well as a surgeon, devise sports and invent games, and had invaluable remedies stowed away in a little old medicine chest. She looked after the health and comfort of the wild-mannered native sailors as kindly and unaffectionately as she taught Ab Foo to make bread, with cocoanut toddy for yeast, or drew out the captain or mate to talk of his home and family.

A half-caste sailor once said: "Mr. Stevenson is good to me like my father, and his wife is the same kind of man."

King Tembinoko said of her: "She good; look pretty; plenty chench," sense.

Perhaps they both meant what Edmund Gosse, the poet, so well expressed, when he wrote of her as "dark and rich-hearted, like some wonderful wine-red jewel."

But her husband caps all praise to her in some stanzas ending:

Teacher, tender comrade, wife,
A fellow-farer true through life,
Heart whole and soul free,
The august Father
Gave to me.

A NEW TRANSPORT WAGON.

Can Carry Nations for Forty Men on Outpost Duty or Serve With a Battery.

The old idea of taking few measures for the comfort of the troops in the field, because they are usually compelled by the force of circumstances to do without any comforts, was exploded long ago and to-day every good officer tries to bring his men to the field of battle in as fresh a condition as possible.

One of the most arduous duties, other than actual fighting on the firing line is outpost duty, and any means that will lighten this service in the field will be welcomed by the army. Wagon transportation will not always be available far to the front, and yet the South African campaign has shown that even at the outposts it can often come into play, and would be of inestimable value in sparing the men unnecessary labor.

A new military transport and shelter wagon is the direct outcome of the late experience in the Transvaal. It was designed by a volunteer artillery Colonel of Sheffield, England. The wagon is built of wood and is mounted on springs and four wheels. The tires are eight inches wide to facilitate travel over soft ground, and the rear wheels are on a broader gauge than those in front. It is arranged for horse or traction engine draft.

The top of the wagon box is surrounded by stout wire netting, inside of which is the platform. Under the platform floor is a water cistern of forty gallons capacity. On each side of the wagon are hinged doors, closing recesses in which a canvas shelter is kept rolled up. This canvas can be run out in a very few minutes and when held up by the wagon at one end and by posts planted out at the side of the wagon at the other will form a rectangular tent for fifty men. Seats are also provided at the sides of the wagon in the form of hanging steps, so that the men can be carried on them when necessary. When not in use these seats can be folded up out of the way. Rifle or carbine racks are also part of its equipment. The wagon can carry four tons of stores and would thus provide a detachment of forty men with rations for 100 days. It is designed either for the supply of a detachment on outpost duty or as part of the equipment of a field battery and with its tent shelter will prove far more valuable, under circumstances where horse or traction engine draft is available at all, than the transport wagons now in use.

WINTER FALK IN DAWSON.

It Man on What They Would Do When Th Returned, and One Guesseed It.

A man who spent the winter of 1899 in Dawson City was relating some of his experiences to a party of friends. "From November clear on to March," said he, "it was far too cold for any kind of work, and all we could do was to huddle around the fires and talk. It was the most talkative winter of my life, yet there was one topic we never exhausted; in fact, we invariably drifted around to it, no matter what we started. That was what we would do when we got back to 'God's country' with a big stake. A good many of the boys had the gold already stored away in tin cans under their bunks, but not one of us doubted that he would strike it rich before he left, so we were all on an equality when it came to discussing future plans.

"I remember a big, jovial Irishman by the name of O'Halloran, who had accumulated 1,200 ounces, worth about \$18,000, and who used to declare the first thing he would do when he got home would be to buy a hock. He was always a day laborer before he came to the Klondike, and his life had been made up of long stretches of hard work and miserly saving, followed by brief and glorious drunks, in which he had ridden in hacks with his legs through the windows, chanting barabarian hymns. To him back riding represented the climax of human luxury, and to have a hack of his own, in which he could ride continually without being 'braced' for fare, was the pinnacle of his dreams. Imagination could go no further.

"Another lucky gold hunter was a young man named Andrews, who had been a waiter. He used to tell what he would eat when he got back and the recital never failed to interest a large audience. 'Now tell us vot yer goin' to order for de ong-tray,' somebody would suggest, and he would proceed to reel off a section of a menu card in French while his listeners eyed their chops and rolled their eyes in ecstasy. After a long diet of bacon and beans Andrews's monologues were positively maddening. One of the simplest-minded of the crowd was a chap from Iowa, who could never be induced to express a wish for anything except a suit of pink silk underclothes. He knew a fur dealer at Seattle who possessed such garments, and their weird beauty, together with the fact that they cost \$35 a set, had appealed powerfully to his imagination. He had fully \$20,000 planted in an old oil can, but he never allowed his fancy to roam beyond the pink silk underclothes. I trust he is wearing them now, but I doubt it.

"The only man who I knew who made a really accurate forecast of his proceedings when he struck civilization was a big professional prospector Joe Burns who had cleaned up about \$15,000 on Bonanza Creek. 'As soon as I hit Frisco,' he said, 'I'll get good and drunk; then I'll go to some gambling joint and blow in my money; then I'll land in the cooler.' We came down on the same boat, and his prediction was fulfilled to the letter. I got him out of the station myself."

VARIOUS ITEMS.

Some of the Latest Conundrums and Epigrammatic Jokes.

The richest child in the world—Rothschild.

Why is a cruel man like a peach? He has a heart of stone.

Poe calls a beautiful woman "a perpetual hymn to the Deity."

Dobbs says tailors would make splendid dragoons, they charge so.

Why is snuff like the letter S? Because it is the beginning of sneezing.

Mosquitoes are like doctors, they never let blood without running up a bill.

On a frosty day what two fish ought we to tie together? Skates and soles.

Why is iron sometimes like a band of robbers? Because it is united to steel.

Why ought students in chirography to be commanded? Because they do write.

Wanted to purchase, a little of the starch with which they make "stiff winds."

What is that which belongs to yourself, yet is used by everybody? Your name.

Why is it vulgar to send a telegram? Because it is making use of flash language.

Modesty in a woman is like color on her cheek—decidedly becoming, if not put on.

What did a blind wood sawyer take to restore his sight? He took his horse, and saw.

Why are indolent persons' beds too short for them? Because they are too long in them.

Why are there three objections to a glass of spirits? There are three scruples to a dram.

What step must one take to remove the letter A from the alphabet? B—head it. B head it.

Why is the law like a book of surgery? Because there are a great many terrible cases in it.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills

For liver, and cure headache, jaundice, etc. They are in a cold or break up a certain, they are worthy purely vegetable, they are or delicate women, fine dealers or by mail Lowell, Mass.

D RELIABLE MEN

about Canada to bring up show cardigan trees, all conspicuous places, all advertising matter, \$2.00 per month and \$2.50 per day. Steady, honest, reliable men. No rite for full particulars INE CO., London, Ont.

Balsam

CURE FOR COLD COLDS

Remedy in all of the LUNGS

Price, 25c. The C. O., Limited, via Pains-Kill, etc.

Red

ie verdict of mers wear Suits.

them. I will con- of the tress of our

ER,

ER,

ER,

ER,

ER,

ER,

ER,

ER,

ER,

ER,

ER,

ER,

ER,

ER,

ER,

ER,

ER,

ER,

ER,

ER,

ER,

ER,

ER,

ER,

ER,

ER,

ER,

ER,

ER,

ER,

ER,

ER,

ER,

ER,

ER,