In the_ Prairie Country.

It was a dry, stifling day on the prairie. The south wind blowing with hot, irritating persistency across the plains raised clouds of dust that almost hid the view from the women at the window of the sod house. She could see only faintly the burnished golden cups of the prickly-pear, or the deep crimson of the pincushion cactus blossoms, breaking the monotony of the brown stretch of land. The gereamy bells on the yucca were dimmed with the dust of the plains.

In the small square sitting-room although the windows were tightly shut, a gray coating lay on the furniture and mantel, on the row of rose geraniums and the little pot of heliotrope in the window. Hester Gilbert's lips were tightly compressed and there was a sad look in her eyes. That south wind was blotting out from her view more than the flower-dotted landscape. It seemed to dim all remembrance of the long days of perfect weather, when the prairie seemed an Eden, and strength and hope grew large with the fresh bracing air.

Some one came in a with a heavy, weary step, and stopped a moment on the threshold to look at the dropping figure. Then he approached her with awkward tendermes laying his toil roughened hand on her shoulder.

'What's the matter, Hester?' he said,

'What's the matter, Hester?' he said,

what's the matter, softly.

There was a smothered weariness in the tones but her ears seemed deat that morning to anything but the winds piercing voice. Half unconsciously she drew a litle away from his band
'It's everything,' she said, 'everything! Why did we ever come here, to such wretchedness as this?'

He did not attempt another caress, ex-

wretchedness as this?"
He did not attempt another caress, except with his anxious blue eyes, and her face was turned away from them hidden in

face was turned away from them hidden in her hands.

He slipped something back into his pocket. Hester did not see the motion. It was only an Indian arrow-head that he had found half buried in the sod, and had uncarthed, thinking it would make a pretty addition to the cabinet of curiosities. She was so tired now that she would not care for it; some other time, he thought. Her nerves were all quivering; it was slways so when the south wind blew.

'Hester,' he began again, gently.' 'I've been thinking for several days—I don't know but we ought to fix it some way so you can go back east for a while quite soon—sooner than we planned. You've had a hard time of it out here. I know how hard it's been, with the homesickness and all, and—'

and—'
'No,' she interrupted, 'I can wait. We'll
go together later, just as we planned all
along. You couldn't manage it, John.
Why, how could you?'
'Oh. I'll get along some way—that'il be
all right. I've been thinking I could spare
a little of the stock, after all. You know
Brown would be glad to buy what I could

He spoke bravely, and Hester smiled faintly up to him. In the depths of her heart she felt sure she would never consent to such a sacrifice. They would wait til they could take the long planned trip together, or not go at all. But just now, with the wind making her grate her teeth together, she did not protest. She was in the mood to enjoy the imaginary self-indulgence, regardless of what it would cost the one dearest to her.

one dearest to her.

'We'll see,' she said, briefly. 'There's so much to think over first. But it's good of you, John, to plan it so.'

She would have called after him and clung to him, if she could have seen the look on his face as he went out—all the weariness of it, and the patience and the brave anticipation of the loneliness to come.

—he's so thin and sickly-looking. What do you say to bringing them in ?"

'O John, how can we, when it's so hard to keep up as it is?"

'He looks real sick and worn,' repeated her husband; and that brought the re-

Go ask them, then,' said Hester. 'If we can make it a little easier for them, we

ought to, I suppose. 'You come with me,' coaxed John. 'Go get on your hat, and we'll ask them to-gether.'

She gave a slight protesting laugh, but went, nevertheless, clinging to his arm, and almost resting her face sometimes on

and almost resting her face sometimes on his shoulder.

'What a country!' she said, halt under her breath. 'Dust, dust, dust, every-where! You breathe it and taste it and get your eyes blinded by it!'

They were very near the travellers now. I The tired horses, with dejected, downbent heads, were snatching what little rest they could. In the covered wagon sat the man and woman—such a hollow cheeked, large-eyed man, and such a little slip of a wite! The hot wind flapped the canvas cover, and sent swirls of dust over the two occupants and their scanty possessions. That they were very scanty indeed, Hester could not help seeing in the briefest glance. A dry, untempting lunch the wile was taking from a basket. Some of the selfpity that had darkened Hester's face all lune morning faded out of it, and was replaced by a purer, nobler look.

'You ask them, John,' she said, softly. 'They'll like it better from you,' whispered her husband.

d her husband.
The face of the little wife in the big sagon brightened visibly at her approach.
'You must be tired out,' Hester began,

without preamble. 'We want you to come up to the house for a little rest and to have dinner with us. Won't you?'

A pleased smile breaking over the young face seemed almost to fade out the little worried line between the dark eyes. An answering gleam stole over the worn face at her side, but they both protested faintly. They couldn't give so much trouble; it would not be right.

'You come right along?' said John, with kindly authority. 'We want you. so don't make any fuss about it. We'll take the horses into my barn; let 'em try my feed and a good bucket of my well water.'

The two men went off together, Hester and the little wife beating their way back to the sod house. A look of cheer and comfort seemed to be in its brown we'lls now. 'How good it will seem to rest in a house?' said the little wife, with a happy sigh.

'Wouldn't you like to lie down a little

now. 'How good it will seem to rest in a bouse?' said the little wife, with a happy sigh.

'Wouldn't you like to lie down a little while till dinner is ready?' said Hester. 'Come right into my room, and just feel that you are at home.' A protecting kind-lines had sprung up in her heart for this little creature with the appealing eyes. 'You must be so hot and uncomfortable! There's cold water in that pitcher, and I'll bring you some warm. No, it isn't a bit of it rouble. Then you must just rest until dinner.'

Unpleasant thoughts were far away as Hester prepared the simple dinner. trying to make it as attractive as possible. She would get out some of her wedding china.—why not?' John would enjoy it, and it might make a bright spot in the day for the strangers. She even picked a bunch of astragelus, making a centrepiece of the white furry leaves. A sprig of wild gernanium was laid at each plate.

There were cheery faces around the table, and Hester's was not less bright than the others.

table, and Hester's was not less bright than the others.

The gaunt stranger sat a little more erect now, and his face, after even this brief rest seemed less sharply outlined. The warm, human kindness as well as the outward comfort had wrought the change, and in some way made it easier to remember in Whose larger protecting care theywere, and would still be when rolling over the brown prairie. Bit by bit their story came out. The man told how he had been a carpenter and builder in Iowa; what a happy little home it had been, and why they were flying now to the untried world of Colorado, that Mecca for consumptives. The gaunt man and the young wite avoided the dread word; they said, instead, 'people with any sort of lung trouble.'

Hester's dish of canned wild plums seemed o meet with special favor from the

seemed o meet with special favor from the gaunt man. He accepted the pressing ofter of a third saucertral with an apologetic laugh, and Hester mentally schemed to convey a generous supply to the canvas copyered wagen.

covered wagon.
'I don't know when George has enjoyed anything so,' said the little wife. 'Everything's so good! And oh, how nice it feels to be rested! Travelling will be so much

thing's so good! And on, now nice it rees to be rested! Travelling will be so much easier now!

They went back to the sitting room. John and Hester talked cheerily of the prospective home in Colorado, and brought out a book of views of the wonderful scenery. The gaunt man and his little wife bent over them with keen interest. 'Pill be a great move for us,' he said. 'It seemed to be the only thing for us to do, and I'm so glad we're so near there. I feel more heartened up today than any time since we started. We don't forget your kindness, I can tell you.'

'Oh, pshaw! "said John, and 'Don't speak of it!' said Hester, in a breath. 'It's been so pleasant for us to have you!'

It was necessary to take up the journey again. The two men went out to the barn together.

The eyes of the little wile sought Hest er's. 'You have been so good,' she said, almost in a whisper, 'so good to take us in! This awful dust and the heat! I wouldn't have minded them so much for myself, but it makes, the

look on his face as he went out—all the weariness of it, and the patience and the brave anticipation of the loneliness to come.

In just a few minutes he was back at her side.

'Hester,' he said, rather anxiously, 'what would you say to letting two people come in for a little rest? They've stopped the wagon just a little way from here. She seems a childish young thing, and he looks as if the world had been too much for him—he's so thin and sickly-looking. What him, and it has been so hard, so almost impossible, to keep cheerful before him! That is always very hard, don't you think so? When your life is all wrapped up in somebody else's to keep that one from feeling how you suffer? and of course it they knew that would make it all so much worse.

How the poor young thing was emptying her heart out! It was as if all the grief and awaists, of the days in the covered wagon.

anxiety of the days in the covered wagon, rolling over the brown plains, had burst its bounds, and must pour itself out to the lis-

bounds, and must pour itself out to the instener.

'I wanted you to know,' the excited little voice ran on, 'how kind you have been-what a comfort it has been to me! Don't you see how much less tired he looks? And he hasn't coughed near so much, not near! You have cheered us up, too. It has been so strange—all this journey—every day taking us farther away from home, and the trying to choke down the homesickness—and—' She broke off short, with gratitude and tears shining in her eyes.

eyes.

There was just enough for Hester to take the little brown hand in hers and press it close, when the two men came back.

The man with stooping shoulders and the little flush on either check went up close to the little woman with the bright,

close to the little woman with the bright, eager eyes.

Well, little woman, are you 'most ready? he said, patting her shoulder. 'You've had a fine rest, haven't you?' He coughed sharply as he spoke, but she smiled at him brightly that he might not know how much more it racked her chest than his.

'You'd better get on your bonnet, little woman,' he said; 'it's time we were going. I don't know how we're to thank you and your wite. Mr. Gilbert, for all you've done for us, but we feel it, sir, we feel it.'

'It wasn't anything at all!' John protested. 'It has done us good to have you here.'

Hester and the little young wife went into the tiny bedroom together. The wind had stopped its maddening song outside and the air was clear again from its burden of dust. The furniture would have to be dusted for the third time that day, but the thought brought no scowl to her forehead now. The little traveller pinned on the rusty black hat, and turned to hold out both hands impulsively to Hester. 'Thank you again,' she said and then in a whisper 'Colorado is a wonderful place, isn's it Haven't you heard about the way people get cured there—people just as bad off scorge, or worse? You feel sure it'll do him good, don't you.

She searched Hester's face as if to read her fate there. It was hard to meet the girlish eyes.

'Pve never been farther west than this myself,' she ssid, 'but every one says it's a wonderful climate in Colorado for people with trouble with their lungs. I'm so glad brou've going there, and when he's grown well and strong, you'll be coming back this way to see us.'

The delight of that possible future was in the young wife's eyes. 'If he only does!' There were hearty hand-claspe exchanged a few minutes later. Then the 'prartie schooner,' with its freight of human love and anxieties, rolled slowly away. The two left behind in the little sod house stood long at the window—till the wagon was seen, a dark blot, shove the sharp horizon. With a quick, impulsive movement Hester's hand stole into her hushof's. 'How good you are!' she said, almost solemnly. 'And while I have you, what do I care shout other theings? Did you think I would really go East without you? Why, John, I couldn't bear it, saway from you!'

Far off in the big wagon a little woman at with her round cheek pressed against a specific property of the wagon was seen, a dark blot, shove the sharp horizon. With a quick, impulsive movement Hester's hand stole into her hushof's. 'How good you are!' she said, almost solemnly. 'And while I have you, what do Hester and the little young wife went into the tiny bedroom together. The wind had stopped its maddening song outside and the air was clear again from its burden of dust. The furniture would have to be dusted for the third time that day, but the thought brought no scowl to her forehead now. The little traveller pinned on the rusty black hat, and turned to hold out both hands impulsively to Hester. 'Thank you again,' she said; ano then in a whisper 'Colorado is a wonderful place, isn't it? Haven't you heard about the way people get cured there—people just as bad off as George, or worse? You feel sure it'll do him good, don't you.

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'How good you are!' she said, almost solemnly. 'And while I have you, what had a sheet after thing? Did you

ment Hester's hand stole into her husband's.
How good you are! she said, almost solemnly. 'And while I have you, what do I care about other things? Did you think I would really go East without you? Why, John, I couldn't bear it, away from you!

Far off in the big wagon a little woman sat with her round cheek pressed against a shabby coat sleeve, and the cry of her heart was like that of Hester's. 'What are other things,' she was whispering, 'while I have you, dear?'

THE WORLD'S GREATEST BATTLE.

CONTINUED FR' M PAGE TWELVE.

ous attacks made by each division of the Each of these attacks was directed by

battle was directed by Timour in person.

The chief object in all these evolutions was to break the enemy's line and through the one of Timour's lieutenants, the general gap thus created to attack in flank by an oblique movement that part of the enemy's troops who at the same time were engaged in front. The chief tactical evolution was to turn one flank after another of the hos tile divisions without disuniting the turning forces from the main body of Tartars.

The second movement of the battle of Angora consisted of the method of attack thus described. So successfully were all these matters of detail executed that about noon Timour retired to a superb pavilion erected for him in the rear of his army and sought to while away the hours which must elapse before his victory was complete in playing at chess with his nobles.

Devotees of the royal game may be irterested to know that the ordinary game of chess was not considered by worthy of his gigantic intellect. In conse quence he himself, enlarged the scope and difficulties of chess by constructing a board of 144 squares and by augmenting the

great captain. His defeat seems to have been due to the fact that his army, as an army, was not competent to contend with the Tartar troops.

His initial plan of attack, and there is no doubt that he had a plan of this kind, seems to have been so badly executed that no impression is left as to what was his original idea for attacking the position of Timour. It further seems that so futile were the efforts of his troops that the Tartars had little difficulty, not only in repelling the assault of the Turke, but also themselves assumed with ease a systematic and decisive attack. Before this attack it appears that the Turkish rank and file showed symptoms of that demoralization consequent upon the assembling together of large masses of improperly disciplined troops. There is no reason to doubt the loyalty of the Turkish troops or of the Turkish commanders, although treason is insinuated on their part by many historians who prefer to defame the Turk rather than to give glory to the military talents and the military system of an Asiatic barbarian.

In the early afternoon the victory prac-

to give glory to the mintary talents and the military system of an Asiatic barbarian.

In the early afternoon the victory practically was decided. The Turkish line of battle was broken in many places and the Turkish troops attacked in front and assailed obliquely in flank were greatly demoralized. As is common in such immense masses this demoralization spread rapidly. As the result of this the Turkish chiefs began to forsake the royal standard and to retire from the field in all directions. Bajszet's own son Soliman, heir to the throne, partock of the common panic and field from the field, followed by his troops. A large body of Tartars, who years before were oppressed by Timour, and had taken refuge with the Ottomans, passed over to the Tartar lines and submitted to the great

BORN.

Lunenburg, May 6, to the wife of Manfred West, a

Son.
Windsor, May 8, to the wife of Robt, Houghton, a son.
Northfield, May 6, to the wife of Uriah Silver a

Kempt Shore, May 1, to the wife of Albert Greeno a son.

daugater.

Monctop, May 14, to the wife of J, 5. Boyd, a daugater.

Ambers, May 10, to the wife of Frank P. Hickey, a daugater.

Digby, April 28, to the wife of Rcss Smallie, a daughter.

Bridgetown, May 3, to the wife of Owen Price, a daugiter.

Hal.isx, to the wife of Walter S. Davison, a son.
Bentville, May 7, to the wife of Fenwick Inglis, a
caughter.

Yarmouth, May 3, to the wife of W. H. Corning, a daughter. Windsor, May 6, to the wife of Warren Baird, a daughter.
Windsor, May 3, to the wife of Wesley Chandler, a daugiter.

Hantsport, May 7, to the wife of David Pulsifer, a daugher.

daughter.

Duluth, Minn., April 59, to the wife W. H. Leonard, a son.

Hortonville, May 11, to the wife of W. D. Patterson, a son.

Bentvil e, May 13, to the wife of James Greenslade, a son.

Lve, Halifax 6. 30 a.m., arv in Digby 12.80 p.m.

Donald, a daughter.

Centreville, April 28, to the wile of Luther McComskey, a daughter.

Characteristic of Cant. J.

Thursday and Saturday, arv. Digby 5.20 p. m., Monday, Wednesday.

Thursday and Saturday, arv. Annapolis 4.40 Comiskey, a daughter.

Port Hawkesbury, May 2, to the wife of Capt. J.

W. Cruicksbanks, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Boston, May 9, David W. Ross to Mary MacKinnon.
St. Stephen, May 14, O. Crewe Read, to Eliza E. Alien.

Charlottetown, May 9, by Rev R. F. Tarbush, to Saran Brydges. North Sydney, May 14, by Rev. T. C, Jack, Seldon Warren, to Adelia Roberts. Dartmouth, May 7, by Rev Wm. Ryan, Wm. Otto Canty, to Annie E. Phillips.

Campb. liton, May 9, by Rev. A. F. Carr, James F. Harris to Maggie Cleveland. Yarmouth, May 8, by Rev. R. D. Bambrick, Minnie Flint to Winburn Conrad. Darlmouth, May 10, by Rev. Wm. Ryau, Francis Fralice, to Ida May Williams.

London, Eng., April 3, by G. L. Harris, Henry Howell, to Kilen M. Davison. TOWELL TO BLIEF M. DAVISOR.

TRUTO, May 8, by Rev. Jas. W. Fshconer, Flemming Marshall, to Battle Logan.

Caledonis, Queens, April 18, by Rev. C. F. Cooper Elijah Wesgie, to Bachael Frai.

Boston, April 18 by R. v. Charles A. Crane, Archibald S. Jack, to Hattle A Griffle.

Charlottetown, May 8, by Rev. D. B. McLeod, Robert Patterson, to Ada Hayden. Tatamagouche, May 10, by Rev. Dr. Sedgewick, John Taurie, to Lizzie Henderson. Montreal, April 30, by Rev. Jas Fleck, J. A. Mc-Farland, to Margaret A. Hurlington.

Lynn, Mass.. May 7, by Rev. Tillman B. Johns Thomas K. Toule, to Belle Dearmond. New York, April 19, by Rev. Robert Bruce Smith, Edward F. Brown, to Cassie B. Smith. Caledonis, Queens, May 9, by Rev. C, F. Cooper, Edward & Freeman, to Mrs Jerusha Middle-

DIED.

Lequille, May 4, George Spurr, 65. Enmore, May 12, Mrs. Bryant, 67. Yarmouth, May 10, Mary Porter, 78. Yarmouth, May 10, Mary Porter, 78.
Newport, May 11, Henry Cochrap, 61.
Cape Island, Aprit 29, Sephia Bell, 10.
Rear River, May 7. Albert Harris, 70.
Sape Island, April 29, Eophia Bell, 10.
Tigniah, May 4, Mrs. Georæe Piatts, 51.
Moncton, May 14. Robert Simpson, 70.
Aylestord, May 12, Samuel Sowby, 6.
Vogler's Cove, May 4, John Rayfuse, 1
Port Clyde, May 9, Elkenah Freeman, Turo, May 12, George M. Archibald, 41.
Lunenburg, May 10, Wm. N. Reardon, 39.
Orwell Cove, May 3, Donald McLeod, 74.
Grand Pre, May 10, Norman Hardacre, 81.
Delhr usle, May 10, Norman Hardacre, 81.
Lyneale, May 2, Alexander Macpherson, 84.
North Range, Digby Co., May 6, W. Bell, 70.
Grand River. April 25, John C. Maclellas, 76.
Bridgetown, May 2, Mrs. Elizabeth Burns, 93.
Grand River, May 8, Mrs. Daniel Campbell, 46.
Clyde Station, May 4, Mary Louisa Crawwell, 5
Lower Montague, May 9, Joseph Wrightman, Lime Hill, C. B., May 14, Norman McMillas, Charlottetown, May 10, Isase Barrett Jenkin Yarmeuth, May 7, Mrs. Amanda J. Robbins Moncton, May 14, Agnes. wife of Thomas E.
610.

Yarmouth. May 7, Amanda J., widow of Asa Robbins, 87. Volfville, M.y 3, Charles Innis, son of William Oliver, 21.

Fermont, May 7, Mattie DeL, wife of Rev. C. R. B. Dodge. b. Dodge.
otchtort, May 1, Johanna, wife of James Mc.
Donald, 47.

Donald, 47.

ootfield, May 11, Davina, widow of the late John
McDonald, 82.

atham, May 12, Elizabeth Campbell, wife of
John Woods, 78. Halifax, May 14. Helen Marian, daughter of Wil-liam Lithgow, 21.

Fort Augustas. May 4, Mary, widow of the late James E. Kelly, 66. Ture, May 15, 16 infant son of F. W. and Mrs. Mc-McCally, 6 months. Dutch Village, May, 14, Margaret, widow of the late Thomas Walsh, 81.

late Thomas Welsa, 31.

Halifax, May 14, Violet Geraldiae, child of Arthur and Martha Reid, 1 year.

Halifax, May 14. Ethel 1 May, daughter of Charles and Mary R. Laidlaw, 14.

Windsor, May 13, Florence Toresa infant daughter of Mr., and Mrs. P. A. Rooney, 5 weeks.

BAILROADS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

Commence June 1st.

Write for 1900 Tonr Book. The Famous Fast Train

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To the Pacific Coast will be put in service com-nencing June 11th 1900

NEW ROUTE TO QUEBEC

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Royal Mail S. S. Prince Rupert.

ST. JOHN AND DIGBY. Lve. St. John at 7.00 a. m., Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Satu day; arv Digby 10 00 a. m., Returning leaves Digby same days at 12.50 p. m., arv. at St. John, 3.85 p. m

Bentvil c, May 18, to the wife of James Greenslade; a son.

Upper Falmouth, May 7, to the wife of Wm. Patterson, a son.

Port Hawkesbury, May 6, to the wife of D. McDonald, a daughter.

Centreville, May 18, to the wife of Luther McThursday and Saturday, arv, Digby 8.50 a. m.

Thursday and Saturday, arv, Digby 8.50 a. m.

S. S. Prince Arthur.

YARMOUTH AND BOSTON SERVICE. St. Stephen, May 14, O. Crewe Read, to Eliza E.
Alien.
Westport, May 2, by Rev. P. S. McGregor, Hubert
Bowers to keta Lent.
Turo, May 7, by Rev. Jas. W. Faiconer, James
Etter to Ima McFhee.
Picton. May 9, by Rev A. H. Denoon, Wm. Tupper
to Cathenne McKenzie.
Lower Selma, May 9, by Rev J. W. Cox, Douglas
J. Neit to elvia Dunmore.
Charlottetown. May 9, by Rev R. F. Whitson S. F. By farthe finest and fastest steamer plying out

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Tickets on sale at City Office, 114 Prince Willi Street, at the whart office, a 'I from the Purser on steamer, from whom time-tables and all informs-P. GIFKINS, superintendent, Kentville, N. S.

Intercolonial Railway On and after SUNDAY, January 14th, 1900, trains rili run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:—

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Suburban for Hampton.

Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Picton and Halifax.

Express for Halifax, New Glasgow and Pictou.

Express for Sussex.

Express for Quebec, Montreal.

Accommodation for Moncton, Truro, Halifax. ..22.10

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 17.30 o'clock for Quebec and Monreal. Passengers transfer at Moncton.
A sleeping car will be attached to the train-leaving St. John at 22.10 o'clock for Truro and Hailfax.
Vestibule, Dining and Sleeping cars on the Quebec and Montreal accurate. tibule, Dining and Sleeping cars on the TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

uburban frem Hampton.

D. POTTINGER,

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