

"BELA"

"Heard the news?" asked Big Jack, leaning around at his companions, promising them a bit of sport.

"What news?" asked Sam, warily.

"Your new girl has fled the coop," Sam, scowling.

"What do you mean?" demanded Sam, scowling.

"Wanted, Vamoose. Fluffed out. Beat it for the outside."

"Who are you talking about?"

"Beattie's wife's sister."

"Miss Mackall?"

"Went back with the bishop this morning."

"Sam's face was a study in blank incredulity."

"Didn't you know she was going?" asked Jack, with pretended concern.

"I turned to the news. Boys, this here's a serious matter. Looks like a regular lovers' quarrel. We ought to have broke it to him more gentle."

"I don't believe it!" said Sam.

"But if it is true, she's got a right to go when she likes without asking me. He made a move to drive on."

"Hold on!" cried Big Jack. "I've got another piece of news for you."

"Spit it out," snapped Sam, scornful and unconcerned.

"Your old girl's come to town. Ring out the new ring in the old, as the song says. Lucky you, you they didn't happen simultaneous."

"This affected Sam more than the first item. In spite of him, a red tide surged up from his neck. He scowled angrily at having to betray himself before them. They laughed derisively."

"I suppose you mean Bela," he said, stiffly. "The settlement is free to her, I guess. She's no more mine than the other."

"Opened a restawear in the shack below the company store. Big Jack said so. We had our dinner there, did we not?" Better drop in to supper."

"Not by a damn sight!" muttered Beattie.

He took his reins, and drove on to the barn of his laughter.

His feelings were much mixed. He felt that he ought in decency to be chiefly concerned over Jennie Mackall's account, but he could not drive Bela out of his head. He was both angry and terrified at her coming. Just what he was beginning to feel free and easy she had to come and start up the old trouble in his breast. Just when men were beginning to forget the story which humiliated him, she came along and gave it new point.

Sam had to get mad at something, and like young persons generally, he concentrated on a side issue. By the time he had worked himself up to a certain pitch of indignation against the Beatties, who, he told himself, had sent Jennie Mackall home to part her from him.

Reaching the company reservation, he drove boldly up the hill to ask for an explanation. Mrs. Beattie was on the porch sewing, as ever her bland, capable self.

"They tell me Miss Mackall has gone away," said Sam, stiffly.

"She was taken sick last night," replied Mrs. Beattie. "We all thought she had to go when she had a bad chance."

Sam nodded, undecided.

Mrs. Beattie rose. "She left a note to bid you good-bye. I'll get it."

This was what Sam read, written in a well-known illegible scrawl:

Dear Boy:

I can't stay here. I am sick. I can't explain myself. I can scarcely tell you how I feel. I'm afraid to have to go without seeing you. But don't try to follow me. I will write you from outside, when I can talk more calmly. Oh, how I wish I could tell myself by deed and word that I am yours. I don't regret this up to this. Don't forget me.

Ever thine,
Jennie.

Sam bowed stiffly to Mrs. Beattie, and turned away. The letter mystified and exasperated him. The emotion that breathed found no response in his own breast. The phrasing sounded exaggerated and silly. Why on earth should he follow? He understood the veiled reference to Bela. Little need for Jennie to warn him against her!

At the same time Sam felt mean because he experienced no greater distress at Jennie's going. Finally, like a man, he swore under his breath, and resolved again to have no more to do with women. No suspicion of the real state of affairs crossed his mind.

Returning down hill in his wagon, he had to pass the little house where they had told him Bela was. Smoke was rising from the chimney. A great dog barked at him; he was not thinking of Jennie at all then. He heard sounds of activity from within the shack. Wild horses could not have dragged his head around to look as quick as he could. But out of sight was not out of mind.

"What's the matter with me?" he asked himself, irritably. "I'm my own master, I guess. Nobody can put anything over on me. What need I care if she opens a damn restaurant? One would think I was afraid of the girl! Ridiculous! Lord! I wish she were at the other side of the world!"

These days that followed, Bela was the principal topic of conversation around the settlement. Her place became a general rendezvous for all the white men.

Graves' young men saved the government their rations, but took it in horse-flesh riding around the bay and supping at down restaurants. One of these hours off duty and wages there, Stiffy and Mahooley fired their cook and went with the rest. The shack proved inadequate to hold them all, and Graves sent over a tent to be used

The other two stuck it out. Big Jack Skinner philosophically abandoned his pretensions, but Joe Hagland would not take his answer. He continued to besiege Bela, and the general opinion was that he would wear her out in the end. All of which did not help smooth Sam's pillow.

Another piece of news was that old Musquoons had gone to live with Bela and help her run her place. That night on his way back Sam saw that a tepee had been pitched beside the road near the stopping-house. In the end, as was inevitable, Sam began to argue with himself as to the wisdom of his course in staying away from Bela's.

"Every time they see me drive past it revolves the story in their minds," he told himself. "They'll think I'm afraid of her. She'll think I'm afraid of her. I've got to show them all. I'm just making a fool of myself staying away. It's only a public eating-house. My money's as good as anybody else's, I guess. I'll never make good with the gang until I can mix with them there as if nothing had happened."

Thus do a young man's secret desires beguile him. But even when he had persuaded himself that it would be the part of wisdom to eat at Bela's, Sam did not immediately act on it. A kind of nervous dread restrained him. One afternoon he was delayed across the bay, and as he approached the "restawear" the fellows were already gathering for supper. Sam listened to the joyful talk and laughter coming through the door with a sore and desirous heart.

"Why can't I have a good time, too?" he asked himself, rebelliously. But he did not pull up. A few yards beyond the shack he met Stiffy and Mahooley riding to supper, and they turned back to see him. He was like a man again. He was disposed to teach her.

"Hey, Bela!" he cried. "What kind of soup is this?"

"No kind," she retorted. "Just 'soup."

The reason I asked a fellow told me you made your soup out of muskrat-tails and goose-grass."

"I put the goose-grass in for you," said Bela.

Shouts of laughter here.

Bela lowered her head and whispered in Joe's ear. Joe guffawed with an insolent stare across at Sam. Sam smiled undisturbed, for the provoking glance which had accompanied the whisper had been for him. Joe had not seen that.

"What's next?" demanded Sam.

"Wait and see," said Bela.

"They say your roasted bull-bats are out of sight."

"I save them for my regular boarders."

"Count me in!" cried Sam. "It was only the yams of the poisonous kind that kept me before. Now I'm inoculated I don't care!"

Sam proceeded to higher flights of wit. The other men stared. This was a new aspect of the stiff-necked young teamster they had known. They did not relish it overmuch. None of them dared talk back to Bela in just this strain.

Meanwhile Bela scorned Sam outrageously. Beneath it she perceived the subtle encouragement. She enjoyed the game as much as he did, and little he cared how the men were pleased. The choicest morsels found their way to Sam's plate.

Bela's eyes were giving away more than he knew. "You are my mark!" they flashed on Bela, while he teased her, and Bela's delighted, scornful eyes answered back: "Get me if you can!"

(To be continued.)

ZAM-BUK

Purely Herbal—No poisonous coloring
Antiseptic—Stops blood-poison
Soothing—Ends pain and smarting, etc.
Pure—Best for baby's rashes.
Heals all sores.

50c. box. All Druggists and Stores

Patron Saint of Paris

Wonderful Work of St. Genevieve When Franks Beat the Hans.

Among the French who have had so many wonderful heroines among their women, Joan of Arc is perhaps most widely known, but the patron saint of Paris, Genevieve, is a no less beautiful character. Like Joan of Arc, she, too, was a peasant's daughter, but she lived nearly a thousand years before, when the spirit was far less civilized. But her death was a happy one, for the people she had helped were her friends, whereas, Joan of Arc met her death in the flames to which the English condemned her, friendless except for her own people. At the end of the century, in the fifteenth century, in those days the Roman Empire had just about crumbled to pieces and the province was overrun by one horde of invaders after another. Among these was Attila, who had killed thousands and set fire to many cities in the belief that he was appointed by God to punish the people of Europe. It was while he was bearing down on Paris, and the inhabitants, paralyzed with the fear of his terrible name, were getting ready to flee, that St. Genevieve bravely persuaded them to remain and send their soldiers out to meet him. The result was that not only the soldiers of other countries met Attila, who had invaded France, but the Franks, another invading nation, descended upon Paris and besieged it. St. Genevieve secured relief for her city by risking a journey down the Seine river, in danger of her life, and implored people in other cities to send food to the starving Parisians.

Shopping in a Big City



Scarcely anything pleases a woman more than to come to the city to shop. There are so many big stores with such endless variety and choice of everything.

Still there's just that little drawback about where to stay. The Walker House solves that problem. It is a home for you while in the city, and you can have all your purchases sent direct there, where there are special facilities for looking after your parcels.

Come to the city to shop and stay at

The Walker House

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P.S.—Special attention given to ladies and children travelling without gentlemen escorts.

any idea of what Waterloo bridge, which carries the Waterloo road across the Thames between Westminster bridge and Blackfriars bridge, conveys to those who are familiar with its "granite immensity," its very plainness and massive strength, the way it has of looming up gray through the mist of the early morning, or cutting sharply across the sky as one goes westward towards it along the Embankment, of a summer evening, and countless other "grateful settings" have an appeal to the Londoner. And once on the bridge itself, there is always the view up the river towards St. Paul's and the Tower. Almost any day in the year, some one may be seen enjoying the sight, or sketching it, from one or another of the great embasements which mark the tops of the piers.

For over sixty years after it was thrown open to traffic by the Prince Regent, in the presence of the Duke of Wellington, on that memorable June day, a century ago, pedestrians continued to pay the toll of one-half penny, referred to by the writer of the paragraph in The Observer. In 1878, however, the bridge was acquired by the Metropolitan Board of Works, and, since then, Londoners, whether afoot or a wheel, have passed back and forth across it, and they pass back and forth without question asked or charge exacted to some purpose, for, with London bridge, which lies farther down the river, beyond Blackfriars, Waterloo bridge is among the busiest thoroughfares in London.—Christian Science Monitor.

CHAPTER XIX.

Sam tied his team to a tree and walked to the door of the shack. Within those twenty paces he experienced a complete revulsion of feeling. Having cast the die, he enjoyed that wonderful lightness of heart that follows on a period of painful indecision.

"What the deuce!" he thought.

"What a simpleton I am to worry myself blind! Whatever the story is about Bela, she doesn't exactly hate me. Why shouldn't I jolly her along? That's the best way to get square. Lord! I'm young. Why shouldn't I have my bit of fun?"

It was in this gay humor that he crossed the threshold. Within a few paces a long oilcloth-covered table reaching across the room, with half a score of men sitting about it on boxes.

"Hey, fellows! Look who's here!" cried Mahooley.

A chorus of derisive welcome, more or less good-natured, greeted the newcomer.

"Why, if it ain't Sammy, the stolen kid!"

"Can I believe my eyes!"

"There's pluck for you, boys!"

"You bet! Talk about walking up to the cannon's mouth!"

"Look out, Sam! The rope and the gag are ready!"

"Don't be askeered, kid; I'll perfect you from violence!"

Sam's new-found assurance was proof against their laughter. "You fellows think you're funny, don't you?" he returned, grinning. "Believe me, your wit is second-hand!"

Mahooley stuck his head out of the back door. "Hey, Bela!" he cried. "Come look at the new boarder I brought you!"

The crowd fell silent, and every pair of eyes turned toward the door, filled with strong curiosity to see the meeting between these two. Sam felt the tension and his laughter to beat, but he stiffened his back and kept on smiling. Bela came in wearing her most unconcerned air. They were not going to get any change out of her!

"Hello, Bela!" cried Sam. "Can I have some supper?"

She looked him over coolly. "Sure," she said. "Sit down by Stiffy."

They roared with laughter at her manner. Sam laughed, too, to his discomfort, he privately felt. Sam took his allotted place. The laughter of the crowd was perfectly good-natured, except in the case of one man whom Sam marked.

Opposite him sat Joe Hagland. Joe stared at Sam offensively, and continued to laugh after the others had done. Sam affected not to notice him. To himself he said:

"I've got to fight Joe, big as he is. He stands in my way!"

Outside in the canvas kitchen a little comedy was in progress all unknown to the boarders. Bela came back breathing quickly, and showing a red spot in either ivory cheek. Forgetting the supper, she began to dig in her dungaree bag.

Getting out a lace collar, she flew to the mirror to put it on. Her hair disatisfied her, and she made it fluff out a little under the rich braid which crowned her brow. Finally, she ruthlessly tore a rose from her new hat and plucked it to her girlish as she had seen Jennie Mackall do.

She turned around to find old Mary Ocker staring at her open-mouthed, while she turned over in the frying-pan sent up a cloud of blue smoke.

"The cakes are burning!" stormed Bela. "What's the matter with you? All that good grease! Do I pay you to spoil good food? You gone crazy, I think!"

"Somebody else crazy I think me," murmured the old woman, rescuing the frying pan.

Bela's boarders were not a very picturesque lot, but when she came in again to serve the dinner the dullest among them became aware of the change in her. The lace collar and the rose in her belt were significant enough, but there was more than

Before she had been merely the efficient hostess, friendly to all—but sexless. Now she was woman clear through; her eyes flashed with the consciousness of it, there was country in every turn of her head, and a new grace in every movement of her body.

The effect on the company was not a happy one. The men lowered jealousy on Sam. The atmosphere became highly charged. Sam's eyes lighted with pleasure.

Sam, Bela pointedly ignored. It was on Joe that she bestowed all her smiles. No one present was deceived by her ruse excepting the enemy, whose vanity was enormously inflated thereby. Sam's instinct told him that it was to himself her coquetry was addressed.

After the humiliations she had put upon him, it was deliciously flattering thus to see her in her own way going for his favor. This made him feel like a man again. He was disposed to teach her.

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(To be continued.)

RELIEF AT LAST

I want to help you if you are suffering from bleeding, itching, blind or protruding piles. I can tell you how, in your own home and without any one's assistance, you can apply the best of all treatments.

(To be continued.)

SEWING ROOM HINTS.

If spools of different colored darning cotton are strung on a cord to hang on the back of a chair while mending a few moments of hunting will be saved.

A three-arm towel rack fastened to the right-hand end of the sewing machine will be found convenient to hold pieces of work close at hand.

If small casters are placed on the legs of the chair at the sewing machine it will be more easily moved, and the worker will be apt to sit in a more comfortable position.

When punching a circle, place the machine over a cake of white soap and there will be a firm edge that cannot ravel, and is easily worked over.

In sewing on hooks and eyes, buttomhole them on alike; they will never come off, few stitches will be needed, moreover.

LISTLESS, PEEVISH GIRLS

When a girl in her teens becomes peevish, listless and dull; when nothing seems to interest her and dainties do not tempt her appetite, nature, except in the case of one man whom Sam marked.

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PILES TREATED AT HOME

I promise to send you a FREE trial of the new absorption treatment, and references from your own locality if you will but write and ask. I assure you of immediate relief, send no money, but tell others of this offer.

Address
MRS. M. SUMMERS, Box 8,
Windsor, Ont.

WATERLOO BRIDGE.

How the London "Observer" Told Story of the Coming Opening.

Just a hundred years ago there appeared in the issue of The Observer, of London, then, as now, a Sunday paper, a descriptive little news item about the Duke of Wellington. Waterloo was then only two years past, and the goings and comings of the Iron Duke was always good copy for the press in these days.

The writer of the paragraph in question goes about the task in a leisurely fashion. There is no thought about placing the news first and making the embroidery as scanty as possible. Anything about the duke is good reading, and so he indulges himself in a discussion of His Grace's rapidity of movement, his vigor, and his wonderful "flow of spirits," which makes him "the delight of the circle in which he moves." "The Duke of Wellington," he remarks to his readers, "is distinguished by as much personal activity and energy of movement in this 'placid time of peace,' as during the most interesting period of the late Peninsular war." And then he goes on to tell how His Grace landed at Dover about six on Sunday morning, but remained there only until his carriage could be brought to the shore and started for London some after given. "His Grace," he continued, "is expected to remain in England about two months; at least, it is understood that he will stay till after the ceremony of opening the Waterloo bridge, which, it is expected, will take place on the 18th June, the anniversary of the memorable Battle of Waterloo. It is rumored that His Grace will accompany the Prince Regent in going over the bridge, and that these exalted personages will pay the first regular toll to be demanded from the period."

"Well, the rumor was evidently an inspired rumor, for some seven weeks later, it crystallized into fact, and John Rennie's great masterpiece, considered by Canova as the finest bridge in all Europe, was opened by the Prince Regent, afterwards George IV, on the day rumored, and the Duke was present.

No more detailing of measurements and recounting of costs would convey

PAYING AN INFORMER.

Alexandre Dumas contributed to the Curieux an anecdote told him by Henri Didier, who was a deputy under the second empire.

Didier's father was secretary to the ministry of the interior at the time when the Duchesse de Berri was arrested at Nantes at the end of her attempt to raise the country against Louis Philippe and in favor of her son, the Count de Chambord.

The traitor Deutz agreed to sell to the government the secret of her hiding place for 500,000 francs, and it was the elder Didier's duty to pay the scoundrel for his dirty work. He took his son Henri into the office and said: "Look well now at what passes and never forget it! You will learn what an lacha is and the method of 'paying him.'"

Deutz was then brought into the room where M. Didier was standing behind his desk, on which were placed two packets, each of which contained 250,000 francs.

As Deutz neared the desk M. Didier made a sign to him to stop. Then, taking a pair of tongs, he extended the packets, one after the other, into the hands open to receive them. Not a word was spoken, and when the transfer was effected M. Didier pointed to the door.

Best Time for Black Bass.

Early morning is the best for black bass on small streams, later part of the day till sundown very good. Cloudy days midday good, especially if cool. For fly fishing for bass early morning hours and an hour before dark best time. If full moon even later gets the big ones.—New York Sun.

THE CADDIES' PROFITS.

First Newboy—Chumale's got a job as caddy for a golf club. Is there much money in that?

Second Ditto—De salary ain't much, but dey makes a lot extra back on the golfers when dey lies about de decess dry made.

NEW WAY TO REMOVE SORE, ACHING CORNS

Corn plasters be hanged, they always were troublesome and unsatisfactory. Try the new method! Shrink up the corn first, get its roots separated from the toe. This you can do mighty quick by painting on Putnam's Corn Extractor. It sure does bring relief—takes away the sting, lifts out the whole corn in a day or two. Putnam's will really, surely cure the toughest of corns. Costs but a quarter in any drug store. Get it to-day.

Viscount Ishii says American women are the prettiest in the world. Oh, well, nearly every mother's son of us have told a lot of them—hat—ozens of times.—Springfield (Ohio) News.

COUNTRYMAN.

FULL LIFE.
Side and End Have.

Countryman.

Side and End Have.

Countryman.

Side and End Have.

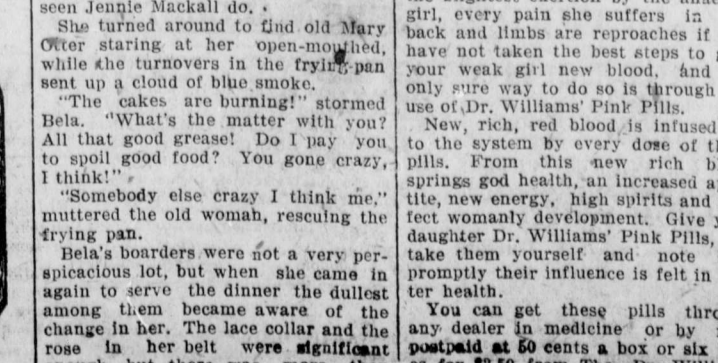


DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOR ALL KINDS OF KIDNEY DISEASES

GRAVEL, RHEUMATISM, BRUISES, BURNS, SCALDS, DIABETES, BACKACHE

Prepared by J. C. DODD, THE PHARMACEUTICAL CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

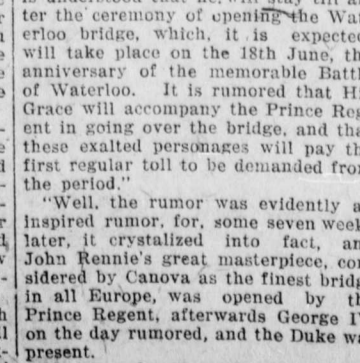


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