

# Sophy of Kravonia.

By ANTHONY HOPE.  
Author of "The Prisoner of Zenda."  
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## Chapter Three

It seemed somehow impossible, me going to be cook there all my days. So writes Sophy at the end of her letter to Mr. Brownlow. It had seemed impossible that we should pass all our days in the humdrum occupations and the mediocre positions in which we have in fact spent the years of our lives. It had seemed only when they have been fulfilled—unless fame out of his failures. But Sophy had a double portion of original restlessness. This sense of restlessness, this yearning for something more, was a part of her nature, and she was never content with what she could imagine. It was the records of the past, the life of her father, that she looked upon as the life of her own people. She was not content with the life of her own people, she was not content with the life of her own people.

The immediate result of this disposition of hers was unhappy, and it is not hard to sympathize with the feelings of the Browns. They were not unconscious of their benefits, which were very great, appeared to them exhaustive, not only above what Sophy might expect, but also beyond what she could imagine. It was the records of the past, the life of her father, that she looked upon as the life of her own people. She was not content with the life of her own people, she was not content with the life of her own people.

Mrs. Brownlow naturally ranged her self on the side of constituted authority, of the superior rank in the domestic hierarchy. Moreover, it is likely that Mrs. Smilker was right in nine cases out of ten, at all events. Sophy recognized that probability in after life. Note the less, she allows herself more than one to speak of "that beast of a Smilker."

For the greater part of this time she had no friends outside the hall to turn to. Julia Robins was pursuing her training in acting in London and, later, her profession in the theatre. Her father, who amused her, was at Cambridge and afterward at his hospital. A glimpse of him she may have caught now and then, but they had no further talk. Very probably he sought no opportunity. Sophy had written from the infant's school to the scullery. She had grown from a child into a big girl. If prudent Basil kept these transformations in view, none can blame him—he was the son of his father. He had no friends outside the hall to turn to. Julia Robins was pursuing her training in acting in London and, later, her profession in the theatre.

Sophy was watching. Her head rose from the other side of the ditch. She was down in a moment, up again and in her friend's arms. "It's like a puff of fresh air," she whispered as she kissed her, and then, drawing away, looked her over. Sophy was tall, beyond her years, and her head was nearly on a level with Julia's. She was in her short print gown, with her kitchen apron on, her sleeves rolled up, her face red from the fire, her hands, too,

no doubt red from washing vegetables and dishes. "She looked like Cinderella in the first act of a pantomime," said Miss Robins' professional comment, colored perhaps also by subsequent events.

"You're beautiful!" cried Sophy. "Oh, that skirt! I love red!" And so on for some time no doubt. "Tell me about it. Tell me everything about it," she urged. "It's the best best thing you know."

Miss Robins recounted her adventures. They would not seem very dazzling at first glance. Sophy heard them with ardent eyes. They availed to color the mark on her cheek to a rosy tint. "That's being alive," she said, with a deep drawn sigh. Julia patted her hand consolingly. "But isn't twenty?" she reminded her friend. "Think how young you are!"

"Young or old's touch the same in the kitchen," Sophy grumbled. Linking arms, they walked up the avenue and came near to the gates. Julia felt a sudden pressure on her arm. "Look!" whispered Sophy, her eyes lighting up again in interest. A young man rode up the approach to the hall-lodge. His mare was a beauty. He sat her well. He was perfectly dressed for the exercise. His features were clear cut and handsome. There was as fine an air of breeding about him as about the splendid Newfoundland dog which ran behind him.

Julia looked as she was blushing. "He's handsome," she said. "Why?" she laughed low—"I believe I know who it is—I think I've seen him somewhere."

"Have you?" Sophy's question was breathless. "Yes, I know! When we were at York! He was one of the officers there. He was in a box. Sophy, it's the Earl of Dunstanbury!"

But it went home to a different purpose, far deeper, far sorer, than the young man had meant. Not the mark only reddened; even the cheeks flushed. She said no word. With a fling out of her arms—a gesture strangely, prophetically foreign as it seemed to her in after days—she exhibited herself—the print mark, the soiled apron, the bare arms, red hands, the ugly knot of her hair, the scrap of cap she wore. For a moment her lips quivered, while the mark—the red spot of future days and future fame—grew redder still.

The only sound was of Lorenzo's wailing the last touch of hope. The young man, as he was, was good flesh and blood, and the blood was moving. He felt a little tightness in his throat. He was a little tight in his throat. He was a little tight in his throat. He was a little tight in his throat.

"Yes," he said, "I shouldn't have looked at any of that, and I shouldn't have looked at her, either."

He was gone. Julia sighed in satisfaction. Sophy awoke to stern realities. "Omniscient," she cried, "he must have come to lunch! They'll want a salad! You'll be here tomorrow—do!" And she was off up the drive and around to her own regions at the back of the house.

"I believe his lordship did remember my face," thought Julia as she wandered back to Woodbine cottage. But Sophy washed lettuce in her scullery, which, save for its base purposes, was a pleasant, airy apartment, looking out on a path that ran between yew hedges and led around from the lawn to the offices of the house. Diligently she washed, as Mrs. Smilker had taught her, whether rightly or not is nothing to the purpose here, but how many times away was her mind? So far away from lettuce that it seemed in no way strange to look up and see Lord Dunstanbury and his dog on the path outside the window at which she had been performing her task. He had been performing her task. He had been performing her task.

"Oh, I say, I've been seeing my mare get her feed, and—er—do you think you could be so good as to find a bone and some water for Lorenzo?"

# OVERTAXED NERVES—A DISTRESS SIGNAL.

The Trouble Can Only be Cured by Enriching the Blood Supply.

When your nervous system is exhausted the trouble makes itself evident in many ways. You feel weary, fatigued and unfit for work. Severe headaches distract you; your back aches; you sleep badly; your appetite is uncertain; you are nervous and irritable and after any exertion you tremble and perspire excessively. If your nerves are overtaxed, your face goes from red to white until you feel that your condition is hopeless and that insanity is threatening. You are calling for help. They are starved because they demand from the blood more nourishment than it can supply. New, rich blood is the secret of nerve strength and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People cure nervous disorders because they feed the weak, exhausted nerves with rich red blood. The case of Mrs. Emma Hall of Hamilton, Ont., furnishes proof that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will cure every case of nervous exhaustion. Mrs. Hall was left a widow and was forced to work in a mill to maintain her two little children. She bravely faced the battle of life, though she had never had to conform to such conditions before. Notwithstanding her physical weakness, she displayed the work played havoc with a delicate constitution, and some years ago Mrs. Hall had a nervous collapse. She consulted a doctor who gave her some medicine and told her she "would be all right in a few days." But that relief was only a temporary one. The use of electricity kept the nerve quiet, but the work kept the nerve quiet, but the work kept the nerve quiet.

It was examination day at a council school in the outskirts of London. Six rows of neat little "tykes," with polished faces and clean collars, had been carefully coached by the teacher in the difficult art of evading the pitfalls set by the wily inspector. To a boy they were ready. The classroom door opened and admitted the dreadful personage. "Now, boys," he commenced in his most insinuating manner, "can any of you tell me a few things that are made in Leeds?"

"Radium and Vaccine." An Italian physician who exposed fresh vaccine virus to the emanations of radium for varying periods and then made use of it in vaccinating children found that there was no effect on the action of the virus produced by the exposure to the rays, but that the pustules produced by the virus were entirely free from any septic impregnation. There was no inflammation, and the virus was found to be as efficient a method of purifying vaccine virus, but on account of the expense of radium not one that can be commonly followed.

Edison was always a great joke player. "Those ones he seemed to enjoy most were like the one he worked on one of the latest operators in the office where he was once employed. One night, when this fellow thought his day's work was over and was getting ready to go home, he slipped around to the office switchboard, made a connection with the lazy fellow's telephone key, called him down to the table and, supplied with an old newspaper, proceeded to read a long 'lot' of presumably Associated Press stuff from New York. Edison was a lightning sender (as well as receiver) from almost the beginning of his career, and the way he made that fellow work for two solid hours was a joy. After wearing him completely out, making him receive and copy the equivalent of about three or four newspaper columns, Edison suddenly came from behind the switchboard, exposed the joke to the poor fellow and wound up by pelting him on the nose with the newspaper he had been sending from—Pearson's."

# MAKING A TUNNEL.

The Way Railroad Engineers Saw Through a Mountain.

Sometimes the construction engineer brings his new line face to face with a mountain too steep to be easily mounted, and then he prepares to dig through it. Tunnels are not pleasant to dig through. They are, moreover, fearfully expensive to construct, and they necessitate a double inspection. But—and "but" in this case is a very large one—they reduce grades and distances in wholesale fashion, and so in a mountainous country the engineer must be prepared to drive tunnels and the folk who come after him operate the footings of the shafts as well as from its portals. In this way the work will not only be greatly hastened, but the shafts will continue in use after it is completed as vents for the discharge of engine smoke and gases from the tunnel.

The ordinary course of such work is by the use of cutting shields proceeding simultaneously from the portals and from the footings of the shafts. These shields are to be lifted to steel rings of a circumference only slightly greater than that of the finished tunnel. Men working on different levels of this shield will pick and dig, and dynamite constantly clear a path for it, whereas it is pressed forward. Tracks follow the cutting shield, and over locomotives, steam or electric, are used in removing the material. The use of electricity keeps the tunnel quiet clear of gases and makes the safest light for the workers.

In rate cases the rock through which the tunnel is bored is strong enough to support itself. But in most cases the engineers prefer to line the bore with brick, as a rule, and this lining is set in place right in the path of the cutting shield. After long weeks and perhaps months of work the tunnel comes when the different bore meet and the tunnel is a single underground tube from portal to portal.

Hobbs Picked All the Locks in the Bank of England. The first work of the Crystal Palace at London, was held in 1851. It was at the Crystal Palace that the American mechanic showed that he stood second to none in the world. Hobbs challenged Chubb, and Hobbs, the American mechanic, carried off the prize as a lock-maker. Hobbs represented an American manufacturer of iron bank safes. He played his safe on exhibition and tied the key to the handle and locked on the outside. Inside the safe was placed £250, or £1250, and the free offer was made to the mechanics of the world that if they opened the safe the money contained therein could be taken for their own use. The safe was never opened. At that time Chubb was famous all over England and in Europe as a lock-maker. The Bank of England ordered Chubb and used his locks exclusively. Hobbs, however, offered and offered to not only enter the outer doors of the Bank of England, but to open also the seven doors leading to the treasure vaults in the tower. Hobbs, however, offered and offered to not only enter the outer doors of the Bank of England, but to open also the seven doors leading to the treasure vaults in the tower.

# A GAS LEAK.

After Results That May Cause From Hunting It With a Light.

The folly of hunting for a leak in a gas pipe with a lighted match is not so much because of the danger of an explosion as of other damage, as is shown by the experience of a tubular holder not long ago. One of two small leaks were detected by going over all the pipes and holding a lighted match to them. The smell of gas ceased, but was replaced a few hours later by the smell of burning wood. Another visit to the cellar showed a shared door-joint a little distance above a gas pipe. There was no apparent cause for this until a very close examination resulted in the finding of a tiny jet of gas which was issuing from the pipe beneath the beam. It was lighted, but was so small as to be quite invisible and nearly invisible. It had been lighted by the match used in the first investigation, but had not been noticed.

This may make a fire hours later in the dead of night or at a time when no one is in the house. The only proper way to look for these very small leaks is to paint the suspected pipe with a smooth soap lather. Just as in the case of a bicycle tire, the thickest leak will blow a bubble in the lather, and there you are. —London Telegraph.

Primitive Huts in the Villages of the Native Indians. The Mexican Indians built in the villages and upon the ranches of the lower Rio Grande border region of Texas have a style of architecture and construction that is distinctly their own. This type of primitive building is rapidly passing out of existence. At many places on the border families of Mexicans have abandoned their jacals and moved into more pretentious homes. No money outlay is necessary in erecting the old style picturesque structures; neither is a knowledge of carpentry needed. A double row of upright poles firmly set or driven into the ground forms the framework for the walls. Between these two rows of poles are placed other poles or sticks of shorter length, forming a thick and compact wall. At each of the four corners of the building posts are set reaching to a height of about eight feet. Roughly level stringers are laid from one post to another, and these stringers are tied other poles that form the framework of the walls. The strong fiber from the maguey plant or strips of hickskin are used to tie the poles into position. The rafters are tied to the ridgepole and the stringers in the same manner. At one end of the building is built the opening through which the smoke of the Indian pipe issues. Stoves are unknown among these Mexicans, and the cooking is all done upon the ground. —Kansas City Star.

A stitch in time saves nine, and every house fly killed early saves a thousand at least later on. Wilson's Fly Pads will kill many times more flies than any other article. "My boy, remember, a wife is a good deal like an automobile. How so, dad? "Because getting one isn't so terribly difficult, but the cost of maintenance is something frightful." —Detroit Free Press.

# PILES FOR FOUR YEARS

Only those who suffer from Piles can know the agony, the burning, throbbing, shooting, stabbing pains which the ailment causes, and the way it wrecks the sufferer's life. Zam-Buk is blessed by thousands who used to suffer from piles, but whom it has cured. One such grateful person is Mrs. Elizabeth Taylor, of Greenwood Avenue, Toronto. She says: "For four long years I suffered acutely from bleeding piles. I tried that time I spent an immense amount of money on 'remedies' and doctors' prescriptions but got no ease. Zam-Buk was different to everything else I had tried, and it cured me. I am grateful for the cure, and as I have never had piles since, I know the cure is permanent."

Another thankful woman is Mrs. A. G. Gidner, of Canada, Unity Bay. She says: "In my case Zam-Buk effected a wonderful cure. For twelve years I had been afflicted with piles, bleeding, and protruding piles. I had been using various kinds of ointments, etc., but never came across anything that cured me. That this may be the means of helping some sufferers from piles to enjoy life is the wish of every true-hearted great spirit."

Zam-Buk is a purely herb and vegetable preparation, and is entirely free from any harmful or dangerous ingredients. It is entirely free from any harmful or dangerous ingredients. It is entirely free from any harmful or dangerous ingredients. It is entirely free from any harmful or dangerous ingredients.

Over 1400 Publications in Canada. According to the 1900 Edition of the Canadian Newspaper Directory, just out, Canada and Newfoundland can boast of 133 daily papers, 1016 weekly or semi-weekly, 262 monthly or semi-monthly, and 14 published less frequently. These figures can be relied on, as the Canadian Newspaper Directory is published by the oldest and largest Advertising Agency in the Dominion, A. McKim, Limited, of Montreal and Toronto. This is the Sixth Edition of their Directory, which fills a very real need in Canada, and deserves a place on the desk of every business man, whether he is an advertiser or not. In addition to listing and describing Canadian periodicals, this Directory supplies a comprehensive gazetteer giving the population, chief industries, the railway, telegraph, banking facilities, and other interesting features of every newspaper city, town, village, or hamlet in Canada. It is splendidly bound and is certainly a credit alike to the publishers and to the Canadian press generally. The publishers are the Advertising Agency field in the Dominion, the McKim Agency having been founded in Montreal in January, 1881, twenty years ago by Mr. Anson McKim, who is still at the head of the business. During all this time they have been the acknowledged leaders in this line in Canada, and the Agency business has been developed from a very small beginning—then performing only the functions of the middle man—to a very large producing enterprise which runs into the millions. Years ago McKim recognized that one of the requisites for successful advertising is a thorough knowledge of advertising mediums, and they began the publication of the Canadian Newspaper Directory, which is now recognized as the most complete and accurate work of the kind published. The price, express or postage prepaid, is \$2.00.

Wants are advertisements that disappear when treated with Holloway's Corn Cure. "I didn't see anything funny in the story that fellow told you. What mad-god-laugh so over it?" "Do you know who he is?" "No, who is he?" "He's the head of our firm."

Keep Minard's Lintiment in the house. Lady—Will you send this rug or approval? Suburban—Certainly, ma'am. Little Girl (who is with her mother)—Hadin't you better tell him to be sure and get it there one time, mamma? You know we give the party to-morrow night. —Life.

# GENERAL

Halifax, N.S., employees in the moment of the I.C.R. saved notice from the I.C.R. yesterday. The object transfer the work shop to Montreal.

Montreal, June 30. Montreal tonight on tawa, in the person of Chao, who with his wife and children, the commercial relation and the celest is the first time the edred upon consular r Dominion of Canada received at Montreal station of the colon.

The Orbow Herald some firm was made trader of Tuesday the excavation for Mr. Tripp's of the scrapers struck which proved to be man being. Two the few smaller ones ed. The only reason signed for their be they are the remain an old settler who velling the plains to remains found are a preservation which strange that other body were not there.

Wainwright, Sask. track-laying gangs the steel, over the eight miles to Edmonton. Dan Dams says he will be it July 7. There will when the G.T.P. to the 794 miles from monton. Letting gangs are close behind so that the track regular service early. Duncan Anderson's partment of agricultural on the line for the sipping out the location of the Dominion establish two of one in northern A the one now at Ro Anderson is much country, and is taking the land to stud.

Calgary, Alta. colony is being bargained of Hollan procedure is unit a tract of land in the Bow River Hollander will be fare section after family will be supplied, implements, other requisites. For the necessary to employ current wages, of the farm will be set of the company will be required to his quarter set maining 20 acres his own use, and anticipated he will his entire wages. The option of purchase buildings of their The Holders en, excess and by is expected a nur tries will start up the colony.

CANADIAN BOARD London, June 2 in outspoken decl Grand Trunk P centralization is have given the fill for a Canadian probably be a feat at the next truck today gives first supplement to a board, and says it own all-composit cessary to meet sea, and a Cane appointed with men and great fe ception, the Tim the idea that so be effectively don. The Cana may ultimately Montreal to Win says the Times. Trunk consens the real centre of which is certain Canadian; the st ministered by at for their own shareholders elect ownership being sadian board with control.