ON HAND. er work which Mr. Sorand may be mentioned to be erected at the nent and Fort streets, o feet square. It will buildings in the proll also intends rebuildand Major Dupont is to erations to his villa rations to his villa.

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d never been. Hate herself for it as might she had never, in all her rueexistence, known suffering compara-to that condensed into the three little inutes she had lived twelve hours ago. When Hetty came up to bed her face when Hetty came up to bed ner race, as beautiful with a strange white peace, is sight of which Hester held her breath, bustle. across the room, she kneeled by the bed and gathered the frail form in the dear trong arms that had cradled it a thousand times. Her eyes sparkled, her lips ere parted by quick breaths, but she since.

a spasm of trembling and weeping.
recollected pushing Hetty away. en clutching her frantically to pull der down for a storm of passionate sisses given between tearless sobs. nen she gave way to wheezing shrieks laughter which Hetty tried to check. are would not let her move or speak

·How thoughtless in me not to know at you were too much unnerved to aranother shock—even of happiness!" id the loving nurse. "No! don't try o much as a word of congrat on. It will keep! All we have to o-night is to obey the order of our for officer, and not think-only

n the morning there was no opporfor speech making. A night of ing had beaten Hester dumb. y could be surprised at that!" ed Hetty, as she rubbed and bathed ng spine. "If I could but down this aching column some of

ester detested herself virtually, in owledging the fervent sincerity of e wish. Hetty would willingly divide



Y TELLS HESTER OF HER HAPPINESS.

y that she meant to divide her fort- posed to feel. alf for you while I live! All for with the dear, unselfish fellow. when I am gone!"

potions of opium by his wife at stated intervals. A fit of delirium tremens, induced by the failure to "cool him off" secundem artem, had brought about Homer's introduction to his nominal employer. Routed from his secret lodgarrival, pinioned the raving patient with his sinewy arms until the man of intelligent measures took charge of the case. Mrs. Wayt, had run no such risks

sand times. Her eyes sparkled, her lips were parted by quick breaths, but she ried to speak quiety.

"Precious child! you should be asleep. "Precious child! you should be asleep. "Anne swers of the took option or ardent spirits. Indeed, he made capital of his total abstineers that I am glad you are hot, for I have a message for you. We—you and I—are to take no anxious thought for commorrow, or for any more of the took morrows we are to spend together. When the double the say that and to give you this." laying a kiss upon her lips. "For he loves me, Hester, darling, and the time of the lower and are to live with us! Just as we planned ever and ever and ever so long ago! But what day dream was ever so sweet and beautiful as this?"

For one of the three with us! Just as we planned ever and ever and ever each ever after the hought and hoped she was being. The frightened blood ebbed was being. The frightened blood ebbed was been on less unique and full of such that the took mate the provisions, indeed, he made capital of his total abstinees. He never confessed that he took option or ardent spirits. Indeed, he made capital of his total abstinees are some tea!" Hester heard her some tea!" Hester heard her some tea!" Hester heard her some tea!" Hough and the rime soupped sanging. The life down in her twadle, an' mamma mate her some tea!" Hester heard her some tea!" Hester heard her some tea!" Hough and the result of his total abstinees. Louise Chandler Moulton said in relieves. Louis er thought and hoped she was said his elaborate explanations. He g. The frightened blood ebbed was her Percy, her lord, her king. She with turbulence that threw her incomplete the control of love to expect his chemical state. Through the doors left open behind her, Hester saw a lurid glare, a column of smoke. not only went backward with the cloak of smoke.

of love to conceal his shame, but she Shrieking for help at the top of her

he became sober.

Many women in a thousand, and about one man in twenty millions, are "built so." The policy—or principle—may be humane. It is not God-like. The All Merciful calls sinners to repentance before offering pardon. The church insists upon conviction as a preliminary to conversion. Mrs. Wayt was a Christian of the conversion of band. In life, or in death, she would not have upon her conscience the weight of a reproach addressed to him whom she had sworn to "honor." Love was omnipotent. In time he would learn the death of her chair to pull off the blazing covers. "Papa! papa!"

He had not heard the word from her in ten years. He was not to hear it

the depth of hers and be lured back to now. the right way.

He was plaintive this forenoon, but not peevish. His eyes were bloodshot; his tongue was furry; there was a gnaw-the street was surry.

Mrs. Wayt, Hetty, March Gilchrist and the servants, rushing to the spot, found father and child enwrapped in the same scorching pall.

Mr. Wayt died at midnight, reported

"I have missed another sun-stroke by a hair's breadth," he informed his wife.
"I almost regret that we did not go to the seashore. My summer labors are exhausting the reserves of vital energy."
"Why not run down to the beach for a day or two next week?" suggested Mrs. Wayt. "Now that your wife is an heiress. you can afford a change of air, now and then."

A dull red arose in the sallow cheek. He pulled her down to kiss her.
"The best, sweetest wife ever given o man!" he said. After that he bade her get a little res

fore. Annie would keep him company.
While his head was so light and his
who lost her life in attempting to rescongue so thick Annie's was the best society for him. She made no demand upon intellectual forces. He sent the "The best wife ever given to man off light-ened in spirit, and grateful for the effort

were not divided."

* * * * * he made to appease her anxiety and to affect the gayety he could not be sup-posed to feel. She looked back at the

hen I am gone!"

He watched the baby's pretty, quaint pretence of "being mamma," and heark anying the words was as little like wonderful white shining of last asserted itself importunately. He knew the deformed dwarf whose height of the gnawing in his stomach reacts sob. A tear fell with the kiss.

"Dear little friend my sweet sister!"

The glorious eyes, darkened by death and almost sightless, widened in turn-torsque folly was attained when oved—first in dreams and in "drift.

He watched the baby's pretty, quaint pretence of "being mamma," and heark ened to the drip and plash of the rain until the gnawing in his stomach reacts sob. A tear fell with the kiss.

"Dear little friend my sweet sister!"

The glorious eyes, darkened by death and almost sightless, widened in turn-torsque folly was attained when oved—first in dreams and in "drift.

Grumpy—Pshaw! Women can never keep a secret!

Grumpy—Pshaw! Women can never keep a secret! dearest! hold me fast and kiss me last



The ster's 'seif:
S'eep, baby, s'eep,
The angels watch 'y s'eep,
The fairies s'aka 'e d'eumiand t'ee,
An' all'e d'eams 'ey fail ow'ee.
S'eep, baby, s'eep!
The rain fell straight and strong.
The heavy pour had beaten all motion
cut of the air, but the gurgling of water
pipes and the resonance of the timed pipes and the resonance of the tinned roof gave the impression of a tumultu-

affected to forget the degradation when he became sober.

tian and a church woman, but she clung pathetically to belief in the efficacy of her plan for the reclamation of her hus-

his tongue was furry; there was a gnawing in the pit of his stomach and an unaccountable ache at the base of the brain.

the same scorening pair.

Mr. Wayt died at midnight, reported the Fairbill papers. He never regained consciousness. The heroic daughter



the must have slept little the night be- DEAR LITTLE FRIEND! MY SWEET SISTER! cue a beloved parent lived until day-

"They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their deaths they

ous storm. Through the register and chimney arose a far off humming from the cellar, where Homer was redding up. Hester's acute ears divided the sound into notes and words.

"An' we buried her deep, yes! deep among the rocks, on the banks of the Oma-ha!"

Annie stopped singing. "Dolly mus' lie down in her twadle, an' mamma lie down in her twadle, an' mamma swers were no less unique and full of mate her some tea!" Hester heard her interest.

Ladies' Home Journal, submitted to a floorida.

Georgia.

Idaho Territory.
Indiana Territory.
Indian

look into each other's eyes fearlessly. They are one at last, and for all time! "Surely that is the happiest moment?" I had made up my mind to say so; but

-is it? "Ah, I think, after all, the happiest Great Britan moment is when love is a sweet, shy new-comer, and hope leads it by the Rose Terry Cooke says: "I believe

the happiest hour of a woman's life is Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney thinks the happiest hour depends upon which woman it is, and does not think her happiest hour has yet come.

He had not heard the word from her in ten years. He was not to hear it now.

Mrs. Wayt, Hetty, March Gilchrist and the servants, rushing to the spot, found father and child enwrapped in the same scorching pall.

Mr. Wayt died at midnight, reported the Fairhill papers. He never regained consciousness. The heroic daughter love, and to feel oneself beloved—that with quite a sensation by the actions of I a married couple of that place a few to days ago. According to the Pottstown News the harmony of the family circle was broken by a rupture between man and influence of the profound emotion that she would get even with him, even that she would carry out her threat, went to the onment. One of these occasions was on first arriving at Stratford-on-Ayon, the second while hearing 'Parsifal' at Bayreuth. Since then I have had a dim idea of the happiness we shall know when we can see, feel and understand."

Mrs. Frank Leslie thinks it is in the expectation of reaching the "top brick of the chimney" that the happiest hour is begun; "and, if by some prodigious effort we secure it, we find it sooty, battered, coarse, and clumsy, and we throw it out of the window," and the Happiest Hour of Life is over!

A sne nad to poison nim, and warned him to look out. He, believing she would carry out her threat, went to the stores thoughout the village and notified them not to sell her any poison. Sure enough—so the story runs—she for a box of rat poison, and the merchant, to accommodate her, mixed up a potion, of which flour was the main in a store. The storekeeper in the meantime notified the husband of her actions, and when he went home for his meal he was prepared for the next act.

Fatal Fertility.

Total.....

A DISCOMFITED SPOUSE.

Grumpy—Fshaw: women can never keep a secret!

Mrs. Grumpy—Can't, eh? Perhaps I haven't guarded the secret that the wedding ring you gave me was plated.

—Lawrence American.

discomfited woman ran up-stairs to escape the laughter of her neighbors, while he explained that when she had gone, after having placed the rope around his neck, he had quickly fastened it to the top of the stove.

Some time ago Edward W. Bok, of the Ladies' Home Journal, submitted to a number of the best known American nd European women the question:
Which, in your opinion, is the hardstion and submitted to a still for the control of the set known American nd European women the question:
Which, in your opinion, is the hardstion is real!

ing you long?"

. 2,395

.. 9,450 From this it will be seen that every State and Territory and nearly every foreign country is embraced in the list.

piest hour has yet come.

"The Duchess" can not decide—there are so many blissful hours in life for most of us. But, she, too, thinks "To love, and to feel oneself beloved—that is indeed to know the best of life."

Her Intended Deadly Dred Converted Into a Practical Joke.

The citizens of Gilbertsville, Montgomery County, Pa., have been furnished with quite a sensation by the actions of

Fatal Fertility.

Tourist—I suppose the soil about here is very fertile and—
Prominent Kansan — Fertile? Tell you what's a fact, stranger. See that thar tall tree? Wal, last year that was a wooden leg. Feller that owned it got drunk an' fell asleep in the fence corner. End of his timber toe was sorto stuck in the soil, and when he woke upnext mornin' it had growed to be right tsmart of a saplin'.

The meal was eaten in silence, and upon its completion he began to complain of pains, and wen into the next room and lay down on the lounge and pretended to be helplessly sick. The vindictive woman quickly went upstairs, and getting a rope dropped it down through a pipehole, fastening one end to a bedpost, then coming downstairs again made a loop, placed it around the neck of the apparently sick man; she then hurried upstairs and "I must be going, dear heart!" whisposed to feel. She looked back at the door to exchange affectionate smiles with the dear, unselfish fellow.

He watched the baby's pretty, quaint He windows. "I can not see you. Would Mr. March mind kissing me 'good-bye?" "

Watched He watched to gapty he could not be supposed to teel. She looked back at the pered Hetty's namechild, as the August dawn, beaten faint by showers, glimmered through the windows. "I can not see you. Would Mr. March mind kissing me 'good-bye?" "

Watched He watched to gapty he could not be supported Hetty's namechild, as the August dawn, beaten faint by showers, glimmered through the windows. "I can not see you. Would Mr. March mind with the dark object away up in the top of the tree?

Kansan—All that's left of the owner of the leg. Tree growed so rapidly that out and provide the neighbors that he was a provided to support to the apparently sick swart of a saplin'.

Towns to dawn, beaten faint by showers, glimmered through the windows. "I can not see you would Mr. March mind was provided to the saple to the tree?

Kansan—All that's left of the owner of the leg. Tree growed so rapidly that out and informed the neighbors that he was a provided to the sap

ceed to enjoy the contents."

The customer went down cellar with the proprietor, saw the box referred to and inspected the bottle that had been operated upon. Putting a pencil into the neck, it was discovered considerable strength would have to be expended in order that the cork might be west. order that the cork might be moved. How the rodents accomplish it remains a mystery.

WAS ALL BUSINESS.

Madam Wanted Her Tooth Pulled With-out Any Charge for Sympathy. She was a mature woman, with high heek bones, a dappled face and red hair, says the Chicago Herald. Flinging aside her bonnet she got up into the dentist's chair, leaned her head back, opened her mouth, and pointed to a tooth on the lower jaw.

"I wish you'd see what is the matter with that grinder," she said. "Yes, ma'am," replied the dentist, in a sympathetic tone. "Has it been hurt-

Who said it had been hurting me?" "Who said it had been hurting me?"
"Beg pardon, ma'am. I inferred—"
"Well, you don't need to infer any
thing. If you're ready to look at that
grinder, doctor, I'm ready to open my mouth again." And she opened it. "The tooth, madam," he said, after brief examination, "is a mere shell. I regret-"

What occasion is there for you to regret any thing? Whose grinder is it?" "I was going to say it is too late to save the tooth. It is too far gone. If it's troubling you any it will have to come out." "Well, that's what I'm here for."

"It will be hard to get hold of with the forceps and I am sorry to say it will hurt-" "Does it hurt you to pull a custom-er's tooth?" she demanded. 'Of course not, but-"

"Well, then, you needn't feel sorry.
am here on business. I don't need any sympathy. Yank it out." The thoroughly-humbled tooth artist wasted no more words. He produced a pair of ugly-looking forceps and extracted the offending molar without de

lay. "What's your bill?" inquired the East, North of South "Fifty cents." "That's the regular price, is it? You're not charging any thing for sym-

pathy?"
"It is the regular price, madam." "Here's the money. Good-day!" After she had gone cut of his office the dentist went and sat down by the front window to rest. "If I had that woman's nerve," he said to himself, as he watched her striding down the street, "I could be an alderman and own a whole ward in less than three nonths."

Four Very Queer Pigs. William Hoffman, of Sebewaing, Pa., William Hoffman, of Sebewaing, Pa., has four pigs that beat any thing ever Lv. Pt. Towns'd 2 p.m. Lv. Pt. Angeles 5 a.m. Ar. Pt. Towns'd 9 a.m. of hind legs, another has no hoofs, but claws take the place of the generally thought necessary porcine appendix, and the two others have claws and toes and pretty nearly every thing else that pigs can very handily get along without.

Leave Tacoma - (8.00 a.m.; 10.00 a.m.; 3.00 p.m.; 5.00 p.m.; 7.45 p.m.; 3.00 p.m.; 7.45 p.m claws take the place of the generally Leave Ta

The strange fashion of mutilating and The strange fashion of mutilating and adorning the human ear has been practiced and has been in vogue all over the world. It has especially enjoyed great favor among the Orientals, and by Persians, Babylonians, Lydians, Lybians and Carthagenians the ear-ring was worn as commonly by men as by women.

Whatcom, Semiahmoo and Blaine Route. Stopping at all way landings. Steamer leaves Seattle daily except Saturday, at 1p.m. Arrives at Whatcom all p.m. Arrives at Whatcom for Seattle daily, except Sanday, 2p.m. Steamers from Semiahmoo and Blaine Route.

paired. When the shoemaker commenced operations on them he found grain growing to the length of several inches. Such is certainly a curiosity.

Bute Inlet Route: DULG HIGH HOME:
Steamer RAINBOW leaves every Tuesday as
7 s. m. for Cowiches, New Westminsten, Burrard Balet, Bute laiet and way poets.
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ST PAUL, ST. LOUIS.

-AT-UNION PACIFIC RAILWAY.

STEAMERS. Tacoma-Victoria Route Port Townsend-Port Angeles Route

A Farm in His Boot.

It is not often that grain is found to grow in a man's boots, but such a case is reported. A farmer brought a pair of boots to a Guelph, Ont., cobbler to be reboots to a Guelph, On