. . RAIL WAYS.

GRAND TRU

ilton, Toronto Montres nd Rast.
† 9 p. m. for London and intermediate station.
† Daily except Sunday. * Daily. WABASH

....No. 2—12,23 p. ir 4—11,19 p. ir 6—1.32 a. m 8—2.49 p. m Richardson, Dist. Pass. Agent, To ad St. Thomas. J. C. Pritchard, Station Agent W. E. Rispin W. P. A. 115, King St., Chathar

PERE MARQUETTE

BUFFALO DIVISION lenheim and West enheim and East rnia 4.05 p.m 6.10 p.m 6.30 p.m

Arrive in Chatham 10.25 a.m. 7.35 p.m. 9.35 a. m. 6.30 p.m. 9.10 a. m. 6.10 p.m.

All trains run by Eastern Standard time.

H. F MOELLER, G. F. A., Detroit

W. M. HOOD P-+, Agent, Chatham.

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CHITHAM, WALLACEBURG AND LAKE ERIE RAILWAY ELECTRIC SERVICE

Time Tau-9th, 1906. CHATHAM e Table No. 5. In effect W WALLACEBURG LEAVE ARRIVI Extra cars on Saturday leave Cha a.m., 1.ro p.m. Leave Wallaceburg and 2.15 p.m. 'Except Sunday all other cars daily

CANADIAN PACIFIC quantity and the control of the cont oints.
† Daily except Sunday. * Daily. neral Change of Time on Oct. 14th

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY Single Fare For Hunters

Going Oct. 9th to Nov. 6th. To all points is Temagami, points Matawa to Port Arthur; to Sault St. Marie and Port Arthur via N. N. Co., to Georgain Bay and Lake Sperior points via. N. N. Co. (to points on N. N. Co. extra charge will be made for meals and berths returning) to certain Quebec points

Fare -FOR-

Return tickets on sale daily until lov. 6th to all stations between Mattawa and Port Arthur, on the Temis-kaming-Kippawa branch, between Sharbott Lake, and on the Bobcas geon branch. Good returning until MONDAY, DECEMBER STH.

Stop-overs anywhere.

Splendid shooting everywhere along the C. P. R. Moose and deer swarm along the North Shore.

ok in at the C. P. R. City Ticket e, Opera House Block, for tickets booklets, maps—anything you want to know. Or drop a postal to C. B. Foster, D. P. A., 71 Yoage Street,

\$33.00 TO THE PACIFIC COAST

From Chicago via Chicago and North Western Ry. Tickets on sale daily up to Octobr 31st at above rate to Vancouver, Vistoria, New Westminster, B. C., Tacoma and Scattle, Wash., Portland, Ore., San Francisco and Los Angeles. Cal., and other Western Points. Correspondingly low rates from points in Canada. Special freight rates on Household Effects. Choice of routes and splendid train service. For serth reservations, illustrated literature and further particulars, write or call on B. H. Bennett, General Agent, 2 East King St., Toronto, Ont.

It takes a quick-witted person to know when to say nothing.

If you would lose that dull old head-And feel as lively as a flee,
Make haste to your druggist
And buy some Rocky Mountain
Tea.

A. I. McCall & Co.

FINEST LIVING PICTURE. Three Views of the Great St. Paul's Cathedral of London-An Impres-

sion That Is Bewildering.

sion That Is Bewildering.

Exerything about St. Paul's Cathedral is on a grand scale. It is strikingly so in the great grey cupola, familiar landmark, seen below in the southern roadway, from the river, or the north tower of the Crystal Palace.

Yet the grandeur, within and without, grows dwarf-life when surveying from the outside galleries the wonderful panoramic scene of London. Dome, chapels, monuments, the gold and alabaster of reredos, the rich color of the spandrel mesales, all are forgotten in the vast prospect around. It is not only an imposing scenic spectacle but the finest of living pictures, says a writer in Lloyd's Weekly News.

It can be seen from three points. The cheef of the pand capable of holding eight persons) is disappointing. The chamber gives a sense of confinement; the windows are dim and their outlook chiefly on streaks of vapour. Hence the room is rarely visited, and then mainly from curlosity. The proper "coign of vantage" from which to see London out-

curiosity. The proper "coign of van-tage" from which to see London out-side St. Paul's is the Golden Gallery above the cupola. There is a climb of 560 steps to the gallery, delightfully re-freshing in its breezy air after ascent; while the prospect is wonderful. At first the impression is bewildering

At first the impression is bewildering. The eye only seems to rest on church towers, a huge network of streets and thoroughfares, chimneys sending forth streams of smoke, and on the horizon "haze clothed and steady hills." Soon vision conventions ision concentrates, and the London of vision concentrates, and the London of historic memories, commercial renown, and swarming humanity reveals itself. The Tower and its bridge; "the forest of masts below London bridge"; the glittering river; Fleet street, the highway of journalism; Westminster Ab-bey; the Law Courts; Houses of Par-

way of journalism; Westminster Abbey; the Law Courts; Houses of Parlament; St. Jomes's Palace; the cupola of the Reading-room of the British Museum; the Embankment, with its trees, all distinctly meet the eye.

There is a mysterious charm and varied magic in the sights and sounds of the huge scene beyond description. Douglas Jerrold has sketched it very prettily in his last play. A Heart of Gold. Maude, the heroine, telling of the wonders of her visit to the top of St. Paul's, says: "Along the streets little specks moving sometimes in twos and threes, and then altogether in one long black gilding thread. And the beautiful smoke in millions of silver fetters—it came from the chimneys up and up—and then somehow joined in one large shining sheet and went floating over houses and church steeples with hundreds of golden weather cocks glittering through. Then there were far-off hills with such a stir below, and they looked so beautiful and still as though they never hear cared to mills with such a stir below, and they looked so beautiful and still as though they never heard and never cared for the noise of London; a noise that when we listened hummed from below for all the world like a hundred humble bees, all making honey and upon one bush."

On exceptionally clear days, like several of those in the past August, and some in Sentember, the far-reaching view has been most striking. Leth Hill, and the uplands about Northern Middlesex, the lovely bits of landscape in Surrey and Kent, and the country stretching to the Essex side of the Thames, have been beheld in all their

In Surrey and Kent, and the country stretching to the Essex side of the Matawa to Port Arthur; to Sault St. Marie and Port Arthur via N. N. Co., to Georgain Bay and Lake Sperior points via. N. N. Co. (to points on N. N. Co. extra charge will be made for meals and berths returning) to certain Quebec points

Going Oct. 25 to Nov. Sth.

To Penetang, Midland, Lakefield, all points Severa to North Bay, Argyle to Cotoconk, Lindsay to Haliburton, Madawaska to Depot Harbor, Muskoka Lakes, Lake of Bays and Magnetawan Riverpoints.

Return Limit Dec. 9.

For Tickets and full information call on.

W. E. RISPIN, C. P. A., 115 King St J. PRITCHARD, Depot Agent Magnetawan Riverpoints.

Single

GANADIAN

Single

The Lord Mayor's Show.

The Lord Mayor's Show.

The election of a new lord mayor to the civic throne, who the ensuing year is to be Sir William Tereloar, naturally turns the thoughts of Londoners to their annual raree show on Nov. 3, the turns the thoughts of Londoners to their annual raree show on Nov. 3, the day on which they are permitted by ancient law to indulge in many extrevagances which would not be permitted them on any other day in the year. It is a day on which a Londoner cannot be locked up for anything short of theft or violent assault. He can do almost what he pleases, with a policeman looking smilingly on.

It isn't the magnificence of the lord mayor's show which Londoners enjoy, for truly of late years it has seemed to have lost all its original splendor. It is the fun they set out of it.

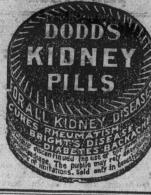
The difficulty in securing some fresh idea with which to make the lord mayor's show different in its main features from its predecessors increases as the years roll by. For some time past interest has been created by the rumor that this year's pageant will differ from those of recent years.

It is, now definitely stated the show will contain no cars or floats, but that their place will be taken by an entirely new feature, which should prove one of the most interesting, as it is the most original, that has been seen in recent

Husband Valued at \$50,000.

A Cape Town lady has entered suit against the Government of Cape Colony for the sum of \$50,000 damages for the loss of her husband, who was killed while alighting from a railway train.





Body Found In Toronto Bay.

Toronto, Oct. 29.—At 5 p. m. Saturday a "floater" was found at the foot of Princess street. It was that of a man about 50 years of age, who had evident-ly been a laboring man. The body has the appearance of having been in the water for some time. There was nothing on him to identify him.

Dead Number Twelve

Kansas City, Oct. 29.-Four more bodies were found Saturday in the rwins of the Chamber of Commerce building in Kansas City, Kas., making the total known dead to date 12. Four persons are still missing.

Winnipeg, Oct. 29.—A. Pierson, a Swede, was run over by a street car last night and crushed to death.

Preston Off For Africa. London, Oct. 29.—(C. A. P.)—W. T. R. Preston has sailed for Cape Town the steamer Kenilworth Castle

Roosevelt's Birthday. Washington, D. C., Oct. 29.—President Roosevelt was 48 years old Satur-

WHEN ILLNESS COMES.

WHEN ILLNESS COMES.

Have you near at hand a remedy that will alleviate pain and help till the doctor comes? A wise thing is to have right in your home a bottle of "Nerviline" which gives in:tant relief, and prevents disease from spreading. Nothing known for the stomach and bowels that compares with Nerviline. For cramps, indigestion, heartburn and headache, it's indispensable. For fifty years Polson's Nerviline in 25c. bot les has been a family stand-by. Get it een a family stand-by. tc-day.

Laborer Buried Alive Laborer Buried Alive.

Toronto, Oct. 29.—While engaged in digging a drain on Czar street on Saturday afternoon Harry Cousins, a civic employe, living at 70 Birch avenue, received serious injuries by the caving in of the sides. Eye-witnesses state that fully 20 minutes expired before his fellow workmen could remove the mass of earth which had fallen on him. He may recover. Cousins is a married man, about 40 years of age.

NINETY-EIGHT PER CENT. NINETY-EIGHT PER CENT.

There is a fascination about big profits to a business man. But the conservative and cautious trader prefers to have the lesser per cent. of interest and the larger per cent. of safety in his investments. There is no business man who would not consider it a sound proposition to invest in an enterprise in which as solute loes was impossible and which offered ninety-eight chances in a hundred of a rich profit. The statistics of cures effected by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery show that minety-eight per cent. of cases of "weak lungs" can be absolutely cured. Almost, if not all, forms of physical weakness may be traced to starvation. Starvation saps the strength. The body is just as much starved when the stomach cannot extract nutrition from the food it proceives as when there is as much starved when the stomach cannot extract nutrition from the food it receives as when there is no food. "Weak lungs," bronchial affections, obstinate coughs, call for nourishment. "Golden Medical Discovery" supplies that nourishment in its most condensed and assimilable form. It makes "weak lungs" strong, by strengthening stomach and organs of digestion which digest and distribute the food, and by lucreasing the supply of pure blood.

Boys Find Dead Body. Ayton, Oct. 26.—As two boys were walking through a small bush on Koehler's farm yesterday morning they came across the dead body of Duncan Mc-Phee, a farmer, who lived near Alsfeldt, who has been missing from home for two weeks, the body was badly decom-

Its equal as a curative agent does mal action as to challenge the admiration of the medical profession. Such is Hollister's Rocky Mountain not exist. So perfect is the medicites.

A. I. McCall & Co.

Great privileges never go save in impany with great responsibilities.

ALFRED STEVENS.

Painter of Fine Ladies and "High Life" of Second Empire.

of Second Empire.

Alfred Stevens died last week in the poor little flat in which he for some years vegetated in the Avenue Trudaine, says London Truth. A Beigian by birth and early education, he became by choice a thorough boulevardier at a time when the boulevards were the literary and artistic salon of Europe. He caught the dandyism of the clubmen who frequented Tortoni's, the wings of the old Opera House and the Salle Ventadour. You can see them driving themselves in mail and other phaetons in the paintings of Lami and J. L. Brown. They are in all the Bois and Champs Elysees scenes of these artists. Brown. They are in all the Bois and Champs Elysees scenes of these artists. Stevens took up the feminine side of "le high life" and sincerely painted it as it appeared to him. He had really fallen in love with it, and its glamour had taken him in. Had it been otherwise he would not have stood higher as a painter than did Arsene Houssaye as an author, or that poor creature Imbert St. Arnaud. Imbert as a writer was a cavaliere servente, and Houssaye a coureur d'alcoves without a single ila coureur d'alcoves without a single il-fusion. Want of perspicacity saved Ste-vens. If one could not fall in love as he did with his fine ledice and evidence vens. If one could not fall in love as he did with his fine ladies one could not help admiring the manner of the artist. Like a first rate chef, he had often to work on bad materials, which his skill rendered savory. The sauce redeemed the ingredients. There were times when he turned them into ambrosia. Stevens may live as Naztier and Lami live. A Fragonard would have lent to the cocodettes whom Eugenie gathered around her too much of his esprit for them to be really of their time. The Second Empire was a period of Philistinism

sons are still missing.

There is more Catairh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurrole. Fig. a great many years doctors pronounced it a focal disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimomials.

Address: F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, Ohio.
Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Crushed Under Car.

Winnipeg, Oct. 29.—A. Pierson, a Swede, was run over by a street car last night and crushed to death. time and of the sitter. Stevens had not a penetrating eye. It must be said that he hardly needed it. He only dealt with favorites of fortune, who hardly needed to mask their propensities. In the arrangement of details of the toilette he had no equal, and the task was no easy one, seeing what debased Spanish taste prevailed. As a colorist he must ever take a high rank. I should say that in all his paintings there is not a single false note or jarring tone of color and that everywhere his coloring is felicitous and captivating. It is also to be said that in painting his cocedettes and their belongings he never slid down to their belongings he never slid down to the level of the illustrator. An illustra-tor may be a great artist, but illustra-tion is low art.

The fashionable world had for many years before his death completely for-gotten Stevens. Had he been a French-man the Government would have

man the Government would have found for him some post in the Fine Arts Department. Harsh things are said of Leopold, the millionaire king, for not recognizing in some handsome way the talent of the old painter.

Sir Victor Horsley.

"Energy, honesty and fearlessness" are the characteristics attributed by a professional associate to Sir Victor professional associate to Sir Victor Horsley. The slim, unobtrusive man who figured most effectively in two addresses before the British Medical Association in Toronto recently, is an Englishman at the top of the surgical ladder. As professor of pathology is University College, London, and surgeon to the Queen's Square Hospital, he is a busy man, but he yet is in demand for some of the biggest surgical work in England. Only a man of his restless energy could fill so many important roles. As a speaker Sir Victor has brevity and terseness, combined with an admirable English style. His Verssellittic is

New Atlantic Record Breakers.

It will be a twelvemonth before the harmonian is ready for sea, and somewhat less before the Lusitania makes ther initial voyage. When, however, these vessels get to work, the Atlantic passage ought to be cut down to five days, for under the agreement with the British Government they are to be capable of maintaining a minimum average speed of from 24 to 25 knots perhour in moderate weather. They should thus be a knot or a knot and a half faster than the Kaiser Wilhelm II. of the Norddeutcher-Lloyd Co., which now stands in the first rank. What the further reduction of the Atlantic passage implies to the British Empire is as yet perhaps imperfectly understood. It may mean that we shall see a further substantial cutting down of the Canadian route to the Far East, thanks to the adoption of the turbine both on the Atlantic and on the Pacific, and that people may presently be able to travel cound the world by way of the Dominion, Japan and the Trans-Siberian Raliway within the compass of a holiday of quite reasonable length.—Daily Telegraph.

Gayboy—So Mrs. Neighbors called you a fool, did she?

Mrs. Gayboy—Not in so many words, but it amounted to the same thing. She accused me of believing averything you say.

WOOMEA? PERFECTION

Food V Value

Mooney's Perfection Cream Sodas are crisp squares of wholesome nourishment. They are the food that builds strength and muscle. They are as easily digested by the child and invalid as by the sturdy workman. They contain ALL the food properties of finest Canadian wheat flour, in a form that delights the appetite. Always fresh and crisp in the moisture-proof packages. At all grocers in I and 3 pound packages.

The Lobster's Color Did you ever hear of the young housekeeper who refused to buy a fresh lobster at the market because it was not bright red in color? And of the poet's back blunder, who called it "the cardinal of the sea?" The point of the joke is that the young house-keeper and the poet both though that red was the lobster's natural color. As most of you know, perhaps, the natural color of the shell is a mixture of two pigments, red and blue. When it is boiled the blue washes out and the red

GOOD REASONS FOR ITS SUCCESS

The majority of outarrh remedies are useless. But one that does cure is Caturrhozone. It clears the head of all mucous discharge. Putrid matter in the mostrils, phlegm in the throat, and disease germs are completly swept away. The cause of the disease is destroyed, it's results are destroyed, and the system so thoroughly cleansed of outarrhead poison that cure is permanent. All types o featarrh, throat and brombial trouble, colds and coughs are more certainly cured by Caturrhozone than anything else. Two sizes, 25c. and \$1, at all dealers.

Chickens at Sunday School A bright and winsome little girl, caughter to one of the editor's friends, was sent out to the henhouse one day recently to gather and bring in the fresh eggs, but she came back almost immediately without any eggs, and when her mother asked about them

the little one answered:
"Well, mother, the chickens were holding Sunday school, and I would not disturb them."

The mother afterward found out that the hens were all cackling at the top of their lungs, and this made the Sunday school

A WELL-KNOWN MAN.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited. Dear Sirs,—I can recommend your MINARD'S LINIMENT for Rheumatism and Sprains, as I have used it for both with excellent results. Yours truly, T. B. LAVERS St.John.

It Comes; It Comes This is a simple guessing game, familiar to children in New England. One child of the party says to another, "It comes; it comes." The player addressed asks, "What do you come by?" The first replies by naming the initial letter of some object in the room. If, for instance, it is the table he has in mind, he says, "I come by T." rest must now guess what thing beginning with this letter is meant.

Isn't This Sot Every hour you are sulky and unfor-giving you find it easier to be cross and more difficult to be agreeable

Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea is a wonderful tonic. It drives out all impurities. A good thing for the whole family. Keeps you well all winter. 35 cents, Tea or Tablets. A. I. McCall & Co. Excursion tickets on sale at W. E. Rispin's office, 115 King street, as follows: Billings, Mont., \$32.75; Butte, Mont., Odgen, Utah, \$37.75; Nelson and Rossland, B. C., Spokane, Wash., \$38.25. All Pacific Coast points, California to British Columbia, 240.75. Hunters rates, woing Oct. \$250.000. \$40.75. Hunters rates, going Oct. 9 to Nov. 6 to eastern provinces; Oct. 25 to Nov. 6, to northern points in Ontario at single fare, good to return up to Dec. 8.

CALLING Cards, Invita-tions, Wedding Announ-cements and Envelopes to match, Programs, Pencils Etc., can always be obtained at The Planet Office. Gypsy Jan

By Constance D'Arcy Mackay

Copyright, 1906, by Ruby Dougla,

Clayton struck off from the wood path he had been following to the main road. He had chosen the end of September for his vacation. Already sur mer was mellowing into autumn, the maples were tipped with yellow, and in the dark recesses of the woods su-mac glowed with a color that was almost flamelike. As he walked on either hand stretched fields of alternate stubble and green grass, starred here and there by patches of goldenrod or slender purple asters. Fall sounds were in the air. Late crickets chirped. Crows cawed across the fences. Bits of thistledown floated lazily in the morning sunlight. Except for occa-sional farmhouses standing by the way or a passing team, the road was deserted, and Clayten was musing pleasantly on its solitude when an unexpected turn past a clump of trees brought him upon a camp of gypsies. He went forward with quickene

They had pitched their tents in a litollow through which a stream ran. In the background stood a canvas covered wagon and a half dozen lean, tethered horses. In the foreground smoldered the ashes of a fire. Round this clustered a few half naked children and some wrinkled crones with huge gilt earrings in their ears.

"The men of the camp had evidently gone foraging, nor were the women slow to turn a penny, for one of them called out to Clayton that she would tell his fortune. Clayton shook his head impatiently and went on. If he had it told at all, it must be by some young, black eyed girl, such a one as he saw approaching half a mile beyond the camp, a tall, lithe creature who walked with the grace of those accustomed to the open. She wore a red skirt, a white blouse falling away from her throat and caught with a bit of dull yellow that matched her girdle. One sleeve was torn, and her arm showed through, dusky and rounded Her dark hair was twisted with what looked to be scarlet beads, but which upon nearer inspection proved to be rose fruit strung on grass.

"The princess of her tribe," thought Clayton.

She was playing with a curious dag ger that she held and did not see him till he accosted her. Then she looked

Will you tell my fortune?" he que ried, smiling, and held out his hand.
"When it has been crossed with silver," she answered, her black eyes

"The life line is deep," she went on quickly. "You have made your way so far, for you are ambitious and hardworking. You do not come from Brierley village nor from the country round here. You are from the city. You are nearly thirty and unmarried. Do I read true?" she asked, with a

swift upward glance. "Quite true," said Clayton amusedly. "No woman has touched your heart, but there is one who soon will."

"Dark-and very wealthy. You will "Well, I'm glad I'm warned," said Clayton, with a laugh. "How long have you been here?" nodding in the direction of the camp.

She shrugged her shoulders. "How can I tell? A few days—a week maybe. We gypsies do not meas-

"And what is your name?" "Jan," she answered, turning on her heel with the indifference of a queen. Now that she had told his fortune she

seemed anxious to be gone. "A mercenary young wretch, like the rest of them," murmured Clayton,

That afternoon he strolled toward the village. The season was over, and most of the large hotels were closed. So were the handsome private cottages, save a few whose owners preferred the luxury of solitude.

Arden, the summer home of Alyard, the copper king, was still open, Miss Alyard, it was said, caring more for her stables and kennels than for so-

As Clayton passed it, admiring its green lawn and well kept flower beds, a smart trap came down the driveway. In it sat a girl dressed in white. Clayton could not see her face, for she held ton could not see her race, for sne neid a lace parasol to screen her eyes, but he liked the patrician poise of her head. As they rattled past him with a gay clanking of silver harness the coachman turned in answer to some questions.

"It's exactly 4 o'clock, Miss Alyard," he said deferentially. Clayton started and then laughed at

Clayton started and then laughed at himself for being foolish enough to mind a gypsy's prophecy. And yet—the prospect was alluring—a rich wife and money to pursue his studies in Paris untrammeled, for, though Clayton's name was beginning to be known in the world of architecture, it had been hard fighting every step of the way. Even now he was not free from financial difficulties, and instead of putting up at the luxurious country club which was still open to visitors he was housed in a farm at the village outskirts.

outskirts.

But, whether the gypsy had read his fate truly or not, there was something tantalizing and mysterious about her prophecy, and next day he went again to the camp. Jan was nowhere in sight. In vain he questioned the old hag who had offered to tell his fortune the day before. She declared there was

no such person and cailed on a swarthy devil-may-care young fellow who lounged close by to confirm her in what she said.

"No," he reiterated. "No Jan is

It was useless to argue, and Clayton turned homeward with a feeling of de-feat, when, perched on a fence near where he had first seen her, he espied

"I've been to find you at the camp," he said, "and they told me there was no such person."

"They told you that?" She threw back her head, and her brown throat shook with laughter.

"And there was a young fellow there who looked as if he would like to mur-"You mean Zingare? He is terribly jealous. The least thing puts him in a passion. That is why he pretended not

o know where I was." "And where were you?"
"Out in the woods at the edge of the hill to see the sunrise. It was like a campfire burning behind the trees."

She was as voluble as she had been reticent before, and, vaulting up on the fence beside her, Clayton sat and talked till noon. It was only when he reached his farmhouse that he remembered that he had meant to ask her about his future, and she had bewitched him so

that he had forgotten it. The next two days it rained, and on the third he found the gypsy camp deserted. A charred spot marked the place where their fires had been, and that was all. They had vanished as silently as they

And no one seemed to know what trail had been taken. Clayton was disappointed to the verge of moodiness. Try as he would, he could not drive from his thoughts. Now he pictured her walking down the road, erect and graceful; now he fancied her crouching by the fire at night and probably with Zingare opposite, a thought which made him grind his teeth. Again and again Miss Alyard passed him in her high red cart, but he would not so much as turn to look were all' the heiresses in the world compared to what he had lost? In a crisp twilight as he wande lown the road some one stole up be

hind him and touched his arm.
"Jan!" he cried joyfully. "It's you! Where have you been? I've searched and searched. Perhaps"—he frowned-"perhaps you and Zingare"—
"Zingare!" Her voice was full of

"You do not love him?"

"No!" contemptuo ssly.
"Then, Jan, will you marry me?"
"I. a gypsy? B'a your people—your

riends"-"Confound my fri nds! I love you!"
"Even if you find hat I've deceived
you as only some it psies know how to
deceive? At first, when you mistook me in my Hungarian walking costume, it was a joke—telling your fortune and then driving past you afterward—and then I meant to tell you I was Clorinda Alyard and I couldn't. I couldn't because I wanted to see if you'd care for me and not for anything else. And

you do love me?" It was the girl and not the heiress who spoke. "More than my life," said Clayton.
They are called the eccentric Claytons, because people sometimes meet them in the woods, walking together, hand in hand, laughing like children. she in a curious red and yellow cos-tume and he in a blue flannel suit de-

cidedly the worse for wear. Economy in Interest.

It is well known that a woman will never become accustomed to banks, just as she will never learn to sharp in pencil or drive a nail. But there is woman, says the Washington Star who takes the prize in financial mat-ters, except that she reverses condi-

Her husband held a fairly nice account at a local bank in common with her, where interest was paid on deposrest of them," murmured Clayton, looking after her.

The triangle of them, The triangle of triangle of the triangle of the triangle of trian per cent bank and then another which paid only 2 per cent. The more she thought about it the more complex the

> At last, making up her mind that her husband and, of course, herself, were being cheated by a horrid cashier, she withdrew the deposits from the 3 per cent bank and turned them in at the That evening she said, "Do you know, dear, that I saved lots of money

> "How?" he asked. "By placing our money in a bank that costs only 2 per cent instead of 3. It is infinitely cheaper, and"-

Pacing a Dust Storm.

It is forty miles to Agra, twenty of them over rough country tracks. As we leave the town we pass a small temple where a Brahman priest is washing himself in the sun. He is an old man and the last left to look after one man and the last left to look after the temple, which he will not shut up or desert, be the plague or famine ever so bad. We say a few words to him and leave a small present for the tem-ple and begin to traverse the dreary track that lies ahead. During the con-versation three of the great pillars of hot air and dust have amalgamated. An Indian dust storm is upon us. Sud-An Indian dust storm is upon us. Suddenly the sky grows dark. How the hot wind roars over the parched plain! The sun is obscured by a dense haze of heat and dust. Darker and darker grows the sky, while a mighty wind seems to snatch the very ground from under one's feet, until all is lost in a very hurricane of hot, blinding, choking dust that hides the desolate scene around, blotting out both the dreary track on which we are traveling and the last grim horrors of Jaganir.—Lonthe last grim horrors of Jaganir.-Lon