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THE VICTORIA WEEKLY TIMES, FRIDAL, MARCH 30. 18:4.

Sandomir Leopold's Bequests. " Tales of Ten Travellers Series."

BY EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

Herr Paulus being a young man of gen-erous nature and a famons artist of chemnitz, had hosts of admirers for his between the blood tingled from his new mode

portraits, Austrian battle-pieces of out-door life. The buds and bloom of early summer beckoned and flashed on landscapes, so long thing thing away. every hand. The marvelous bird life of last there came a time, before he 40 years of age, when, having no res left and no guilders for those were gone, his noble enthusiasm in with delicious exaltation. And his artist's ere gone, and line for others was eye and hand were thrilled and quickened to a sudden check by such de as he robbed for his sketch-book the as fame alone was never known to quaint, weird secrets of the road. "Death, then, in life or at last, is

an artist, these demands were gross ever but an awakening to a wider conivial in their nature, but their very sciousness of life;" mused Herr Paulus, as he sat beside the great stone road and lificance seemed to spread a pestilof contempt which rendered them serious and imperative; curiously in one day's time transferred to paper more strange and varied original studies the recipients of his past favors. than had ever been worked out upon his grand Chemnitz canvasses in all his artist turn their faces with great and critical to turn then facto his fine paintings attentiveness upon his fine paintings which had not cost them a florin, and life. "Here is a herd of cattle," continued

backs with unbending pertinacity the fine artist. Thus Herr Paulus, the artist glowingly, running over the outline sketches he had made, "from the great steppes of Bessarabia, with their nating in his bare studio, took his tawny, tasselled keepers piking them on lesson in belated thrift. While thus engaged, his eyes alighted to the German and Austrian abattoirs. a newspaper abstract of a paper,

These are Tyrolean carvers, from the forests of the Bavarian frontier, with recently communicated to the French hen recently contain it outer, with Beographical Society by Dr. Le Bon, up their curious wooden wares and outlandish on a primitive and little known race of music, on their way to remotest Russian calling themselves Pidhalians, who towns. They will return with the pelts people calling themselves I infinitians, who exist high up among the Carpathian mountains of Galicia, in the Tatras range of these mountains separating Galicia, or these great carts with their sleek oxen and their musical bells, are carrying their rush-covered butts, filled with the amber Tokay of Hungary, to the cellars of the Czar. It is the journey of their lives to the proud cartmen trail-Austrian Poland, from Hungary's glow-Herr Paulus had reread the article many times, and sat looking out of ais

o window over and above the quaint ing beside their precious freight; for if Chemnitz roofs, as if his artist's eyes the vintage be good, each ox will return saw the billowy swaths of the Tatras range, and gave him commun on with the be-ribboned, and each man will bring with him enough roubles, in gifts, to make im free of care his whole life long. rcadian people there. "This lonely, leaning, dolorous cross,

This day-dreaming had been interrupted by another rude demand for rent. He satisfied the intruder with a definite with the prostrate peasants crawling to its lip-smeared sides, has all the powerful mise of requitement, and then re-read suggestiveness of Millet's 'Angelus.' This he sketch once more, some portions of it almost vine-hidden shrine, with the white Virgin blessing all who come, and the loud, as though half arguing to invisible rapt devotees beneath with the ragged hough interested friends: Though poor they are content.' That and wind-whipped beggars encircling them 'Their food is principally oats, like vultures, is a veritable apotheosis of the wretched Bedouism ever havering in all its fierce and hateful forms beside reeither simply boiled or ground and con-verted into cakes; and though their dist ligion's holiest and tenderest retreats. "Let me see," Herr Paulus continued is spare, they enjoy perfect health and Now there must be long lives." wonderful complexions and types among radiantly, "I will call this one 'An Arva Vigil.'" The sketch was a group of such people as these."weary Hebrew peddlars sleeping at the He walked back and forth for a time roadside upon their packs, with all their with the paper in his hand, seeming to mouths grotesquely open, with limbs rigid and with hands tightly clutching the realize more and more how little his stu-

dio really contained. Then he read ud again: The population of this remote region why, it is not one hundred miles from Chemnitz!-'numbers several hundred thousand individuals. During four or five months of the year those of them trod softly back and forth before them, who accompany their herds and flocks to in tireless guard.

much.

"Here are the Galician 'circles' traders, the mountain pastures, live exclusively cn too; a rough and sturdy lot, at rest from goat milk whey, each person consuming from three to four litres daily."" their midday meal; their huge horses munching their fodder sleepily; the men tonsuming great flagons of schnapps, ket-Here Herr Paulus rested his head in one hand discouragedly, closed his are tightly as if from pain, and made an exceedingly wry face. He filliped the paper in his disengaged hand for a long time before he opened his eyes and to "Though far from being cultured, the dare-deviltry lurks in the jaunty set of Tatras peasantry are poets and artists by their caps, their red and breezy shirts,

I left the mountains, bitter against the Jews. We-Terese and again. It made us, well, different, sir, from the rest. We could not see these horrible things and love them, as they do. We saved the lives of one or two of those that were driven down the Gracer mode that were driven down the Cracow road, and it made us trouble. I sold my por-tion of our herd to Dymtro-he's our head, sir-and left my people for the cart. I'm happier, sir, now," with a gesture of his head toward the cart be-hind, "because I can do as I like. Do you think it is wrong, sir?"

"Ach, Gott! You are a graud, brave fellow, Jura! And who is Terese?" "Terese? Why, she's my sister!" "Is she like you, Jura?"

"Oh. no, sir. Terese is beautifulbeautiful, sir, as the Virgin in the Jar-danow shrine. You should see her dance, sir; and hear her sing! Why she sings sweeter than those Tzigane back there by the falls can play. She is strong and brave, too. She has her own herd, her portion yet, sir. Our people in the mountains do not like us; but they could not do without Terese. She is worth face; "and but once show Terese your more than all their dogs!" "Worth more than all their dogs, Ju-

ra?" "Yes, sir; for she has killed many This coat is from the pelt of bears. one, sir. She can do that, too, sir," nod-ding his head toward the artist's port-the Tatras maiden he had never scen; folio. "The popa (priest) of Kriwan, our winter village, taught her that long ago." before, until they came with the night "And where is Terese, now?" asked to Arva and the courtyard of a little inn

am returning from Cracow, and she comes The mute inquiry was answered by Herr to the Tatras crag and waves me wel- Paulus immediately. He sought the landcome back. It is many miles from the lord and bargained with him for a week's road, but you will see where she always stands. We are not happy, sur, this babe; saw a physician and gave him still way. By and by we hope to prosper and to go to some foreign land." They were just entering the town of Thurdosin, and while Jura was busy with

his carter's duties there, Herr Paulus to an address the woman had given sauntered up and down its sleepy old

The only sign of life was found in the little detachments of mounted Austrian ders left on earth, whereupon he passed soldiery, charging here and there in their a restful night with Jura in his cart, brutal quests of straggling exiled Jews, dreaming only witching dreams of beaubrutal quests of straggling exiled Jews, to herd and drive them on. These uni-formed tyrants are everywhere. They heights beside sylvan streams and fleecy accompany every coach. They billet themselves at inns .They enter the home at will; and by their godless pres-ence in Galicia sully every sanctuary and pollute every shrine. They swarm among all classes in every nossible guise among all classes, in every possible guise her and her child. and form of spy, comprising more than "I cannot see her, Jura. I must be and form of spy, comprising more than one-twentith of Austrian Poland's en-off to Terese and the herds. My heart is painter's brush has ever rightly limned; one-twentin of Australi Foldades very tire population, until in Galicia the very air is said "to listen." Herr Paulus for the first time found himself hating the soldiery of his own great emperor. Speak with her yourself, Jura, when you can tell me what it is, when I return soldiery of his own great emperor. He was standing before a baker's win-from the mountains to Arva." dow interested in an odd form of Galician bread, fashioned in imitation of the open spaces in the mountains where the crown of thorns, in general use during the Tatras folk graze their herds, are a half Lenten period, when he noticed a most dolorous object trembling beside nim. It Jura kept Herr Paulus company for an various portions of their clothing, white as with frost-rime from the highway dust, where their money was hidden; while one of their number, with bowed head but alert eyes and endless rubbing of palms, ness on many faces before, but never anything so pathetic and terrible as in this one blanched and quivering counten-this one blanched and quivering counten-

ance At this moment a bevy of soldiers . The glories of this mountain range are She took no food, and, unheeding, pass-At this moment a beyy of soluties includes the given solution of the solution man's side in seeming frenzy of rage, while the artist feared he would strike him down. But he did not. He simply spat in his face, calling him "Jew -earth rot!" and names far beastdog! lier still. Then the valiant soldiers turned and went merrily away.

heard Jura breathe a soft "Amen". The touching little signalling and prayer was meant, the artist drew from the lad as they resumed their journey, as a blessing by sister and brother each upon the other, and that each might know that all was well, and, though apart, their prayers and hearts were one. Then Herr Paulus told Jura in simple words of his wish to come among the Tatras folk, and Jura promised to guide

him a part of the way along the heights the next morning "But how will they know that I should welcomed; that I am your friend ?'

asked the artist anxiously. "I care to see Terese now more than all. Will she befriend me among all these strange folk and herds?" "All who come may remain among our

alous cities.

people," answered Jura with smiling pictures there—the one with Jura in it, sir"-he continued with some confusion "and her hut, her heart, yes half her herd, may be yours!" It was Herr Paulus who was bushing

Herr Paulus with deep interest. "Oh, you will see her before we reach Arva. Every fourth day she knows I Here Jura looked appealingly into his new friend's face and then to the wretch-ed objects beneath the cover behind them.

where she would come to kin and friends. This done, the great artist of Chemnitz found that he had less than 40 guil

teous shepherdesses beckoning to misty

blended with the alertness of the bird or They set out early, for the polonias or the deer. Herr Paulus like the artist he was lost Tatras folk graze their herds, are a half day's journey above Arva to the east. about him, proud of the little they saw mind and heart. then her handsome face was distraught.

a marvellously differing character, as he self, though great and famous; and, when he said, "I am from Jura, too," hoping

"I fear a poor one, sir. That is why the white speek dipped once to the right, left the mountains. They are very then to the left and then to the right which might shape anew his almost wast-

Then she turned, sped away, halting But he soon dismissed this as an idle but for an instant at the edge of the But he soon dismissed this as an idle faacy, born out of the saddening scenes of the yesterday and to-day, and his own forlorn and almost objectless condition. Pressing forward upon his way, he ar-rived shortly after midday at the huts of Dever and be fed from her hands the food lover and be fed from her hands the food

Dimytro and his people, where he receiv-ed, as Jura had promised, a grave and kindly welcome. Herr Paulus found true the wondrous Herr Paulus found true the wondrous

ed here were upwards of one hundred thousand souls of this strange race in the incessantly, for he saw but little of Ter Tatras and Carpathian mountains. Their ese. Jura had sent him word from the herds must have numbered millions of sheep and goats. During four of the winter months these people retire to such towns as Niedzwiec, Jablonka, Nien-the Uburodin, Dunajec, Mdgura, Remarkt, Thurodin, Dunajec, Mdgura, Re-pisko and Kriwan-although many re-main in the mountains, profiting by wood-craft in trapping and snaring animals and He treasure to her and her babe and drawn them to

birds so filling up and overcrowding the towns that in winter time they became

of Terese became more frequent and long, that scowls and frowns haunted the faces of Dmytro and the elder men and women, Two weeks had nearly passed, and one night, when Terese had returned after the camp was still, he heard Dmytro's vances, leave them for night of the same structures, new huts of limbs and bark with heart-bursting grief; and that at the end she vowed to leave the Tatras folk end she vowed to leave the Tatras folk "Go. Terese was in dire disgrace; that her proand, as nearly as the artist could judge, each band comprises one great family pa-triarchal in system and to a great extent forever, as Dmytro lendly retorted: "Go, then, with thy brother Jura. Be a dog among them all; and fare thee well!" communal in regard to their little gain-

peering where Terese had lain, he found mixture of the ancient Magyar and the Germanic tongues; that men and women alike dress in the untanned skins of the tery and suspense no longer. Out over the herd-huddled polonia he hastened goat, with hoods and sandals of the same material: that their songs and singing are marvelously passionate, tender and pialong the goat-beaten path he knew, to thetic, most of all voicing fervor of nathe copse where he had, that first morntional and domestic love, and are always, as well as their wild, graceful and impetu-The path was plain enough beyond. For miles it led over masses of rocks, beneath ous national dance, the czardas, accoupanied by the thrilling strains of the sighing firs, past roaring waterfalls, cziganok; that the men were of fine, farge through close-cropped open spaces and on, frame and giant strength, the matrons on, down and down, until, having passe sturdy, handsome and gentle, and the a forest of beech, he came upon a polonie maidens supple, shapely and perfect as thick with nettles and fringed with a nodels of abstract physical beauty. Cu- rim of deserted last year's huts. Some riously for the region, it seem of the subtle instinct drew him to these. At finest Saga sung types, with fair, white, rose-tinged skins, dazzling teeth, lustrous of prayer. He stole to the door and blue or hazel-gray eyes, and a wealth of looked within.

flaxen hair with that marvelous glint of ashen gray and silver in it no master There upon a couch of goatskins a dying Hebrew lay. Beside him knelt a Tatras maiden, her one arm supporting his white and ghastly head, while the other held the blessed crucifix before him glassing, unheeding eyes.

What agony of pity, of self-recrimina. tion and of hope swept through Hers Paulus' heart may never be known; but with the cry, "Ach, Gott!-my Leopold of the bakeshop! My peerless angel, Ter-ese!" he threw himself or fell prostrate dolorous object trembing beside nim. It was a Russian Polish Jew, ragged, wast-ed, wan and very, very old. Herr Paulus had seen longing, hunger and hopeless-ness on many faces before, but never to his cart in the inn yard and the artist of this!"

He stretched the Hebrew woman's not. before the old man's face, while Terese quickly and gently raised his head. They both looked agonizedly into his eyes for

an instant. "Yes, yes, thank God, Terese! of has seen and known this little joy!" They knew this, too, aside from the flickering smile that faintly illumined his blanched and horror-graven face. For his ashen hand fluttered to the crucifix in the hand of weeping Terese and bore

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tale of Dr. Le Bon and more. He learn- with laggard, listless steps From this time on Herr Paulus worked

He treasured the scrap, he knew not why, and worked and worked. The simple, joyous life of the band was un-

changed; but he noticed, as the absence Dmytro's band had come but a little time before up the southern mountain slopes with their herds, but its members had already built a mountain village of thirty huts, which housed two hundred souls whose herds numbered some thousands of sheep and goats. This curious people, he learned, do not remain long in these sylvan hubs, but, as summer ad-vances, leave them for higher grazing Terese was in dire disgrace; that her pro-

The next morning he was out among the huts before daybreak. Cautiously ings. He found, too, that their language is a

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mountains in British Columbia and its tributaries make the most appalling chasm of the cavern. Nature here planned

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ons: Sultan Mountain, Baker's Mississippi River near Clinton, Chapultepec, Mex.; The Grand v of Guanajunta, Mex.; Winter herican Fall, Niagara; Cathedral avajoe Indian.

nature.' Ach, God," he groaned, "how their sashes gay, everyone concealing a beautiful and how rare! "They are fould sharp and handy knife. Their very horses beautiful and now rare: I ney are bars of seem to have gained the wisdom of the seem to have gained the wisdom of the favorite diversion. They are born im-

favorite diversion. They are born im-provisatores, too, and many of them can side stream. When one at last gets at the secret of their wondrous power through ing their own songs set to music of their own composition. Their poetry is ten-der and artless in sentiment and genertheir instruments over the hearts of men. The water comes down beside them from ous, and elevated in style; qualities atthe rocks murmurously. The willows behind them sough and sob plaintively in tributed to their wealth of spontaneous the breeze. The wind moans through esources, not infrequently possessed by natures knowing neither violent passions the fir trees above. The birds have even come about them to teach them or unnatural excitements." her Paulus sprang from his chair to the window, as though the little, dark and have never learned. See! The leader onely studio were a prison. He spread is bending his head down, down upon hands upward and flutteringly upon his violin until he seems to root it in his very heart. The whole band is here, at the panes, while his face pressed the rest in its wanderings, thus gaining wonglass with backward and forward, impadrous secrets to give to wondering men. ient movements. It was growing dark in the hard, old "Herr Paulus, the artist, must needs street, below. The stone gables opposite disappear from Chemnitz to discover looked hateful to him for the first time alongside the great Cracow highway how

now; and the saffrony glow of the after the Gipsy musicians, knowing no note sunset sky seemed resting most lovingly of written music, steal their art from the away in the northeast where the Tatas mointains lay. Finally he turned from the outer glow-"Saddest of all, this cavalcade! Ausing to the inner darkness, struck his tria's soldiery supplementing Russia's bands together sharply from which they shame and beating before them like pant-

seemed to rebound into the air with the ing sheep the exiled Russian Jews! gesture of one throwing off a hopeless will call this painting "The Triumph of the Cross,' and, though myself a Chris-tian, at my second death I will gain imload, when he sang for a little as merrily as he had done in the student days when hope was high at Buda-Pesth. mortality in Christian hate! This one He had lights brought in unusual num-

ers; wrote a note and dispatched it by a But here Herr Paulus was interrupted kellner; told the little old fellow with by the trundling of a cart, whose driver. scarcely a youth and hardly yet a man, the gray mold of the raisin upon him who answered it, to set a price upon the trifles he could find within the studio; sang merrily along his pleasant southern way. The artist saluted him and he stopped. accepted the proffer at once; found him-Something in his kindly face won Herr Paulus to him at once, and it was soon self in possession of less than two hundred florins; whereupon Herr Paulus paid his rent and, with hastily and searranged that they should ride to Arva Varallya, the carter's destination, toretly packed knapsack, containing only gether. Herr Paulus was about to spring such materials as an artist of experiinto the cart, when Jura, the driver, ence would require, shortly after midnight warningly motioned him to take the seat of the same day gained admittance to beside him. When he had done this, the little inn of Altsohl, where he reby way of explanation Jura gently raised mained until the next evening; setting out in the balmy June twilight, after havthe cover from the packages within his cart. Herr Paulus saw lying there ng heard from the gossip at the inn that among the rags and straw a Hebrew his strange disappearance and probable woman, with face of ghastly whiteness, and clutching in her arms a skinny, halfsuicide had advanced the value of his canvasses to their lucky possessors fully starved child.

"Hold it!-so; just a moment;" said But Herr Paulus was gaining in phil Herr Paulus excitedly. osophy as well as experience. Jura did as bidden, looking on wonder "The best loved are the dead;" he re ingly as the artist leaped from his seat. "I will be as one dead to those

in Chemnitz now!" with which he pressotward cheerily toward Neusohl and ed the miserable wretches in the cart. pass through the Liptan heights be- with Jura holding back the canvass cloth and leaning kindly over his exile passen-The morning of the fourth day Herr gers.

aulus found himself in the great, panlonka," urged Jura apologetically. valley of the Arva, tramping rawill help them along to Arva." along the mighty stone road leadwhile Herr Paulus was fumbling in bis rom Cracow, the metropolis of Galiportfolio for the sketch he had made of Buda-Pesth and the further cities vineland south. On this moun- the cavalcade.

dowed, forest-fringed, cliff-hung cade-tremulous thoroughfare he d'ather than trudged. Scholar, "Yes," said Jura with greater wonder ed rather than trudged. Scholar, r and artist that he had been, all than before. "Then I will help them further. Are el and study had never given him

"the wondrous groupings as any one hour you a Christian, Jura?"

In fear of his life, the Jew dared not emove the froth foulness from his face. Herr Paulus had done it for him, his own face livid with indignation and rage, before the soldiers had reached the market

This poor stranded old human, Hebrew, Leopold, had been a Jewish teacher for more than half a century in Russian Sandomir; had been knouted out of his home by Cossacks, his feeble wife and two others, a daughter and her babe, scourged with him across the Austrian frontier to Cracow. The helpless old wife had perished from fright and fatigue. The half-crazed old man had been separated from the other exiles in the herding and driving southward, and now stood here palsied from age and cruelties, dazed as a country babe lost in the hurt and thunlerings of a great city.

Herr Paulus led him into the bake-shop for food and then into a wine-shop, where he pressed a little wine upon him; while longing for the first and only time in all his life to be a Rothschild, with a Rothschild's power to compel even emperors to sue for mercy, until mercy was shown his race and kind.

But Jura was calling and he must go. Leaning over the pitcous wreck with cheery, parting words, he endeavored to place a trifle of coin within his hands. Old Leopold pushed it away, but grasped his

skirts supplicatingly, crying out: "No, no, I have no need of that!" and then as if sure a blow would follow, but he must still know: "Are-are you a Christian?"

"Yes, yes-Ach, Gott! but never like these again! Soon shall I hate the word This with a wild sweep of forever!" his clenched fist in the direction of the parting soldiery.

"Then may we meet in happiness where the one God knows no sect or race!" came quivering from the old man's ghastly lips. "Amen and amen!"

This was their meeting and their parting for the time. Jura was waiting, and they bowled

Turning from a shadowy defile into an open plain just before Arva is gained from the north, Jura halted his horse and with a joyous "Now, you shall see where

tood close against the wheel and sketch-Terese is standing!" sprang from the cart, pulled from the whortleberry copse beside the road, a long, lithe pole, and after tying to it as white handkerchief, stood upon the cart seat with the artist

"They fell beside the way, beyond Jabbeside him. Shading his eyes for a moment he looked with almost savage in-This, tensity at a little out-jutting patch of rock like a glint of puce against the far and purply-emerald heights, he exclaimed: "There!--there! See!"

Herr Paulus saw something like the white wing of a poising bird against the mountain side.

To the north the country sloped across | sent mindedly reply of spring yet manifest, To the south fancies had thrilled him as he had climb-

va.

other world. Hungary, land of wine look, or to speak, and then Terese wis and dance and song, encircled by its all his own. mighty wreath of mountains, and visible "Ah," he bitterly reflected, "that I had in all its witching radiance as far as dis- not met kind-hearted Jura upon the Cra- at last brought love and happiness and

Many, many times was the portfolio the vagrant artist of Chemnitz. Some opened and as many times was closed; lowland lover is lurking near. It is with when Herr Paulus would rapturously ex- him she is keeping tryst; and Herr Paulus is wretched and undone!" claim

"It is too sacred, too wondrous, for the But he saw Dmytro with clouding face canvass, It is all too near the God." | sternly regarding the girl, as she stood for | At one of these times he was looking a moment in the flaming cresset's light, back upon the glorious valley of the Ar- and heard him say as she turned and His eyes, following detail after de- passed him: "Terese, you are as though you had fought with bears again!" tail close to the mountain edge foreground

at last caught glimpse of the white, rib-"I have seen bears, savage, awful bears bon-like road over which he and Jura had to-day; and wolves, too, gaunt, ferocious wolves, tearing at the bleeding hearts of ome. At the very spot where Jura had signalled to Terese, were mounted soldiery

driving more Russian Hebrew exiles to- helpless sheep and lambs!" Distracted and with flashing eyes Terward the further Austrian towns. They were like black specks in the disese disappeared among the shadows. Distance, but the very slowness of their tracted and with shaking head Dmytro came back to the czardas and the songs. movements proclaimed the exiles' misery. He watched them for a long time. The And distracted and heavy-hearted, Herr Paulus sought his couch of fir branches soldiery pressing closer and closer, goaded some of them into resistance, They for the night. turned about and fought. The soldiers "After an hour's time, come with Ter

struck them down like beasts. Those who ese and the goats!" was the sweetest could sought safety in flight, heedless, awakening Herr Baulus had ever known. The words were at his hut door from the crazed and maddened flight. Their drivers, dividing into small de- lips of Terese, the next morning; and the tachments of twos and threes, gradually herded them again together. A few had

was more difficult; but the horsemen plunged after them doggedly. One fig-ure ran desperately and wildly, falling re-peatedly to the earth. The chase was a waiting long before Terese and her goats escaped to the mountains where pursuit long one, but finally a soldiery horseman were ready for their daily mountain far up the heights above Arva ran his wanderings.

quarry down. He seemed leaning forward as if to strike when the figure of a woman con-fronted him. The woman hurled some-way. Almost until noon they wandered thing at him which he dodged. Then he whirled as if to strike. Something in the woman's hand glittered in the sun like "No further to day, Herr Paulus, You along the stone highway at a lively pace. a knife blade as she sprang to the horse's head, turned the animal in the opposite direction, well-nigh over-toppling both horse and rider; and when the rider had

regained his seat and rein the woman was standing where the figure had fallen with defiant, upraised hand. The horseman continued his descent with mocking, threatening gestures, but alone. Then the woman bent over the fallen figure, lifted it upon her back as though it had been but a disabled sheep

or goat, and moved slowly and steadily up the mountain side, without halting on wavering under her heavy burden. A solemn premonition came to Herr Paulus that the strange drama he had

witnessed without power of participation, as savage gorges and foaming cascades "Wait! Now wou will see it dip thrice." Then the lad repeated solemnly: "The Father-The Son-The Holy Spirit!" as

"Ah, noble, noble Jura, brother mine!

"I know that all it softly down upon Herr Paulus' wait Galicia, along the great Polish plain into is well with him. To-morrow or the great and the great believed to be a start of the great and the great start and the grea

the further northern land of terror and yourself." famine in its steely grasp. Only in Ga-Herr Paulus turning to his hut for rest but one that held in golden roubles the the further northern land of triving and there in the further northern valleys, was the joyous gladness is uning fires of unheeded love. Vague southern valleys, was the joyous gladness is uning fires of unheeded love. Vague stolen between the crucifix and Here stolen between the crucifix and Herr another clime; another land; indeed an- ed the mountain that it was but his to Paulus' trembling hand, it was then forever still

And so it was that vagabondage, merey and death in the weird, far Tatras heights tant Buda-Pesth, lay spread before his cow road! I know the fateful signs. gaze a disk of throbbing green and bloom. This radiant mountain beauty is not for bequests.

He Had His Way.

Antonio Viscofint de Soto Major, Portuguese ambassador to Sweden for more than a generation, died at his post in Stockholm three weeks ago. Like many other successful diplomats, he owed his high apatment to his ability to make his col-

leagues at home uncomfortable. Al-though of a very old family, and of re-markable intelligence and refinement, he had the reckless dash of a cowboy and was the constant source of terror to his politi-cal friends in Lisbon.

nau the reckless dash of a cowby and was the constant source of terror to his politi-cal friends in Ligbon. Soto Major entered political life in the fifties, after he had squandered great sums of money in Paris, and had tried vainly to make a living by editing the Lisbon Tri-bune. He became known soon as the readlest and most forcible speaker in the chamber of deputies, where he eventually led the opposition parties. One day he de-nounced the finance minister answered that such a reproach did not come well from a man who had squandered a whole fortune. "That is faise!" exclaimed Soto Major. "I squandered three fortunes. But I squan-dered my own, while the finance minister is squandering other people's money." The cause of his removal to the other end of Europe was given by the viscount soon afterwards. The government deputies in-terrupted repeatedly a speech which he made against the cabinet, and the presi-dent of the chamber ordered him to leave the speaker's tribune. Soto Major left the house, but returned soons with a pistol case in his hand. He ascended the speaker's tribune, took two pistols from the case, and laid one at his right and the other at has left. "This pistol," he said, laying his hand on one of them, "is for you, Mr. President,

artist bounded from his couch, trembling from fear of some sylvan disillusion. Swiftly he donned his clothing; washed at

hai left. "This pistol," he said, laying his hand on one of them, "is for you, Mr. President, if you will again call me to order. And this," he added, patting the other, "is for the next deputy that interrupts me." The speech that followed this declaration was delivered to a silent house. A few weeks later, however, Soto Major was gazetted for the Stockholm embassy, and, so vivid was the recollection of his last notable ap-pearance in the chamber of deputies, that there was never any demand for his recall to Lisbon. Their course lay towards the Arva valley. The herds scampered and cropped on, Terese radiant as the morn and Herr "No further to-day, Herr Paulus, You

"No further to-day, Herr Paulus. You must now return. It is wild and danger-ous where we go below. To-morrow, sometime again, we will be for a little together." There was no gainsaying her words or manner. The forebodings of the previous night crept back into the artist's heart; but he had not yet shown Terese the pic-ture Jura had promised him would work such happy charm. "When you have seen this, Terese," he finally answered. He gave her the sketch, and she kissed it impetuously and repeatedly. "Ah, noble, noble Jura, brother mine!

Were you with him there?" "Yes, Terese; and helped the poor things he had rescued on to safety in Vienna;" he faltered, half ashamed of his enforced self praise: "Then you are good and noble, too. I Rheamatism cured in a day.—South American Rheumatic Cure for Rheumatism and neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 8 days. Its action upon the system is remark-able and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. 75 cents. Sold by Langley & Co.