

SELF-RAISED

BY
EMMA D. M. SOUTHWORTH

Twilight was deepening into dark when he reached that point in the road where the little footpath diverged from it and led up to the Hill Hut.

Not! he could not pass this by. He turned up it, and rode on until he came in sight of the hut.

It was but little changed. It is astonishing how long these little lonely dilapidated houses hold on if left alone.

He alighted, tied his horse to a tree, and walked up behind the house, where, under the old elm, he saw the low headstone bleaching dimly in the starlight.

He knelt and bowed his head over it for a little while. Then he arose and stood with folded arms, gazing thoughtfully down upon it. Finally he murmured to himself, "Not here, but risen;" and turned and left the spot.

He went to the tree where he had tied his horse, remounted, and rode on his way.

Again he passed down the narrow path leading to the broad turnpike road that wound around the brow of the hills to Brudenell Hall.

Here also every yard of the road was replete with past associations.

How often, while self-apprenticed to the Professor of Odd Jobs, he had passed up and down this road carrying a basket of tools behind his master.

At length he came to the cross-roads, and to the turnstile, where he had once seen and been accused by the beautiful Countess of Hurstmonceaux.

He rode past this spot, and taking the lower arm of the road, entered upon the Brudenell grounds.

A very short ride brought him to the semi-circular avenue leading to the house.

It was now quite dark, but the front of the house was lighted up, holding forth, as it were, its hands of welcome.

As he rode up and dismounted a servant took his horse.

And as he walked up the front steps Mr. Brudenell came out of the front door, and holding out his hand said cordially:

"You are welcome my dear Ishmael! I received your letter this morning, and have been looking for you all afternoon!"

"And I am very glad to get here at last, sir," said Ishmael, returning the fervent pleasure of his father's hands.

"Come up, my boy! Felix go before us with the light to the room prepared for Mr. Worth," he said.

to a mulatto boy who was waiting in the hall.

Felix immediately led the way upstairs to a large back room, whose windows overlooked the star-lit dew-splunged garden, and which Ishmael at once recognized as the happy school room of his boyhood, now transferred into his bedroom. He welcomed the old familiar walls with all his heart; he was glad to be in them.

Mr. Brudenell took care himself that Ishmael had everything he was likely to want, and then he left him.

When Ishmael had changed his dress he went below to the drawing room, where he found his father waiting. The late dinner was immediately served.

Old Jovial, who on account of his age and infirmity had been left to vegetate on the estate, waited on the table.

He stole wistful glances at the strange young man who was his master's guest, and who somehow or other reminded him of somebody whom he thought he ought to remember, but knew he could not.

At length Ishmael, attracted by his covert regards, looked at him in return, and in spite of his bowed and shrunken form, and thinned and whitened hair, recognized the old friend of his boyhood, and exclaimed, as he offered his hand:

"Why, Jovial, it is never you!"

"Mr. Ishmael, sir, it's never you," returned the old man with a grin of joyful recognition.

They shook hands there and then. And old Jovial showed his increased regard for the guest by continually proffering bread, vegetables, meat, poultry, pepper, salt, in short everything in succession over and over again, thereby effectually preventing Ishmael from eating his dinner, by compelling his constant attention to those offerings; until at length Mr. Brudenell interfered and brought him to reason.

The next morning Mr. Brudenell proposed to Ishmael to go out for a day's shooting. And accordingly they took their fowling pieces, called the dogs and started for the wooded valley where most game abounded.

They spent the day pleasantly and bagged many birds and returned home to a late dinner; and the evening closed as before.

"What would you like to do with yourself this morning, Ishmael?" inquired Mr. Brudenell as they were seated at breakfast on Thursday.

"I wish to go in search of a valued old friend of mine, known in this neighborhood as the Professor of Odd Jobs," was the reply.

"Oh Morris. Yes. You will find him I fancy in the old 'plago, just on the edge of the estate," replied Mr. Brudenell.

And when they arose from the table the latter went out and mounted his horse to ride to the post office, for Herman Brudenell's establishment was now reduced to so small a number of servants that he was compelled to be his own postman. To be plain with you, there were but two servants—old Jovial, who was gardener, coachman and waiter; and old Dinah, his wife, who was cook, laundress and chambermaid.



At Sherman's Lyric Theatre all This Week.

W. J. FERGUSON & CO.
Real Estate Brokers. 211 8th Avenue East

THE BUSINESS AND RESIDENTIAL EXPANSION OF CALGARY IS TOWARDS THE WEST.

Lots 21, 22, block 48, Main St. W., terms \$12,000
Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, block 52, Main St. W., terms \$21,000
Two lots, P. O. block, monthly revenue \$40, terms \$17,000
Lots 36, block 49 Main St. W., terms \$7,500
50 feet, Centre St., monthly revenue \$200, \$800 per foot, terms Good bargains, Main St., E. Elbow.

211 Eighth avenue east; P. O. Box 1394; Phone 833
Residence phone 422.

For Friday and Saturday

We Offer the following

BARGAINS

FINE CANADIAN CHEESE 15 cents per lb.	TOMATOES. Best brands only. 2 tins for 25 cents.
BUTTER. 25cts. per lb. Best creamery 35 cts. per lb.	CORN. Best quality Creamy Corn 10 cents per tin.
BREAKFAST FOODS Rolled Oats 8 lb. bags 30 cts. Breakfast Food. 2 pkts. for 25 cents.	PUMPKIN. 3lb. tins 2 for 25 cents.
FLOUR. \$2.40 to \$2.60 per sack.	SARDINES. Canadian 5 tins for 25 cents.
	POTATOES. Fine quality 50 cts. a bushel

HALLATT & LONGDEN
LATE F. W. BROWN & CO.
Three Doors East of Queens Hotel
Prompt Delivery. Phone 383

40 ONLY FORTY LOTS 40

We have For Sale 40 lots, situated north-west of Col. Herchmer's property, just outside the two mile radius from the Post Office, and west of Upper Hillhurst. These lots are, in common with surrounding property, as beautiful and level as could be desired. They are for sale at the remarkably reasonable prices and terms given below. Compare their value with anything on the market to-day in suburban property. See what Acres in that vicinity are selling for. If you want a few you will have to "speak quick." Remember there are only 40 of them. You can't fail to make money on them at the price and terms given.

Lots Facing North For Inside Lots, \$60.00 per Lot; for Corners \$65.00.	PRICES	Lots Facing South For Inside Lots, \$70.00 per Lot; for Corners \$75.00.
For Corner Lots \$25 down and \$5 per month until paid for, without Interest		TERMS

We Will Not Sell a Single Lot to Anyone, Nothing Less Than Pairs.

Phone 929 **ELBOW REALTY CO.** Brewery Flats

OR AT Y. S. SHEPARD'S, Phone 785. Opposite Post Office.

\$8000 w
en bloc.
Post Offic
E. H. C
Rooms 1 an

A Co

First Ste
Ci

Yesterday
clusion of t
gary board
some of the
the purpose
arrangement
dian club.
chairman an
secretary.
It was dec

NEW S
BOARD

E. L. Richa
Va

C. W. WEE
A

New Meth
Add

E. L. Ric
secretary of
trade at a
afternoon.
secretary for
last few mo
retary. Mr
about accep
to service.
C. W. Wee
ad secretary
appointed a
board.
Preparation
for the ann
be held in t
It was dec
method of
Nominations
to the secre
that person
be published
are suppose
inations will
of the meet
to get over
impulsive
tions which
valued at p
when to no
The board
ton board
from railwa
British Col
ter express

FOREIGN

A Bureau
formed

Raleigh,
Glenn, pers
sage at a
ture. A bu
cure foreign
2 cents.

Indianop
general an
annual me
which rec
senger rat
sion, and a
United Sta
The messag
nor Hanley

INSANE

Man Ma
in A

New Yo
Odell, ex
supreme
nesses as
most unu
court wa
by Texas
been con
criminal
now con
bas Corp
his moth
day, ques
early life
the victi
Mr. Odell
has had

SEAT

W. A.
in Rai

Port A
ton was
trict of
ver last
and Ang
The R
for two
totalled
dollars.
trials a
Freston
from t
The
port to
and Mr
as repu
sion.

The

Stete
of Lt. G
yesterd
today a
be hang