ing ever went wrong with either, and

the banks, and the people whose busi-

ness it is to handle millions, have ac-

cepted the methods of both with per-

part of the daily routine, and the street

one of the largest exchange houses in

sought information about gold trans-

that. It's the most ordinary, every-

day transaction down here.

anything else to it.'

about it. Is there, now

firm as his frame is solid.

a particularly juicy bone.

as a matter of duty.

silver in the load.

know how to use it.

vault beneath.

Said he:

pens to it."

fers, "you can't write anything about

it and send for Barkley, and he carts

it away to wherever it has to go. There

"Nothing ever goes wrong, and

The reporter thought there was. But

"Things have been printed in the

papers years ago about this business,

but father didn't hold with them or

give the information the papers got.

And I won't. There ain't anything about

it to make a story about, anyway. We

just move the stuff. Nothing ever hap-

The money truckman is big-6 feet

It a man could look like a stone wall

that man would be Barkley. Any-

body who looked at him twice would

trust him with a million. It wouldn't

He would just sit on the million till

the owner came back to claim it, and

before that nobody could get him to

forget his watch on it any more than

anybody could induce a bulldog to drop

of a truckload of silver when the Sun

man tried to find out things about the

bullion-earrying from him. He check-

ed off each ingot four times, not as if

he was doubtful about the total, but

Then he watched one of his men

stamp his firm sign upon each ingot

with a steel die punched by a neavy

hammer, gave his receipt for the car-

go, and moved away with it down Wall

street as unemotional as any slab of

IT IS WELL GUARDED.

ive-looking man with a dash of the

west apparent in his black mustache

build of the boss truckman plainly

showed that he could fell any ill-in-

tentioned crook with one blow of his

big fist, the other man looked as

though he would surely have a re

volver in his hip-pocket and would

truck with the driver a couple of stal-

wart men who had assisted in loading

the silver when it came up on the little

sidewalk elevator from the safe deposit

Just a few passers-by recognized the

value of the freight as it was carried

out to the truck and commented on

overdressed young man whose trous-

ers were turned up to gladden behold-

ers with a view of his gorgeous hose

"Yer couldn't get none of it," re

sponded the hatchet-faced youth who

accompanied him, "and if yer could,

yer couldn't get away with it. If yer

Sometimes there is a million dollars

worth in one of those truck loads

Sometimes there is more, but not

A million in gold with the accom

panying packing cases, will weigh near-

ly three tons, a million in silver more

much as \$25,000,000 or \$30,000,000, all of

this huge sum in bullion, in a day,

from different points in the district to

other points out of it. A single bank

or firm of money brokers has trans-

ferred \$5,000,000 or \$6,000,000 in a single

and he has never lost a single cargo

however small the amount. Once there

was a hullaballoo about a missing slat

of silver, but it turned up in very short

order, though the cry was raised that

He carries the gold which is shipped

abroad to the vessel which has to

carry it and brings back to Wall street

the imported bullion. It is lucrative

They are likely to keep it. No good

end is served by taking chances with

a new firm in such a business, and

Bullion is perhaps the safest kind of

commodity to transfer in this city. It is in transferring other kinds of money

that the banks take chances. It was

for crooks was established at Fulton

The bank messenger coming from the

has been struck will often carry back

in cash in his leather pouch or in his

denominations, usually \$10,000 notes.

to his bank from \$1,000,000 to \$5,000,000

trousers pocket; that is, in bills of large

A bank's balance at the clearing

house will range from \$1,000,000 to \$5,

000,000, or even more. The biggest bank —the City National—will often have at

the close of business from \$3,000,000 to

takes back to the bank that amount

He does not go alone. Usually it is :

lions. There is the messenger with the

money in his pocket, a clerk and the

bank's detective or bouncer, whose

physique and quickness have usually

earned for him his job. The detective

So though a bank messenger's mil-

lions are in shape to be carried off, it

would be practically impossible to get them at any cost. They are not carried

THE MOST VALUABLE BUNDLE.

this city, however, is not moved in the

financial district at all. It passes be-

tween the comptroller's office in the

Stewart building and the city hall, and

Eddie, who has been the comptroller's

message from time immemorial, carries

It consists of newly signed city

bonds. Wherever an issue of these bonds

has been made, after having been filled

out in the comptroller's office, they must

be signed by the mayor. They are not

then registered, but with the mayor's

signature upon them they seem and

might possibly be accepted in practice

Eddle carries the bonds, a few mil-

lions at a time, to the mayor's office, and when signed, carries them back

again. How many millions he has car-

even temporarily change ownership.

where a lucky grab would make them

party of three that escorts the mil-

\$5,000,000 to its credit. The messenger

the conservatism of Barkley suits Wall

had a monopoly of it since it began.

The money truckman carries all this

shipment abroad.

it had been stolen.

street well.

in bills.

is armed.

as negotiable.

than a dozen times as much again.

"Wouldn't that make you cick?

could, no more ledgers fer me.'

"Gee!" remarked a weak-chinned

Besides the pair there were on the

shabby-brown sombrero. If the

With him was a smaller, more act-

He was superintending the transfer

the money truckman was of the same

there really isn't anything interesting

You just pack up the gold and seal

Wall street when the Sun reporter

"Why," said the shipping clerk of

fect satisfaction. They are now

sees nothing wonderful about them.

Ceylon Tea and the Public. Matchless Quality Has Cemented this Alliance. BLACK, MIXED OR GREEN.

Sold only in lead packets. 25c, 30c, 40c, 50c, 60c. All Grocers



Katherine Kavanagh.

avoidance of him after niece, all seemed to

his mother!

left at the azylum when he was a little

child, and her haughty treatment and avoidance of him after the rescue of her

possessed some knowledge relating to the

Had there ever been a romantic experi-

one thing he was firmly convinced, and that was that Katherine Kayanagh was

way to turn to obtain the key to it.

He grew pale and nervous, lost his ap-

Another source of trouble and anxiety

was the strange and long-continued

silence of Queen Bess. He had received the diary which she

had kept on shipboard, but beyond that

he had not received a word from her, and she had now been away nearly five weeks. It is doubtful if he would have even received the diary but for a seemingly

ards, with a shilling to pay him for his

disturbed upon reading the list of the passengers who had sailed in the Brit-

annic to find Egbert Reynolds' name

there, and somehow the thought would intrude itself that the fellow might have

something to do with the circumstance

ly uneasy to know that Reynolds had

Strangely enough, also, since his de-

"Is he going with us?" she had asked

"I wish you hadn't," she regretfully

man returned, pretending ignorance; "but I certainly think that Mr Reynolds shows excellent taste in desiring the so-

ciety of your royal highness," he play-

fully concluded.

But the cloud did not fade from Bess'

"Is that so?" returned her companion, with apparent surprise. "I wish I had known this before, for, of course, my

dear girl. I do not wish to subject vot

any unpleasantness. Perhaps I had etter hint to him that it will not be

agreeable to you to have him continue

[To be Continued.]

Ask for Minard's and take ro other

Four-fifths of Chicago's churchgoers

tienuine Castoria always bears the Signature

of Chas. H. Fletcher.

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.

When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.

When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.

When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Children Cry for

CASTORIA.

he demanded.

six months ago?"

with us.'

Kenneth had been considerably

so she had given it to one of the

trouble, and this alone had secured safe passage across the Atlantic to

petite, and consequently much flesh, until Mr. Stark feared that he was going to

to any other subject.

ence in her own history-an early attac

"Keith-Keith!" pursued the physician, ham much relieved physically, but great-"Keith-Keith:" pursued the physician, reflectively: "what was your mother's maiden name?"

Kenneth grew crimson to his temples at this direct and difficult question.
"I do not know," he said, with painfully compressed lips but too truthful to the said with painfully to be of very little use to him.

compressed lips, but too truthful to The doctor shot a lightning glance at and comprehended the situation in-

"I beg your pardon, my young friend," he said, in a tone of regret. "We doctors are often 2 bluff, outspoken set, and sometimes overstep the bounds of our rofession, and ask impertinent questions. But, truly, I am very much interested in this case," he went on to explain, "for I have believed that this peculiar defor-Kavanagh family, and now it rather up-sets that theory to find it upon you. There was old Luke Kavanagh, who had it, and also Anthony Kavanagh, Miss it, and also Anthony Kavanagh-Miss Kavanagh's father. He had a son, Allan by name, in whom it appeared identical-

ment and secret marriage which she was anxious to conceal? Was he the offspring by hame, in whom it appeared identically the same. These three cases only have come under my own observation, but the grandfather—Luke Kavanagh—told me that his father and grandfather were minus the same joints upon the right foot, and that it was a peculiar characteristic of the Kavanagh family affect. ment and secret marriage which she was anxious to conceal? Was he the offspring of such a marriage, and had she recog-ized him as such? This thought brought the hot blood into his face, and his whole nature recoiled from such a solution of the mystery of his birth. The cold, proud erestic of the Kavanagh family, affecting, however, only the eldest son of each He hoped not, or at least if she was, he hoped he should never be obliged to

"It is certainly very strange that it should make its appearance in me, then," Kenneth said, thoughtfully, "and I have often hoped that this deformity might lead to the solution of what is a very tantalizing mystery to me. I cannot help being both startled and impressed by what you have told me, even though I have no means of knowing that I have a drop of the Kavanagh blood in my veins. I believe I will tell you my story. Dr. Frothingham," Kenneth concluded, with sudden resolution.

"Not unless you desire to do so, Mr. Keith. Pray, do not feel obliged to gratify my curiosity upon this matter. I regret having expressed myself so freely,"
returned the physician, deprecatingly.
"I think I should like to have you know it." Kenneth answered, and forth-

with proceeded to relate all that he knew of his own history, while his companion with intense interest to the strange narrative.
"I do not see how it is possible for you to belong to the Kavanaghs of whom I have spoken," he said, when Kenneth concluded, "for I have known the family, root and branch, for four generations. The old gentleman, Luke, had one son and two daughters. The girls both died unmarried. The son, Anthony, had only

two children, Allan and Katherine, of whom I have already spoken. Allan went abroad many years ago, and while in England became acquainted with daughter of a peer of the realm. He in love with her, and their marriage was sanctioned by the lord upon the condition that young Kavanagh would adopt the family name and settle in England upon the paternal estate, so that his offspring might perpetuate the race and inherit the family estates."

The morning the steamer arrived in Liverpool Dr. Ashton was busy attending to their beggage and Ousebusy attending

e family estates."

to their baggage, and Queen Bess did not like to trouble him to post her letter, lord?" Kenneth inquired.
"Langford—Lord Ernest Langford; and
I have been told that his estate of Shannondale is one of the finest in all England. Allan Kavanagh married his love and took her name, and only one child was born to them-a daughter-who was years old, for both parents were strick-

ig on the Continent, and died within twenty-four hours of each other, and within twenty-four hours of each other, and While he had the utmost constitutions. were buried in one grave."

"That was very sad," said Kenneth;
"and their child must be the little Miss

"While he had the utmost confidence in
Queen Bess, he was, nevertheless, secretly uneasy to know that Reynolds had

Belle whom I rescued from drowning while crossing the East River from Brooklyn last summer."

Brobably it was." responded Dr. Frotheringham, "for I know that Miss Kavanagh and her niece—the little heirs of all Shannondale and her father's handsome for time besides—were in this Strengely anough also since his document. handsome fortune besides-were in this country last year. Miss Kavanagh went to reside in England with her brother been at a very low ebb, and brother been at a very low ebb, and he was be was ap-set with the fear that he would try t shortly after his marriage, and was appointed one of the child's guardians use his influence, if not his authority, upon the death of her parents. Miss against him when once he had Queen Kavanagh is a maiden lady, as her name Bess on the other side of the ocean.
Indicates, although she was one engaged How well-founded these fears were will Indicates, although she was one engaged to a very wealthy gentleman of this city.

I never knew why the match was broken off—possibly through some freak of her own, for she is an intensely proud and left almost immediately for London. high-spirited person."

not need to be told this, traveling in company. This arrangement annoyed Queen Bess exceedingly. Kenneth did not need to be told this, or it was a self-evident fact when he had met her.

"You do not suppose—that Mr. Allan Kayanagh was already married to someonie here before he went abroad?" Kenneth thoughtfully inquired.

"No.; he was only about twenty-two at that time and I never knew of his waither the same compartment of the railway carriage with them and settled himself comfortably in one corner.

"Why. yes; I knew that he was a friend of yours, Bessle, and I thought it would have the same compartment of the railway carriage with them and settled himself comfortably in one corner.

"No.; he was only about twenty-two at lor yours, Bessie, and I thought it would that time, and I never knew of his waiting upon anyone. He was a brilliant countrymen with us, so I asked him to make one of the party." Dr. Ashton replied, with a well-assumed look of surknew of his having." the doctor said, with a slight curl of his lip, "was his abject at her evident disapproval of the a slight curl of his lip, "was his abject arrangement." I wish you hadn't." she regretfully devotion to his sister, who was three "I years his senior. He was her slave, and said. ears his senior. He was her slave, and he gloried in her power over him, though he loved him to idolatry, too."

Evidently Miss Kavanagh was not a avorite with Dr. Frothingham.

"Did Mr. Allan Kavanagh go abroad"

"I do not understand you, Bessie," the favorite with Dr. Frothingham.
"Did Mr. Allan Kavanagh go abroad

simply for pleasure?" Kenneth asked. Dh, no; some property fell to him and sister through the death of an uncle, and he went over to settle it. as his father was too feeble to attend to it."
"And you feel sure that he had no entanglement here?

brow at this bit of pleasantry.
"Don't you know that I refused a proposal of marriage from him less than six months ago?" he demanded. No; I am sure her had none. I see what you are thinking of," replied the physician. "You imagine that there may have been some secret marriage, and that you are the offspring of it; but pray, do not get any such romantic idea into your, head, for Allan Kavanagh was a young man who would scorn to wrong or ill-treat any woman. He was nobility personified—a chivalrous gentleman who personified—a chivalrous gentleman, who loved truth and honor simply for their own sake. The only explanation of this deformity in you, which I can think of, is that you must be a descendant of some other branch of the Kavanagh family."
"Perhaps so," Kenneth answered but s if not quite satisfied with this explana-

think you will not have any more I think you will not have any more able with your foot. Mr. Keith." the for remarked, and rising, as if to interest that he wished to put an end to interview; indeed, he felt he had altered a said too much, and had been being family secrets. But the singular coincidence of finding this peculiar deformity upon Kenneth had so interested him that he had been betrayed into revealing more of the Kavanagh family history than he considered becoming in their family physician. their family physician.

CHAPTER XXXIII. Kenneth left the office of Dr. Frothing-

PRECIOUS LOADS IN WALL STREET

street remembers.

Just inside the railing of the Mill the money truckman, has been in the building down in Broad street and only a few yards away from where the oly of the money carrying in this city, throng of outside brokers jostle and shout in the roadway, hangs a slate with a pencil attached by a string. Once, in a while, a clerk will hurry to the corner, look around, and then, if not finding the person he seeks, will scribble something on this slate.

At intervals a big heavy man strolls over and takes a look at it. If there is anything written upon it he will probably give an order to the driver of a two-horse truck, which has stood for most of the day at the corner, the blankets will be taken off, the horses, and the man and truck will set off down the street obviously on business

You are likely to meet this or similar trucks with the name of the same owner upon them two or three times in the course of a day in and about Wall street. Sometimes the truck contains a few boxes or barrels, so different at a casual glance from any other boxes or barrels, or maybe there will be upon it a number of blocks of white metal, in appearance not unlike-

solder. In either case there are likely to be opinion as the money exchange clerk. two or three roughly dressed men seated with the driver or on the rear of the truck, and two or three better clad men, whom anybody versed in the ways of the financial district will know at once for bank clerks or bank messengers, swinging their legs from the tailboard or walking beside the ve-

There is nothing about the outfit liketo attract particular attention from tall, at least—and as broad and solid ybody. A close observer may see as he is tall. His face is as set and boxes or kegs are strongly It was certainly very strange that he should have the Kavanagh deformity, which had followed the family for so many generations, if there was none of their blood in his veins; and thus he was unaccountably impressed that he was related, in some mysterious way, to Miss Eathering Kayanagh ironed, locked and sealed, and he may wonder that mature bank clerks, who not look as if they were inclined to frivolity, have time to spare for a ride on a truck which proceeds at a bare walking pace or even slower. But the usual passer-by will never bestow a The excessive emotion she had betrayed upon meeting him upon the ferry-boat, the singular correspondent of her handwriting with that which had been second glance upon the crawling ve-

hicle. It doesn't look different from a truck carrying any old kind of freight, but for all that the load it carries is often worth more than a great many of the buildings it passes. That load would set up a score of ordinary men with fortunes large enough to keep them in luxury without doing a stroke of work for the rest of their lives.

CONTAIN SOLID GOLD. The barrels contain bars of solid gold; the boxes are stuffed full of gold coin; and the white metal is silver bullion going from safe deposit vault to sub-treasury, or, if the load is gold coin, from bank to bank. The truck is Barkley's, the money truckrecognize her as such, for it seemed impossible that he could ever entertain the slightest feeling of affection for her. Of man's, the slate hung on the fence is Barkley's office, and the big man who consults it from time to time and might be a retired policeman or a well-to-do grocer, is Barkley himself. the woman who had come to the asylum when he was a little child and had left All Wall street knows this and knows

what that truck contains when it that writing which stated that he was to be called Kenneth Keith, and if so, there was be some mystic link between asses with its load. But Wall street is not interested. It is a sight so old that it has He was strangely ill at ease. He was possessed with a feeling of intense interest and curiosity, which he knew would never leave him until he should learn the whole truth about himself, and he was bitterly rebellious against the fate which had so secretly locked his past in become commonplace. In the fact that a shabby old truck with a million or two upon it crawls safely through the most crowded streets in the city with only a guard of two or three truckmen

and a bank clerk or two to watch over

which had so secretly locked his past in obscurity that he did not know which it, nobody sees anything out of the ordinary. Weeks went by and his foot got better, but he continued to ponder this mystery day and night. He dreamed about it when asleep; it haunted the pages of his manuscript by day, until it became almost an impossibility to apply his mind to any other subject. That news of the shipment is written on a slate which hangs on a fence in reach of every passer-by is no less u matter of course. Gold has been transferred safely in that way for years and there is no reason why it

not always be. As a matter of fact it would be harder to steal that gold than anything else in the city. In the first place there is a guard of from four to six men with every load of it.

the second place, the gold is usually in bars weighing from 10 to 25 pounds apiece, and is packed in kegs locked and sealed, with from three to a dozen bars in a keg. gold coin is in strong boxes equally heavy.

silver, which is carried bare in the bottom of the truck, is in ingots, and a single ingot would be a good load for a powerful man.

Then the transfer usually takes place in crowded streets, and in the crowd there is safety. It would be a bolder gang of crooks than ever held up a train that would ever try to rob the money truck.

THE MONEY TRUCKMAN. As to the rest of it, Fred Barkley,

Bilious Dyspepsia.

A Dreadful Complaint Accompanied by Headache, Sickness of the Stomach, Vomiting- | business and he and his family have Promptly Cured by

FERROZONE,

Some persons have attacks of Bilious Dyspepsia very frequently, and feel as if they were about to die. The whole system seems to collapse. tongue becomes coated, the face a sall not for the sake of the gold carted low pallor, and a bitter taste is all through the streets that the dead line low pallor, and a bitter taste is always noticeable in the mouth. At times the bowels are very constipated, street. but occasionally acute diarrhea is caused by the accumulation of bile in clearing house after the day's balance

the system. It is highly dangerous to allow such condition to imperil your life. It must be cured, and the simplest and surest remedy is Ferrozone. It digests every particle of food eaten, and prevents the waste products from clog-

ging up the system. Ferrozone restores all deranged organs to a healthy, vigorous condition. It keeps the bowels well regulated, makes the kidneys eliminate all poisons from the blood, and supplies the ne cessary elements to build up and

strengthen the entire body.
Mr. Louis Meehan, one of Peterboro's most enterprising and well-known business men, during the past three years was an unceasing sufferer from Bilious Dyspepsia. He was cured permanently by Ferrozone and is so anxious that others may profit by his experience that he gives the following testimonial:

"About three years ago," says Mr. Meehan, "I had the Grippe, which left me in a very run-down condition that finally developed into Dyspepsia. I was unable to eat but a fev and had a craving for acid. I gave un treating with the doctors because they did not help me, and on the advice of a friend used Ferrozone. It not only cured me of Dyspepsia and Biliousness but has built up my strength to what it was before I had the Grippe. I can recommend Ferrozone as an ideal re

storative. Ferrozone is capable of digesting all classes of food, and contains in a highly concentrated form the elements necessary for strengthening and reconstructing, and nourishing the stomach and other digestive organs. builder of blood, muscle and fat and makes sickly, weak disheartened people strong and well. Ferrozone gives you force, energy, vim and spirit and cures every time. Sold by all druggists. Price 50 cents per box or three boxes for \$1 25. By mail from N. C. Pelson & Co., Kingston, Ont. fied in a single trip only he knows, and like the money truckman, he isn't telling his business. But the amount has certainly reached twenty millions on

occasions. No crook has ever had the nerve to tackle Eddie, and really none would think it worth while. The hue and cry which would be raised over such a theft would in all probability at once bar the and his father had it before him for bonds as negotiable securities, even in the world of graft. And no thief more years than anybody new in Wall would get far with the plunder. The He is a conservative person. As his father did business, so does he. Noth-

city sees to that. But the sight of the messenger with millions in bonds, the little posses of three or more bearing millions in real through the financial quarter to the banks the bare silver in the money truck, the kegs of gold bars and the strong boxes full of gold coin, must sometimes make some evi! minds dream dreams such as made Superintendent Byrnes long ago establish that dead line above the streets of temptation.

Mystery of the Apple.

I remember well in my early days seeing upon my grandmother's mantelshelf an apple contained in a vial. This was a great wonder to me. My question was, "How came the apple to get inside so small a bottle?" The apple was quite as big round as the vial. By what means was it placed within it? Though it was treason to touch the treasure on the mantelpiece, I took down the bottle and convinced my youthful mind that the apple never passed through its neck, and by means of an attempt to unscrew the bottom I became equally certain that the apple did not enter from below.

I held to the notion that in some strange way the bottle had been made in two pieces and afterward united in so careful a manner that no trace of the joint remained. I was hardly satisfied with the theory, but as no one was at hand to suggest any other explanation I let the matter rest. One day the next summer I chanced to see upon a bough another vial, the first cousin of my old friend, within which was growing a little apple which had been passed through the neck of the bottle while it was extremely small. The secret was out, and I learned how it is possible to get apples into a narrow necked bottle.

No Dust, No Sunbeam.

If you could go up far enough into the sky, higher than the highest point ever reached by a balloon, you would find yourself in pitch dark blackness! Why? Because at that great height there is no dust, and it is dust in the air which makes sunlight visible. The rays are constantly passing through the dense darkness from sun and stars, but it is not until they enter the dust laden air of the earth that they can be seen. Imagine a room full of perfectly pure air. Were we then to admit a sunbeam, this would seem to vanish at once and the room be quite dark until the ray struck upon the wall or some other object. But the air would have to be dustless.

A Decided Contrast. Dorothy Dene is tall and slender; Her curling hair is of golden hue; cheeks have the bloom of a rosebud tender.

Margery Mop is short and stumpy And ugly enough to frighten the crows; Her figure can only be classed as dumpy. And gone is the tip of her wooden nose.

Dorothy Dene has a silken sash on; Around her neck is a string of pearls; Her frock is made in the latest fashion, And a picturesque hat adorns her curla

Margery Mop has a calico bonnet, Tied down over her tumbled hair; Her faded frock has no frills upon it And shows sad traces of wear and tear. Dorothy Dene is just perfection

From her feathered hat to her silken socks. But she's far too fine to win affection,

So she spends her days in a cardboard box. Margery Mop is a wreck, or nearly;

Countless troubles her life has seen,

But Margery's owner loves her dearly

And would not exchange her for Dorothy Dene. -Mahel A. Clinton in Exchange

THE MILLER OF THE DEE.

Isaac Bickerstaff.

There dwelt a miller hale and bold Beside the River Dee; He worked and sang from morn till night; No lark more blithe than he, And this the burden of his song Forever used to be:
"I envy nobody, no, not I,
And nobody envies me."

"Thou'rt wrong, my friend," said old King Hal. "Thou'rt wrong as wrong can be; For could my heart be light as thine, I'd gladly change with thee And tell me, now, what makes thee sing, With voice so loud and free, While I am sad, tho' I am king,

The miller smiled and doffed his cap. "I earn my bread," quoth he,
"I love my wife, I love my friend, I love my children three; owe no penny I cannot pay; I thank the River Dee That turns the mill and grinds the corn To feed my babes and me.

"Good friend," said Hal, and sighed the "Farewell, and happy be; But say no more, if thou'dst be true, That no man envies thee; Thy mealy cap is worth my crown, The mill my kingdom's fee; Such men as thou are England's boast,

O. miller of the Dee!"

Sketch of Isaac Bickerstaff.

The above song, The Miller of the Dee, in its present form was either written or adapted by Isaac Bickerstaff, who was born in Ireland about 1735; died in 1812. As a boy he was page to Chesterfield, the Lord Lieu-The most valuable bundle of tenant of Ireland. He attained a powealth taken through the streets in sition in the society of men of letters, but, suspected of a capital crime, fled, in 1772, to St. Malo. He afterwards returned to London, wrote comic operas, in one of which, "Love in a Village," "The Miller of the Dee" was sung. Just when or how he died no one knows.

The old mill at Chester, Eng., on the River Dee, where the legendary miller is said to have uttered his sententious wisdom, was burned down in May, 1895. The mill was established in the 11th century.

Public gambling is likely to be abolished in Switzerland at an early

THE STUDY OF THE STARS.

A Canadian Girl's Article on Astronomy for Beginners.

Now that the long winter nights are drawing near, we again have an opportunity of viewing the sky, which, during that season, exceeds in brilliancy anthing of which we can conceive. A more inexhaustible study than astronomy could not be found That may be the reason why those who begin it never wish to cease, but to pierce farther into the boundless

source of knowledge beyond. As I have said, the winter season is the best in which to pursue the study of the stars. The advantages are numerous: (1) the nights are longer; (2) the most brilliant constellations are then taking their pathway across the heavens; and (3) the stars, even the very faint ones, seem to stand out in bolder relief against the sparkling sapphire blue of the midnight sky-apparently on account of the keenness of the atmosphere, as they appear to shine better on very frosty nights.

When we ponder on the subject, the "Twinkle, twinkle, little star,

How I wonder what you are. of our childhood becomes a grave reality. We cannot but be aware of our nonentity when we behold the planets, their satellites, and the constellations marching in order through pathless space. Yet the Great Creator holds us all in His hand. It is too wonderful to realize. It seems to me as if only the spiritual part of out being can, in any way, grasp the truth of these wonders, which we cannot see with our earthly eyes. How many of us are familiar with the constellation of Orion?

"Begirt with many a blezing star. Stands the great giant Algebar, Orion, hunter of the beast! His sword hangs gleamingly by his side. And on his arm, the hon's hide Scatters across the midnight air The golden radiance of its hair.

Does not Longfellow incite in us a desire to become acquainted with the representative of this famous hunter? Orion is one of the constellations which are most easily recognized, for the stars, three in number, in his belt cannot fail to attract our attention. One revelation leads to another, and we find that the middle belt star is not a stgr at all, but a hazy nebula. Every star is a study. There are double stars and triple stars, variable stars and stars of different

The Great Bear, or "Dipper," surely familiar to everyone; so ought the Lesser Bear to be; also the Dragon, with its fiery eyes, who encircles them. The Northern Cross, Aquila, Lyra, Delphinus, the great square in Andromeda, Cassiopeia. Cepheus, Perseus, with Algol, the famous variable star; Aries,, Taurus, Auriga, the Pleiades, Aquarius and Pisces are among those which we may see now any night. Several of these contain first magnitude stars. When once we have sought out a constellation, star by star, it is not apt to slip our m.mory. Neither is it difficult to remember the names. Later on, the Lynx, Gemini, Procyon and Sirius (the Lesser and Greater dog-stars), Orion, Leo, and Virgo, And her staring eyes are of porcelain bearing the golden sheaf, will all rise.

No one will ever know until become interested the eager expectancy with which a beginner in the study watches night after night for each new wonder to come forth above the eastern horizon. I remember how I felt when I began, and I have the same experience yet-very impatient to see what comes next. Sometimes, unable to wait until the next evening for a certain constellation to rise, I would creep to the window in the night, to rob the store of future pleasure. After waiting months for Orion or Leo, it is with great joy that we welcome them back again.

Of the planets Jupiter and Saturn are at present distinctly visible in the west after sunset. A most interesting feature is the making of maps, on which to trace the progress of the planets through the constellations. It is an exciting amusement, if I may call it that .- Marie MacGregor, in The Globe.

Bones of an Indian.

While W. T. Stephens was plowing in a field of sod on B. Mothersill's farm, in the first concession of East Whitby, he turned up-or the plow point did-the remains of an Indian. the skull coming to the surface first. and, on examination, the remainder of a complete set of bones were found. The skull was quite firm. having all the teeth in the upper jaw but one, while the lower jaw had all the teeth in it complete. The body bones indicated a long burial. Under them were found a stone, in shape like the handle of a pocket knife, the blade of a knife some six inches long. and a spoon-handle. The bones, enclosed in birch bark, were lying on the right side, with the face to the south, the knees doubled up and the feet to the east, on a little hill near the stream known as Farewell's Creek. On the same day, some eight or ten feet from the remains referred to, eleven flat silver rings were found, about one inch in diameter, having pins in them; with them was a silver rosette about one and a half inches in diameter, which together probably formed a necklace. An earring with a drop attachment and a small spoon completed the find. Those Mr. Stevens divided between himself and the Mothersill family, which which they will no doubt take care of as mementoes of the past What hopes and fears were buried there!

Fallure All Round.

Not long ago a coroner's jury in Ireland delivered the following verdict on the sudden death of a merchant who had recently failed in business: "We, the jury, find from the new doctor's statement that the deceased came to his death from heart failure, superinduced by business failure, which was caused by speculation failure, which was the result of failure to see far enough ahead."

The man who goes to the bad sel-Cor bas a long journey.

In the silk factories of Italy the usual work hours are from 4 in the morning till 8 at night, and the wages A TEE-SPOON

Oh, I would be the caddle boy, Down at her feet to drop.

And build for her the sandy tee

And put the ball on top.

Around her still to swing, E'en though my head should never reach The centre of that ring.

To thril 'neath her addre s: Not the wide atmosphere itself

Would hold such happiness. And I would be the shaven green (No metaphor is meant); She would approach, to find in me The (w)hole of her intent.

Ah, club; ah, ball; ab, senseless things!
Might I so favored be, I would the question put(t), And she would make my tea.

-E. Maud Griffith, Galt.

MISTAKES ABOUT GRIZZLIES.

According to an Old Hunter They Do Not

Attack Man. A good many popular theories about the habits of big game in British Columbia are exploded by the stories told by the well-known guide, W. G. Manson, a son of the former Hudson Bay factor at Lilooet. The blood of many centuries of Indian hunters runs in Manson's veins and as he is a man of education as well as of keen insight, and has been a hunter since he was ten years old, his stories of the grizzlies and mountain sheep and goats of the Pacific

Province are entitled to credit. It was in the company of F. S. Boden that Manson recently had a remarkable experience with a grizzly, probably one of the largest ever ki led. When discovered, the big brute was quietly standing on his hind legs, biting a tender branch

from a tree far above a man's reach. He did not attempt to tackle the hunters, nor yet to run away, but gave his immediate attention to two valuable dogs, Tom and Jerry, which were used by Manson for hunting mountain sheep. They both paid with their lives the penalty of venturing too near the dying grizzly after he had been brought to the ground by the bullets of the hunters. They were literally torn to pieces by bruin's big five-inch claws during his death struggles. This particular grizzly measured 101 feet in length

and had a reach of 12 feet. Manson was never threatened by a grizzly but once in his experience of 30 years, and, therefore, does not believe that this animal is likely to attack a man. On the contrary, the grizzly makes every effort to avoid man, and to the hunter it becomes a question of stalking him.

After camping at night on the side of a hill in the Rocky Mountains, with English hunters, Manson has frequently pointed out the bears browsing in full view, when his party had risen for breakfast in the morning. It then, of course, became a problem how to approach near enough to get a shot. Grizzlies are always ready to show fight to dogs, if they get into anything like close quarters with them.

Another popular impression respecting bears which Manson would have discredited is that they live all winter upon the fat which they put on during the summer, and come out of their sleeping caves gaunt and hun-

gry in the spring. "Tais is all wrong," says the famous hunter. "Bears crawl into their retreats in November. These sleeping chambers are nothing more than big cracks in the rocks, so far as the grizzlies of British Columbia are concerned, and generally from 10

to 20 feet deep. "I have often seen them and examined them. They are usually at the top of the precipice, where they cannot be affected by snow and land-

slides. "The bear makes a bed of grass in this retreat, and after feeding himself up as fat as a Yorkshire hog, he crawls into his cave and sleeps for six months, coming out, however, in

April, as fat as he went in." Manson says he has killed bears immediately after they have awakened out of a six months' sleep and has taken as much as 180 pounds of fat from one carcase. He is positive that bears are always in a fine, fat condition immediately after their long sleep and believes that most of the functions of their bodies cease

through it. "Sheep," says Mr. Manson, "are rare sport to the true sportsman, one mountain ram being worth two grizzlies, while the amateur who can bring him down has reason to be proud of himself.

"Another popular blunder is that mountain goats are hard to shoot or to catch alive. If one professional hunter in British Columbia wishes to speak disparagingly of another he calls him 'only a goat hunter.' a recent trip with Mr. Burton, an enthusiastic young English hunter, I came upon a herd of 300 goats, and Mr. Burton charged them with a bludgeon, driving them right and left. Numbers of them could have been killed with a spear.

"Last year I saw 90 rams together, though this is a rare sight. It is curious, however, that the killing of sheep and goats is prohibited by the law in July and August, when they are so wild that you cannot get near them, and it is next to impossible to kill them in any case, and that you are permitted to kill them at other seasons when they are so tame that they can be knocked over with a stick. The mountain ram leads the hunter a perilous chase along the side of precipices and over chasms which are sheer drops to certain death."

The Prayer of the Cheerful Man.

The day returns and brings us the pretty round of irritating concerns and duties. Help us to play the man, help us to perform them with laughter and kind faces; let cheerfulness abound with industry. Give us to go blithely on our business all this day, bring us to our resting beds weary and content and undishonored. and grant us in the end the gift of sleep, Amen.-Robert Louis Steven-ROD.

The total capital invested in railways and canals in the Dominion of Canada is \$1,100,800,000