CAPITULATION OF BARBARA

BY EDITH HIBBARD.

Jack Merrihew was sitting on the piazza of the Howard. He had been sitting there for an hour and more, smoking innumerable cigarettes, keeping a solicitous watch on the lake and sky, and trying not to grow impatient over the abominable length of time she was making him wait.

Her tyranny grew more absolute every day, yet he would not be freedit was too sweet. The last day of his vacation had come. Had his hopes any foundation? Would it be better to wait her return to town before burning his ships? He noped he had courage enough to face a refusalbut a refusal would end all this delightful companionship. Still, in the eantime, what if some of these other fellows—! He sprang to his feet. It was manifest destiny that she had promised to sail with him this after-

The wind was freshening and the surface of Fox Lake was ruffling up in crisp waves, with every now and then a flash of white. A spray of sweet clover fell at his feet. He turned to find her standing in the doorway, tantalizingly pretty in a green linen gown, with a knot of sweet clover in her belt, and calmly unconious, apparently, that he had wait-

may be a bit fresh. You don't mind that, I know," he said, as they rowed out to the Felitza. "Only you might have to help if the wind sed. If you dislike that-we can do

som ething else." Nonsense! I wouldn't go for any-

thing. You ought to know by this time that I never turn back." Barbara Whitney made herself exceedingly comfortable with many gay cushions and watched Jack's prepar ations. She hardly understood herself the unrelenting tyranny which she had exercised over this man for months. She had put in that hour of his restive waiting in considering the situation, upbraiding herself for her unreasonable exactions, acknowledging his devotion, foreseeing that the coming tete-a-tete would almost certainly bring their relations to the crisis of a proposal, and admitting to herself that would rather say yes than no.

"But I cannot say yes unless he makes me," she remonstrated mentalher eves fastened on the lithe grace of his athletic figure as he got up the "He is the best bred, the handsomest man I know-and the dearest. if only he would not adore me with buch abject confidence in my infallible perfection. In his eyes the queen cannot do wrong. It is terribly exhausting to be constantly on a pedestal. I'm just a human girl! Oh. Jack. dear, why don't you see it, and make me do things instead of letting me command you? You are too medieval. my dear boy, that's what you are! shall have to say no-I never could stand on a medieval pedestal, and I should get to hate you if you persisted in thinking me a horrid composite

of myth and spirit. Jack settled down as the boat slipped out with the wind, the sheet in one hand, the helm tucked under an arm. There was just breeze enough to run pleasantly and vet permit him to fill his eyes with her, which he proceeded shaking her hands free of it. The sail to do. The curve of the cheek next swung out just in time. The gust him, golden bronze with the summer's passed. After that it was a straight, tan, the round chin, the pretty, impertinent little nose, the dark sweep of seeing only Jack's set face, white uneyelash-he gave himself so intently to der all the study of these that the dark lashes lifted and let him have a bewildering

glimpse of the gray blue eyes. As they rounded a point the sail flapped loose, the wind dropped, and the little waves flattened to smooth water. The skipper's occupation was gone for the moment. The stage was free for the lover. He moved nearer. A wave of warmer color ran underneath the gold brown across her cheek and throat. The mysterious blue eyes. -were they gray or were they blue? -flashed a sidewise glance at him.

"I'm going down on the last train onight," he said, playing with the end of a coil of rope and bending forward in an attempt to make the lashes lift again. "I wish that might mean to you a hundredth part of what it does

She gave him the longed-for lookthis time demure and full of innocent

know how I love you. Your dear little feet have had my heart under them for weeks and weeks. No man is worthy of you. I wonder that I have dared for a moment to hope. And vet, I can't help hoping until you tell me to stop. Dearest, may I keep on loving

you? He had slipped down, half kneeling beside her, and his head was close to hers. He was handsome, beseeching, and what she saw in his fine, dark, good eyes was so compelling that she looked away after the dangerous first

"No, Jack, no-you cannot have my hands now. We must talk reasonably about this. We've been such friends. Why will you spoil it We've been such good You know I like you-I-I-really I'm fond of you, Jack. I am. Do let's go

on just as we were.' What do you think a man is made of, Barbara It's been all I could manage since I came up to keep things on the friendship level. Friendship! Don't you understand?. I love you, dear!" "No, you don't, Jack. You love something you think is I-but it isn'tit isn't! You think I am a condensation of the charms and perfections of all the women who have ever lived, from Cleopatra to Florence Nightingale. I should disappoint you every hour in the day after you got used to me. You're in love with an ideal, Jack, not with Barbara Whitney." She caught her breath and stopped.

'I'll run the risk of disappointment -that isn't the question. Can you care enough for me Shouldn't I disappoint

She forced herself to meet the keen,

questioning which for a moment, submerged the adoration in his eyes. "We would better end this, Jack, and have it over. I do care for you-very much-but not enough to marry you." Here her heart gave a rebellious throb. She savagely ignored it. "The man I marry must rule, not worship blindly. I cannot be a goddesss nor an an-

gel for any man on earth." The man at her side stood up hurriedly. "Here's the wind! I'm afraid I must ask your help now. Do you understand managing a sail? No? Please sit here, hold this rope so; I'll tell you how to work it. If I call let go-drop the rope immediately. The end is fastened; it will not get away from you." The skipper came to the front-the lover had not time now to probe the depth of his hurt. Barbara kept her eyes furtively on him, followed his directions, and the boat cut through the water in a mist of spray. She was fond of sailing, but she knew nothing whatever about boats, or skies, or seas, or she might have attributed some of the strained anxiety she saw in Jack's face to concern about the squall which was all but on them.

Suddenly Jack said, "Let go!" in a strange hushed kind of voice. She to look at him: her fingers seemed riveted to the rope; she held it tighter than ever.

'Let go!" It struck her almost like a blow. She had never been so spoken to in her life-something between a yell and a roar, as if he were training desperately. "Are you?" a dog—a master commanding a slave. She dropped the rope, frantically shaking her hands free of it. The sail tan. That white face hetraying his terror for her safety-she knew it was not for himself-just at the moment when he seemed to have thrown away all his usual chivalrous courtesy toward her, forced a swift conviction to clutch her heart. This was a different Jack from the one she

had known heretofore. When they reached the hotel Jack said with ceremonious politeness, "I beg your pardon for speaking so to but your life was in danger. She flashed on him a look he had never seen before.

"Jack, don't take it back: I didn't know you could speak so. It frighten--but I loved it." "Did it make you love me more?"

Mute assent, but apparently satisfac-"And you will be my goddess and

my angel? A smothered voice answered, "Perhaps, if you will promise not to take "Barbara-Barbara, dear-you must

The Question Is An Important One at Ottawa and the departments of ag-

A Rare Parsi Manuscript.

About a year ago an announcement was made of a rich gift to Columbia Avesta, or Zorastrian Bible, presented to Columbia by several Parsis of India, through their high priest, Dastur Kaikhosru Jamaspji of Bombay. The crowning gem of the collection,

says the New York Mail and express, has now arrived in the form of a sixth and most precious codex of the Zorastrian ritual, sent through same distinguished high priest, for Prof. A. V. Williams Jackson to present

script that is remarkable is many

valuable because it contains in excellent form not only the original text of the liturgy in the sacred Zorastrian

the liturgy in the sacred Lorastran language, but it is accompanied also by an old Sanskrit version of each by an old Sanskrit version of each and often damaged or patched. But great codex itself now comprises

WAITING FOR NIGHT TRAIN

BY LESLIE W. QUIRK.

In the heart of Wiscon lies Lake Ke- touched it to the wick of the lantern, gonsa, one of the "four Naiades" of which the poet Longfellow has sung. A railroad skirts one end of the lake, of love, "when am I going to see you and a little station has been built to again?" accommodate the people who occupy the scores of summer cottages or stay at the hotel.

ing more than a platform, covered by they thunder through, with only a sharp whistle to mark their passing. Danvers. It was not the first eventhe final narrow plank that led up to work-away from the lake.

"I am sorry you are going," she said, simply. That was all. She had been sorry just as any good friend of his migh have been. She had learned to value his friendship, he told himself, but he had not taught her to love him. Even now, had she asked him to do so, he would have stayed a few days more. But she had only said, "I am sorry you are going."

They were walking along in silence now. He was carrying an unlighted lantern with which to signal the train. He wished he dared say he had forgotten a match, or that the wind was too high to light the lantern. Still, if she did not wish him with her there would be no pleasure in staying.

They reached the gate and he slid it back for her. She passed through and waited for him till he had closed it. He could see her face in the moonlight, with the lake breeze tossing her hair chaotically. He told himself softly that it was the face of an anged. At the station he held his watch in the moonlight to see the time. There

were only ten minutes left-ten more minutes and he would be rushing away from her. He turned toward her with a little gesture of impatience. "I have had a pleasant vacation" he

to say. "Have you?" asked the girl. should think you would be sorry to

The girl parried his auestion. "Yes. I am sorry always when it comes time for me to leave the lake.' A low whistle came with the lake

have been missing generations ago. The manuscript is not bound, but coneach of its pages is precious because of the excellence, accuracy and inde-

which blazed out merrily. The light

hurt the man's eyes.
"Ruth," he said in a sudden frenzy

The girl had been swinging the lan-

could see her great brown eyes look-

said you wanted me to stay," he

"If-if; hang it all, if you had only

'Get ready to wave the lantern," he

said slowly and without emotion. "The

The girl laughed, laughed gayly and

train will be in sight in a second. Can

happily. It hurt the man.
"Yes," she said. "I shall wave it

She swung the lantern over her head

with an arm that has sent golf balls

balls driving over the net. Then she

cled the lantern around her head.

whistling over the links and tennis

Suddenly the man sprang forward

with a warning. But he was a second

too late. With a crash of breaking

glass the lantern hit one of the posts,

and with a last flare of light was blot-

"Oh!" said the girl, her voice trem-

"Ruth," he said accusingly, "why

did you go to the back of the platform

lowing her hands to rest in his firm clasp, "because I wanted to."

Down around the curve the engine

whistled for the station. In another

"But you knew," persisted the man

Down the track the headlight of the

"Yes," she admitted, "I knew it was

"I am not," said the man amid the

ever so glad! Are you—now, truly?"
"I will not tell a lie," said the gir!,

with mock bravado. Then she chang-

Far up the shining track to the north

the lights of the last coach of the train twinkled a moment uncertainly, and

there, but I tried to knock it aside.

The girl

minute it would be in sight.

'that there was a post there.'

turned to the man with a smile.

am sorry I broke the lantern."

ed her tone and whispered:

"I am glad!"

engine whirled into view.

to swing the lantern?"
"Because," she said defiantly, al-

bling. "I am so sorry."

The man sprang to his feet and took

tern gently to and fro in front of her. She stopped it now and held it mo-

peared at the beginning, and they must

"I don't know"

in the least possible time.

"I don't suppose,"

ing straight at him.

The girl did not move.

blurted out.

you do it?

like this."

ted into darkness.

her two hands in his.

This little railroad station is notha roof that juts out over a rough bench. All trains stop here during the day, but at night, unless flagged, John Endevan was walking slowly toward this little station with Ruth ing the two had chosen for their walk the path through the woods, and the bar gate. But it was to be the last, for the man was to take the 10 o'clock train back to Chicago, back to

He had told the girl the day before that he was going the next evening, and he had watched her expression while he was speaking. She had turned to him when he had finished and had held out her hand with genuine feeling.

said. It struck him as an idiotic thing

'I am," he said. Then he plunged | roar of the passing train; "I am glad,

breeze. The train was almost at the if stiff, run in. Barbara sat trembling, town four miles away. In a few minutes it would come into sight far down

The girl asked him for a match and l ness.

FICTION AS TO FICTION

this country is somewhat greater that around. that you pessimistic people are making just a little too much fuss about the quantities of fiction consumed by Amlisten to some of them, you would turn them unread in a few days.

They could hear the train leaving Almost any human being who has to town, with the engine puffing in read a novel a day as a matter of of Psychic Phenomena, a few years business would come to the same con- ago, he has been able to give up his clusion after two weeks of such a law practice and write other books hot haste, as if it wished to reach them said the man slowly, "that I shall be able to find who are able to eat a quail a day for many novelists are equally assured of time for another visit here at the 30 days? Yet a novel a day, indefi- a living from novel writing alone! lake. I have had my vacation; it nitely, is a more trying feat, and I've might have lasted a few days longer if "Well?" The girl spoke sharply. He

and their sweet tempers intact. "Yes, I seriously question the inferalmost altogether to pastry. Speaking almost as much as Mr. Hudson for myself alone. I am a light-minded person-almost frivolous at times-and yet I average only three novels in a Froude. And when I'm hard up for books I find more life in the daily its second edition in England. of the average current novel with all than journalism.

ago in the Herald that in London there of our publishers, too, it would prob- or so."-New York Herald.

"Yes," said the Browser-who by ably surprise you. There are about it won't hurt the wagon, either. How the way, is a bit of an optimist-"it's 70,000,000 people in this country, and did you happen to think of such a true that the appetite for caramels in it takes a good many books to go nice

one is the same which eschews the neither the publishers nor the authors. other. Nevertheless, I sometimes think Frank Norris, author of 'The Octopus,' has opened a good many eyes on that ericans. I wonder if it's quite as bad there is a tremendous demand for cer- never expected to." as the critics make it out to be. To tain novels, the applicants often re-

think the whole American nation sat | "Another thing. If you don't think the whole American nation sat | that a good proportion of the public that a good proportion of the good prop "Another thing. If you don't believe face on his shoulder with a little sob. 'Now, I don't blame the reviewers cares for serious subjects, just look mind has gone daft on story telling, there is Thomson Jay Hudson, of Washington. Since he wrote 'The Law | find it isn't so." diet. How many men can you find along similar lines. I wonder how

"Julian Hawthorne lately offered to often wondered how the book review- dine all the American novelists who ers keep their assimilative processes made \$5,000 a year. That doesn't look as if the deluge we hear about were imminent. Then there's Dr. Osgood literary pantheon are arrayed in their ence that American literary taste runs Mason, of New York, who has done popularize a recondite subject and who is more scientific than the Washington writer. I see that Dr. Mason's 'Teleyear. If I crave something more in the pathy and the Subliminal Self' is in way of historical fiction I turn to its fifth American edition, and that his book, issued last spring, has gone into newspaper than I'm likely to get out people are even learning that Prof. of the average current novel with all William James' ponderous tome its pretense to being something better labeled 'The Principles of Psychology' tome is delightful reading, and even humor-"Speaking for others, I read not long ous in places.

"Americans, as I find them, are were literally miles of novels piled really a serious-minded people, and if stepped back to where the posts of on the shelves of storage rooms—a it wasn't for the novels the women the roof joined the platform and cir-drug in the market. If some of our consume the nation might lose its junk dealers would speak, and some sense of humor in another generation

HOLIDAY FRIENDSHIPS NOT PROFITABLE

RE-WON BY SIMPLE STRATEGY

Now that the summer season is al- | merry and bright colors, under which most over, a few minutes devoted to the question, Does it pay to make are over and the weary round of daily holiday friendships? may be timely, toil is again in full force. There are people who go away year by year to some new place who never fail vacation to dress in heliday garb; the to make, when on holiday bent, a old work-a-day dress or suit is safely

number of new friends. who have known them intimately for All these circumstances, and many many years. Yet when away from others of a similar character, tend to quaintances who will, so to speak, the root of all friendships. A small tickle their vanity by paying marked action on the part of a holiday comattention to all their conventional lit- panion will arouse more sympathy in tle actions. To such new acquaint- our breast when we are on holiday ances all their thoughts are necessar- than a much nobler action would ily new. They have learned from ex- prompt were we full of work. perience which of their thoughts are We may grant that no attachments

themselves thoroughly satisfied.

It is natural during the summer hanging up in a dark cupboard at It may be that when at home and home; there are no employer's frowns

these friends they cannot resist the heighten the power of attraction and temptation of trying to make ac-sympathy, and, after all, sympathy is

best worth repeating, and they only are stronger than those which we parade those with which they are form promiseuously; this is especially true in the case where a certain The new acquaintances, who may be amount of bashfulness has preceded tirely accounted for by emigration. excused for not exercising their full actual introduction and conversation. wits during their vacation, imagine But notwithstanding this, there are then given, and one is tempted to think that these newly-found friends would, if conditions permitted it, prove to be the nearest and dearest ones that one has ever had.

It goes without saving that the cor her real stavet home reputation. It goes without saving that the cor her real stavet home reputation. It goes without saving that the cor her real stavet home reputation. It goes without saving that the cor her real stavet home reputation. It goes without saving that the cor her real stavet home reputation. It goes without saving that the cor her real stavet home reputation. It goes without saving that the correct and a similar attacked do not delay in getting the proper medicine. Try a dose of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial, and you will get immediate relief. It acts with wonderful rapidity and never fails to effect a cure. It goes without saying that the or her, real stay-at-home reputation. knowledge of life that an adult ought | It is true that in business men and to have, together with a dozen long es- women have to think and act quicktablished friendships, should be more ly, but in the making of friends this than enough to keep one's eyes to the creed is scarcely sound. Some of us fact that even the very best man or there are who can safely rely upon woman is but human, and that the ability to read character at the outset.

A Skin of Beauty Is a Joy Forever.

"I don't know what it is," said Lot seat. Very carefully, and following

desparingly. "Imagination," returned his sister, shortly.

Maria Bemis," he said almost fiercely. Then he let the flap go back in place, "You pride yourself on your faculty the cotton batting showing a little all for seeing things. You've been here along the cut. "That looks very there was something come between

her. "I've been here three days, Lot," stow away under the back seat.
she said quietly, "and I've seen that At 9 o'clock Lot came into you are a pair of foolish children.

too strong for words. "I didn't think you had," said his sister in a tone of relief. "If you had, She found a piece of green cloth and it would be a serious state of affairs; but, as you haven't I don't see any difficulties.

"You must admit that she isn't happy," he said at length.

"But, don't you see, it must be me, because she don't see anybody else,

hardly. She settled herself more comfortably on the grain chest and began to speak deliberately. "Don't you know that when two people, I don't care who they are, live on a lonely farm and don't see anybody but each other for weeks at a time-don't you know that they are bound to get morbid and imagine all sorts of things about themselves and each other? That is why so many farmers' wives go in-

"But, what can I do?" Lot asked, a look of terror in his face. tried to get her to go to places with me, but I can't."

"I'll tell you," said Maria decisively. "The first nice day take her out over the farm and spend the day. I'll see to things while you are gone, and I'll put up a lunch for you. Show her all you are doing and plan to do. Take her to the pretty places and, most of all, make love to her as though your life depended on it."

she is." Maria looked at her brother scorn-

such a thing as strategy." She turned away and walked out of well that I learned her to drink and For a long time he stood looking at "Yes," he said, "I remember; and it his Grandfather Stetson's old covered was a good thing that you did take

elegant affair in its day, but now it His voice grew curiously husky, and was seldom taken out except when he spoke almost sharply to the horse, some of the children came home at "Get up, Nell." Thanksgiving or for short visits. He took out his jack knife and pasture the cows one by one dropped opened it, felt of the edge, then got their noses to their feeding again. into the wagon and knelt down on the Eunice laughed like a child and now

the thread in the cloth, he cut a slit two inches long in the back of the seat. He picked at the cotton batting Lot turned on her. "Look here, stuffing with the point of the knife.

The next morning Lot spoke to his us since you were here before and sister when Eunice was in another that she has stopped caring anything room. "Just as soon as the dew gets about me?" His voice broke at the off some," he said, and she nodded last words, and he turned away from with a look of comprehension. after breakfast she carried to the barn Maria looked at his back, and there a large covered basket, a demijohn of was an expression on her face of min-gled pity, contempt and amusement. | law's sunbonnet. These Lot helped her the

house. "I'm going to start off with But before I go on I want to ask you the old covered wagon in a little if you have got over caring for her." while," he said, "and I find there's a Lot looked at her with indignation | tear or a cut in the back of the seat. Do you suppose you could mend it?" Eunice went to get her workbasket. pulled some ravelings from it; then she went out and set quietly and pa-

tiently to work. Lot watched her furtively from the barn. When he thought she was nearly half through he began harnessing with feverish haste. What if she should get through too soon? She looked around as he backed the horse

into the shafts. "I'm not quite through yet, Lot," she said mildly. "Don't hurry," he answered.

waited with the reins in his hand until she had taken the last stitch; then he jumped in, sat down beside her and spoke to the horse. Eunice half started to her feet, but he laid his hand gently on her arm and she sank back again. 'We are going to ride over the farm,

he said quietly. He drove on, talking rapidly about his plans, recalling incidents of the haymaking and speaking of the getting in of the ensilage.

Eunice was silent, and in spite of his lively chatter Lot was anxious. In the middle of the pasture Lot stopped the horse and glanced about. Some of the cows were feeding near, and they lifted their heads to look with big, inquiring eyes.

"Pretty good-looking cattle, I call them," he said proudly. He paused. "I don't believe she'd go. I couldn't His face was quiet, white and persuade her. You've no idea how set tated, and he did not dare to look at his wife.

"I always thought an awful lot of "Perhaps you never heard of Buttercup," said Eunice, in her sweet, gentle voice. "I liked her looks so took all the care of her myself."

wagon. It had been considered an charge of her. She's made a fine cow, As they went slowly through the

and then gave an involuntary little Lot laughed, too. "I guess I'll have to put my arm around you," he said, And he drew her close, driving with

his free hand. "Isn't this fun?" she laughed. "And

"Why didn't I think of it year, the hunger for solid reading; and it. "A few novels have immense sales, ago?" he returned evasively.

may be that the sex which chews the but by far the greater number pay ought to have, with the poor little wife kept at home with a weak ankle. "I have wanted to see the farm awfully," she said, nestling up to him score. I notice, too, lately, that the as his arm went around her again, librarians have discovered that, while "but I didn't see how I could, and I

Suddenly she impulsively threw her arms about his neck and buried her "It's awful silly," she murmured, "for folks as old as we are to act so who are bombarded with books of this at the success of the popular writers spoony, but I-thought-I'd got a sort for believing that the modern on psychology alone. For instance, notion that you'd got all over caring anything about me, and I'm so glad to As for Lot, he held his wife close,

and in his heart was a great joy.

Forgotten Books.

The world, as we have been assured time and again, knows nothing of its greatest men. Perhaps it is equally ignorant about its greatest books. Are we guite sure that the idols in our due order of precedence? The rules of precedence change, and who shall assert that those prevalent at any given time are the final ones? But above all, are we quite certain that there may not be a notable work of genius lying unnoticed and unknown amid the wrecks of the river of time-waiting only for some lucky accident that shall reveal it in all its beauty to an astonished world?

Such accidents with such results have been frequent in the history of the past, says the Era. Indeed, such accidents have preserved or have revealed to the world no insignificant proportion of its now acknowledged master-

The books of the Bible themselves have experienced the narrowest escapes from what might have resulted in their total loss. The most notable example is that of Deuteronomy, which disappeared from the Jewish world for over a century. The story of its rediscovery by the high priest Hezekiah during the reign of good King Josiah is set forth in the Old Testament.

Shakespeare was practically forgotten in the days when Addison wrote his "Account of the Greatest English Poets," with never a mention of the name of the very greatest. Yet it was very shortly afterward that Shakeseare was resuscitated.

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to All Farmers. Experience Will Probably Show That It Can Be Manufactured Into

Binder Twine.

Whether sweet clover will be condemned as a weed and exterminated or cultivated as a useful crop is still a .disputed point. The fact that it is biennial in growth is against its cultivation. If the seed would produce ir one year a crop like that which is filling vacant fields and spreading along roadsides at the present time, it would no doubt be profitably cultivated on an extensive scale. It makes good fodder, and cattle soon come to prefer it in spite of its large, hard stems. But the seed that has been spread abroad so plentifully this year will produce only small, leafy stems next year. These will die in the fall, leaving the roots alive in the ground. In the following year these roots will send up the tall, strong, branching stems that will bear blossoms and shed seed, both stems and roots dying in the following autumn. The tall, seed-bearing stems of next year will be from the roots of the clover that came up this spring University of manuscripts of the from last year's seed. The bienmal growth of the plant makes its eradication an easy matter if it proves injurious, but it also imposes a serious obstacle to its cultivation for any con-

Cattle raisers and beekeepers have already testified to its value, and the Canadian Journal of Fabrics has shown that it can be turned to good account In the manufacture of binder twine. Some samples of the fiber made from sweet clover stalks was sent to the Journal office two or three years ago,

Cook's Cotton Root Compound Is successfully used monthly by over 10.000 Ladies. Safe, effectual. Ladies ask your druggist for God's Gottes Rest Campound. Take no other, as all Mixtures, pills and imitations are dangerous. Price, No. 1, 21 per box: No. 2, 10 degrees stronger, \$3 per box. No. 1, 22 centuries ago in the tableland of ancient Iran.

As described in the monumental edition of the Avestan texts, by Prof. Goldner, of Berlin, this manuscript is known by the signatures, and it was some time the property of the Magian

Me. 1 and No. 2 is sold in London by Anderson & Nelles and C. McCallum &

and there were sent to M. B. Perine & Co., twine manufacturers, of Doon, Ont., who reported that they could utilize any quantity of the fiber, provided they could get it at a favorable market price. The Journal suggests that as sweet clover may become a great pest if not turned to account, the authorities at the Experimental Farm riculture of the Provincial Governments make experiments in curing a quantity of the stalks to be manufactured into twine at the binder twine factory at Kingston Penitentiary and at the factory in the Central Prison, Toronto. This has been a favorable year for the growth of sweet clover, and it is urged that enough of the plant could be gathered this year to supply binder twine for the whole Dominion if the industry were established on a commercial basis. Experience will probably show that if it can be manufactured on a commercial scale into binder twine it can also be made into cheap twines for trade purposes. such, for instance, as lath ties, bale ties and parceling twines. A practical use for the plant already shown by experience is the formation of soil on naked sandy or clayey slopes and fields. It roots deeply, draws and accumulates moisture, and rapidly spreads a coating of decayed vegetation that turns into leaf mold. It is good reclaimer of naked land, and it other possible fields of usefulness should be examined before it is classed with

the noxious weeds .- Toronto Globe

to the library of the university. This newest accession is a manuways. It is nearly 500 years old, and it contains the Yasna, or Liturgy, including also Zorastrian hymns that are

some time the property of the Magian priest, M. Pauri. Besides its age and acknowledged merit, it is especially

ently obstinate traits of character yielded somewhat to the arguments of which the charming Czarina has been for court prejudices. As a result of giving full sweep both in and out of the Czar's entreaties the Czarina had the imperial palace. She has been fre- modified her favorite costume of white quently charged with cherishing a cer- or black velvet, modestly decollete tain number of decidedly English ideas which were not strictly in accord with adhering to this rigid plainness the Russian precedent, and at least two of court ladies would have had no furthese have brought her into sharp dis- ther use for their jewel caskets, and favor among many of the stiff, unap- this would have been a particularly proachable boyars. In the first place, the Czarina has

been courageous enough to admit that she is inordinately fond of her chila confession that has created no mild stir among the female members of the royal set. This fact of itself was sufficient to incite adverse comment from the unbending women of Russian nobility, and when the Czarina supplemented her stand with reference to the nursery with another even more obnoxious, her disfavor increased at a surprisingly rapid rate. The fact is the Empress is doubly unpopular because she has put her royal foot down with unswerving emphasis and has declared positively that she

will not smoke. There is not a single qualifying clause in the Czarina's declaration on the use of tobacco. She has set herself up in absolute defiance of a custom that has long prevailed in Russia, and not only refuses to smoke herself, but does not countenance smoking by women in the imperial palace. The Czarina's ideas on the question of tobac-co-smoking are so decidedly positive that they can be well understood without lengthy consideration. She has been so outspoken and so bitter against the custom prevailing among Russian women that she has even incurred the ill-will of a member of her own fam-The Dowager Empress scarcely deigns to speak to the Czarina, and it is generally conceded that the tobacco question has estranged them. Still, this has not altered the opinion of the Czarina in the least, and the edict that women callers at the palace are not to

smoke continues to hold good. The Dowager Empress is in inveterate smoker in her own apartments, and the Czarina has not been rash enough to attempt her reformation. But she has, on the other hand, let it be well understood that she will not countenance the use of the weed in her presence, and this has been sufficient cause for the Dowager Empress to make known her exceptions. A few of the younger women have taken issue with the Czarina on the question and have resolutely decided that they will"swear

It has not been enough for the Czarina simply to declare that she is ex-tremely fond of her children. If she has stopped with the mere declaration it is doubtful if the peers and peeresses of Russia would have given voice to their disapproval. But she has persisted in putting her nursery charges ahead of the most pompous affairs of court and society, and in this way has brought herself into considerable The Czarina insists in a disfavor. good motherly way that her first duty is to her children, and with this view, she gives them every possible moment of her time. There is not a detail of their education that escapes her active mind, and she devotes considerable time to the study of questions of hygiene and other natural details which enter into the raising of a happy, healthy family of children.

without jewelry. Had she persisted in sad blow to those accustomed to almost barbaric display.

It is evident at the Russian court that the democratic tendencies of both the Czar and Czarina have given offense to a great many who have be in accustomed to living in adherence to for seeing things. You've been here along the cut. "That the most strictly drawn and conscienthree days, and haven't you seen that natural," he muttered. tiously observed rules of caste. The young Czar and his consort appear to be playing tag with custom, and are showing marked attention to the men of yesterday. They seem to favor a gradual demolition of caste barriers, and the imperial leaven is beginning to lork in the lower social strata. Court barriers are more rigid in Russia than elsewhere in Europe, but the Czar has no love for this relic of orientalism, nor does he care for pomp like his cousin of Germany. He works hard at humanitarian schemes which he can never realize, and passes his time as

much as possible with his wife and children. It is evident that the young Empress, though she is something of a reformer, will not succeed in removing the Muscovite flavor from court etiquette. Besides, the rigorous laws of caste extend far beyond court circles. The Russian social world is divided into no less than fourteen sharply distinguished classes, of which the wife and children, form the first, and his brothers, sisters and uncles the second. At the theater the first tier of boxes is occupied by the highest nobles and the great dignitaries of the court. It is not reserved for them by law, but no inferior member of the no-

Children Cry for CASTORIA. Children Ory for

LIKES AND DISLIKES OF CZARINA

Russian society of the highest type fense. On this point she has allowed herself to be treated with and has

bility would ever dream of intruding. USEFUL AT ALL TIMES.-In winter or in summer Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will cope with and overcome any irregularities of the digestive organs which change of det, change of residence, or variation of temperature may bring wariation of temperature may bring about. They should be always kept at hand, and once their beneficial action becomes known, no one will be without them. There is nothing nauseating in their structure, and the most delicate can use them confidently.

Genuine Casteria 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.

CASTORIA.
Children Cry for The extreme simplicity of the Czar-ina's costumes is another cause for of-