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MONEY TAKES WINGS.

How One Portion of the Charity Moore Fortune of Fredericton is Said to Have Been Spent.

FREDERICTON, N. B. July 26.—With- in the last few weeks the people of Fredericton have been talking more or less of the strange actions of a certain young married woman, an indirect beneficiary of the Charity Moore fortune—that sudden and unexpected wealth which arrived at the capital some eight years ago—and even yet the financial straits of this young woman and those of her relatives is town talk. The sudden rise of the Charity Moore heirs in Fredericton from very moderate circumstances to exceeding comfort and luxury caused a turore in the Celestial city a few years ago, and ever since the people have naturally been interested in the prosperity of the families benefited by the big inflow of money. It might not here be amiss to give a brief outline of history of the fortune as it came to these people.

There died at Fredericton on the 18th of October 1893 an old lady who had the distinction of being New Brunswick's first millionairess. Mrs. Charity Moore, as she was known, had a life which embraced both very meagre means and affluence. She was born in Belfast Ireland in 1810. Her parents were rich. Mr. Carlisle, her father, was a gentleman farmer and one of the richest linen weavers in that country. His daughter had all the advantages which wealth afforded, and her home life, till she became acquainted with James Moore, was pleasant as a summer stream flowing through smiling meadows.

Mr. Carlisle's mills, one at Belfast and the other at Brooklyn, employed many hands, among which were some fine fellows and it is not strange that instead of marrying a rich farmer of the neighborhood, Charity Moore should wed the man of her choice James Moore, though he was not largely blessed with this world's goods. They were married and as the father had not been consulted he did not present the bride with a very large dowry, and after her first child was born Mrs. Moore resolved, with her husband to cross to America where money was supposed to be plenty. Nothing could be said against James Moore, he was an honest upright farmer and a man who after his arrival in this country made a host of friends.

After a few days residence near St. John Mr. Moore and family removed to Sheffield, thence to Fredericton Junction after thirty years had been spent in the pretty little river hamlet. The family was now considerably larger than when Sheffield was chosen as a home. At that place John, Robert, Thomas, Mary Ann, Edward Sarah, Isabel and Christine were born. Two other children died in childhood. At Fredericton Junction Mr. Moore and his boys engaged in farming and got out lumber in winter. They were all willing to work and their home was just as cosy and dear to them as the average farmhouse, although worldly good were not overly plentiful. Little did any of the household imagine that the life was then on its way from Ireland which was to lift them from their struggling existence to positions of peace and plenty. But such was the fact.

Fairworth & Jardine, lumber agents in Liverpool, heard of the search being made for Charity Carlisle, or Charity Moore, and through them a letter was sent to Sheffield, the old home of the family. Mr. Alex. Gibson, the lumber king, it may be said, knew of the Moores, as John and Edward had worked for him. The glad tidings reached Sheffield and soon it found its destination at Fredericton Junction. The sensation the reading of the joyous missive created can well be surmised. Picture to yourself the large family drawn up around the mother, the father was dead at this time, as she told them that her brother had died in Ireland leaving her all his property worth \$400,000 yearly to her.

There were doubts mingled with joy. They might not be the people named. True their mother was Charity Carlisle and had a father and brother linen makers in Belfast, but that was years ago. Such were the thoughts expressed by the family. It was then decided that Edward should go to Belfast and carry proofs of his mother's

identity and to investigate the fortune. Establishing the family's claim was not at all a difficult matter, so the property was made secure for Mrs. Moore.

The immense amount of money now handed over to the aged Mrs. Moore was sub-divided in equitable shares among her children soon after her death. Mrs. Fraser of Fredericton received what was due her which was quite a snug yearly income, and it is alleged the lavish expenditure of these funds that brought about the present straightened circumstances of this branch of the Moore family. Mrs. Fraser's daughter, Mrs. William Dunbar, went with her husband to live with her monied mother. A beautiful residence at the southern end of town was erected for the combined households at a cost said to be \$18,000. Nothing was spared in its erection, neither design, elegance or individuality. Several of the apartments were made particularly gorgeous, many of the details of construction being most intricate and costly. Only a short while ago this palace was sold at public auction to satisfy a mortgage and brought merely \$5,000, although it was only four years old, and as good as ever.

A few years of wealth and affluence made great changes in the Fraser home. Naturally the very best of everything was available from a financial standpoint, and indeed nothing was ever wanted. A son, James Fraser, was sent to Mount Allison University, and later married a very prepossessing young lady, who came to live with her husband's people in Fredericton. Since her marriage she is said to have been more or less entangled in the financial complications of the family, often to a sad degree.

The business men of Fredericton have some queer tales to tell of one of the members of this household, especially as to her modes of raising funds. Some are said to have even alleged forgery. It seems that she had so far overstepped her financial abilities as to become deeply involved with various people. In fact the whole household are said to be greatly debt-burdened. Judgement for a \$200 millinery bill, is one instance. Although the yearly income was still being received it seemed far from sufficient to meet the pressing demands of a host of creditors.

Some really serious paper was tried to be



MRS. CHARITY MOORE.

floats in the air, and several from the city who have no bona in telling tales, were approached with references to certain other suspicious notes. Of course the local Progress and Progresses feared that the matter might go any further to this phase of the matter, although investigations were made.

On Monday last the furniture was removed from the big Fraser house, and it seemed as if the creditors were bent on doing something desperate. These merchants who are said to be "scorched" are highly incensed with the actions of their debtors, whom they claim refused to pay when their money was plenty. Indeed would have considered it an insult if asked to settle, and who now are unable to do so, through overwhelming liabilities.

There are said to be a whole lot of little side incidents in connection with the winged flight of the money in question which would take the breath from a person of ordinary means. At any rate the whole story seems to be public property in the town of Celestial, and Progress has only

briefly outlined the allegations and vouchers for statements made.

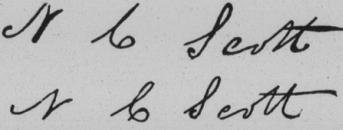
To cap the climax it was reported about ten days ago that one of the members of the Fraser household attempted suicide by wading beyond her depth in the river. This, some put down as pure rumors, but others assert a man says he prevented the suicide.

The rapid rise of the Charity Moore heirs above referred to, their lavish living and financial downfall has been the chatter of chatterbox Fredericton for weeks. The daily papers up there have hinted at queer paper and other such phases of the case, so that a knowledge of the inside facts is pretty general.

Honourary Lottery Still at it Here. At the last drawing of the Honourary Lottery, that famous concern with which

THE WHITTAKER FORGERY CASE;

A facsimile of the real and forged signature of Mr. N. C. Scott as produced in the police court. The real signature is the first.



the famous Mackay episode occurred, it is said several St. John people drew some snug sums. A young man working in the Country Market is said to have won \$500, and quite a number of others were successful in extracting five, ten, twenty and fifty. Still the Chinese are not allowed to play a quiet game among themselves.

The Baby Mystery.

The "baby mystery" has become something of a chestnut. There is a good deal of jocularity about the affair and without a view of seriousness. The mother is not unknown and a fair idea is prevalent of the other party most interested. The mistake appears to have been that the child was left on the wrong doorstep—a public institution being the place, the police say, it was intended for. The exposure has done much good and there will be more care exercised in the future by those who find themselves in such a difficulty.

PROGRESS CONTENTS TODAY.

- PAGE 1.—Another big budget of exclusive local matters, pertaining to St. John, Fredericton and other sister cities.
- PAGE 2.—Jugs That Make Manics—telling of the maddening drinks of times indulged in. General miscellany.
- PAGE 3.—Musical and Dramatic.
- PAGE 4.—Editorial, Poetry, Joys and Woos of Other Places. And a lot of bright local matter.
- PAGES 5, 6, 7.—Social items from all over the three provinces. The city personal columns include a full account of Thursday's garden party at Mr. Odner's with names of those present etc.
- PAGE 8.—Town Tales, including: A Motorist's Job so Soft Soap. In "Empire" Nowadays not "Umpire." Thought Gov. Roosevelt was in Town. A Face Slapping Affair in Fredericton. Fredericton Paardebergers become a Censure. The Heads Triplets of Queen Street. In Made Local Pool Players Stand Aghast. The Gardens in the Park. A Truck About Sausages not generally known.
- PAGES 10 and 11.—A new two instalment serial, "Wild Darrell of Dare."
- PAGE 11.—Sunday Reading, including a goody-goody story, "A Lad of Melville."
- PAGE 12.—Adventures of an Aged Indian Hunter.
- PAGE 13.—Chat of the Bonnets, Fashions fancied from all the big style centers.
- PAGE 14.—Bismarck's Great War Exhibit at Paris.
- PAGE 16.—"Aoy Little 'Us"—A real good Western story about a burro. Deaths, Births and Marriages of the week all over the Maritime Provinces.

Talked About in the City.

Topics That Are Discussed From Day to Day on the Streets—A Whole Lot of Funny Incidents This Week.

Here are two new stories about the irrepressible Price Webber, who like the Sphinx of Egypt weathers each succeeding generation with wonderful soundness of mind and constitution. Price is now in town and as Progress saw him walking home to tea with Alderman Seaton, his old foreman, the other evening it was hard to tell them apart. Of course the alderman's hair is a little nearer the color of Mount Blanc and his frame a shade longer, but

C. P. R. and leaves St. John at 7.15 local time furnishing music at the races while at the border. The train is advertised to return at 8 o'clock in the evening, and the tickets which are good to return the next day, have been placed at \$1.50.

A King Square "Garden Party."

PROGRESS has received a most amusing description of a "garden party" at the Grand Central Hotel one evening this week. Just why the affair was called a "garden party" is not quite clear but no doubt the proximity of Kings square may explain that away. According to the correspondent the gathering was quite impromptu and for that reason was the more enjoyable. The guests took their own refreshments and the music it may be assumed was also provided by them. The market contingent turned out particularly strong and it was a close contest for popularity between the happily known junior and his friend "Con." The party who christened Dooey "the elevator boy" must have been in a pleasant frame of mind. An ex-policeman was an interested spectator and his neighbors in the same business, looked on with him. The floor manager was right in his element and even when the fun stopped kept it up on his own account and it is rumored had some slight difference with the police. The affair could not be considered in the light of a house warming since the auctioneer had been in evidence in the afternoon but called by any name, "garden party" or any old thing it seemed to have pleased those present.

Celestial City's Wonderful Ringer.

There is a well-known young man up in Fredericton who is somewhat of a wonder as a bicyclist. Not only does he carry one empty sleeve, but he is unfortunately possessed of a wooden leg. Still he speeds along on his silent steed as if he were complete in every part of his anatomy. To strangers in town this young man is somewhat of a phenomenon, but by this time the people living up there are quite used to seeing him.

Too Pretty a Uniform for the Klondike.

The returned Klondike soldiers are rivalling the Paardeberg heroes at Fredericton in popularity, not because they captured any Cronjes or Bothas, but on account of their very nobby uniform. With heavy tan boots laced up almost to the knees, navy blue riding breeches, scarlet tunic and rough rider hats, they look handsome. Their belts and other accoutrements add greatly to the general nattiness and gaiety of the outfit.

Fredericton's Wandering Cows.

The people up in Fredericton have a new grievance. Ever since the enterprising Tourist Association requested the people to remove the fences from in front of their pretty houses and lawns, the cows of the community have held high carnival. Instead of grazing in their accustomed pastures on the outskirts of the town, or in their own backyards, these frolicsome kine meander up and down the prettily shaded streets and eat to their heart's content of the good things they find in the many vegetable gardens, not to mention the damage they do flower beds, well-kept hedges and velvety lawns. You can almost discern a merry twinkle in their eyes as they slowly but designedly wander toward some succulent patch. Such a snap they never dreamed of, and in cowdom nowadays the "happy hunting ground" is Fredericton, so the efforts of the Tourist Association in having that place advertised have not been wholly in vain. The authorities have been interviewed on the subject of bovine invasion, and all the satisfaction the people can get from them is this: secure the cow, find its owner and lay a formal complaint. Some citizens are suggesting the importation of a wild western cowboy to round up the wandering herd once or twice a day, but as yet the people have not altogether caught on to the idea. Some however have stuck out this warning:

Any Cow Found on these Premises Will be Severely Milked.

REV. J. C. B. APPEL.

Pastor M. E. Christian Church—(See Page Eight.)

go out and interview him on the number of souls he has saved since his last visit here. He'll treat you right."

The new reporter went straightway to hunt up his man, and after finding him was led into the paths of recitived by the "evangelist" who laughed until his mezzotone voice almost cracked.

A Good Time at the Border.

When Mr. J. M. Johnson was in St. John there was always good race meetings, frequently, it must be said at a loss to him. Now that he is on the border St. Stephen and Calais are getting the benefit of his enterprise. Next Wednesday is the first day of August and the Calais races are on. The 2 19 class has choice entries, ten starters being named and there are nine in the 2 30 class. The 62nd Fusiliers band has an excursion going by the

Drinks That Make Maniacs.

"The difference between civilized and uncivilized man," said the Major, looking lovingly into his glass, "is seen no where more clearly than in the matter of drinks. The follower of civilization drinks for the flavor, as an offering to his refined sense of taste, and the effect is a side issue, a very undesirable side issue, I may say, occasionally. The man who is beyond the confines of civilization drinks for the effect purely and drinks savagely until he gets it."

"How does that distinction work in the case of the confirmed inebriate?" asked the lawyer. "He isn't likely to care much what he swallows provided he can get properly drunk on it."

"Proves my point," replied the Major. "A confirmed inebriate isn't within the pale of civilization, hardly within the pale of humanity, in fact. The noble red man of the plains, with whom I have had some experience, here the Major rubbed an arm which has never been quite as good as new since a Sioux arrow broke against the bone, 'is a confirmed inebriate by nature and also in practice whenever he can get hold of the material to confirm himself. Like an ex-civilized dipsomaniac in the last stages he would prefer a pint of cheap, raw new whiskey to the choicest vintages to be found in the cellars of this club."

"And he would probably make less trouble and fuss by the quicker process of his cheap whiskey," suggested the doctor, who has had opportunities to study the liquor habit.

"Well, he misses the intermediate stages of course," said the Major. "Still, a big buck with his skin full of alcoholic poison isn't as pleasant a man to meet as a friend who is looking for you to pay up his last night's losses."

"I agree with the doctor's general proposition," put in the railroad man. "The longer it takes a man to accumulate a hard case of jag, the worse it is for those around him. The meanest jags I have ever seen are those acquired on hard cider, and I've seen plenty of them up in Connecticut, where they don't drink much of anything else. You never can tell just what notion a hard cider case is going to take into his head, but on general principles it's safe to assume that he's going to try to murder somebody before he's through. It's a slow jag and a mean one."

"If it's any meaner than a cheap alcohol performance I don't want to see it," said a young broker who had strolled into the circle. "I ran into that experience last fall up in the wilds of Canada where I fell in with a camp of Frenchmen who were getting logs down the river. One of them came back from the nearest town with a bottle of raw alcohol and he and his pal diluted it with water and filled up on it. They were both little men but they cleaned out that camp in a shake and for five minutes they did a devil's dance around the place that I wouldn't care to see repeated. Then both of them collapsed in a heap and it was a job to save their lives."

"Must be something like wood alcohol," remarked the lawyer. "That's the great drink in Pennsylvania woodland districts where they have the acid factories. One good-sized drink of wood alcohol would, I suppose, lay out any of us cold." The doctor nodded. "Those fellows down there go on regular bats on that poison and they get so that regular whiskey isn't strong enough for them. A wood alcohol drunk is a pretty dubious proposition. He's likely to be weeping on your neck and telling you his troubles one minute and the next he'll have a knife between your ribs. It's rather a slow process for those fellows who are pickled in the stuff and you can always tell a man who has the habit by a curious shiny appearance of the skin about the eyes and a drawn expression of the face as if his skin were too tight for him."

"It kills in time," said the doctor. "Methyl alcohol isn't good for the interior. I've seen much the same symptoms in my practice here, though from a different variety of stimulant. That's bay rum."

"Come, come," exclaimed the Major, "you don't mean to tell us that any such person drinks bay rum?"

"I wouldn't swear to the same part of it" answered the doctor. "It depends what your definition of sanity is; but I've had more patients than I can stop to reckon up here, who had the bay rum habit. All women, and all refined women. It isn't a pleasant feature of my practice," added the physician with a wry face.

"I saw a man go under once from this Chinese stuff, saki," said the man about town. "He had a curiosity to try it and as he had a copper lined stomach and a fire

proof head, he was sure he could keep pace with the Chinamen who were hitting it up in the Mott street restaurant where he went. After about three whacks at it my friend decided that he was Jess and tried to do a ceremonial dance with one of the big dragons painted on the wall. The Chinamen who had drunk three to his one, very kindly helped me to get him out of the place and strongly advised me against running him up against that variety of rum again. "No pity good for Mexican man," they said, and I guess they were right."

"Foreign concoctions are the deuce and all for a white man," agreed the globe trotter. "I tackled pulque once down in Mexico, and though I didn't take as much as the average greaser would consider a fair starter for a day's work, it put me out of business for nearly a week. As a friend that sticketh faster than a brother, that stuff beats anything I know of. But after all, for pure frenzy there's nothing like the religious drunk of the Mohammedan in India. I don't know what liquor they mix their religion with, but it seems to be something mighty powerful and when a batch of them breaks loose and heads for paradise, any stranger within their gates wants to climb a tree and yell for the police. In the course of my wanderings I've seen pretty much everything in that line, but the fanatical jag is by far the worst I've seen yet, and I guess I've encountered, at least one case of ever kind there is going, except the doctor's bay rum."

"Did any of you ever happen to run across a cinnamon drunk?" asked a young civil engineer who had been listening to the tale.

"Can't say I ever did," replied the globe trotter, suspiciously. "Must be something like a chewing gum orgy, isn't it?"

"Not just exactly," said the civil engineer. "It's not so mild as it sounds, and it has this peculiarity, that a man never gets drunk on cinnamon more than once."

"Lose his taste for it?" asked the Major.

"Well, yes, in a sense," replied the other. "and for anything else, There's always a funeral after a cinnamon drunk. If

it's a mild drunk only the celebrators are buried; quite often, however, some of their friends are planted with them."

"Somebody has been putting up a game on you," said the doctor. "A man can't get drunk on cinnamon."

"Can't he?" said the civil engineer quietly. "Well, you needn't call it drunk if you don't want to. Perhaps it's a form of mania; but the cinnamon is the agency. Nobody put up a game on me, because I happened to see a case of it myself last summer and it wasn't by any means an extraordinary case either. I was doing some surveying down in the forest region of West Virginia and had got out of my reckoning when I ran across a bridge path that took me to a lumber camp. It was the Fourth of July and nobody was working, but I could see the minute I got there that something was wrong and everybody was worried. The superintendent of the camp told me I was very welcome if I wanted to stay, but that there was likely to be trouble before the day was over, because the camp store had been broken into the night before and the supply of cinnamon extract had been stolen. Nothing else had been taken, so they knew that some of the boys were out for a cinnamon drunk. Two of the biggest and best lumbermen in camp were missing and when they came back it would be a case of look out."

"I can't get it into my head, what they do it for," said the superintendent. "We've had a dozen cases in this region in a couple of years, and the men know its sure death, but every now and then some of 'em break loose. Jed and Horace are sure to be back by evening and I'd advise you to get down to the river and fish till then. There's mighty good bass fishing there and if you stay here you're liable to see things that'll make you sorry you came."

"I'd heard about the cinnamon drunk before, and I made up my mind that as long as there was one on I'd see it. Besides, from having to be so much in the wilds I'd learned a little about medical practice, and I thought I might be of some use. About 3 o'clock in the afternoon, when the thermometer might have been somewhere about 100, there was a roaring from back of the camp, and everybody said, 'Here they come.' A couple of minutes later two of the most terrific creatures I ever laid eyes on burst out of the underbrush. Both were big men, over six feet tall, and both were stark naked

and bleeding from hundreds of scratches where they had plunged through wild blackberry patches. One of them brandished an axe, and the other had a small log, which he handled as if it were a feather. As they came into the clearing they let out another roar, and I give you my word there was nothing human in it. These lumbermen are pretty tough specimens, and it isn't easy to scare them, but the whole crowd broke and ran for the thicket of the cover when those madmen hove into view, except the superintendent and myself. I suppose the reason I stood my ground was that I was too amazed and paralyzed to start. The superintendent felt that, as captain of the outfit, he had to stay; so he just drew his revolver and waited. The man with the axe made straight for me. I thought it was murder, sure, and I jumped for a tree to dodge around it, but the man never changed his course, and then I saw that his eyes were red, and he probably didn't notice me or anything else. Have any of you ever seen a rabid dog run? Well, this man ran like a rabid dog. He wasn't after anything in particular, but if anything got in his way it was all day with it. Three times he rushed around that clearing following and then went down in a heap."

"Meantime the other man was pursuing an entirely different course. With his club held up he went sneaking along by the big shack where the man slept, as if he were looking for something. All of a sudden he swung the great piece of wood back, rushed toward the front wall and let the thing go like a battering ram. It went clean through the wall as if the house were built of paper. Then the cinnamon drunk turned and rushed back across the clearing with the speed of an express train. Both the superintendent and I yelled at him, for we saw what was going to happen, but you might as well have called to a mad bull. He went headforemost into a big oak tree and fell dead. I suppose his neck was broken. I went over to attend to the first man, who was lying face downward and breathing heavily. His face was streaked and bleached with purple and red, and you could hardly see his eyes. I started in to do what I could, while the superintendent blew the horn to let the other men know it was all over."

"There's no use you're trying to help him," said he. "He'll be dead in an hour."

"And he was. He died with his eyes open, rigid, like a man in convulsions."

There were other details just before the end that I have since been industriously trying to forget—they were such that some of the men lay down and cried, and others begged the superintendent to shoot the sufferer and put him out of his agony. When I got back to the nearest city, some forty miles away, I saw a paragraph in the local paper headed, "Two More Dead of Cinnamon. If any peepie," he concluded, looking at the doctor, "doubts the facts I have got the clipping with some other clippings on the same subject at home."

"It is up to me," admitted the doctor. "Gentlemen, in ordering kindly confine yourselves to the beverages of civilization."

DANGEROUS PERSONS.

Hunting the Leopard in a Sport Franchise With Danger.

Old Joe Massey, a famous hunter of Natal, some of whose reminiscences are printed in the Cape Magazine, was paying a visit to his old friend Jim Neil, who had given up elephant hunting and settled in the thickly wooded country, which borders the Mooi River. On account of the depredations of a wayward leopard, the settler had been compelled to confine his sheep at night in a shed built of rough stones. Even this precaution had proved ineffectual.

One day, after the arrival of Massey, Neil returned from town with a huge steel trap. But the leopard disappeared for a time, and the men were about to let the flock sheep outside again when the natives reported another victim. Thereupon the trap was set, and the next night an excited native rushed in.

"Bass, bass! De teiger out! De teiger out!" he cried.

Seizing their guns, the two hunters rushed out. It was a dark night, the natural obscurity being increased by a thick mist. Neil called for a light and a native presently brought a lantern. Guided by its rays, they entered the enclosure and flashed the light on the trap.

A huge leopard was crouching by it, its eyes flashing in the darkness. Neil took careful aim and fired. The leopard which had been caught by its hind leg, bounded up with a roar, and in its wild rush tore up one of the stakes that secured the trap. Then with desperate energy it threw itself from side to side to work clear of the snare.

At this juncture the native, in his fright dropped the lantern, and the hunters were left in darkness, in close proximity to the fierce animal. It was not a pleasant position, but eventually a Zulu put a large lantern on the end of a whip-stick and passed it over into the enclosure. The writer says:

"I heard a report, and can now recall the wild roar of mingled fury and triumph with which the leopard, freeing himself by a last tremendous effort, dashed past me and sprung upon Neil. In the fitful light I could hardly make out the old man, as with gun clubbed he fought off the savage brute."

"Again man and beast struggled into the light and then disappeared as the rolled together on the floor of the kraal. I was afraid to fire, as the least mistake might be fatal to my companion, yet immediate action was necessary, for the old man's strength was ebbing fast."

"Bearing the lantern aloft, and holding my gun pistol wise, I approached the combatants. A chance move of the leopard's as he gained the ascendancy exposed his body, and I drew the trigger. The charge a heavy one of slugs, passed through his lions, and with a growl he loosened his hold and slunk away into the darkness."

"With the assistance of the natives, I carried Neil into the house, and although much scratched and torn, he was soon on a fair way to recovery. The leopard was found in the morning dead near by, and the old man almost forgot his wounds in contemplating the animal's skin."

A Guide to Character.

"You can tell a man's disposition by noticing what he drinks," said the observant boarder. "Now, a man who drinks milk is always pleasant and agreeable."

"That is not to be wondered at," put in the young man who does not care what happens to him; "the cow is naturally kind-hearted."

"I can recommend the traction cars as health restorers," said the lean man. "I got in one this afternoon, and in a half hour's ride increased my weight considerably."

"How do you account for it?"

"Well, for one thing, I tendered the conductor a two dollar bill and received a bushel of coin in exchange."

HORSES AND CATTLE have colic and cramps. Pain-Killer will cure them every time. Half a bottle in hot water repeated a few times. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis'. 25c. and 50c.

THE SCHOOLMASTER.

re other details just before the have since been industriously forget—they were such that some lay down and cried, and others the superintendent to shoot the and put him out of his agony. got back to the nearest city, a mile away, I saw a paragraph of paper headed, "Two More Deaths. If any skeptic, he looking at the doctor, "doubts have got the clipping with some things on the same subject at to me," admitted the doctor. in, in ordering kindly confine to the beverages of civilization."

Music and The Drama

SONS AND SIBYLS. The well known concert pianist Mary Krebs died a week or two ago in Dresden. It is said the Yvette Guilbert is very ill and may never be able to again go on the stage.

Word comes from Europe that Patti will visit America unprofessionally this winter.

Madame Calas, Delas and Guirandon will originate the female roles in Brunson's new opera.

The Dutch violinist Max Muesel is shortly to leave his native country for an extended tour.

Albert the grand opera baritone and Helena Noldi, the soprano, are singing at Atlantic city in a series of band concerts.

Robert Grau has made an offer to Lady Francis Hope (May Yobe) and she may appear in vaudeville in the states next season.

The eighty five year old German poet Dr. Heinrich Kruse has been made Chevalier by the German Emperor for the completion of his tragedy, Konig Heinrich VII.

Francis Wilson will appear next season in a new opera entitled Boolee Booboom, book by Cheever Goodwin and music by Ludwig Englander. The scene is laid in India.

Henry W. Savage who is now in Europe has engaged Clarence Whitehall, the basso, for the Grand-Savage season of opera in New York. Minnie Tracy, an American soprano, has also been engaged for the organization.

Since Calve has announced her intention of leaving the operatic for the dramatic stage, her example it is said to be followed by Marie Tempest and Rose Caron, the great interpreter of Selamambo, Elco and Elizabeth in Paris.

Miss Pierre Noel, a young American prima donna who made her debut under royal patronage in London with success a few seasons ago, will shortly make her first professional appearance in America. James Morrissey who made famous more than one prima donna is Mrs. Noel's manager.

Rudolph Aronson has gone to Europe to consult with Edward Strauss about his forthcoming tour of the United States. The programme of 100 concerts will be decided upon. Mr. Aronson will also close contracts for the principals of Wiener But which will be presented in New York next fall.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

The Wooing of Mrs. Van Cott is the attraction at the opera house today. It opened a short engagement on Thursday evening and closes with a matinee and evening performance today. It is one of John Ernest McCann's brightest pieces of work and a competent cast is presenting it here, prominent among the names being that of Eugene Jepson, who was here with F. T. Frawley and who has since made for himself a name which stands high in the profession. Although the company appeared too late in the week for any extended notice, there is every reason to believe The Wooing of Mrs. Van Cott will be an event of the midsummer season, and at the time of writing everything points towards a successful engagement.

H. Price Webber arrived in the city this week for a short visit and was given a hearty reception by his numerous friends. Price seems to have discovered the secret of perpetual youth, for he never seems to grow a day older, and as some one remarked to Progress this week he looks younger than ever this year.

The Boston-Sunday Post contains an excellent picture of Edmund L. Breece, well known here, and has the following to say of him: "Edmund Breece who joins the Castle Square company this week is a young actor whose personality and training peculiarly fit him for this work. Although still under 30 years of age he has been for three years James O'Neill's leading man, performing the robust roles that have grown so popular with theatre goers. Mr. Breece made his professional debut in the west in 1892, playing leading roles in a repertoire company and for three seasons he interpreted a wide range of characters in standard dramas. In 96-97 he played such heavy roles as Napoleon in Mmes Rhea's productions of Josephine and Lord Lester in Mary Stuart, but his greatest success was in Shylock. With James O'Neill he played Nordier in Manto Cristo and Grebaval in When Greek Meets Greeks, so it may be seen that by training and experience he is peculiarly fitted for the position he is to assume in Boston's favorite stock company. Mr. Breece intends in the near future to star and all his plans have been consummated with that end. There is small room for doubting his success when he does enter stellar ranks for he brings a force and dignity to his work that is rarely found in actors of even more experience. A few evenings ago a supper was given at The Touraine to welcome Mr. Breece to Boston, and his intimate friends presented him with a floral horseshoe with the words Good Luck in pretty design worked upon it. He was also the recipient at their hands of a handsome and well equipped travelling case."

Mr. Breece is only playing a special engagement with the Castle Square and next month begins rehearsal with James O'Neill in Manto Cristo. He may return to St. John before joining O'Neill.

Lawrence Brooks is playing leads with the Bennett-Moulton company.

The Evil Eye closed at Oakoh, Wis., on July 9.

Ida Conquest will be John Drew's leading next season.

May Irwin arrives in New York today from a pleasure trip to Europe.

Edward Harrigan will begin his starring tour in Old Lavender on Aug. 7.

May Figan has signed to appear next season with Anna Held in Papa's Wife.

Mr. and Mrs. James K. Hackett (Mary Manning) are spending the summer in the Rockies.

Ione Chamberlain will resume her part of the blind girl in "Dangerous Women" next season.

Joseph Hawthorth it is said will star next season in a new play "The Master Mind" by Alfred Aaron.

Albert Tavernier a clever actor seen here two or three years ago in Michael Strogoff is with Blaney & Vance this season.

Ilke Palmay, the Hungarian soubrette, will become aunt to the future emperor of Austria through her marriage to Count Kinaky.

Jessie Shirley is to star next season in The Sheaf of Arrows, J. H. Shephard's new play of colonial life, under the management of Harry W. Smith.

The White Mask a new drama by Meroy Dallas will be produced in Albany next month prior to its representation at a New York house in October.

Louis Mann and Clara Lipman will reopen the New York Garrick theatre on Sept. 19, presenting Leo Dietrichstein's new farce All on Account of Elias.

Zenaide Williams, last season leading juvenile with Mrs. Flaks, has been especially engaged to play Sylvia in A Bachelor's Romance in support of Tim Murphy.

Roland Reed will present Sydney Rosenfeld's play "A Modern Crisoe" when he opens the season of the Boston museum. Isidore Rush will be his leading lady.

Marilyn Arbuckle's stellar appearance next season in "A Gentleman from Texas" will provide a spectacular sensation in the way of introducing a stampede of cattle.

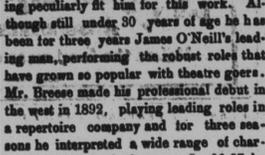
E. H. Russell will publish a book of the late Emery Everett Williams drawings of Indian tribes. The text is written by Mrs. Williams, who accompanied her husband to the west.

Davy Crockett made famous by the late Frank Mayo will go out again next season. Frank Cleaves will play the part of Crockett, and E. M. Gardiner will direct the tour.

Mamie Gehrue, a pretty Kentucky girl, made one of the great hits in "An American Beauty" in London. Upon her return to New York she will be featured in one of the Casino productions.

Samuel French is about to issue The American Dramatist's Club Series of Plays which will include the work of such members of the club as may choose to give their plays to the reading public.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 28.

Subscribers who do not receive their paper Saturday morning are requested to communicate with the office.—Tel. 95.

ACCIDENTS ON ELECTRIC RAILWAYS.

We know something of street railway accidents in St. John, but considering the many steep grades the infrequency of such occurrences reflects credit upon the management. Forty persons were killed in Tacoma a few days ago evidently because sufficient precautions had not been taken, and when we think of the steep King street and Indian town grades the necessity for vigilance must impress itself upon us. The Tacoma disaster was occasioned by the car becoming unmanageable while running down a steep grade. The outer rail of the curve was badly worn. Under such conditions the brake equipment should have been perfect. According to The Railroad Gazette, duplicate brake apparatus should have been provided. The brake question, says our contemporary, is a question of life and death, on every trip down such a hill as the one on which this fearful accident occurred. The steam railways have in 60 years learned by costly experience to guard fairly well against crushing wheels overhead of passengers at once, especially as far as derailment on grades is concerned. The Gazette, in making a comparison between the equipment of steam and trolley railways, says: "With an engine, a baggage car and two or three passenger cars, we may be careless with the brakes and still kill only a half dozen, where the same carelessness on a street car, run singly, will kill a score; with five men on a train familiar with and having some control of the (hand) brakes, recklessness is only one fifth as likely to be punished by disaster as when the whole braking power is in one man; with 100 passengers packed in a light frame 30 foot car a derailment is pretty sure to be more fatal than where 40 passengers are carried in a strong 60 foot car, with other cars and an engine in front of it; with the whole responsibility centred in one motorman's elementary common sense would decide that the training of the man should be better than that of the ordinary brakeman, whereas the fact seems to be that usually it is not so good. It is perhaps brutal to consider the protection of human life on this mathematical basis, but repeated examples of transportation companies waiting until they kill a score of passengers before adopting safeguards which had long been known to be necessary seem to make it the only appropriate basis."

The superintendents of all electric railways cannot be too particular about the efficiency of their brakes and the condition of the rails on grades and curves. The Government should insist on every electric railway adopting the most approved equipment for the safety of passengers. The Government inspection of electric railways running along the country highways is even more necessary than that of the steam railways. It is to be hoped that safety on the electric lines will be secured at a less sacrifice of life than has characterized the development of the steam lines during the 60 years of their existence.

"FUNGSHUI," according to a superstition prevalent among the Chinese, are certain spiritual influences acting in particular places, which may be friendly to one person and hostile to another. Hence to a Chinaman, it is of the greatest importance that his home, and more especially his burial-place shall be in that particular locality where the "Fungshui" are most favorably disposed toward him. This superstition, or sentiment, is scarcely cherished among the Chinese, and the dis-

regard of it shown by foreign engineers and railway promoters in running their lines through places thus venerated is one of the reasons given in explanation of the present frightful condition of affairs in China. Of course it only explains; it excuses none of the atrocities that have excited the horror of the whole world.

A body of scientists recently discussed the age at which a child is most interesting. The general opinion finally fixed on two years as the time when the unfolding from babyhood to childhood exhibits the most constant and pleasant surprises. In connection with this scientific opinion, it is notable that photographers regard two years as the worst age to take a "time-exposure" picture. A younger child will, to an extent, "stay put," and so can be photographed; a child above that age respects such directions as, "Keep still for just a minute." The little two year old has all the alertness and activity of youth without being able to see the wisdom of listening to the artist's requests.

DR WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFS, in a recent article on Japan, speaks of the rapid growth of its already overcrowded population, and adds that the Japanese, who have heretofore been largely vegetarians, are now beginning to eat a good deal of meat. A meat-eating population makes greater demands upon the land of a country than does a nation of vegetarians. A piece of best-kept represents the growth of an animal during many months in which it has been eating grass and other crops from a wide range of territory; a dish of oatmeal is man's direct use of a vegetable product.

THE SOUTH AMERICAN COUNTRIES used to be dismissed with a few lines in the old geographies, but now they keep the statisticians very busy. A training ship, carrying forty boys who will one day be officers in the navy of the Argentine Republic, visited this country last month. Within the memory of living men, the Argentine Republic had no navy—indeed, there was no Argentine Republic.

THE FIENDISH SCORCHER.

He is the terror of Main Street People and Frederictonians.

Its a wonder somebody is not killed every once and a while on the St John streets by bicycle scorcher. The police seem utterly negligent of this element of danger, but chase wildly after every horse that is driven at other than a moderate trot.

Main street, North End, is a favorite racetrack for the wheeling fiend. He starts at the head of the St. Lukes church hill and instead of "back-peddalling," or applying the brake on the steep down grade he struggles to put on more power, and with this increased momentum his wheel veritably sings its flash-like way to the foot of the hill.

Then the velocity of a train is maintained on the level stretch until the next hill is reached, and this too is traversed like a lightning express, to the terror of teamsters and street crossers, and the breathlessness of bystanders.

Bicyclists come from different parts of town to parade their speeding abilities before the crowds who traverse Main street, and especially in the early evening do they hold their whirlwind meets. A few evenings ago one scorcher got a nasty toss on account of a small obstruction, which under ordinary speed would easily have been overcome. The crowd said it served him right. An eight-year old girl was knocked down by another bent-over wheeler a few nights previous, while on the Baptist church hill on Main street, while an Indian town youth came very nearly "passing in his checks" as a result of a fall from his scorching apparatus.

But still they will do it. A few police court examples of some of these fiendish riders would have a wholesome effect on the vast majority of them. Or else the civic authorities might arrange with the owners of Moospath Park to hold a frequent scorcher's day when all the speed-inclined enthusiasts of the noiseless equine might congregate and scorch one another to death—a new angled Inferno, as it were.

Fredericton would make some generous contributions to this establishment if it were started, wouldn't you Fredericton?

So Say We all of Us.

The Presque Isle, Maine, Star Herald thus speaks of our friend, H. Price Webber, and it is a just tribute to "the man with the genial smile." "Mr. Price Webber, the well known and highly popular comedian and manager of the Boston Comedy Company, is spending a few days in town 'off duty.' Mr. Webber is as odd and unique and wital as interesting and entertaining a character as one often meets. A man of ready and original wit and humor, he is also

more than this; under the surface of his quaint, rich drollery, he is a man of much keenness of mind and serious thought and reflection. He has read a good deal, been a close observer in his knock-about career as a theatrical manager, and there are few who have the results of their reading and observation and experience so readily available for all purposes of argument and rejoinder as has Mr. Webber. Men have been known to run up against Price in matters of difference of views under the impression that he was a good deal under average size and easily brushed aside, and have left him convinced that he weighed a ton. To summarize Price he is a little man full of vim, with the pluck of a terrier, thoroughly honest chookful of sociability and good fellowship, and a man whose theatrical wares are all ways "all wool and a yard wide." Mr. Webber will fill an engagement in Music Hall, Presque Isle, covering the dates of the Annual Fall "Price Webber is in St. John at present n one of his serio-comic visits.

The Decline of the Drama.

The Lunenburg, N. S., Argus, has the following notice of a company which recently gave a performance in that town. This may open the eyes of some of the show managers, and give them a reason why they are not better patronized in some towns, sometimes.

"The Joshua Simpkins Co. performed here on Friday night to a full house. Dickens once wrote that 'America had a population of 30,000,000, mostly fools.' and we have no reason to doubt the correctness of the statement were it applied to Lunenburg. The whole show was the veriest rot. Not one sensible, instructive, entertaining act or word throughout the whole performance. Slang, profanity, and execrable music, constituted the whole bill of fare, and it was no wonder that the larger part of the audience was disgusted.

And the Chatham N. B Commercial has this to say of Duffy's Jubilee, which exhibited there on July 19:

"An exceptionally large audience greeted Duffy's Jubilee, Thursday night. It was after nine o'clock before the play started, and as there was no orchestra the crowd grew weary and impatient. The show was anything but a refined one. The Company made a big scoop and that was all it wanted."

JOYS AND PAINS OF OTHER PLACES.

And the Circus Manager Swores.

(Campbellton Events.) The pay car delayed its visit until after the circus. Where's the Sheriff's Dunes? (Campbellton Events.) Sneak thieves are again at work. They're relieving some clothes lines at the end of the town of some valuable articles. Suspicion rests on certain individuals and a close watch will be kept on them in future.

Now He's Sorry That He Drank.

(St. Col's Courier.) One young man wishes now that he had taken the advice of his friends to 'go 'ome' on Saturday evening. His failure to appreciate the advice when it was given cost him a plunge in the briny.

Mint Juleps are Better, but—

(Springhill Advertiser.) Don't drink too many ice cream sodas is the advice of the doctors, but it is a mean youth who will quote this advice to his best girl.

There's one Paper With a "Pull" Anyway.

(St. Andrews Beacon.) The Senate threw out the government bill to reduce postage on newspapers, chiefly because it might hurt injury to the leading organ of the Conservative party, the Montreal Star.

Get Mad, and Don't go to Church.

(Annapolis Spectator.) Talk about woman's rights! The girls can wear shirt waists to church, but if the men and boys were to seek an equal degree of comfort by taking off their coats, the preacher would read the riot act, and the sexton would promenade the aisles with a club.

Chatham's Subterranean Passages.

(Chatham World.) Workmen have been very busy, of late, in relaying plank crossings. The planks are laid level with the surface of the road way, and in rainy weather they will be two or three inches below. It is when roads are muddy that crossings are wanted, and at such times Chatham crossings are cut of sight. When there is no mud crossings are not needed. Our plank crossings are therefore, purely ornamental, and not at all useful. If they were laid two or three inches above the surface the owners of fast horses would have to slow up at them or be jolted, and so the old style of putting them under and continues. The money that is spent on such crossings is thrown away as the crossings are no good when crossing are needed.

The R-d Man's "Burden."

(Digby Courier.) The selling of liquor to Indians and missions is not only against the law, but it is a particularly mean and reprehensible offense. The other day the Toronto Court of Appeal gave judgment in the now celebrated case of the Queen against Murdoch. The latter was convicted of selling liquor on the Brantford Indian Reserve, and sentenced to six months' imprisonment. He appealed to quash the conviction, and Mr. Justice Street, before whom the appeal came, decided that the punishment did not fit the crime, and increased the sentence to nine months. Murdoch appealed to the Court of Appeal, and on Friday last that court approved of Mr. Justice Street's action. The case is the first in Canada in which a sentence has been increased on an appeal to quash it.

Umbrellas Made, Re-covered, Repaired

Duval 17 Waterloo.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER. ABSOLUTELY PURE. Makes the food more delicious and wholesome. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

VERBS OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

The Di-criminant.

Give me no colonial, give me no best-selling. For I'm told Emotional Studies are the only things to read.

Questions of the Inner Ego by some stylish woman writ. Analytic introspection of capacities is it.

Morbidly than Henry James', capabler than Meredith's. See the Elementary Heroines struggling like Helene's myths!

Oh, the joy of knowing surely how an elemental like. Is affected by emotion of an elemental kind!

Oh, the deep delight of learning just what's psychically true. By impressive demonstration from a subtle point of view!

What extraordinary insights and reactions most complex. Follow elemental kisses from the elemental sex.

And ecstasy unspeakable through simple souls is lent. When the physical and physical are rebelliously bent.

And how deeply we Discriminating Readers have like. The poetry of th' Impalpable eff-ctively employed.

So give me no more novels of historical import, No frivolous romances of a waxy-waxy sort; No stores of adventure or tales of hidden crime, For on these themes Discriminating Persons waste no time.

And through my baser nature all longingly may look. Toward Howells' new novel or Kipling's latest book; Though in a thoughtless moment it seems to me I'd like. To read of Tommy's Grisel or of Stringtown on the Pike.

Such desires I sternly banish, for I'm bound at any rate. In my fictional selection I will discriminate; And nothing written shall my literary palate please But a Psychic impressivity in subtle harmonies.

Let Alone.

It's the loneliness home I ever saw. This big gray house where I stay— I don't call it livin' at all, at all— Since my m'other went away.

Four long weeks ago, an' it seems a year; 'Gone home,' my hair teacher said. An' I ache in my breast with wantin' her, An' my eyes are always red.

I stay out-of-doors till I'm almost froze, 'Cause every corner of my room Seems empty except to frickin' a boy An' filled to the doors w' a gloom.

I hate them to call me in to my meals, Sometimes I think I can't bear To swallow a mouthful of saythin' An' her not sittin' up there.

A-pourin' the tea, an' passin' the things, An' laughin' to see my take Two big lumps of sugar instead of one, An' more than my share of cake.

There's no one to go to when things go wrong; she was always so safe an' sure. Why, not a trouble could tackle a boy 'Till she come an' set 'em 'ure.

I'm too big to be kissed; I need to say, Somehow I don't feel right, Crawlin' into bed as still as a mouse— Nobody sayin' good night.

An' tuckin' the clothes up under my chin, An' pullin' my hair back an' sayin', 'Tuck a boy makes fun of before his chums, But things that he likes, you know.

I can't make out for the life of me Why she should have to go. An' the boy left here in this old gray house, A-needin' an' wantin' her so.

There are lots of women seems to me 'Tat wouldn't be missed so much— Women whose boys are all about grown up, An' old maid unites, and such.

I tell you the very looniest thing In this great big world to day Is to see a ten whose heart is broke 'Cause his mother is goin' away.

In Calico.

They're singin' the song of the girl in pink, And the song of the girl in white, But the stars are a few who have praised the true Goddess of Love and Light; The household fairy whom we all know, And knowin' her love her the better so— The girl in the garment of calico, Dainty an' sweet and bright.

The bloom of her cheeks, the light in her eyes, Is her beauty and title of health; An' I day after day in a mad d' way Her seamstress' better than wealth. Old-fashioned? Yes, and we wish her so 'For just like her mother in calico, With the gentle trails of the years ago She's takin' our hearts by stealth.

So, in nocturn of roses I pledge To our dear girl in pink and in white; To their eyes and their hair and their ways debonaire I offer my homage lowlyly. Yet, deep in my heart I feel and know, A lovelier being continues to grow For the girl in the wrapper of calico, Dainty an' sweet and bright.

My Wishes.

I recall the tales of Grimm, I was always fond of him, From recesses rather dim And I think the best they come. When they granted wishes ad libitum.

While the price one had to pay 'Just upon a certain day To surrender what one may Call his soul. If it seems unduly high, Yet in certain cases I think I'd rather like to try.

On the whole, I would take my wishes three, Paying cheerfully the fee (As you surely will agree I should do); No Anathema I'd cast On the folly of the past, For my wishes, first and last, Would be—you.

Young Storekeeper.

A six-year-old boy who had been left by his father, a village merchant, to keep an eye on the store while the father went to the post-office to mail a letter, was standing with much dignity on a box behind the counter when another urchin of about his own age entered.

"I'm keepin' store," he said, loftily. "That aint nothin' hard to do," retorted

the visitor, resenting the implied superiority.

"It's more than you ever done." "I don't have to do it; but I could."

"Hub! What do you know about the store business, anyhow?" "You talk as if a fellow had to know a whole lot."

"He has got to know lots more'n you do. Say, do you know what 'B. S.' means?" "No."

"I do. It means six cents. Do you know what 'O. J.' means?" "No."

"I do. It means eighteen cents. Do you know what—"

But here the senior proprietor of the establishment returned, just in time to prevent this ambitious young man of business from giving away the entire cost-mark.

Didn't Get It: Money's Worth.

He came into the police office, his hands clobbered, his jaws knotted and his eyebrows swooping downward toward the bridge of his nose.

"Say!" he bawled in resonant tones. "Well?" said the captain.

"How much do you charge in a case of assault and battery?" "Ten dollars."

"You can't take the stuffings out of a man for that, can't you?" "Possibly."

"Can a fellow pay his fine in advance?" "Sure."

The visitor laid two fives on the desk. "I'm going to lick a man bad, and I don't want any interference of the police while I do it." And he stalked out, muttering.

Half an hour afterward a man came in. Both his eyes were puffed and green, his nose sagged, his clothing looked like Chilun-Chilonides' before he acquired Nero's favor.

"Say," he said gently, "do you recognize me?" "Can't say as I do."

"I'm the man who came in here half an hour ago and paid a fine in advance."

"Oh! Well, what do you want now?" "Would you mind giving me \$9.95 back?"

Easily Arranged.

Patrick is a big policeman whose good humor and promptness in emergencies have endeared him to the people in the suburban ward over which he is guardian angel.

One day he noticed that a street workman was leaving an unsightly pile of dirt and gravel at the side of the road.

"Come, now, you can't leave that heap there!" said Patrick, sternly. "Well, I've no place to put it," said the workman.

"You can't leave it here," persisted Patrick. "What'll I do with it, then?" asked the workman, sullenly.

"Do with it!" echoed Patrick. "Dig a hole in the road, to be sure, man, and bury it!"

Rebuking the Doctor.

Doctor (weary with unsuccessful efforts to cure patient)—Well, I've just one more remedy to try in your case, and if this doesn't help you nothing will.

Patient—Why didn't your frankly tell me that in the first place, doctor? If nothing will help me, I could of taken that at the start and saved the expense of your attentions.

Mrs. Chiffon's Turn.

"Is your collector honest?" asked Mrs. Dowdtown of her milliner merely as a matter of curiosity.

"I don't know" responded Mrs. Chiffon. "I have sent her to you with my bills a dozen times and she has never yet given me the money."

F. K. Duck Orash.

And all other ladies wearing apparel done beautifully. Shirts, collars and cuffs look handsome after leaving our hands. Work delivered when wanted. Ungars Laundry Dyeing and Carpet Cleaning Work. Telephone 58.

The conversation had assumed a literary vein when the dressmaker entered. The drug clerk, wishing to draw her into the discussion, asked:—"What do you think of 'Excelsior,' Miss Sitcher?"

"Oh, my!" she said; "Excelsior is out of date long ago. Braided wire is the favorite now."

As no one knew who wrote Braided Wire, the conversation went back to 'Que Vadis'.

BAKING POWDER

...resenting the implied superior... more than you ever done... on't have to do it; but I could...

...Did't get it; Money's Worth... came into the police office, his hands... his jaws knotted and his eyebrows...

...What'll I do with it, then? asked the... man, sullenly. 'Do with it!' echoed Patrick...

...Is your collector honest? asked Mrs... 'downtown of her milliner merely as a mat...

...and all other ladies wearing apparel... beautifully. Shirts, collars and cuffs...

...the conversation had assumed a literary... when the dressmaker entered. The...



...Bass picnicking is quite a popular mode of enjoy... ment these delightful summer days, and so far...

...Pretty nearly all the Americans who visit our... city take in the sights to be seen out around Rock...

...The Iriquois Bicycle Club is a North End organiza... tion several months old, and members are being...

...Miss Katie Gerow arrived from Detroit, Mich... Wednesday, to spend a short visit with relatives in...

...Miss Mabel Olive, daughter of Mr. Miller Olive... formerly of this city but now residing in Lynn...

...On Monday morning next the trim yacht "Gracie... M" will sail away from Millidgeville on a ten day...

...Miss Bruce Somerville is visiting friends in the... city.

Advertisement for Fry's Pure Cocoa, featuring an illustration of a cocoa tin and the text 'CONCENTRATED SOLUBLE COCOA'.

...Miss B. Forbes of North End, is visiting in Fred... erickton.

...Mrs. Hargraves, Montreal, is visiting her par... ents, Mr and Mrs R. A. Courtney, Douglas Avenue...

...On Thursday evening a large party of young... people spent a delightful evening at the home of...

...The members of the Union Hose company No 2... held an informal reception at their rooms Tuesday...

...At 10 o'clock Tuesday morning the marriage of... Mr Frank M. Wortman and Miss Rosalie Robinson...

...The death of Mrs. F. H. C. Miles in the early part... of the week, came as a shock to a large circle...

...Conductor William J. Campbell of the I. C. R... died Wednesday afternoon at his home in Sumner...

...A quiet wedding took place at six o'clock... Wednesday morning, when Mr. Henry Rupp, bag...

...Latest styles of Wedding Invitations and... announcements printed in any quantities...

...Mrs. T. Godard who had been visiting her par... ents, Mr. and Mrs. Coleman of North End also her...

...Miss Macfarlane of Fairville who has been visit... ing at home for some weeks has returned to her...

...Mrs. Lyman King, of Malden, Mass., is visit... ing her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Theall...

...Miss Ethel and Alma Sullivan, of St. Stephen... are guests of Mrs. F. J. Quinn, Rockland Road...

...The members of the Union Hose company No 2... held an informal reception at their rooms Tuesday...

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...Latest styles of Wedding Invitations and... announcements printed in any quantities...

Advertisement for Wm. Rogers, 'If your left hand does know of your having made a gift—let us hope that the gift will have been good of its kind...'.

Advertisement for White's Confectionery, 'For Sale by all First-Class Dealers in Confectionery'.

Advertisement for Thread Corticelli Sewing Silk, 'Whenever and wherever there is a use for Thread Corticelli Sewing Silk is Best and Cheapest...'.

Advertisement for Allan's White Pharmacy, 'Prescriptions Are something that require the utmost care in dispensing...'.

Advertisement for White's Snowflakes, 'Don't take inferior goods; the best do not cost any more than inferior goods'.

Advertisement for St. Augustine, 'When You Want a Real Tonic ST. AGUSTINE'.

Advertisement for E. G. Scovill, 'E. G. SCOVILL, 62 Union Street'.

Advertisement for The Sun and The Sunday Sun, 'The Sun ALONE CONTAINS BOTH: Daily, by mail, \$6 a year'.



Baby's Own Soap

The "Albert" Toilet Soap Co's Baby's Own Soap makes youngsters, clean, sweet, and fresh.

It keeps their delicate skins in good order. Made entirely from vegetable fats, it is an emollient as well as a cleanser, and is as useful on a lady's toilet as in the nursery. Pleasant but exquisitely aseptic.

Beware of imitations.

Free Cure For Men.

new remedy which quickly cures sexual weakness, nocturnal emissions, premature discharge, etc., restores the system to strength and vigor. Dr. J. Knapp, 300 Hill Building, Detroit, Mich. Gladly free the receipt of this wonderful remedy in return for every weak man may cure himself at home.

Butouche Bar Oysters.

Received this day, 10 Barrels No. 1 Butouche Bar Oysters, the first of the Spring catch. At 19 and 23 King Square.

D. TURNER.

Scribner's FOR 1900

INCLUDES

J. M. BARRIE'S "Tommy and Fritz" (serial).

THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S "Oliver Cromwell" (serial).

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS'S fiction and special articles.

HENRY NORMAN'S "The Russia of To-day."

Articles by WALTER A. WYKOFF, author of "The Workers".

For Weak Kidneys.

Bladder and Urinary Troubles. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Pills Are of Incalculable Value—A Grateful and Unsolicited Testimonial.

The most painful and most fatal of diseases are those which attack the kidneys, bladder and urinary organs.

The symptoms of these disorders are not difficult to read, and there is no reason why anyone cannot diagnose their own ailments and apply the most successful treatment known to science—Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

Irregularity or difficulty in urinating, pains or weakness in the small of the back, deposits in the urine after it has stood for 24 hours, and the characteristic and unmistakable symptoms of kidney and bladder troubles.

Among the most dreadful developments of neglected kidney disease are stones in the bladder, which causes the most excruciating pain of any ailment known to man, and Bright's disease, a wasting away of the tissues of the kidneys which can only be stopped and cured when taken in its early stages.

To prevent these dreadful diseases the kidneys should always be kept in perfect order by the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney Liver Pills. No other treatment for kidney derangements was ever so successful, and none has such an enormous sale as Dr. Chase's Kidney Liver Pills. They are now used in the great majority of homes in Canada and the United States with most excellent and beneficial results and frequently prescribed by physicians when ordinary treatments fail.

Mr. Philbert Le Do x, Barnston, Que., writes:—I was for thirty years a sufferer from Kidney Disease. At times I could not obtain relief, and I found blood and dark deposit in my urine.

"I had consulted several well known physicians, but they did not cure me. Being several times advised by a friend to use Dr. Chase's Kidney Liver Pills, I decided to do so, and to day I go about my work as well as ever in my life, thanks to this wonderful medicine.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are specific for all kidney, bladder and urinary derangements and liver troubles. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

SHORT STORIES by

Thomas Nelson Page, Henry James, Henry van Dyke, Ernest Soton-Thompson, Edith Wharton, Octave Thanet, William Allen White.

SPECIAL ARTICLES

The Paris Exposition.

FREDERICK IRLAND'S articles on sport and exploration.

"HARVARD FIFTY YEARS AGO," by Senator Hoar.

NOTABLE ART FEATURES

THE CROMWELL ILLUSTRATIONS, by celebrated American and foreign artists.

Puis de Chavannes, by JOHN LAFARGE, illustrations in color.

Special illustrative schemes (in color and in black and white) by WALTER APPLETON CLARE, R. C. PRICHTHO, HENRY MONTGOMERY, DWIGHT L. ELMENDORF and others.

Illustrated Prospectus sent free to any address.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, Publishers, New York.

SUFFERING WOMEN

My treatment will cure... I have cured thousands of women... I have cured thousands of women... I have cured thousands of women...

Julia C. Richard, P.O. Box 996, Montreal.

CAMPBELLTON.

July 25.—Wm. Montgomery of Dalhousie who has just returned from Dawson City was in town on Sunday accompanied by his mother.

Mrs. A. G. Adams, Mrs. K. Adams and Mrs. James Gerrard are visiting friends at Dal River.

Rev. A. F. Orr, Rev. J. A. Ives and Messrs D. C. First, W. J. Appleton, E. H. Currie and J. T. Reid, Mrs. W. J. Appleton and Misses Nellie and Bertha Akker attended the Sunday School Convention at Dalhousie.

Miss Beatrice Carr, daughter of Judge Carr, Cassopolis, Michigan is visiting at the home.

Mr. W. Corbett, son of Rev. Theo. Corbett, Blackville, N. B. is visiting at the home.

O. Martin of St. Albans was in town this week.

Rev. A. F. Orr will be absent next Sabbath, having to preach before the Baptist Association at already mentioned in this column.

Chas. Cyr is spending a couple of days at Maria, where Mrs. Cyr and Miss Cyr are spending the summer.

Clyde Lutz has returned from Pasphebec and again resumed his duties in the Campbellton bank. A. N. Lyster is spending his vacation in Cape Cove. Mrs. Minnie Bruce and daughter are visiting friends in town.

NEWCASTLE.

July 26.—Miss Ella Danville, Boston, is visiting relatives in Chatham.

Miss Mary Corbett who has been visiting her parents here returned to Boston on Saturday.

Miss H. Weston, Amherst, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. F. F. Horton.

Mrs. Donald Morrison was the hostess at a small evening party at her residence, Pleasant street, Monday 26.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Whitson and child who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Fish returned to Detroit on Saturday.

Mr. Johnston of the Bank of N. & Scotia is spending his vacation in Prince Edward Island.

Mrs. M. H. McMillin entertained a few friends Tuesday evening.

Mrs. J. A. Rendell entertained a few friends last Wednesday evening.

Prof. Harrison organist of the Methodist church, Chatham, leaves tonight for Germany to complete his musical studies.

Mr. James Clarke is spending a few days at Jacques River.

Dr. William Russell of New York is visiting the Miramichi. Dr. Russell is a Douglastown boy and has not seen his native place for fifteen years. He was greatly pleased with the evident prosperity of Northumberland County.

ROBUSTON.

July 26.—Mrs. W. B. King of Aldershot, Eng., sister of Miss Sadie Baker of Moncton is in Halifax visiting her parents. Mrs. King has lived in England eleven years.

The many friends of Mr. Alex. Ford who has been visiting his daughter in Somerville, Mass. for the past few months, are pleased to see him in the city again looking so improved.

Mrs. J. C. Mahon of Moncton is visiting friends in Truro.

Miss Katherine Lawrence is visiting friends in Amherst.

Mrs. J. R. Brown of St. John is the guest of Mrs. A. E. Brown in Truro.

Mr. J. C. Patterson left Monday to spend a week or two with friends in St. Martin's.

Miss Daisy Bradley has returned from Amherst where she had been visiting friends for a few weeks.

Miss Bernice McLaughlin has returned to the city after spending a few days at her home in Hillsboro.

Mr. Percy Wood of the C. P. R. shops, Montreal, is in the city visiting his uncle C. A. Wood, J. C. R. driver, Cameron street.

Mr. Archie Oliver, wife and family, arrived home Monday from Minneapolis to spend the summer. Mr. Oliver holds a good position in a train despatcher in Minneapolis and will spend the summer in Albert county for the benefit of his health.

The community was somewhat surprised Tuesday morning to hear of the very sudden death of Mr. Alex. Neal, the well known merchant tailor. Mr. Neal, who was in his 82nd year, had a very severe illness, last spring, since which time he has not paid any attention to business though of late he appeared to be gaining strength. When the family returned Monday evening about 9 o'clock Mr. Neal was not in the house. Search was made and his body was found in the yard. He had evidently been dead some little time. The house in which the family reside has been raised for the purpose of laying a stone foundation and it is supposed that Mr. Neal in attempting to go out into the yard fell from the temporary door stoop. The medical attendant attributed death to heart failure. The deceased was probably overcome while descending the carriage which carried him to the grave. Mr. Neal was a native of Halifax, from which place he removed to St. Stephen, thence to St. John and Moncton. He has lived here for about 25 years, working as cutter for the old firm of McCrewey Bros., and later carrying on business for himself. He had a family of ten children, those living being Emma, Emily, (Mrs. Wm. Watson of Moncton) Annie, (Mrs. Fox of Boston), Jessie (Mrs. Carruthers, Watertown, Mass.), Lou (Mrs. Benfield, Boston), George in Boston, Fred in Amherst and Rufus H. in Moncton. Mr. Neal was a prominent Mason, having become a member of St. Andrews Lodge, Halifax, in 1847, and elected Worshipful Master in 1867. He was also a Past Master of Sussex Lodge at St. Stephen. The remains were taken to Halifax for interment beside those of his wife, who died some 25 years ago.

The remains of the late Mrs. J. D. Henderson reached Moncton Saturday night and were interred in the Moncton rural cemetery Sunday afternoon. The funeral took place from the family residence at the corner of Steadman and Union streets and was very largely attended by friends, about sixty carriages following the remains to the grave. The casket was covered with floral tributes.

Mrs. B. A. McNeil and son Norman of Montreal are visiting in the city.

Mrs. J. J. Bolland is spending the warm weather season at Pointe-à-la-Croix, C. B.

Chap. O. Ives, son of Con. A. E. Olive, who holds a good position as telegraph operator in Boston, is home on a holiday trip.

Rev. G. W. Fisher left Monday morning for Prince Edward Island on his summer holiday. He will be a guest at the Pleasant View home, Hampton.

Mr. John F. Gibson of Appleton, Mass., who holds a good position on the Boston Electric street railway, is in the city for a few days renewing old acquaintances.

Mr. and Mrs. George McCrewey have returned from a pleasant two weeks' trip during which they visited the States, detouring points on the north shore above St. Andrews, Fredericton, Woodstock and other points en route.

Among the Monctonians who called from Mon-

trial for England yesterday, in addition to those previously mentioned, were Messrs. J. E. W. and Miss Emma Parlee. This is Mr. and Mrs. Wain's first visit to their native land since coming to this country 27 years ago.

Mr. Bowen Smith who came home from the Pacific coast a fortnight ago last Wednesday on the P. E. R. on the return.

Miss Grace Dunbar of New York, and Miss Sadie Crandall of Brooklyn, N. Y., are guests at Postmaster Crandall's Pleasant street.

Mr. Russell F. Hoyt, manager of the Montreal Products Co., returned yesterday afternoon from New York after an absence of a month or two.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Rogers and child, of New York and Miss Elmer Crandall and her daughter May, of Chipman Queens county, are the guests of Mr. J. H. Rogers, Pleasant street.

Mrs. F. M. Crowe (nee McLennan) arrived in the city yesterday from the West on a visit. Mr. and Mrs. Crowe are now living at Grand Forks where Mr. Crowe is engaged in the drug business.

Miss Edith Crip left on the C. P. R. Monday on a visit to her friend Miss Minnie Colter at Dr. Colter's of St. John. It is understood that Mrs. Geo. Palmer will have charge of the organ and choir of Wesley Memorial church during Miss Crip's absence.

WINDSOR.

July 25.—Mrs. Morton Sterling is visiting friends at McEay's Settlement.

Mrs. Frank Stevens and Mrs. Felton, Halifax, are visiting Mrs. Oswald Elliot at Dorchester N. B. last week.

Miss Edna Bates, St. John, is on a visit to her friend, Miss Nellie Burgess.

Mrs. Calder went to Boston on Saturday for a visit to her son, Mr. George Wilby.

Mrs. J. M. Smith and Miss Geraldine returned Saturday evening from Truro.

Mrs. Levi Curry went to Middleton on Saturday and spent Sunday with her son, Mr. Percy Curry.

Mrs. Florence Dakin was in town on Tuesday last on her return to Halifax from Weymouth and Digby.

Mr. S. K. Harvie is spending his vacation at his home in A. Vondale. He returns to McGill University in the fall.

Miss L. A. Cuthbert and Mrs. Whitrow, of Biddeford, Me., are visiting their brother, Mr. John Constantine, Rawdon, and expect to return home early in September.

The Misses Coleman, who have been the guests of Mrs. John Dill, spent a few days in Wolfville last week, and returned to their home in Dartmouth Monday morning.

ST. ANDREWS.

July 26.—Mrs. M. McFarlane and daughter Gladys of St. Stephen, who have been visiting friends in St. A. in Canada, have returned home.

Rev. Mr. Edwards of Malden, Mass., is occupying his summer cottage at Digdequash.

Rev. Mr. Kerr of Hopewell, N. J., has lately been visiting friends in Charlotte Co.

Miss Ramsey of Jersey city is visiting relatives in town.

Mr. A. D. Burton and son of Cambridge, Mass., are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Ross.

Mrs. Theodore Holmes is visiting relatives in Newport.

Misses Sadie Kendrick and Alma Holmes are spending a few days with friends in Lunenburg.

Miss Alma L. Bishop returned from Digby, N. S., on Monday.

Editor Collins of Fregate Isle, is summing up at the Chase Farm.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Gillespie of Calais and Miss Isabel Ayles of St. Stephen, are stopping at Fendley's cottage.

Miss Julia Maloney, who has been visiting her uncle, A. C. Shaw has returned to her home in Brookville, N. Y.

Mr. R. B. VanHorne is enjoying himself at Conventown. He will spend the summer here and in the autumn will leave for Cuba where he will take a railway position in connection with the lines Sir William is interested in.

THINGS OF VALUE.

There never was, and never will be, a universal panacea, in one remedy for all ills to which flesh is heir—the very nature of many curatives being such that they have the germ of other and differently seated diseases rooted in the system of the patient—what would relieve one ill, in turn would aggravate the other. It is a disease, and by tranquillizing the nerves, disposes to sound and refreshing sleep. It is a medicine, prepared from the active principles or virtues of several medicinal herbs, and can be depended upon for all pulmonary complaints.

Editor—Has this mysterious disappearance any unusual features?

Reporter—Well, I guess yes. The man has not disappeared so completely as if the earth had opened and swallowed him up.

Can Recommend It.—Mr. Enoch Bonbrary, Tuscumbia, writes: "I am pleased to say that Dr. FROST'S Kidney Pills is all that you claim it to be, as we have been using it for years, both internally and externally, and have always received benefit from its use. It is our family medicine, and I take great pleasure in recommending it."

"I had a grand luncheon," said the musical young man, "I didn't replied the musical young man, who is too hurried to sit down. "I had an upright luncheon."

They are Carefully Prepared.—Pills which disperse themselves in the stomach cannot be expected to have much effect upon the intestines, and to overcome constipation the medicine administered must influence the action of these canals. Farnsworth's Vegetable Pills are so made, under the supervision of experts, that the substances in them intended to operate on the intestines are retarded in action until they pass through the stomach into the bowels.

Mr. Fodderback (heaving)—Not a spot slept in Fodderback last night.

Mr. Fodderback—Now, I just wonder whether that's a Chinese town or a sleepin' one!

A Small Pill, but Powerful.—They that judge of the power of a pill by its size, would consider Farnsworth's Veg. Pills to be lacking. It is a little wonder among pills. What it lacks in size it makes up in power. It is a little wonder among pills. What it lacks in size it makes up in power. It is a little wonder among pills. What it lacks in size it makes up in power.

Job ... Printing.

Are your Letter Heads, Bill Heads, Statements, or Envelopes running short? Do you consider that you could effect a saving in this part of your business? Why not secure quotations your work before placing an order?

Consult us for Prices.

And you will find that you can get Printing of all kinds done in a manner and style that is bound to please you. We have lately added new type to our already well-equipped plant, and are prepared to furnish estimates on all classes of work at short notice.

Job Printing Department.

29 to 31 Canterbury Street.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertisements under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 25 words) cost 25 cents each insertion. Five cents extra for every additional line.

CAPTOWN.

July 25.—Miss Ring of Boston, is the guest of her cousin, Miss Annie Dickie.

Mrs. R. McAdoo, of St. John, is the guest of Mrs. R. T. Babbs.

Miss Sadie McDermott, of St. John, sister of Rev. Father McDermott, is spending her vacation with Mr. & Mrs. Louisa Hayden.

Miss Beatrice Armstrong is the guest of her aunt Mrs. T. S. Peters.

Miss Gladys Dickie was in St. John last week.

Miss Jessie McMurray, of Boston is visiting her aunt Mrs. J. Rabbin.

Mr. and Mrs. Holly Langley of St. John, are spending a fortnight at Mr. W. H. Boyer's.

Miss Jennie Simpson is the guest of her aunt Mrs. Edward Simpson.

Mrs. Mary Ross, of Boston, is visiting Mrs. Francis Hayden.

Mrs. Wm. Allingham, and daughter Miss Nettie, visited St. John last week.

Mrs. Chapman, of St. John, who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. E. W. Dingo, returned home on Monday, accompanied by her granddaughter, Miss Estelle Dingo.

Mr. George and Miss Fanny Parks were guests of Mr. and Mrs. M. Mahoney on Sunday.

Mrs. Alberta Webb and children of Oak Point are the guests of Mrs. H. Osburn.

Canada's International Exhibition, ST. JOHN, N. B. **OPENS SEPT. 10th. CLOSES SEPT. 19th.**

Applications for space in the Industrial Building should be sent in early as the best locations are being rapidly taken up.

Tenders for special privileges are being received.

Special inducements are offered to exhibitors of working machinery.

Very low excursion rates to St. John on all railways and steamers.

Exhibits will be carried practically free on several lines.

For price lists, entry forms and other information, address

CHAS. A. EVERETT, Manager and Secretary, D. J. McLAUGHLIN, St. John, N. B. President.

Job ... Printing.

Are your Letter Heads, Bill Heads, Statements, or Envelopes running short? Do you consider that you could effect a saving in this part of your business? Why not secure quotations your work before placing an order?

Consult us for Prices.

And you will find that you can get Printing of all kinds done in a manner and style that is bound to please you. We have lately added new type to our already well-equipped plant, and are prepared to furnish estimates on all classes of work at short notice.

Job Printing Department.

29 to 31 Canterbury Street.

Meandering Mike heaved a deep sigh.

"What's de matter?" asked his companion.

"I were jes' t'inkin' about bad roads an' de wonders o' science," was the earth;

"dis earth is spinnin' roun' faster'n a railway train behind time." "Well, we ain't fell off yet." "No; but t'ink o' what a convenience it 'ud be if we could have some place to grab onto while de territory slid under our feet until de place we wanted to go to come along!"

THE DUFFERIN

This popular Hotel is now open for the reception of guests. The situation of the House, facing as it does on the beautiful King Square, makes it a most desirable place for Visitors and Business Men. It is within a short distance of all parts of the city. Has every accommodation. Electric cars, from all parts of the town, pass the house every three minutes.

M. LAMONT WILLIAMS, Proprietor.

CAFÉ ROYAL

BANK OF MONTREAL BUILDING, 56 Prince Wm. St., - - St. John, N. B.

WM. CLARK, Proprietor

Retail dealer in..... CHOICE WINES, ALES and LIQUORS.

OYSTERS always on hand. FISH and GAME in season

MEALS AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY.

Victoria Hotel, 81 to 87 King Street, St. John, N. B.

Electric Passenger Elevator and all Modern Improvements.

D. W. McCORMACK, Proprietor

QUEEN HOTEL, FREDERICTON, N. B. A. EDWARDS, Proprietor.

The sample rooms in connection. First class Livery Stable. Coaches at trains and boats.

BOURBON. ON HAND

75 Bbls. Aged Bull of Anderson Co., Kentucky.

THOS. L. BOURKE

SOCIAL and PERSONAL.

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

Mrs J A Morrison at Riverside. The Misses Everett with their cousin Miss Myrtle Kilburn of Boston are visiting relatives here.

Master Charles Edcombe delightfully entertained a party of his young friends to the number of about fifty at a birthday party at Edgemoor Villa on Saturday.

Mr W A Hornsby and bride, nee Miss Lawrence of Halifax, spent a few days in the city this week enroute to Havana, Cuba, where Mr Hornsby has been appointed assistant manager of the Bank of Halifax, Mr Fraser Sherman being the city manager.

Mr and Mrs Fred Hutchinson of St Stephen were guests in the city this week.

Mr Frank B Gregory and sister, Miss Edith Gregory, have been spending a few days in St John the guest of their brother, Mr J Fraser Gregory and on his boat, enjoying the pleasure of camping on the water.

Friday evening was ladies' night at the club house when dancing and promenading on the broad veranda was enjoyed. Winter's orchestra added much to the pleasure of the evening. The party was chaperoned by Mrs T C Allen, Mrs J Taylor, Mrs A B Wetmore and Mrs M S Richey.

Mrs Harvey Mitchell of Sussex is visiting in the city.

Miss Hattie Carter of Truro N S is the guest of the Misses Blackmer.

Miss Nellie Lipsitt has returned from visiting friends in Halifax.

Rev F C Hartley with Mrs Hartley and children are rusticated in Springfield, Kings Co.

Miss Fayson of Halifax is the guest of Rev Geo E Payson.

Mrs C E Duff and children left Saturday for Boston.

Miss Jennie McGivney of Rumford Falls is visiting friends in the city.

Mrs Louise Baxter and Mrs I W Hall of Boston are here the guests of their sister Mrs W S Hooper, CRICKET.

CAMBRIDGE.

JULY 24.—Mrs A. Belyea and Miss Goncher were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Macdonald on the 22nd inst.

Miss Ryan of St. John is visiting her aunt Mrs. John Robinson.

Mrs. Green and son, Mr. A. Brown and Mrs. Sarah Cox, of St. John and Mrs. Margaret Smith of Canning were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Z. O. Wilson on the 23rd inst.

Miss Myrtle Purdy is spending several days with her friends Mr. and the Misses Humphrey.

Mrs. Armstrong of St. John is visiting her aunt Mrs. William Pugsley.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

[Progress is for sale in St. Stephen at the book-store of G. S. Wall and T. E. Acheson.]

JULY 29.—Mr and Mrs William L Lowell of Newton, Mass., are guests of Mr and Mrs C W Yonke. The Misses Greenleaf of Jacksonville, Ill., are guests of Mrs C H Newton at Red Beach.

Mrs F A Pike has been visiting Perry and vicinity.

Miss Marie Saunders is visiting friends in Portland.

Mrs W H Maxwell and Miss Gladys Maxwell are visiting Mrs John K McKenize in Rumford Falls.

Misses Dora Rounds, and Pauline Rounds and Mrs Gates Barnard visited Eastport on Friday last.

Mrs E Gates Barnard of New York city is spending the summer with her parents, Mr and Mrs Geo. Eaton. This is her first visit to the St. Croix since her marriage and she is most cordially welcomed by her friends.

Mrs W B King expects to visit Pembroke for several weeks.

Miss Mary Abbott is in Rumford Falls visiting Mrs W D Brown.

Miss Minnie Dismore is spending her vacation with relatives in Gardiner, Me.

Mrs William Floyd of Calais, Me., is visiting friends at Clements Vale, Annapolis county, Nova Scotia.

Mrs E C Young has been quite ill for several days.

Mrs. George P Short and her young son are visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. John B Mark at Pleasant Ridge.

Mayor Murchie and Mrs. Murchie, Herbert Grant, Edward Ganong, Miss Ganong, Miss Sullivan and Lew. Wadsworth Harris enjoyed the excursion to Campobello and dinner at the Owen on Friday.

Mrs. F T Ross and children left on Friday evening by the W C R R for Moose Island, Kennebec river to spend a month.

Mr. and Mrs. J G Hamlington have been visiting Moncton.

Lew Wadsworth Harris is the guest of Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells of Boston at the Wells cottage Campobello, for a few days.

Miss Fannie Fowler is the guest of Miss Helen Murchie.

"Put Money In Thy Purse."

Nobody suffering from brain-fag, lack of energy, or "that tired feeling" ever puts money in his purse. Lassitude and listlessness come from impure, sluggish blood that simply oozes through the veins. Hood's Sarsaparilla makes the blood pure and gives it life, vigor and vim.

Pimples—"My face was covered with pimples and blackheads but after taking Hood's Sarsaparilla a short time, I was entirely cured, and my skin was smooth and clear." May Ryan, North St., Chatham, Ont.



Miss Florence Mitchell has returned from a delightful visit in Houston.

Mrs. A I Teed and party, who have been at Welcoming cottage, Oak Point, for ten days are again at home.

Dr and Mrs. Rushton left yesterday for Chicago, much to the regret of their friends.

Fred McBride manager of the St Croix Jewelry store has gone to his home in Toronto to enjoy a well earned vacation of two weeks.

Mrs. Geo J Clarke and her daughter Doris, went to St Andrews on Friday.

PARRBORO.

[Progress is for sale at Parrboro Book Store.]

Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Calnes and baby, Montreal, Mrs Fen Parsons and children and Miss McLeod's Spinahill, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Cowans.

Dr and Mrs Dearborn and little daughter, New York, arrived on Tuesday to spend the remainder of the summer.

Grace church Sunday school had a trip to Kingsport by the Evangeline on Monday unattended this time by a thunder storm and list of casualties that made their outing last year memorable.

Misses Ekin and Jones, St John, Miss Fleming, Truro and Miss Walton Kingston are guests of Mrs O L Price.

The excursion steamer Alpha brought a party from Wolfville to Partridge Island on Saturday and again on Tuesday.

Dr F A Band went to Bear River on Saturday returning on Monday. Mrs Band and Master Fred are at Bear River as are also Dr and Mrs. Smith and Dr Magee. Dr Magee is attending the Summer School of Science.

Broderick's beach hotel has now fifty boarders with constant comers and goers. Rev and Mrs. Charles Wilson, Springhill, and Mr. and Mrs. D Chapman, Amherst, spent Sunday at the hotel.

Mr. Frank Smith of Truro was in town on Thursday.

Mrs. Nordby and Master Carl Fraser are on a visit to Picton trends.

Mrs Beverly, Mrs. Thomas, Mrs E R Reid, Miss Holmes, and Miss Jean Reid have been spending two weeks at Five Islands.

Mrs. Gates and Miss Mabel Magee went to Annapolis on Saturday.

Miss D E Reid accompanied by Miss Louise Borden came over by the Alpha on Saturday and spent the day with her sister. Mrs. Hayes and children, Mr H E McLeod and Miss Avera McLeod, Wolfville, were with the Alpha party on Tuesday.

Mr Havelock Price, Montreal has been spending a few days with his brother, Mr Price was a popular resident of Parrboro for several years and his many friends and acquaintances were glad to see him.

Rev and Mrs. Neil of Toronto, and Mr. and Mrs. Bayne of Moncton, were recently guests for a few days at the Manse.

Mr Gaillet is taking his holidays, his place in the Halifax Banking Co, being filled in the meanwhile by Mr Shannon.

Revs Dr Walsh and Fr. Curry are guests of Rev T J Butler and the Misses Butler.

The Misses Cox, Windsor, are paying a visit to the Misses Gillespie at Rosebank.

Dr and Mrs. Johnson with their children have been for a week at Five Islands.

The Able Speaker.

Of all the tantalizing things by which we are beset the man who makes an 'able' speech, he is the toughest yet. The people stand and whisper. He's a very able man. And the boys get tired and wriggle. And the girls all want to giggle. And I lose his chain of logic and go drifting into doubt. And my head in rhythm nodding. With his cadences goes pickading. While I wonder what the mischief he is hollering about.

It really must be a most depressing mental strain for a man to have an 'able' reputation to sustain; And he dare not dally with an anecdote or two To keep us all from wishing he would hurry and get through. And just when I am dozing, And in comfort am proposing To yield my own opinions to this wondrous able chap. His moods change And through wild crescendos ranges In a series of explosions just to j. r. my little man.

Satan Got Behind.

Mother—So you have been at the jam again, Adolphus?

Son—The cupboard door came open of itself mother, and I thought—

Mother—Why didn't you say, 'Get thee behind me, satan'?

Son—So I did, mother, and he went up and pushed me right in.'

Conquering Grace.

Her Father—'Why do you wish to marry him Grace?'

Grace—'Why, because he loves me.'

Her Father—'But, do you love him?'

Grace—'Why, I never thought of that. I have been too much interested in getting him to propose to have time to think of it.'

A Distinction.

"Knogood tells me you won some money from him last night," said the man with the shrieking shirt.

"Nipe," said the man with the whispering tie; "I merely won a few bets from him."

"Oh!"

New Church in North End.

The Disciples of Christ Have a Pretty Structure—Dedication Tomorrow.

Tomorrow the North End new church of the Disciples of Christ denomination will be formally opened with special services, and it is expected the attendance will be very large. The dedication sermon will be preached at 11 o'clock in the morning by Evangelist A. Martin. The congregations of Silver Falls and the Coburg street churches will unite with the Christian church congregation in the opening services. Other services will be held during the day.

The new church, situated on Douglas Avenue, near the corner of Main street, is one of the prettiest wooden places of worship in New Brunswick, adding greatly to the appearance of the neighborhood. It had been building for about a year.

feel greatly encouraged and feel that their labors of many months back have not been in vain.

The new church is of wood, uniquely designed and very commodious. From the outside it presents a pretty appearance and its interior is airy and pleasing to the eye. A Sunday school room with ample accommodations, pastor's rooms, parlor and kitchen are also included in the structure. The auditorium will have over two hundred chairs placed in it, but will be capable of seating a great many more persons. An American architect designed the new edifice and the building of it was done by day's work.

The Ladies' Aid Society of the church have donated the furnishings, and all of



the work being prosecuted only as the funds would allow, but by earnest consecrated labor the task has almost been made complete. Every member of Rev. Mr. Appel's congregation have striven toward the erecting of the edifice with the intention that it should be free of debt. The ladies particularly have forwarded the movement by untiring effort through the agency of a well-organized sewing circle. Under the guidance and clear judgment of Rev. Mr. Appel the congregation has been held together through many of the hardships that fall to the lot of pioneers in a community. But now that they have attained to quite large numbers and are about to enter a church of their own, after having worshipped in Union Hall for several years, they

the stained glass windows are gifts. Two such windows, made larger than the others are at the front of the church. These were given by Evangelist J. A. L. Romig and the Endeavorers' Society of the Coburg street church.

All next week special services will be held in the new church, which has a very bright future. The members of it are determined to be untrammelled with debts and such like and are working vigorously toward that end. Beside the pastor Messrs Robert Roberts and James Barnes were among the most faithful promoters of the new church.

Rev. J. C. B. Appel leaves in a short while for his native Kentucky to be married. He will bring his bride to St. John.

IT'S ODD ABOUT CATCHEES.

Great Men with the Light of Lilies Team Who all Had Their Fallings.

"There are a good many good catchers in the baseball business," the fat man who was formerly mascot for the Lightfoot Lilies remarked the other day, "but have you ever noticed how few of them are really what you'd call stars? No matter how good a man may be behind the bat it seems he always has some fault that effects his good qualities.

"Take Dinkey Dooley of the Lightfoot Lilies, for example. He was one of the best backstops that ever wore a muntzle, but his accursed foppishness caused his downfall. On more than one occasion he got into trouble with Dean Braley, the pitcher, because Braley, so he said, intentionally rubbed dirt on the ball before each delivery. Deeley's finish came one Fourth of July game against the Ringtail Roarers. It was the hottest day ever known in Jones county, and Jones county is about the hottest place I know of except one. Everybody was peevish and out of sorts, but things ran along all right until the Roarers' half of the seventh. The bases were full, two were out, and the batter had three balls and two strikes called on him. Braley gave his trousers a hitch and was just about to pitch the deciding ball when he noticed that Dooley was acting strangely. Dinkey was smiling with his nose in the air.

"What's the matter, hurt?" asked Capt. Slinger Burrows, running in from short.

"Really, captain, you know I never could stand the smell of burning rubber, and—pew!—I really think the sun is melting the home plate. Plegw!"

"Now wouldn't that scald you? They had to take the ice out of the oatmeal water and put it on the plate before Dinkey would consent to finish the game out. Well, as you can imagine, Slinger Burrows wouldn't stand for that sort of business and next day Dooley got his release.

"Foxy Flemmer, the next catcher we tried, was all right while he lasted, but he came to grief through one of his own tricks.

He had a habit of stretching his hands out in front of the plate and nabbing the ball before it reached the batter. That worked all right until one day he tried to gobble in a straight one that the batter had picked out for a home run. Foxy broke seven fingers, dislocated his right thumb, and was charged with an error by the scorer for dropping the ball. He seemed to lose his sand after that and soon quit the game for good.

"Bull Thompson was the next man to try for the position and he turned out to be a wonder. He could stop anything from a cable car down with one hand, he always kept the ball on the carpet when he hit; his lamps were always lit when he was on base, while for throwing to second he was the best ever. His one fault, when he first joined us, was his forgetfulness. He had the worst memory of any man I ever knew. Sometimes he used to forget to run after he had hit the ball, and we had to tie a string on his finger to make him remember. Once he forgot which way the bases went and ran to third instead of first. After that he tied two strings on his finger. But the worst of all was in one game with the Roarers when he tried to throw to second. He brought his arm forward with a terrific force, but forgot to let go of the ball. It carried him clear off his feet, and he landed, face down five yards in front of the plate. He nursed a broken nose for almost three weeks and after that he was able to remember without even the aid of strings.

"Every great artist seems to have some falling. Funny, isn't it? I suppose it's what they call the eccentricity of genius."

Choosing Feverty.

Prince Gallitzin was born at the Hague in 1770, his family being one of the oldest and most famous in Russia. His father was a Russian ambassador at the court of Holland, and his mother was the daughter of one of the most noted field-marshal's of Frederick the Great.

Nobody dreamed when, at twenty-two years of age, this young man was sent to



Makes Child's Play of Wash Day

SURPRISE SOAP
is a pure hard soap which has remarkable qualities for easy and quick washing. SURPRISE really makes Child's Play of wash day. Try it yourself. ST. CROIX SOAP MFG. CO., St. Stephen, N.B.

BRANDIES!

Landing ex "Corean." Quarts or Pints

100 Cts. Vireland XXX
100 " Tobitt & Co.
100 " Most Freres.
10 " Octaves
For sale low in bond or duty paid.

THOS. L. BOURKE,
25 WATER STREET.

Pulp Wood Wanted

WANTED - Underbid saw logs, such as Baiting or Belling. Parties having such for sale can correspond with the St. John & Pate Company, Ltd., stating the quantity, price per thousand superficial feet, and the time of delivery.

M. F. MOONEY.

America for the benefit of travel that he would make that land his home. Upon his arrival in Baltimore, however, he announced his brilliant prospects and turned to the church, studying under the famous Archbishop Carroll of Maryland.

His labors were earnest and unremitting and he cost him all that he possessed in the world. Because he had forsaken the religion of his own land he was declared by the Russian government incapable of succeeding to his father's estates, although after the death of his parents his sister promised to divide the income with him.

Occasional remittances which came to him were used, not to increase his own comfort, but for the purchase of land which he sold to settlers on easy terms. He also built up industries for the benefit of the people of his flock, and drew around him a population of about four thousand people.

After more than forty years of labor and privation, he died as he had lived, in the midst of his people. A church has recently been erected in honor of his memory.

Home Feeling.

As Swiss love their mountains, so the Eskimos of Alaska love their bleak, desolate country. The supply of food is limited, and the natives are at times in danger of starving. As they number about five thousand, and could be stowed in half a dozen emigrant ships, it has been proposed to send them to a land in which it is fit for human beings to live.

The proposal overlooks the fact that the Eskimos think they are lying in the most beautiful country in the world, and therefore would not go to another. Doctor Field, in his narrative of travel through "Our Western Archipelago," tells a pathetic story illustrative of their love of their native land.

Now and then one or two Eskimos are brought to the United States, but how downcast and miserable they look! Our climate is intolerable to them. They pant in the heat like polar bears, and long to get back to their more "temperate" zone. One who came here some years since was stricken with consumption and set out to return, and every morning his first question was, "Have you seen ice?" If he could only get a glimpse of an iceberg, he could die in peace.

A people who have such a home feeling are entitled to respect.

Why He Married.

A witness in an Irish court talked so loud that Charles Phillips, who was counsel on the other side, said, "Follow, why do you bark so furiously?" "Because," said the man, looking hard at Phillips, "I think I see a thief!"



A Glow of Satisfaction.

Some men don't like the high polish on their linen, but they all appreciate the glow of satisfaction they feel when the work comes home from our laundry. It's rightly and cleanly done; that's all; but that's a whole lot.

AMERICAN LAUNDRY,

98, 100, 102 Charlotte St.

WODSOE BROS., Proprietors.

Agents B. A. Dyeing Co., "Gold Medal Dyeing," Montreal.

Wild Darrell of Dare.

IN TWO INSTALLMENTS.

CHAPTER I.

He had been called Wild Darrell of Dare ever since the time, seven years ago, when he had come back to Castle Dare with the brand of Cain upon him.

He was a man slayer; he had shed a fellow creature's blood. So much the sternly virtuous Scotch folk knew, and they had no disposition to take into consideration circumstances which might tend to soften his guilt.

It was enough for them that in a fit of passion, he had killed a man. The fatal deed had been committed while he was travelling in South America.

It had been the result of a quarrel, and in that wild, lawless place such things are little thought of.

Darrell had escaped lightly—a few months' imprisonment at most was all that he had to suffer—it indeed any punishment at all were meted out to him.

But when he came back to Scotland—back to Castle Dare—he made the unpleasant discovery that his neighbors looked askance at him.

No one called at the castle, no one invited him to dinner, and when he met the lairds on the moors, or their wives and daughters in the neighboring town, it was made clear to him that his acquaintance was not desired.

Hubert Darrell was not the man to take such treatment meekly.

For polite coolness he flung back fiery scorn, and he deliberately set himself to work to outrage all the properties as they existed in the eyes of his decorous Highland neighbors.

He summoned friends from London—wild carousing fellows, who made the old castle ring with their orgies, and were a scandal to the place.

Year after year this went on, one set of visitors succeeded another, but all were wild and reckless, and at length the castle had as ill a name as though Satan himself had been its master.

It was perched on a crag like an eagle's nest—a dark, rugged, fortress-like place it was, frowning down upon the sea, and with no creeping plant or bit of moss to soften down its grimaces.

One stormy September evening, Wild Darrell was striding along a narrow path at the edge of a lake.

His figure looked almost gigantic in the light of the setting sun, for he was six feet two in height, and proportionately broad and stalwart.

He was strikingly handsome, after a dark Rembrandt fashion.

His head was grandly shaped, and he held it erect with the air of a warrior or a king.

His hair was coal-black, and so were his eyes.

His skin had a clear, pale brownness; his brow was massive; his glance was eagle-like in its keenness.

It had been raining, and even now, though the sun was shining redly, the wind was ruffling the surface of the lake, and threatening another storm.

He was striding along, with his firm, swinging step, when an unwonted sound caught his quick ear, and glancing upwards, he saw a female form half way up the hill which helped to skirt in the lake.

"Is there anything amiss?" he called out, and a clear voice answered—

"Yes, I have hurt my foot; I cannot get down. Do come and help me, please."

Darrell could climb like a goat.

He took the shortest cut to the spot whence the voice came, and in a minute or two saw a girl, in a crimson cloak, sitting on a great boulder, and looking as though she were in pain.

Fain of any kind chase the beauty from many faces, but this girl appeared all the more lovely by reason of the paleness of her cheek, and the suspicion of a quiver round her mouth.

Certainly Hubert Darrell had never seen a face which, to his mind, was of a more perfect beauty.

It was lighted up by a pair of dark hazel eyes, clear and liquid, and yet so deep as to seem fathomless.

Dark silken lashes swept the exquisitely rounded cheek; the mouth was like some beautiful crimson flower, and the chestnut hair which escaped in delicate tendrils from underneath the hood of the crimson cloak, waved over a brow that was broad, and pure, and white.

"What can I do for you?" questioned Wild Darrell, as he raised his hat on reaching her.

"I hardly know. I'm afraid I've hurt my foot rather badly. I can't walk at all. If only I could get home!"

"Where do you live?"

"At Glenuakie, naming a village three-quarters of a mile away."

Darrell knitted his brows, considering. Clouds were gathering again and he knew that there would soon be a tremendous downpour.

There was absolutely no place of shelter near, and to leave the girl while he went to the village for assistance would mean that she would inevitably be drenched through.

He solved the difficulty in summary fashion.

"I must carry you," he said.

"Oh! I'm afraid I should be too heavy!" exclaimed the girl. "I couldn't think of troubling you like that!"

"Heavy!" echoed Darrell, with a short

laugh of disdain. "You'll be a mere feather's weight to me. We Highlanders don't let our muscles get flabby for the want of using."

He didn't ask whether she objected to being carried.

His wild reckless life had perhaps made him masterful with women as well as with men; certainly he had forgotten the conventionalities of civilized life.

He simply stooped without more ado, and raised the girl in his arms, held her there as lightly and easily as though she had been a young fawn and strode with her down the steep hillside.

When they reached the path by the lake she spoke.

"You cannot carry me all the way to Glenuakie."

"Why not?"

"Oh! because it would tire you so."

"It is a very little way. No; I must take you straight to the village."

The girl made no further resistance.

The truth was, she felt a little faint and unable to say much.

He strode on with his firm even tread, and in less than a quarter-of-an hour the village came in sight.

"I live at the first house," said the girl; "that white cottage with the garden in front."

Darrell nodded.

It was a pretty cottage, small but picturesque, with a thatched roof, deep mulioned windows, and a garden filled with all manner of sweet old-fashioned flowers.

As he strode up the path with his burden an elderly lady came in the porch in evident alarm.

"Oh, Nora! what is the matter? Are you hurt she cried."

"Only a very little, aunt. I slipped on a stone and hurt my foot. But is nothing serious. I don't know what I should have done, though, if it hadn't been for this gentleman. I simply couldn't have walked. He has carried me all the way from the lake."

By this time they had entered the house, and at once turned to depart.

"I am sure, sir, I do not know how to thank you," said the elderly lady.

"No thanks are needed," replied Darrell and his voice sounded brusque simply from his anxiety not to seem to expect thanks.

"I shall do myself the honor of calling to inquire how the young lady is," he added. "I hope there is no serious injury. Good evening ladies."

And raising his hat he strode away. Miss Beresford went down on her knees to examine her niece's injured foot, and assure herself there was nothing worse than a bad sprain.

While she was thus engaged, Elspeth, their middle aged Scotch servant, rushed in from the kitchen with wide open mouth and extended her hands.

"Lord hear and save us!" she exclaimed. "To think of Miss Nora being brought home by him!"

"Who is he, Elspeth?" asked Nora with some eagerness.

"Who is he miss? Why, he's that wicked Wild Darrell of Dare. Ye manna he heard tell of him, surely?"

"No, Elspeth, we have not."

"My certie! He's the wickedest man in Scotland. He's done a murder, at any rate, and belike a gude many mair. He'd ha' been hanged for it—as high as Haman as our nation, and he hadn't been a rich man and a Darrell. And he lives the wickedest life; there's no telling what wickedness goes on in that castle on the hill. It's a main mercy, Miss Nora, that he didn't murder ye instead of carrying ye home."

Nora smiled, though she turned a little pale, too, and her aunt quite shuddered.

Elspeth's description of wild Darrell had not been without its effect on both.

But before they had time to ask any questions, Elspeth herself created a diversion by running to the door, exclaiming—

"My certie, if there isn't Doctor Donald! Hadn't I better ask him to step in and look at Miss Nora's foot?"

In a couple of minutes the doctor was inside the cottage.

He examined the injured foot, pronounced the injury a sprain, promised to send some liniment, and was about to depart, when Miss Beresford, in whose mind Elspeth's accusation against Darrell had been fermenting, said, a little anxiously—

"Doctor, who is this Darrell of Dare, as Elspeth calls him? She says the most dreadful things—says he is a murderer."

Elspeth had retired to the kitchen.

The doctor nodded in that direction, and laughed good humouredly.

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"Oh, my good friend Elspeth lies on her colours with a whitewash brush," he said. "Darrell isn't quite so black as she paints him."

"But it is true he has committed murder?"

"It is, unfortunately, true that he killed a man some years ago. It was in South America, and I should say it was a case of what we should call manslaughter rather than murder. A man insulted Darrell, there was a quarrel, and he struck a fatal blow."

"How dreadful!" cried Miss Beresford, while Nora's beautiful face looked very grave.

"However much in fault he was," he has suffered pretty keenly," went on Dr. Donald. "His life here is a sort of social ostracism, for no one of his own rank recognizes him."

"Why doesn't he go away, then?" questioned Nora.

"He is intensely proud, and pride scorches him to show the white feather. He simply bids defiance to public opinion, and braves it out, goes out of his way to outrage it on every possible occasion. They say he leads a terrible life up at Castle Dare. I can't say how true that may be. When I meet him, he is always civil; and if I hear counts for anything, he is certainly a gentleman. It is quite true, however, that people of Elspeth's type regard him as a perfect incarnation of evil. The peasant are absolutely frightened of him, I verily believe."

Meanwhile Darrell had reached home. He went straight to his own private room and sent for his steward, a white haired old man, who had had the full management of the Dare estate for fifty years.

"Macgregor, I own most of the houses in Glenuakie village, don't I?" asked Darrell abruptly.

"Macgregor stared. It was rarely indeed that 'the master' asked any questions about the estate.

"Get the plan, Mac," he went on. "Ah! there it is. Now look here. Whose house is this?"

And he pointed to a mark which indicated the house he had visited.

"It's yours, sir."

"And who lives there?"

"Why, sir, it's but just changed hands. An English lady's taken it. She came a fortnight ago. Her name's Beresford, and she has a niece who's the new teacher at the village school."

"Is the niece young?" asked Darrell, with impatient eagerness.

"Oh, yes, sir; quite a girl. Those young things are all the fashion now. In my young days it was always an old dame who kept a school; but, eh, dear! they alter everything."

Darrell listened dreamily, or, rather, did not listen at all.

He was absorbed in self-communing. His dark eyes were fixed on vacancy, his straight, jetty brows bent meditatively above them.

"So I am Miss Beresford's landlord," he said abruptly, after a minute or two of silence. "Remember, Mac, it is my special wish that those ladies are treated well."

CHAPTER II.

The next morning, Nora Beresford was resting on the couch in the cottage parlor.

Her foot was better, but she could not stand on it yet; and, as someone must needs take her place in the village school, her aunt had volunteered for the office.

Elspeth was busy preparing dinner in the kitchen, and Nora was alone.

She had a book in her hand, but she was not reading.

Her thoughts had flown far away to the time when she had been the petted daughter of a luxurious home, when she had been the apple of her father's eye, and he a wealthy widower, who could afford to gratify her every wish.

That had been only two years ago; but under her recollection had been followed by his sudden death, and she and her aunt had found themselves with a bare pound a week between them.

It was clear something must be done to augment their income.

Nora was high spirited and brave. She resolved to become a teacher.

For nearly two years she had taught in a private school in England, but she had secretly hated the life, and when a friend offered to secure for her the post of school mistress in this remote Scottish village, she had accepted it with thankfulness.

Presently, as she lay on the couch, her mind wandered still further away.

She fancied herself beneath the burning suns of Africa, and there she crossed her perfect lips.

Her lover was there—the man to whom her troth was pledged—to whom her girlish love had been given.

Keith Talbot had been her friend and playmate since early childhood, and when, immediately after her father's death, he had been about to set sail for South Africa, he had confessed that friendship troth; her was not enough for him, and she had suddenly discovered that in her own breast, too, friendship had ripened into love.

He would fain have made her his own at once, but her father's death was too recent, and, besides, he had his fortune to make.

It was for that he was going out to Africa.

They pledged no troth. Nora did not wear his ring on her finger, though she had his portrait in a locket on her bosom.

She desired to leave him free, but she would return and claim her for his bride. Two of these years had it be.

Talbot had succeeded in his will; he had expected, if not quite as well as he had hoped.

"I shall have a fair position to offer you, dearest," he wrote. "Not such a one as you ought to have, for you are fitted to be a queen; but still, you will not be without

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those luxuries to which you were once accustomed, and whatever is lacking I will make up to you in tenderness and love. Never was wife loved more devotedly than you shall be by me, my Nora, my own dear, beautiful darling."

"Dear, dear, Keith," the girl was murmuring beneath her breath as she thought of this passage in his latest letter; and, indeed, she knew every word of that letter by heart.

She drew forth the tiny gold locket, and looked at his pictured face.

A fair Saxon face it was, with a pleasant mouth and bright, bold blue eyes.

"My darling!" murmured Nora, and she pressed her lips to it.

The next moment, a crimson flush overspread her cheek and brow, and she thrust the locket away with a hurried movement, for Elspeth, in her abrupt fashion, had opened the door to admit a visitor, and the visitor was Wild Darrell of Dare.

His great height showed itself strikingly in the little cottage.

He had to bow his proud, dark head to get through the doorway, and even in the room there seemed very little space between his head and the ceiling.

Now, Keith Talbot was only of middle height, Nora found herself wondering, almost unconsciously, how much taller Darrell was than he.

"I have called to ask how your foot is, Miss Beresford," said Darrell, in that brusque tone which almost always gave the impression of haughtiness.

"Thank you; it is much better. My aunt is out, I am sorry to say. Will you sit down?"

He took a chair opposite her coach with out any hesitation.

It was so long since he had had anything to do with the ordinary usages of society that he probably forgot it was scarcely 'the thing' for an unmarried man, a comparative stranger, to sit tete-a-tete with a young lady such as Nora Beresford.

Nora herself was not disposed to be severely critical.

She felt a certain degree of interest in this proud, reckless man, whose life had been shadowed by a terrible deed.

She looked at him as he sat opposite her, and decided that he was very handsome, though in a stern and haughty fashion.

His eyes were eagle like in their glance, but they were handsome eyes nevertheless, and she could easily have fancied him the most admired man of a London season, if only he had not looked so stern and gloomy—if only his hand had been withheld from that fatal deed which had shut him out from the world.

Ha, in his turn, looked at her, and, lovely though she had seemed when he first saw her on the hill side, he thought her looking still lovelier now.

She had been pale then, and now there were soft, sweet damask roses in her cheeks, and her beautiful lips looked fuller and her eyes more luminous.

What glorious eyes they were!

Darrell was quite certain he had never seen such eyes before in any other woman.

What was their color—black, or gray, or hazel?"

He could not quite decide.

He had thought of those clear, deep eyes during the still watches of the night as he tossed restlessly on his bed, and he had come out this morning with the determination to find out whether they really were as beautiful as he had pictured them.

He told himself now that they were more beautiful.

They were so clear, and yet so deep; they had such a soft, bright radiance, and their long silken lashes drooped so charmingly upon the rounded cheek.

And her beauty was not the girl's only charms.

Oh that much Wild Darrell was certain, even though he had seen her for scarce half-an-hour in all.

She had it all, soul and mind, or else that broad white brow, and those perfect lips and eyes, were beautiful; and nature seldom errs.

Presently he spoke—a little abruptly, as was his wont, but still in gentler fashion than his tongue had used for years.

"I did not know yesterday that I had the honor of having you for a tenant, Miss Beresford. I wonder whether you are quite content with my little cottage, and any alterations you would like to make."

"Thank you. We are perfectly contented with it. I don't think we could possibly suggest anything in the way of improvement."

"Pray remember that if you do want anything you have only to name it. I am afraid I am by no means a liberal landlord;

but, at any rate, I desire the comfort of my tenants."

Nora inclined her head in courteous acknowledgment; she did not know what to say.

She felt a certain degree of embarrassment.

She wished her aunt would come in—or that he would go.

He was sitting beside a small table; on it there was a sketch book.

His fingers began to play with it unconsciously.

His eyes opened it in his abstraction, then closed it hastily, with a word of apology.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I did not know what I was doing."

"Oh, it was only a sketch-book," said Nora, smiling. "You are quite welcome to look at it if you like."

"Are they yours?" he asked, with interest, taking up the book again.

"Yes; but I am no artist. I only sketch for amusement."

"They are very good," he said turning the sketches over, and examining them with attention. "I see you have begun on the scenery round here. I wonder whether you know Castle Dare? I think you might like to sketch it."

"No, I don't know it. We only came here a fortnight ago."

"If you would care to sketch it, either outside or inside, I should be very glad to give you all facilities."

"Thank you; you are very kind. But I am so much engaged that I have really very little time for sketching now. I have only my evenings that I can call my own."

The color deepened ever so slightly on her cheek, and she added quite calmly, though with a secret effort—

"I am the school-mistress of Glenuakie. I teach in the village school."

"I know," said Darrell simply. "But surely your duties in the school do not take up all your time. I should like you to see Castle Dare. It is not exactly a beautiful place; but I believe you might find a picturesque about it."

"Thank you," said Nora again, and she was saved the embarrassment of deciding how to get rid of her visitor by the entrance of her aunt.

It was mid-day, and the school had been dismissed.

Darrell was as courteous to the aunt as he had been to the niece.

He repeated his readiness to make any alterations they might desire, and after five minutes' further conversation, he took his departure.

"He is an odd character," remarked Miss Beresford, as she stood at the window, watching the tall, massive figure as it emerged from the garden into the road.

"I am sure he means to be extremely civil to us; but he reminds me of Ishmael, nevertheless. I can quite believe that every man's hand would be against him and his hand against every man."

"Yes; he gives me that impression, too," said Nora thoughtfully. "But do you know aunt, I think I rather like him. I am sorry for him. It must be a terrible thing to feel you have shed a fellow creature's blood."

Castle Dare, perched on the top of the sea girt crag, was looking especially fine with a background of purple clouds, streaked here and there with crimson, as the sun sank slowly, like a ball of fire, below the horizon.

On a convenient spot Nora sat, with an open sketch book on her knees, so much sketching as listening to the castle's master who stood near her, leaning against a jutting rock and watching her progress with critical eyes.

It was a remarkable thing but not more remarkable than true, that this wild Darrell, who had held no converse with his neighbors for seven years, had in less than a month, established quite an intimacy between himself and his tenants at the White Cottage.

On consideration, Miss Beresford had found that some few alterations were needed.

Darrell had undertaken them in the most generous fashion, and had personally supervised them.

It was to the aunt rather than to the niece, that all the attentions were paid.

He discovered that he had once met a cousin of hers, and this, in the good lady's mind, was enough to establish a species of friendship at once.

Then he would often call to present some of the game he had shot, or a basket of fruit or flowers would be sent down from the castle.

But they were always sent to the elder lady—never to Nora.

Nora was still interested in him—still felt sorry for him; but that was all.

Sometimes on an evening, he would accept a cup of tea at the cottage as he returned home from a tramp over the moors.

At such times Nora is always at home, school hours being over; but he rarely addressed any of his conversation to her, and she never noticed—never dreamed of noticing—that, although he did not speak to her, he always placed himself where he could watch her every feature and her every movement.

He was standing thus now, even while he affected to be examining her sketch rather than regarding her.

"I should like to show your aunt inside the castle some time," he remarked. "Do you think she would come?"

"I have no doubt she would, Mr. Darrell."

"And you? Would you come with her?"

"I have no doubt I should if you invited me."

(Continued on FRIDAY'S PAGE.)

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Sunday Reading.

A LAD OF METTLE.

It was a wet, stormy afternoon in January when Johnny first appeared upon the scene. Mr. Coleman, the senior partner, was leaving the office early, and before facing the wind and rain he stood for a few minutes in the hall, buttoning up his mackintosh. The commissionaire was off duty for some reason or other, and as Mr. Coleman pulled open the swinging door and prepared to go out, a dripping little fellow in a coarse, threadbare, tweed suit, and with a telegraph badge on his arm, darted in.

"Take care, you young rascal," cried the senior partner, letting the door swing to as he stood aside to avoid a collision. "Don't charge into an office as though you were on the football field and were kicking the ball between the goal-posts. Ah! let me see those wires," he went on, stretching out his hand for the thin brown envelopes.

"Can't I," said the youngster, concisely, making for the door of the manager's office.

"Stop!" cried Mr. Coleman, laying a detaining hand upon the boy's shoulder. "Why can't you?"

"Cause it's not allowed."

"Not allowed! What do you mean, my lad?"

"I'm not allowed to give telegrams to strangers!"

"Strangers! Of course not; but I'm master here. I'm Mr. Coleman."

"Perhaps; but I don't know you; never saw you before. Sha'n't give 'em to you."

The situation was amusing; Mr. Coleman smiled. At that moment a pretty fair haired girl, one of the firm's typists, came out of the manager's room. The boy called to her:

"Say, miss, who is this man here? He wants to take my telegrams."

The girl blushed.

"It is Mr. Coleman," she said.

"There now," said the senior partner. "You hear what the lady says. You can safely hand them over to me."

"Are you quite sure it's O. K., miss? Is he the right man?"

"Oh, yes; I'm quite sure; it's all right; she reassured him.

"Very well, there you are," said the boy, handing the telegrams over. "But I'll just go in and tell Mr. Bunting I've given them to you. And he flashed into the manager's room.

Mr. Coleman went back to his own room leisurely, opening and reading the telegrams as he went.

Next morning, when going through the letters, he said to Bunting:

"I suppose you heard about the boy refusing to give me the wires, yesterday?"

"Yes, sir, I did," replied the manager.

"I like that boy," said Mr. Coleman. "See if you can engage him for the office."

"Very well, sir; I'll see to it."

Johnny Burke was not easily persuaded to transfer his valuable services from her Majesty Queen Victoria to Messrs. Coleman & Parker, commissionaires and manufacturers of linen goods. However, the offer of an extra three shillings weekly convinced him that the change was worth making, and in due course he entered the employment of the firm. He began at the lowest rung of the ladder, and for some months was employed in running errands, copying letters, and making himself generally useful.

The position was a trying and difficult one to fit, since he was at the beck and call of every member of the large office staff, from the manager down to the youngest typist; but Johnny was equal to it.

He was a very glutton for work; he positively revelled in it, and Mr. Bunting very soon found that if he wanted a message taken to any of the staff, whether in the office or in the works, Johnny's nimble brain could take it in and his ready tongue repeat it with the clearness and accuracy of a phonograph.

On the Christmas Eve following Johnny's appointment, Mr. Bunting sent for him. The boy entered the manager's room, quaking inwardly, and wondering if he had at last unwittingly done something for which he was to be reprimanded.

"I have been speaking to Mr. Coleman about you, Burke," said the manager, "and have reported to him the progress you have made since you entered the employment of the firm. Although you may have been unaware of it, Mr. Coleman had had his eye upon you—"

"(Johnny, remembering sundry mental notes he had made during the past few months, smiled internally, though to the manager's eye he was a Spring in miniature—and I may say we

are both well satisfied with the way you have done your work. From January 1st your salary will be raised five shillings a week, and you will be placed in charge of the stamps and petty cash."

Johnny was speechless, but his heart leaped to his throat, and in his mind's eye he saw the dear, careworn face of his widowed mother lighting up with joy as he told her this wonderful piece of news.

"We have every confidence," continued Mr. Bunting, "that you will fully justify the trust we intend to place in you; and now I have only to give you this Christmas-box with the compliments of the season."

He handed Johnny a sealed envelope, laid a kindly hand on his shoulder, and pushed him gently out of the room.

It was characteristic of the boy that he took the envelope home and handed it to his mother unopened. Between them, with eager fingers, they tore the flap and found inside two beautiful crisp new bank of Scotland pound notes.

There was not a family in all the great city of Glasgow that had a happier Christmas than that year than Johnny Burke and his widowed mother in their little room and kitchen house in Charlotte street, Calton.

Coleman & Parker's factory was situated in what is called the Port Dundas district of Glasgow. Between the works and the counting house lay the Forth and Clyde Canal. The general office ran the whole length of the counting house building on the ground floor, and its fourteen windows all looked out on the works across the canal. A couple of high bridges spanning the water were the means of communication between works and office.

Johnny Burke was an important man when, on Dec. Mr. Bunting handed him the key of the drawer of the safe in which were kept stamps and petty cash.

When business was resumed after the New Year holidays, Nellie Stewart, the pretty typist who had certified to Mr. Coleman's identity nearly a year ago, made a discovery, which she lost no time in imparting to the rest of the staff. It was this: Johnny was wearing cuffs! It is true they were of celluloid; but after wearing them a week, Johnny used to make them as good as new with soap and water and the brush he used for his hands every morning after he had put on the fire and swept up the kitchen for his mother, so that she might have nothing to do but rise and take her breakfast in comfort.

When he had gone out into the dark streets to trudge manfully the three miles from Charlotte street to Port Dundas, she would pause in her work of "redding up" to lift the little brush, and with shining eyes press her lips to its hard bristles for the sake of the brave boy who was at once husband and child to her widowed heart.

This was something that neither Nellie nor any of the other clerks ever discovered. Johnny was keenly conscious of his responsibility, but it by no means overpowered him. His cuffs were the visible expression of his attitude of mind. He was now a full fledged clerk, doing a man's work, and filling an important position.

One Monday night in February he was busy squaring up his stamps and petty cash account before going home. It was about a quarter to eight o'clock, the commissionaire had just left for the general postoffice with the last bagful of letters, and Johnny was alone in the office.

"That's O. K.," he soliloquized, shutting up his books. "Balance in stamps £35 4s. 6d. and cash £5 8s. 7d. Now to lock up the safe and out off home to supper. What'll mother have tonight, I wonder, to restore the energies of the tired man of business? A finnan haddie, maybe; that would just be about my form."

He rose, carried his stamps and cash to the safe, put them in the drawer, and locked it.

"Heigho I'm tired," he said, yawning and stretching his arms above his head.

Next moment the key of the drawer was snatched from his grasp, and he wheeled round in amazement to confront three men with black crape masks over their eyes.

"So kind of you, Mr. Burke," said one of them, jeeringly, "to hand over your key in that gentlemanly way. We were just thinking we would have to take the key to go through your pockets."

Johnny answered never a word, but his active brain began to work as it had never worked before.

"We were thinking," the man went on, "that we might have to use a little gentle persuasion to make you hand it over, but fortunately you have saved us the trouble. Very considerate, wasn't it, mate? That's the silver key to unlock the golden lock."

Like a flash came the idea. Johnny had been searching for a key to unlock the safe, and he had found it. He snatched the key from the man's hand, and stepped towards the safe.

"What's going on?" the man struck the floor of the temple falling him to the

floor. When Johnny regained consciousness a few minutes later, one of the three men was working busily at the safe drawer with burglars' tools, and his companions were sitting on stools smoking in silence. They had dragged Johnny along the floor out of their way, and he lay within a few feet of the open office door. His head throbbed painfully, and he felt sick and sore; but his brain began to work again. Could he outwit the scoundrels yet?

Suddenly his glance fell on the clock, high up on the wall and his pulses leaped as he saw the minute hand pointing to four minutes to eight o'clock. If he could only get out of the room unobserved all might yet be well, for he remembered that at eight o'clock exactly the fire patrol man was due to enter the office and report himself by telephone to headquarters.

Slowly and noiselessly the boy began to move on his back towards the door, anxiously keeping his gaze on the three figures beside the safe.

The grating noise of the hand drill that the man at the safe was using drowned every sound Johnny made as he slowly worked his way to the door. Three minutes—two minutes—one minute to eight; and with a final silent effort he rolled out of the door, and rising to his feet staggered sick and reeling along the passage leading to one of the bridges spanning the canal.

As he set foot on the bridge, he stumbled into the arms of the fire patrol man on the way to the telephone.

"Quick! gasped Johnny. "Burglars—three—drilling the safe drawer now!"

"Eh! what? Three burglars? echoed the man. "Never mind, my boy; we'll nab them. Run to the time office and tell the three timekeepers to come quick march. I'll wait at the door and see the bold boys don't clear out."

Johnny's head was still throbbing painfully, but the fresh air had revived him, and he ran as he never ran before.

When the four men rushed into the office, the lock of the safe drawer had just given way, and as the three burglars turned round in dismay, a more astonished trio would have been hard to find.

Johnny is now on the road for Coleman & Parker, and the firm has no more trusted representative.—The Sunday Magazine.

Fadeth Not Away.

The old professor was listening with a half smile while his class explained certain facts in metaphysics.

The brain, they said, retained longest the first impressions made upon it. Memories of middle life faded out, while those of childhood remained vivid and clear. Dying persons had been known to speak in a language which they had learned in childhood, and forgotten during a long lifetime.

When the class was dismissed, one of the young men, as usual, lingered to walk across the campus with the professor. The class had noticed that the old man was a little more deaf this winter, a little duller of sight, a little more genteel. They contrived that he should not cross the icy spaces without some one to assist him.

"All that is true, Bob," he said, thinking of the recitation and talking half to himself. "Quite true, and very strange. You learn in childhood a language, simple enough, having to do with the foundation of things; God and heaven and you, yourself. Then you get out into the world and forget it. You learn difficult languages—philosophy or trade or politics; loud, strident kinds of talk that move the world, and you do your share of talking as loudly as you can."

"But presently these things begin to fade out of your mind. They seem less weighty; they count for little. The old language that you learned on your mother's knees comes back, and you find yourself speaking it again. The later languages are alien; that is your own tongue."

"It is strange, sir," said Bob, with a bewildered face.

He brought the professor to his own door, and bade him good night. The old man lingered, looking with a wistful smile at the great quadrangle with the shadowy buildings in which languages and philosophy and sciences were taught.

"I have indeed gone back to the beginning," he said. "These things seem to mean so little, and I think so often of the first line that I ever learned: "Now I lay me down to sleep!"

A Brutal Schoolmaster.

The cruelty, dignified with the name of punishment, which long prevailed in schools is admirably illustrated by a reminiscence taken from a volume entitled "Memories" by C. Kegan Paul, an English publisher.

The mode in which flogging was carried out was an interesting phase of the old-time head-master set on a dais at one end of the room. The space between the dais and the walls was filled by two closets open

at the top, so that, although gloomy there was light enough to see.

Just within the door was a cupboard containing the canes used for flogging. These were a trifle longer than the cupboard, so that when a little door about four inches square was opened, a cane started out like a jack-in-the-box, ready to the hand. This cupboard was connected with a spring in the master's desk, some six feet distant.

When the boy was to be punished, and there were few days without such an occurrence, Allen used to fling his gown behind him on his chair, and with a lithe bound spring to the cupboard, having first touched the spring on his desk. The ominous click which answered within the cupboard was heard over the hushed and expectant room.

Then driving the miserable child before him, he shut the door, swung the victim across his knee, and then, with the waxed cane flogged till he was tired. After that he locked the boy up for an hour or two, to recover as best he might.

I have felt and seen weals caused by the cane, as thick as a finger, while all between each stripe was livid, broken and bleeding. I have known the black and blue bruises still on the skin for more than a month after the flogging.

Withal, Mr. Allen was a pious person and was said to preach good sermons, and I believe he died regretted by those who did not know him as well as his victims.

PRINCE OF WALES'S DRESS.

Convenience Rather Than Setting the Fashion is His Chief Thought.

The influence of the Prince of Wales on the dress of New York men who devote especial thought to what they wear is very much less than some persons have supposed. It would come of course through the London tailors who supply clothes to New Yorkers, although even by that means it would be difficult to trace the vogue of any particular fashion to the heir to the English throne. This is caused in a large measure by the different attitude of Englishmen towards the fashions. There the craze for novelty in men's style is not developed to the extent it is here. A new fashion may be worn by well-dressed men in London for several years before it is put within the reach of persons who pay very little for their clothes. The situation is quite different here. A style sent over from London by the best tailors is likely to be put on the market within the next two months at prices which persons of the most moderate means are able to pay.

It is not probable that English tailors would declare a garment the style merely because the Prince of Wales had worn it. His taste is more likely to be regulated by convenience than by any desire to be a pioneer in fashions. What he wears is usually the result of his conclusion that such a garment would be more comfortable for a stout, middle aged man than any other kind. The new single breasted frock coat is said to be the result of his Royal Highness's unwillingness to have any more thickness of cloth than absolutely necessary over his stomach in the warm weather. His disinclination to pose as an extremist in styles was shown by a remark made to a tailor who dresses the Duke of York. This tailor was fitting the Duke one day and the son urged his father to give his tailor a chance. The tailor also murmured his claims obsequiously.

"No, was the answer of the prince. "You're all right for the young man, but you're too smart for an old man like me."

Some of the peculiarities of the Prince's dressing have been copied, although they were solely the result of his physical proportions. Most striking of these is the fashion of leaving open the last button of the waistcoat. Now most London tailors arrange this button so that it cannot be closed. This came originally from the Prince's difficulty in buttoning a waistcoat over the royal stomach. It has been more generally adopted than any other innovation in dress attributed to this exalted source during recent years. Despite a few valiant pioneers, the fashion of wearing a silk hat with a sack coat could never be made popular here.

Turned up trousers in all weather have been an accepted vagary of fashion for the past three years and the habit is said to have originated in the greater comfort that comes from wearing long trousers turned up, rather than those of the exact length, which would necessarily have to be held tightly by suspenders. The Austrian hats worn in the Tyrol and in all parts of the country by gentlemen there, gained no vogue here because the Prince of Wales, when at Maribrod was photographed wearing one of them and an attempt was made through that fact to boom them here. Men who knew their use recognized their inappropriateness to this country, while others were not attracted by the combination of a green hat and a pheasant's wing.

On the other hand, the soft gray hats, described variously as a Hombourg, Fedora or Alpine, owe their continued popularity

here to the fact that the Prince of Wales promptly adopted the new style. That was another case in which his personal comfort was again the motive that led him to take to a new style.

The single-breasted frock coat will in all probability have to be added to the list of those fashions which could not be made popular, even through the Prince's patronage. There may be need of such a garment in London, where the hot weather extends well into the summer months and full dress is required in a temperature that makes the prospect of wearing a frock coat a torture. The additional lightness gained by dispensing with one layer of cloth is not to be despised by a fat man who has to wear a frock coat on a July afternoon. Here the frock coat as a social necessity does not exist after the first of June. Even at weddings, a short coat is permissible after that time. At such places as Bar Harbor and Newport the temperature is usually suited to the garment whenever it is needed, and that is not often.

THE MESSENGER'S DIVERSION.

A Bit of Comedy Between Trains at an Elevated Railroad Station.

A messenger boy, small, trim, reticent and deliberate in his movements, walked up the steps of a Sixth avenue elevated railroad station, went quietly along the passageway between the ticket seller's window and the ticket chopper's box, and there dropped his ticket. The ticket chopper being at that moment standing, stretching himself, the messenger kept on around the ticket box and dropped in the ticket chopper's chair without a word or look for anybody.

"I guess you were born tired," said the ticket chopper. No reply from the messenger.

When the next messenger dropped a ticket in the box the messenger boy reached forward and grasped the handle of the lever and raised it up and let the ticket fall down from the hopper into the box below throwing the lever up through its full sweep slowly, but to the limit with a manner that was at once laquid and precise.

"There—that'll do," said the ticket chopper. "I'll attend to that part of it."

Still paying no attention to him, the messenger got up and walked away. He had chipped one ticket that's all he wanted to chop; and now he strodded down the platform as calm, as grave-faced, as resistent as ever, as cool, even in this weather, as the proverbial unicorn.

Keeping it Bright.

"It's a good thing to be neat," said Mr. Willowby to his wife, "but I believe Sister Jane goes a little too far; I really think she does." "What has she done now?" asked Mrs. Willowby.

"Well," said her husband slowly, "I went there this morning, and what should I see but a white cloth fluttering from the bell-handle. I thought at first something had happened to one of the children. But when I got close I saw that the bell was covered by the cloth, and there was just a kind of a bow fluttering."

"When I got inside I asked Jane what under the canopy she'd tied the ball in that kind of a rigging for, and she said:

"Well, Ames Willowby, if you must know, I've got that bell all polished up for to-night, when the minister's coming to tea, and if you think I'm going to have it all dulled over before night you're very much mistaken! And I'm making a cover that will just fit on it, and after this I'm going to keep it covered every day till well along in the afternoon, when I'm liable to have callers!"

Lead O'Goosen.

Recently little Kitty of Chicago heard, as she often had, her brothers speak of their desire to see the "Lantic ocean; she was also familiar with her father's favorite ejaculation, "Lead o'Goosen," and in her mind the two were hopelessly confused. On her first visit to the east she was taken to look at the sea. She mournfully exclaimed, in deepest disappointment, "Why de lan' o' Goosen 's all full o' water."

Too Much for Him.

Wearry Willie—Read de remedy for musketer-bites."

Dusty Dope—"Rub de face an' hands thoroughly wid tar-soap."

Wearry Willie—"New read de remedy for tar-soap."

The Advanced Hen.

"Oh, James, here's an account of a hen who laid five eggs in one day."

"Well, maybe she was getting ahead, with her work so she could take a vacation."

Friendship!

Saunders—"Tat circus poster is a paradoxical work of art."

Spencer—"Well, maybe she was getting ahead, with her work so she could take a vacation."

Saunders—"It is 'decided in its views,' and yet you'll find it on the fence."

any rate, I desire the comfort of a well-inclined head in courteous acknowledgment; she did not know what she felt a certain degree of embarrassment.

wished her aunt would come in—or a would go.

She was sitting beside a small table; on it was a sketch book.

Her fingers began to play with it unconsciously.

She even opened it in his abstraction, closed it hastily, with a word of apology.

"Your pardon?" he said. "I did not want it was doing."

"It was only a sketch-book," said smiling. "You are quite welcome to look at it if you like."

"Do they yours?" he asked, with interlocking fingers.

"But I am no artist. I only sketch occasionally."

"They are very good," he said turning to the sketches, and examining them with attention. "I see you have begun on Henry round here. I wonder whether you know Castle Dars? I think you like to sketch it."

"I don't know it. We only came to it last night ago."

"You would care to sketch it, either outside or inside, I should be very glad to see you on all facilities."

"Thank you; you are very kind. But I am much engaged that I have really little time for sketching now. I have my evenings that I can call my own."

Her color deepened ever so slightly on her cheek, and she added quite calmly, with a secret effort—

"I am the school-mistress of Glensknie, in the village school."

"I know," said Darrell simply. "But your duties in the school do not stop up all your time. I should like you to come to Castle Dars. It is not exactly a rural place; but I believe you might find it interesting."

"Thank you," said Nora again, and she saved the embarrassment of deciding to get rid of her visitor by the end of her stay.

It was mid-day, and the school had been closed.

Mr. Darrell was as courteous to the aunt as he had been to the niece.

He repeated his readiness to make any arrangements they might desire, and after a few minutes further conversation, he took his departure.

"It is an odd character," remarked Miss Darrell, as she stood at the window, watching the tall, massive figure as it came from the garden into the street.

"I am sure he means to be extremely civil to us; but he is as me of Ishmael, nevertheless. I don't believe that every man's hand is against him and his hand against man."

"He gives me that impression, too," Nora thoughtfully. "But do you know I think I rather like him. I am sorry it must be a terrible thing to you have shed a fellow creature's life."

Miss Darrell, perched on the top of the chair, was looking especially fine in a background of purple clouds, and here and there with crimson, as she sat slowly, like a ball of fire, below the sun.

It was a convenient spot Nora sat, with an open sketch book on her knees, so much engaged in listening to the castle's master that she forgot to look at her watch, and watching her progress with eyes.

It was a remarkable thing but not more remarkable than true, that this wild Dars had held no converse with his own for seven years, an intimacy less than that of a husband and his wife, and his tenants at the White House.

In consideration, Miss Bessford had that some few alterations were made.

Mr. Darrell had undertaken them in the most generous fashion, and had personally supervised them.

As to the aunt rather than to the niece, that all the attentions were paid.

It was discovered that he had once met a lady of here, and this, in the good lady's opinion, was enough to establish a species of acquaintance.

It would often call to present the game he had shot, or a basket of flowers would be sent down from the castle.

They were always sent to the elder daughter.

It was still interested in him—still trying him; but that was all.

At times of an evening, he would come to the aunt rather than to the niece, and that all the attentions were paid.

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Adventures of an Aged Indian Hunter.

Mitchell Sabattis, the old Indian guide, has suffered a second stroke of paralysis and is fast losing his strength. He is known to every visitor to the northern part of the Adirondacks. He does not know himself just how old he is, but his relatives say that he must be nearly 108. He lives with his son Harry at the foot of Mount Sabattis, which was named after him. The house is about half a mile from the shore of Long Lake, where he has passed the greater part of his life in the quest of game and fish.

Mitchell was a son of Capt Peter Sabattis. He is one of the St. Francis tribe of Banakee Indians and the last full blooded member of the tribe in this country.

Capt. Peter Sabattis and his son Mitchell gave the lakes, streams and the mountains of the region about here their Indian names. Too Long Lake they gave the name Qu-nah-ga-wah because of its shape. Raquette Lake retains its original name, also derived from its shape. Forked Lake was called Nek-taw-pa koh, 'out and in' as Mitchell says. To Blue Mountain they gave the name Nep-pers-long-we watch je, because it is always blue. The name Utowana comes from the Mohawk Indians and indicates an abundance of game. Suranac was named Sun-ha-lan-ok, it being an entrance to Lake Champlain. The Tudper lakes, large and small, have their names in Indian. Big Tupper was called Pas-kon-ga-mah, supposed to apply to its round shape. Little Tupper was called Pas-gum-ga-nab-seck. Mount Mercury in the language of the St. Francis tribe was known as Wab-um-de-ah meaning that it was always white.

A strange fact of Mitchell's long life in the woods and his hunting and trapping experiences is, he has never suffered serious injury by coming in contact with the wild animals, and he has had many an adventure with panthers, moose and bears as well as deer and wolves. He says that the panther was a thorough coward and relates many stories which bear out the statement. One of his favorite panther stories is as follows:

"It was when I was a young fellow. I was a pretty good shot and had lots of pluck. One morning I found a panther track near High Pond and with the dog in a chain we followed it up. We located the panther under the bushes and started him up. I let go of the dog and he went after him. I had with me a young fellow who was considered to be one of the best shots in the section. I followed the dog closely and the other hunter was not far behind. Up on the side of the mountain the panther came out between the other hunter and myself. The fellow backed up on his snowshoes and fell down. The panther jumped through the snow and at each leap the dog went into the hole that the panther had just left. The dog finally got the panther by the hind leg, as he was going up a tree. He hung on until the panther shook him loose. We could see the panther up in the tree and I told the other hunter, who had by this time come up, to take his gun and shoot the panther. But he said no and we argued for some time as to who should take the first shot at the thing. I was finally the one to do the shooting and at the first shot I killed the panther, the shot going through his heart.

"On that same day we found another track, only it was larger than the track of the first panther. The last track wound around a ledge of rock on the side of the mountain. We followed that track for some distance, but did not find the game. At last we discovered that the panther had gone down and back in the track. After going for about forty rods in the opposite direction we found the remains on a buck. The panther had been in the habit of going there and eating, after which he would return to his hole. We saw where he had gone in a hole in the ledge. The ledge was just above the snow and about eight feet wide. By getting on the ledge I could see far down into the hole where the panther had gone. When I stepped on the ledge the panther let out the worst howls I had ever heard. His fairly mad hair stand up. The young fellow was low on the ground.

"Better get off," he said.

"No, guess not," said I.

"When I backed off the ledge he stopped growling. Then he went back to see if he would growl again. The old fellow was pretty mad about it. But he would not come out. I made up mind from the sound of his growl that he was about six feet above me and that he could see me,

yet I could not see him. I decided to try and smoke him out and went back to where the buck was lying in the snow. There I found some firewood and made a fire. The smoke did not get to him, for he did not come out. He was in there though and began to growl again as soon as I stepped back on the rock.

"Cut me a pole," said I, "I'll punch him out," I had begun to get used to his noise and my hair straightened out.

"No, let him go," said my friend.

"I got the pole and pushed it into the hole. It was all ice inside there and I could not get to the panther. I reached the upper ledge and thought the panther was under me. Every time I jabbed the stick into the hole he growled good and hard. At last I touched him. Then he growled the worst yet. I could hear him walking around inside there. I gave another poke with the stick and the panther came out of the hole. When he passed me, he was within two feet of me. All there was between us was a light ridge of snow. He never stopped, and got well away. The dog was let loose and he took after him. The other fellow would not shoot. As the dog followed the panther he barked as though he was after a deer. When we came up to the panther he was under a log. The dog was jumping back and forth trying to get at the panther. The panther did not offer to hurt the dog, only when he came too near he would strike at him. By and by the dog dived in. I saw the panther take the dog's head in his mouth and I made up my mind that was the end of

the dog. The dog began to back up and pulled the panther out far enough that I could shoot him.

"He was a monster and weighed about 200 pounds, measuring nine feet from top to tail. We took his skin and left the meat. That made the second panther I had shot that day. I got \$62.00 a head from the State. In all I killed nine panthers. I have been twice within ten feet of a panther, but he never attacked me.

"On one occasion I was hunting on the side of a steep mountain. I started up a panther, he jumped from a log to another. I was obliged to go around. I got pretty close to him and stepped on a limb of a spruce tree lying on the ground. The limb broke with me and left me straddling the roots of a tree upturned. I supposed he would wait for me to get a shot, but he did not. He started and my gun was not over two feet from him when he went past. My shot never touched him. All I could see of him was the snow falling from the trees as he passed down the mountain and ran against them.

"I killed nine moose. The first moose I ever killed was at a time when father was with me. In those days in the summer we would camp along the lakes or streams where it was convenient. In the winter we would get into a settlement and live. There was a log house in Newcomb where we had lived many winter, but white men got in there and occupied the log house. Father was a great hunter for marten. We would start out and go for days through the woods looking after the traps, camping here and there. Father would go into the woods and trap moose by deadfalls and

hunt marten. We started from the foot of the lake one morning in the winter and travelled until about noon. Then we came up to a moose yard. We could see where the moose had eaten the trees. We hadn't gone but a few rods further when we saw a moose. Father pulled off his snowshoes. The moose which was a cow, heard us. She had her head raised up to break off some of the boughs of a tree. Just beyond her was a bull moose. She hit him as she started. We started after the moose as fast as we could go. Father wanted to shoot the moose himself. We chased her through a sort of a swamp and through some hard wood.

"She is pretty tired," said father; "she won't go much further. We will make a camp here for the night." The next morning the cow moose was there, and we started her again. There was a crust, and she heard us coming on the snowshoes. I was told to go to the top of the hill and then follow her. I was pretty tired and very hungry. I travelled for a mile and a half and then returned.

"I met father coming up. He said the tracks I had been following were those of a bull. The bull and cow travel differently. The bull will throw his feet out to each side like a pacing horse, while the cow drags her feet in the track. We found the cow moose off to one side and she was very tired. I was young and could run like a deer. Father told me to run around her, and I did. I ran around her and shot her, too, when I got within good range. We made a fire there, and father cut from the moose the midriff. We roasted it on little sticks.

"We'll camp here," said father. I shoveled out the snow and he skinned the moose. By the time he had the moose skinned I had the camp prepared. We roasted the marrow bones for supper. At night we lay down and pull the moose hide over us with the hair side next to our bodies.

"When we woke in the morning the hide

was frozen stiff. Father raised it up so that I could get out, and then I raised the hide so that he could get out. She was a very fat moose.

A Charmed Life.

The scenery along the Kentucky river above and below Harrodsburg has been justly compared to the highlands of the Hudson. Towering cliffs, hundreds of feet in height, impress the beholder. In 'Historical Sketches of Kentucky' an incident is told of one of the highest of these.

Jotham Strout was hoeing corn in the bottom just opposite the ferry, when his attention was attracted by a rattling noise above his head. Looking up, he was staggered at seeing a man tumbling down the fearful precipice, now touching and grasping at a twig, now at a root, without being able to check himself. Finally, with a crashing of limbs, he landed in the top of a buckeye tree, about fifty feet above the general level of the bottom.

Mr. Strout ran to the place with all haste, dreading to find a dead man, and not doubting he would be terribly injured, if alive; for the distance the man had fallen was one hundred and seventy feet, and from the last point where he had touched the rock to the top of the tree where he lodged was forty-five feet.

Fancy Mr. Strout's surprise, then, to find the man standing erect at the foot of the tree, feeling of his arms and body.

"Are you hurt?" cried Mr. Strout.

"That's what I'm trying to find out, my friend," was the answer. "It's my impression that I am alive, but rather sore."

Not a bone was broken, and despite a few bruises, the man seemed to be as sound as before the terrible fall.

"That fellow bore a charmed life," was Mr. Strout's remark whenever he told the story.

If we wanted to live

We could say there is no case of advanced consumption that Adamson's Botanic Cough Balm will not cure. The truth is it cures coughs and thus prevents consumption. 25c. all Druggists.



A DAY IN THE COUNTRY.

Chat of the Boudoir.

If there is one article of dress more than another which requires that the principles of individuality should be promulgated to the fullest extent it is the tea gown, and the summer tea gown in particular. While there is every phase, age and mode of dress open to the originators of this gown a woman must fully understand both the weakness and strength of her physical points if she would attain any kind of success as to her appearance in a tea gown. She may wrestle satisfactorily with every other kind of a gown, yet fail to grace the aesthetic character of her negligee, unless she has a well defined appreciation of her physical defects, and some consideration for its adaptation to her characteristics and habits of living. However negligee gowns are an unlimited source of comfort during the heated term and quite the most fascinating of all of a woman's belongings if they are well chosen. It is a negligee of the most summary description most in demand and if you can possess one which will answer the purpose of a home dinner gown and a costume in which it is suitable to receive your friends you have a treasure. One such gown is shown in the illustration made of white net inset with lace over a white taffeta and chiffon foundation dress. A pretty little bolero of lace, a scarf of black or colored chiffon and a jeweled belt complete a very elegant but useful gown. A more simple dress of chiffon over white taffeta shows a lace yoke, accordion plaited front and ruffle and a short flowing sleeve of the plaited chiffon. The Empire style is displayed in another gown of soft blue silk trimmed with lace threaded through with a white satin ribbon.

Negligees are made entirely of lace in a loose cloak like form, with angel sleeves and plaited fronts of chiffon. The chiffon is the only lining and the fullness confined in a low-necked Empire bodice of pink velvet, showing through the lace, has a very charming effect, the velvet fastening the garment at the bust in a pretty rosette. The classic lines of Greek drapery are carried out to some extent in a tea gown of pink crepe, the back partially fitted to the figure, the front draped up at one side and the edges, like the hem, trimmed with lace. The sleeves are of the angel variety falling over an undersleeve of lace. For real comfort in the privacy of your own room a crepe Japanese kimono is the thing. If it is genuine it is embroidered in silver and gold down either side of the front and worn with the wide sash belt and short sash ends of black embroidered crepe. But if you cannot afford this, the American modification of this garment made in cotton crepe is a joy, even though it is not a thing of beauty. In gray or pink a kimono is very striking with a border of black lawn cut out in applique designs outlined with a fine cord the color of the gown.

The tints in cloth gowns seems to be lighter even than they were in the early spring, and now there is an ice color which is indescribable, a delicate green, and the faintest tint of pink, which make charming gowns for cool days.

Cloths in pale colors are used for driving coats, with a tight-fitted basque in the back. The fronts slope off a little from below the bust and large double revers and collar of white silk and lace are the finish above a white silk vest fastened with silver buttons.

Little collarettes of lace and mousseline plaitings, with long scarf ends, are very much worn, and seem to fill the place of the fancy boas. They are simply a yoke with ruffles attached and finished around the neck with plaitings of lace.

MORE YOUNG TAILORS NEEDED.

One Effect of the Development of the Tailor-Made Woman.

'Women make better lawyers and ministers than tailors,' said an authority on the subject. 'They might be employed in the lighter details, but never for the fundamental part of the work. That must be done by men, and the scarcity of skilled labor is to day, as it has been for several years, a very grave consideration, and it is apt to increase rather than to lessen since there are no young apprentices coming on. The American boy, even the son of the foreign born tailor, is averse to learning the trade. He thinks it womanish to sit sewing on the bench and the increased attention devoted to feminine costumes has seemingly strengthened his aversion. I have myself offered all manner of inducements to bright-witted, active lads to learn the business, but they prefer to become plumbers or bricklayers, printers or engineers, to be anything, in fact, but tailors like their fathers or uncles.

If the boys could be made to see it, there are better chances for a successful career in tailoring than in many other callings. It's one of the few trades in which a man's value increases as he grows older. The skilled carpenter, stonemason, etc., is apt to be set aside when his vigor declines. With middle life he has passed his usefulness, but the old tailor, schooled in every vagary of his art, is even more highly prized than are the young and vigorous workmen. Patience, infinite practice and experience are his tools, and these are the dowry of years. The most prosperous merchant tailors and owners of sumptuous establishments in this country began as workmen on the bench. It requires from two to three years shop apprenticeship to make a creditable workman, and as long to develop into a first class cutter and designer. 'In the old countries the apprentice learns by toilsome process, and what he learns he learns thoroughly, but he has none of the young American's quick grasp of ideas and origination of methods. Belgium and Sweden send out the best men. In Germany also the standard is high, and good men acquire the trade. Europe's best journeymen tailors of all nations, come to the United States, attracted by the \$4 and \$5 a day wages, but the rank and file of the unskilled workmen came also, and there is no means of separating the fit from the unfit except by actual trial, and often at the cost of a ruined garment. The merchant tailors' exchanges in all the large cities have long been concerned as to this shortage of skilled labor. They have fostered schools of tailoring and offered free tuition and prizes for the best made coat, trousers or waistcoat executed by an apprentice. In nearly every case their efforts have been futile. A school that could accommodate fifty pupils and was officered by enthusiastic patrons, who secured the most competent teachers, would have only a dozen or more pupils. The New York Tailors' Exchange even established a gymnasium, where the tailors' apprentices could have an offset to their sedentary work, but enthusiasm was not to be created. Boys preferred clerking at \$6.00 and \$7.00 a week with no chance of promotion rather than a trade that demanded close attention, no matter what future prizes were offered. Consequently there is a mere handful of apprentices learning the trade, and at each recurring busy season the headquarters for cutting systems and tailors' devices were besieged for skilled cutters, designers and sewers to fill positions in tailors' establishments in various towns and cities. There are not enough first-rank workmen to go round. The half-skilled labor is used in default of better, and their blunders evoke anathemas in the back shops, and much fault-finding and irritation before the goods.

USE THE GENUINE MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER

'The Universal Perfume.' For the Handkerchief, Toilet and Bath. Refuse all substitutes.



Hood's Pills. Rouse the torpid liver, and cure biliousness, sick headache, jaundice, nausea, indigestion, etc. They are invaluable to prevent a cold or break up a fever. Mild, gentle, certain, they are worthy your confidence. Purely vegetable, they can be taken by children or delicate women. Price, 25c. at all medicine dealers or by mail of C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

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FOR CAMPING OUT.

Tents, Sleeping Bags and Many Other Things Provided for Their Purposes. Camping out things have of course long been articles of sale by the dealers in sportsmen's goods, but there never was a time before when they were offered in such variety, and of such perfect adaptability to their use, as now. Of tents there is a great variety, of all kinds and styles and sizes, for from two men up; and if these tents are not in stock the dealer makes any of them to order within twenty-four hours. There are camp stoves and camp ovens and various camp cooking utensils. Among the new things in this line are the cooking kits of aluminum, which are wonders of lightness and compactness; such kits are made of various sizes, for from two persons upward.

WHEN MADAME WAS AWAY.

A Woman Overhears the Plans of a Man Whose Wife was in the Country. Two men sat behind the vines of a secluded veranda to smoke their after-dinner cigars the other evening. As they smoked they grew confidential and told each other some secrets that were burdensome to their comfort. A woman sat within the house, near a window that

fit for six persons occupies when packed for transportation a space little, if any, greater than that taken up by any ordinary water bucket. Such a kit contains four pails, nesting snugly together and each provided with a cover and a bail. There are in that kit knives and forks and spoons and cups and plates and coffee pot and frying pans—everything that could be needed for the convenience and comfort of the campers, and everything made so that it will go inside the innermost of the nest of pails. The frying pans are ingeniously contrived to be used with a pole handle, which is cut at the camp and inserted in the handle of the frying pan, so that the cook doesn't have to bend down over the fire, in the smoke, but can, with his long handled-frying pan, stand up straight and away from the heat and manipulate the pan in comfort.

The hunter or fisherman who camps out can of course build a bed for himself with crocheted sticks and poles, or he can make a bed of boughs, upon which to spread his blankets, or he can buy a sleeping outfit that can be made ready for use in much less time than he could build a bed from nature's materials, and that would at the same time give him in the midst of nature, absolute luxury, besides being, when not in use, light and portable to a high degree.

Folding camp beds have long been made but they are made nowadays lighter and to do up in completer form than ever. One can buy a camp bed very comfortable to sleep on, that will do up for transportation into a light bundle three feet long by six inches square. If he wants something more comfortable still he can buy an air mattress, which can be quickly inflated, and which, deflated, makes a roll thirty inches in length by five inches in diameter. Sleeping bags, which, not many years ago were articles of limited sale, and which when used, were more likely to be supplied by the guides, are nowadays made in variety and sold in considerable numbers. They are lined with furs of various kinds, or with lambs' wool, or blankets, heavy or light, sleeping bags being made for use in any climate. Sleeping bags may be costly, or inexpensive, according to the materials of which they are made.

There are camp chairs of various kinds, old and new, and tables likewise, all highly portable, a table for four people, for example being made to fold into a bundle three feet long and four inches thick one way by six the other. A modern sort of contraption is a pocket axe, a useful little implement, that can be dropped in a 'pocket' or in 'one's' booting. The pocket axe has a pivoted guard that can be closed down over its edge, as the handle of a razor is closed over its edge; this for the protection of the carrier, and to protect the edge itself, when the axe it used the guard is thrown back on its pivot, to shut into the handle, out of the way, flush with the handle's surface.

There are compasses, of course, the modern camp compass being put into a nickel case like a watch case, most convenient to carry and use, there are waterproof match boxes and so on. There is in fact to be found in these days for camping out, everything that could be required, for convenience, for comfort, or for luxury, and all these up to date in economy of place and weight.

The camper-out can also get in the sporting goods establishment food in considerable variety, this being like the sportsman camp equipage food put up in the compactest possible form. He can buy in a cylindrical paper box of the size of a quart measure and very light to carry, in the form of a powder, the yolks of six dozen eggs, in a form somewhat like that of a dynamite cartridge, six inches in length by an inch or an inch and a half in diameter can be bought, in this highly condensed form, pass sufficient to make two or three gallons of pea soup. Potatoes and other vegetables can be bought condensed. In a box not much larger than that of a penny box of matches are sold a dozen capsules of beef extract, so condensed that one of them will make a quart of bouillon. There are soups and other foods, highly concentrated, put up in little blocks the size of yeast cakes, that when prepared will yield a meal, so that it is quite possible for the man who is going camping out to carry along, in very little space, food as well if he so desires for supplies until he begins to get his own, or to guard against any emergency or for taking out other supplies.

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opened on the veranda. It was a warm night and the window was open. But the woman was supposed to be reading and the men forgot her existence. Snatches of the conversation floated in to her, and as the theme was particularly interesting to femininity the woman listened. It couldn't be wrong, she argued, because one man was her husband and the other was her dearest friend's husband. Their talk amused and interested her so much she told it to a friend and that person repeated it in a newspaper office and so it was a secret no longer. The theme of the men's conversation is not an unusual one in Buffalo this month. Dozens of other men could take part in it if they chose. The dearest friend's husband was trying to keep house while his wife and the children were in the country for a few weeks. 'You know, Clifford, I can make a cup of coffee and broil a steak as well as the next person, but when it comes to washing dishes I flunk, that's all. How the women keep the dishes in shape is more than I know. Then it beats all how untidy the bedroom gets. I can't understand it, for I never had any difficulty in keeping my shoes, ties, collars and those kind of things in their place before. I suppose I forgot to put them away now that I have the breakfast to cook.' The woman listening, laughed, for she knew all about certain bags, and boxes which her dearest friend had in which she stowed away her husband's soiled linen and handkerchiefs and kept his neckties straight. She remembered, too, her friend telling her she had left everything in apple order for Herbert. 'He'll get along nicely,' the little woman had said, 'for the list is in perfect order, there isn't a soiled article anywhere and I've left a supply of cooked things and have told the milkman and baker to call every morning in time for breakfast.' 'It wasn't so bad until I made my first breakfast,' the voice on the veranda went on. 'That was not a success, for after I had made the coffee and put on the eggs I sat down to read the paper a minute. What a minute when you want to find out about the situation in China and if the Democrats have agreed on their platform! But it was long enough for the coffee to boil all over the range and the eggs to get as hard as bricks. What coffee was left tasted queer and I hadn't time to wash the dishes. I was sure I had used only one plate and a cup and saucer, but there was enough for half a dozen persons. After I tidied up the kitchen I thought I would look over the evening paper, when I remembered I hadn't made my bed yet. I could have sworn burglars had been in the room, for there were more shoes and neckties and things lying around than I could wear in a week. I couldn't begin to put them away! Marion has one of those long narrow boxes for my neckties and I tried to straighten the

JOHN NOBLE COSTUMES. These Famous Costumes are sent direct by Parcel Post, safely packed on receipt of Order and remittance from The Largest Firm of Costume makers in the World, JOHN NOBLE, LTD., Brook Street Mills, Manchester, Eng. THREE GOLD MEDALS AWARDED. They are guaranteed to be singularly high value in cut, finish and material, and far superior in make to shop bought costumes. All orders are promptly executed and full satisfaction given to customers or their money refunded. ... PATTERNS POST FREE. A Full Dress Length of either cloth (yds. 52 ins. wide) for \$1.50. Postage, 80c. When ordering, please state colour and stock size required. Colours are Black, Navy, Brown, Khaki, Myrtle, Grey, Fawn, and Royal Blue. Sizes in Stock are 24, 36, 38 ins. round bust (under arms); Waists, 24, 26, 28 ins.; Skirts being 38, 40, 42 ins. long in front. Any other size CAN BE MADE TO MEASURE, 40c. extra. Model 1499. An attractive well made Young Lady's Costume. Carefully finished. Coat, accented back and well finished Tailor Skirt. Length and Prices—\$1.00 to \$1.25. Model 1506. Fashionable Costume consisting of a long skirt and a jacket. Perfect fitting round top. Made in the John Noble Cheviot Serge or Costume Coating. Price \$1.50. Model 200. A Stylish Design. The Jacket fitted with one box pleat at back and well cut. Even stitching as sketch. Price only \$1.00. Complete. Carriage, 50c. extra. Skirt alone, \$1.35. Carriage, 40c. Skirt alone, \$1.25. Skirt alone, \$1.00. Skirt alone, \$1.00. Patterns and Halmates for the making of any kind of Costumes sent Post Free. Please name this paper when writing and send direct to John Noble, Ltd., Brook Street Mills, Manchester, Eng.

things out and put them away as I usually keep them, but it took too long.' Again the woman on the other side of the window laughed softly, for she remembered her friend telling how Herbert always tried every pair of shoes he owned before he could decide which ones to wear and how his necktie box had to be tidied every morning as regularly as the bed was made. 'It is two weeks now since Marion went away,' the man continued 'and though I have written her that everything is all right and that I enjoy housekeeping. I shall be mighty glad to see her back. Every dish in the house was used nearly a week ago and I have given up trying to wash more than a plate and cup I need for breakfast. After this I am going downtown for breakfast and I am going to send for the washerwoman to come and clean up the house. I told Marion it wasn't necessary to have anyone come in, that I could keep things going for a month all right. Our flat is so small there never seemed much to do, but either I am too busy at the office or I haven't felt so well as usual, for this housekeeping beats me.' 'You'll be glad when it is time for your wife to come home, eh?' said the friend, as he knocked the ashes off the end of his cigar, and the woman who listened made up her mind she would write her friend that very night and tell her how glad Herbert would be to see her and the children.

Think Of It. Never before in the history of the world was there a remedy for corns as safe, painless, and certain as Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. It makes no sore spots and acts speedily. Try Putnam's Corn Extractor. At druggists. Sure, safe and painless. Hit in the Face. In one of Mr. Chauncey M. Depew's stories, he tells of meeting a man as funny as himself. 'One day,' said Mr. Depew, 'I met a soldier who had been wounded in the face. He was a Union man, and I asked him in which battle he had been injured. 'In the last Battle of Bull Run, sir,' he replied. 'But how could you get hit in the face at Bull Run?' I asked. 'Well, sir,' said the man, half apologetically, 'after I had run a mile or two I got careless and looked back.'

ANOTHER FACIAL INSULT.

Toban—'An' so thim Filipinos yes saw wor sharrt av stature, wid high chak-bones, wor they? Phwat homely divil!' Dolan—'Yis, Toban, they wor th' most moonkey-faced people Oi iver addresssed—that is, present company excepted, av course.' (And then they clinched.)

TO THE DEAF.

A rich lady, cured of her Deafness and Noise in the Head by Dr. Nicholson Artificial Ear Drums, has sent \$1,000 to his Institute, so that deaf people unable to procure the Ear Drums may have them free. Apply to The Institute, 700 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Russia's War Exhibit.

Whatever may be demonstrated by the next great European war, at this time there is no question that Russia is an unknown quantity. Since she figured last in any important European contest she has developed amazingly in all her resources and in her military strength. Within the last twenty years, progress has made more rapid strides throughout the Empire than in the preceding 100 years. Her population is greater than that of any other two nations of Europe. From the gigantic numerical strength of her army alone she must necessarily prove a colossus in war. But the number of her soldiers is by no means her only strength. In military power, discipline and equipment she has lately taken her place among the first of the great powers in the world.

It may be easy to dispute this statement but it is not easy to disprove it. Like every other nation Russia does not tell everything she has up her sleeve, but what she shows to the world in her open hand is quite enough to indicate her recent growth and her present stupendous force. She shows just such an open hand here at Paris, and unless the observer is willfully blind, he must realize that the Russia of today is no element to be despised by any Power or combination of Powers.

Nations that have made a less imposing display of their military force at the Paris Exhibition may possibly regard the Russian exhibit as ostentatious in its extent and completeness and perhaps as something of a bluff. The man without prejudice, however, may read the lesson as a sort of "molle me tanger" warning to the universe; a hint that the great White Bear wants to be let alone, but is able to take care of himself if disturbed.

The showing is an extraordinary one along the lines of military development. What is a particular revelation to the expert is the marvellous expansion and thoroughness of the Russian Navy, as well as the vast progress achieved in the way of scientific and inventive construction of all the implements of war. The artillery exhibits, one of the most remarkable ever shown by any country at an international exposition.

France has been particularly cordial toward her great ally in the allotment of space. Though you miss a Russian pavilion along the Street of Nations—that unique thoroughfare where nearly every country in the world is represented by a characteristic edifice—in another part of the grounds, over by the Trocadero, you see the towering spires above an enormous structure the architecture of which proclaims it to be Russia's national building. And as you survey its immensity you realize that a place apart from the other countries was given to Russia because she required an infinitely greater space than was available along the Street of Nations. Well, the same idea of vastness is the characteristic keynote of all of Russia's exhibits.

The Ministry of War of the Empire has sent to Paris an exhibit so extensive that it was found necessary to construct a separate building for those things which were crowded out of the general grouping in the big Palace of Land and Sea Armies. This annex, conspicuously indicated by the imperial standard floating above it must strikingly impress the passerby with Russia's military strength, for over the door of building is the simple notice, "Supplemental Artillery Exhibit."

The Army and Navy Palace is an enormous pavilion facing on the Seine. Just in the middle of its interminable length is the place allotted to Russia—which, by the way, chances to be the next door neighbor of her best friend, France. Two capacious stories house the general display. On the lower floor are the exhibits of the Russian Navy and the military engineers. The naval exhibit has proved a revelation to experts, and it is obvious that hereafter the Russian Navy will be spoken of as one of the greatest in the world. All around you find models of vessels that have already rendered high service to the Empire and of others that are in course of construction or are just finished. One of these models is the protected cruiser Bayan, 7,600 tons, that was launched this week at Toulon. Another represents the Varang, constructed at the Cramp's shipyards in Philadelphia, which will make its first trip to Europe this month. The Bagatir, built in Germany and just about completed, is the third of Russia's newest acquisitions in the way of armored cruisers. All these cruisers carry fifty

guns and have a speed of 21 knots. Though built in different parts of the world, the models show them to be uniform in general design, demonstrating, as was remarked by a well-known naval expert, that though Russia goes here and there to have her cruisers built, they are distinctly and emphatically Russian in invention and design.

If the visitor is disposed to think that Russia is incapable of building her own warships, he changes his mind when he sees the model of the Oromobel, a gigantic and formidable looking ironclad of 13,000 tons that was built and entirely equipped in Russia. As a sample of the sort of vessel that fights for the Czar she is the most imposing. Double turreted, looking as invulnerable as a rock, she is majestic in her proportions and graceful in her lines. Her armament consists of twenty eight 10 inch, 8 inch and 6 inch guns and thirty caliber. Of 10 inch guns she carries four. Swinging from her davits are two torpedo boats, each equipped with two latest model steel torpedoes. The monster has a speed of about twenty knots.

Of such marine gladiators as these is the Russian Navy constituted. As seen by models exhibited, Russia has also a number of smaller cruisers of about 3,000 tons, with a speed of twenty three knots, whose efficiency has been frequently demonstrated. She also possesses a very practical form of torpedo boat and torpedo boat destroyer of about 350 tons and capable of a speed of twenty eight knots. Of this particular model there will soon be fifty in the Russian Navy.

It is very evident that Russia has not been any the less progressive in the details of her navy than she has been in her warships. All round you, you see that the march of improvement has been correspondingly great in the matter of armament and the thousand and one things that go to make up an efficient naval service. Here and there are evidences that the inventors have more than kept pace with the times. An enormous 8 inch, 45 calibre cannon, for instance, made at Aboukof, near St. Petersburg, is equipped with a mercury reservoir, quite a new thing in artillery science, which was invented by Capt. Miller, a Russian officer of marine artillery. Other Russian inventors have applied most practical and ingenious modifications to well known existing ordnance tending to enhance its value or simplify its mechanism very considerably.

In the general line of inventions the showing is a most interesting one. Thus multitudes of things about a ship have been vastly improved upon, not only in navigating appliances and apparatus for handling ammunition when in action, but in such minor matters as contribute to the comfort of officers and crew. A young Russian officer has invented a form of telephone through which the slightest sound is audible, whatever may be the disturbing noises about the ship. The same telephone is made applicable to submarine uses by divers. Indeed the inventions devoted to promoting the efficiency of the diving service are innumerable. This service is one that occupies a conspicuous place in the Russian Navy, and under the Minister of Marine is an important divers' school at Crossstadt, where a two years' course of study trains sailors for efficient submarine work. Among the many recent inventions of value in this line is a pump enabling a diver to descend to a depth of 300 feet below the water surface. Another invention of a similar kind is a submarine photographic camera and outfit.

An interesting exhibit is made of the uses of aluminum and other light weight durable metals in the finishings of war vessels, and the display of ship armorings from the Kalpino works further demonstrated the great advance in Russia's constructive skill.

On the upper floor of the Russian section in the Army and Navy Palace are shown the various uniforms worn in the imperial service. These are displayed by an interesting collection of life-like wax figures. Standing in a group before a statue of the Czar are officers in the brilliant uniforms of the different arms of the service—the gorgeously appraised cuirassier in his white tunic, wearing the silver helmet; the voltigeur, in his more business like uniform of dark blue; the brilliant lancer; the theoretic Hussar, with his gold braided red jacket, and the quieter costumes of the engineers, the foot artillery and the infantry. Lounging about are other conspicuous factors of the great army, chief of which are the Cosacks in their picturesque, barbaric costumes of former days and the present time.

The exhibit hereabouts also comprises a display of the various staffs and water-proof tissues worn by all grades of Russian troops. The practical purpose of this display is to demonstrate how important a part color plays in the selection of the uniforms of an army.

The Russian Artillery Annex faces the centre of the Army and Navy Building, from which it is separated by one of the chief promenades of the exhibition. This structure, more than anything else, manifests by its contents the marvellous development of the end-of-the-century Russia as a great military power. Nearly everything in the way of war material that can be found in the storehouse of any nation in the world is duplicated in the Russian Annex, and in many instances is improved upon. The whole range of death-dealing machinery, from a miniature rifle as big as a scarf pin, to a colossal 11-inch engine of war is illustrated in the exhibit.

The chief showpieces in this extraordinary collection are the mountings of two gigantic coast defence cannons. The cannons themselves are there, but simply to demonstrate the apparatus belonging to them. This machinery, constructed in St. Petersburg after designs of Col. Dourlach of the Russian Army, manifests the ease with which these enormous guns can be cleaned, loaded, pointed, raised or lowered, sighted and fired, thanks to the simple mechanical appliances with which they are equipped. The efficiency of the apparatus is a tribute to the advanced skill of the Russian artillerymen.

Among other entirely new appliances devised by the Russian Army are shown the Nilus vertical projectiles suitable alike for campaign, siege and fortress weapons; a gun carriage, equipped with rubber springs to prevent dislocation of the vehicle by the recoil from the cannon; a 6 inch mortar mounted on wheels attached in an ingenious way so as to resist without fracture from the recoil, demonstrating, more over, how Russia has solved the problem of employing large caliber mortars in field artillery and a cannon and ceisson exhibit by the St. Petersburg Works and by the Brianik Arsenal, so as to illustrate a process of wood turning serviceable for the construction of cannon and caisson wheels.

Models of arms are exhibited from the imperial factories at Tula, Sestroretsk and Ijevsk and cartridges from the State factories at St Petersburg and Louganak, all bearing unmistakable evidence of being up to date even to the smallest detail. Specimens of steel made by a new Russian process are also shown.

Not the least interesting and a significant feature of the exhibit is a large collection of Russian made instruments of precision used in the Government works. The most notable of these is a magnetic scale to test the temper of gun metal. This is a branch of science in which, as is not generally known, Russia excels today. Another fact that is also as little known is that Russia owes her skill in this respect to the United States. Russia, however, makes no secret that she had American preceptors in this line of industry.

Gen. Alexander Van der Hoven, the imperial representative in charge of the Artillery Annex, is enthusiastic when he speaks of the United States. He represented Russia in the same capacity, at the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia in 1876, and from that visit dates the introduction of many valuable and practical ideas in the Russian service.

"All we have learned," he says, "in the way of making these necessary instruments of precision we owe to the United States, and we are proud to acknowledge the indebtedness. We are also proud of what we do to-day in this same line ourselves, and we think the specimens exhibited here will show that we have proved good pupils of an inch in thickness."

From the one ten-thousandth of an inch in thickness to cannons of ships weighing thousands of tons is a large range. By what they exhibit in Paris the Russians show themselves skilled and thorough in the big things and the little things that go to make up the military strength of a nation. Experts have come to that conclusion from an inspection of the Russian army and navy exhibit.

Small Souled Criticism.

"A little artistic verisimilitude would help this story somewhat, I think," suggested the critic. "Of course, the unexpected sometimes adds force to the dramatic situation, but that idea can be overworked."

"To what do you refer?" asked the author.

"Why, in the first part of the book you describe the villain as bald-headed, and in the last chapter you unnecessarily startle the reader by having him wildly tear his hair. Aside from that—"

"But the author wanted to hear no more. As he finished with his manuscript he was

heard to say something about 'these people with small souls and trivial natures who would bind genius to the lumbering cart wheel of common sense.'

JONES COUNTY BASEBALL TRIOS

How a Woman Started the Flourishing Industry in Indianapolis.

"You may talk about the sweeping curves and the parabolic shoots of present-day baseball pitchers," said the fat man who was at one time mascot for the Lightfoot Lilies of Jones county, "but there isn't one of 'em that would have held a candle to old Dean Bralley the last season he did the twirling for the famous Ringtail Roasters. He'd probably be in the business now if the Lightfoot Lilies hadn't exposed his tricky methods in their annual game with the Roasters that summer. The funny part of it was that the season before he couldn't pitch anything but a straight ball and even the high school teams used to touch him up for a dozen hits or so every game. As for us we smothered him."

"But the very next season he blossomed out with those wonderful curves. Why, a visitor to town said that in one game he saw, Bralley pitched an outcurve so close to the plate he batter struck at it. The ball kept right on curving until it came around toward first base and caught the runner napping. The next ball pitched was an inshoot which only not drew an outer strike on the batter, but which curved around to third base and caught a runner there. The catcher, according to the visitor's story, wasn't really needed, but played in the field just to fill out the batting list."

"Well, of course, we put all such talk as this down as hot air and fund contributions, but we knew that there must be some foundation in the reports that Bralley was pitching very slick baseball. And right we were. When the big game came along he put it all over us and for eight innings not one of us touched first except the first baseman when he was in the field. Bull Thompson, Home Run Hawkins and even Captain Slinger Barrows himself were all at Bralley's mercy. They struck at out they couldn't reach; they let ins go by that shot over the plate, in fact they did everything but connect with the ball. Then came the fatal exposure in the ninth. Little Sammie Salmon, the first man up for us, fell flat on his face to dodge the first ball pitched, but it curved square over the rubber for a strike. The next one was one of Bralley's slow change balls, and Sammie held out his bat to bunt. Thud. You can imagine his surprise when he started for first to find the ball stuck fast to the end of his bat. Dean Bralley made a rush for him, but the boys held him back and the secret was out. The Roaster's pitcher's had been sticking chewing gum on the ball and the extratwist obtainable made his wonderful curves possible. The umpire, of course, forfeited the game to the Lilies, 8-0. But that wasn't the end. The Roasters had discovered that Capt. Slinger Barrows wore a fly paper mit a shortstop and although the most ignorant child knows that fly paper is made for catching flies, the umpire gave the game to them also making the score a tie at 9-9. What followed is best left untold. As the Jones County Courier said, it was a game of 'forties with the kissing left out.'

Up to His Limits.

Mr. Truly Rural—"They do say your hotel be the puttiest in Ameriky. How much be your rates?"

Affable hotel clerk—"We can give you a first class room for ten dollars a day."

Mr. Truly Rural—"We-al, I calculate you kin put me down fer an hour and a half. And how much be your dinner?"

Affable hotel clerk—"We can give you a first class dinner for five dollars."

Mr. Truly Rural—"Geehix! Jest put me down fer a toothpick."

Soured.

Miss Eden—"Why did they build the walls of this reservoir so high?"

Mr. Masee (manager of a wax works show)—"Probably to keep people from poking their canes and umbrellas into the water to see if it is real."

Their First Breakfast.

Mr. Youngwed—"Darling, this egg seems to be pretty well cooked."

Mrs. Youngwed (delighted)—"I thought so. Why dearest, I boiled it for over half an hour."

Impertinent.

Clancy—"Be either givin' me wan railroad ticket."

The Agent—"Where to?"

Clancy—"None at yure bizness! Gimme that ticket!"

"It must be conceded that modern warfare is far less inhuman than the fights our ancestors used to have."

"Yes," answered Oom Paul; "I don't believe the proudest warriors of Greece or Rome ever enjoyed the luxury of retreating in a private car."

FLASHES OF FUN.

"You can always tell a bridegroom."

"How?"

"He isn't afraid to take man home to dinner without telephoning his wife."

"You married me for 'my money'!" she exclaimed angrily.

"Oh, well," he replied soothingly, "don't blame me. I couldn't get it any other way, you know."

Ho—I don't know whether to make a fool of myself playing golf, or sit on the hotel piazza and make love to some girl all the afternoon.

Shh—What's the difference?

Ed—My agent—Our railway, madam, is strictly up to date in every respect.

Madam—Nonsense! Look at this woman on your excursion folder; her sleeves have been out of style for three years.

Heavens! cried Mr. Taffe, as he heard a terrific crash downstairs; "there's Johnny exploding fireworks in the house!"

Nonsense! said his wife, calmly; "that's only the new girl washing dishes!"

McFingle—This boxer outbreak will pronounce China's doom.

McFangle—Well, it's good something will. I'm blamed sure we Americans can't pronounce anything else in the language!

There came a loud knock at the door.

"Opportunity!" cried the post, rushing across the attic floor.

He held the latch and hesitated.

"One must be careful," he mused, "it may be the wolf."

"What was Coldfax's idea in going to the Thousand Islands on his summer vacation this year?"

"I don't think he had any idea on earth except to count them and see if there are really a thousand."

"Her bathing robe created a sensation on the beach. She was the centre of attraction."

"Was it extreme?"

"I should say! Positively the most modest suit seen on the beach for years!"

"That Mr. Smith next door suddenly started up and asked us all to call him 'Professor Smith.'"

"What's the 'professor' of?"

"Nothing at all; but he said he must do something to distinguish himself from all the other Smiths."

"Pauline is nearly frantic!"

"What's the matter?"

"She received a letter of proposal from that freckled Mr. Tibbs and she thinks she mailed her acceptance to Penelope Jones and sent him her cucumber complexion receipt by mistake."

"You know that cigar shaped airship Jones was working on?"

"Yes."

"Well, the thing blew up this morning and nearly killed him."

"Huh! The cigar he patterned it after must have been loaded."

"Poor woman! She works hard all day, and then she's up nearly all night with the babies."

"What's the matter with her husband?"

"Why doesn't he help her?"

"O! he puts in all his time agitating for an eight hour day for the workman."

"While my daughter was playing the piano last night a strange man stopped at the door and asked to be allowed to give her a dollar."

"Was he such an ardent music lover?"

"No; he said it was merely a thank offering because he didn't live next door to us."

He—Darling, do you love me well enough to dress in a furnished room and live on bread and water after we are married?"

She—"Yes, I think so."

He—And, say, dearest, do you think you could induce your father to furnish the room and the bread?"

"I saw Madge today before she saw me, so she had to treat me to ice-cream soda. That was pleasant."

"Yes, and we both saw Mand before she saw us, so she had to treat."

"Then, you escaped scot free?"

"No; Madge and Mand were out of money, so I had to pay the street-car fares home."

"Of course," said the young wife, "I am only an amateur. I never expected to paint for a living or to try to sell any of my work."

"Then you study art for art's sake," they suggested.

"You've guessed it exactly. He wanted me to study it and I'll do anything to please Arthur."

"When a man in the opposing party regulates proceedings so that he may be sure of carrying out his personal intentions," said the man who is always seeking information, "you call him 'a boss,' do you not?"

"Certainly," answered Senator Scroggins. "But suppose a man in your own party does the same thing?"

"In that case he's a fine disciplinarian."

Evidently the Home Team.

Patsy—"Which side is at the bat, Chim-mie?"

Jimmie—"Why, didn't yer hear de bleachers yell 'rubber-neck' at de umpire when he jest called three strikes? It's our side, uv course."

The Explanation.

She—"Miss Flirty? Oh! she hasn't the slightest intention of accepting him."

Grandma—"Then, why does she encourage him?"

Always tell a bridegroom. I'm afraid to take men home to meet telephoning his wife.

He would have sat patiently through half-a-dozen hours, simply to meet her glance for one single moment.

Amazed indeed, would she have been if she had been told that the master of Dare was in love with her.

She, a humble school teacher, with not a shilling of her own in the world, and he the greatest landowner for miles round.

The wide difference in their positions would alone have dispelled the possibility of such an idea.

But quite apart from this, Darrell's own manner to her was such as to justify her regarding him simply as her aunt's landlord and friend.

He never paid her a compliment—never seemed to specially desire her company, and would be half an hour in the same room without addressing her half a dozen times.

On this evening, as she sat sketching the castle, he had joined her as though by accident; and now was she to dream that in reality he kept watch, so far as possible, upon her every movement, and that in making a solitary walk he had followed her at a distance, faithful as her shadow?

After he had asked her if she would come to the castle, there was silence for some minutes.

She, quite at her ease, went on with her sketching industriously; he stood deeply meditating.

He was half minded at that moment to put his fate to the test—to ask her whether she would come to Dare Castle as his wife.

His passion for this girl was such that whenever he was in her presence an avowal of love trembled on his lips.

That she did not love him he knew—nay, he told himself bitterly it was unlikely she ever could love him; but he longed to win her for his wife as he had never longed yet for any earthly thing.

'I must wait,' he said to himself now, with stern self-repression. 'I should only startle her, and she would never give me a chance to speak again.'

Presently, Nora finished her sketch, clasped her sketch book, and rose to go. He did not offer to accompany her.

He was so afraid of startling her, of showing her his love before he could feel some faint hope of a return, that he abstained from even ordinary every day courtesies.

No wonder, then, that Nora never dreamed of the love she had inspired.

'Good-evening, Mr. Darrell,' she said with her frank, bright smile.

'Good-evening, Miss Nora,' he answered almost carelessly, or so his voice sounded, and the girl walked away with her firm, graceful step, never knowing that he de-voted her with love-lit eyes so long as she was in sight.

Scarcely had she disappeared when a man came over the rocks from the direction of the castle, and joined him.

It was about Darrell's age, but was fair and slight, with merry light-grey eyes.

He looked clever, and his face was a very pleasant one.

'Well, Darrell,' he said in an easy, slightly drawing tone, 'I've been hunting for you for the last hour; but when I caught sight of Miss Nora's crimson cloak, I knew where to find you.'

Darrell began to walk toward the castle without speaking.

His black, strongly marked brows arched themselves in something like a frown.

Gerard Vaughan noticed this, and being a young man of tact, kept silence also.

He was Darrell's cousin—the nearest relative he had, and almost the only one who had not turned his back upon him.

He was a barrister—a gay rollicking fellow—and he spent some weeks of every year at Dare Castle.

He held the opinion that his cousin was a deeply injured man, and stood up for him manfully against all and sundry who spoke against him.

There's no vice in Darrell! Gerald would say emphatically to a certain young lady in London, who was much in his confidence. 'He invites a lot of wild young dogs to the castle out of sheer defiance to Mother Grundy, and they gave it an ill name. But Darrell himself is as straight a fellow as ever lived.'

CONTINUED FROM THIRD PAGE.

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That smile of hers was to him what a gleam of sunshine might have been to a frozen man, for food and drink to a hungry, and thirsty one.

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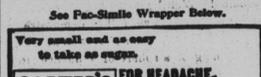
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ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of



See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

FOR HEADACHE. FOR DIZZINESS. FOR NAUSEA. FOR TORPID LIVER. FOR CONSTIPATION. FOR BILIOUSNESS. FOR SALLLOW SKIN. FOR THE COMPLEXION.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

'If I were sure of that, I'd marry her without asking her consent, if I were you.'

'What do you mean?'

'Why, man alive, we're in Scotland, aren't we? And you know how easy it is to get married here. A fellow's chief difficulty—and Gerard Vaughan laughed a little cynically—is to keep him self unmarried. I should have thought you would have liked nothing better than to carry the young lady off in true romantic fashion. Get her to go through the marriage ceremony with you unawares, and then trust to time and your own exertions to win her forgiveness and love.'

A light—the light of sudden hope—leapt into Darrell's face.

'I'd give the world to do it, Ger,' he said beneath his breath.

'Good Heavens, man! It's simple enough. Look here, I'll see you through it; I'll show you how it's to be done. It only wants a little planning, and I flatter myself I'm just the fellow for the work.'

'Provision your yacht for a bit of a cruise; invite Miss Nora to go on board; get her to say a few words which, according to Scottish law, would justify you in claiming her as your wife, and then put out to sea.'

'At the first favorable opportunity, explain to her you have done it all for love, and if she doesn't forgive you in a day, and love you in a week, I'll own myself a fool. Mark my words, you'd bring her back to Dare Castle the proudest and happiest lady in the land.'

Again that light leaped into Darrell's face. His heart almost stood still beneath the shock of hope.

His love for Nora was deep, passionate, soul-absorbing.

He would have served for her as Jacob served for Rachel.

But he could not bring himself to declare his love; could not believe that any girl would accept a man who had the blood of a fellow-creature on his hands.

What he had suffered in these seven years, even while he had maintained a stern and haughty front and flung defiance to the world, only his own soul knew.

His misery had rendered him morbid on one point, at any rate.

He felt himself a social outcast, an Ishmael, and he shrank from asking a pure maiden, such as Nora, to link her life to his.

But this plan of Gerard's? Wild and romantic though it was, it appealed to him. Nay, perhaps it appealed to him all the more strongly because of its romance.

His own temperament was romantic, and his life in that old Highland castle, away from the rest of the world had by no means tended to make him more prosaic.

If only Nora might become his wife! The bare thought thrilled him in every fibre of his being. He felt within himself that if she were once his he could teach her to love him, could make her happy.

This being so, might it not be well for him to adopt Gerard's romantic scheme—to run away with her and make her his wife without asking her consent?

If he were to see her in the ordinary fashion, she would refuse him; but if once she were his wife, she would reconcile herself to the idea, and, in the end, he would win her whole heart's love.

CHAPTER IV.

It was fine October day, wonderfully warm for the season of the year.

She was always to be found in a certain spot sketching, in her leisure hours.

He had joined her, and told her Darrell's yacht was going for a short trial trip.

'Just so far as the islands; it won't take us more than an hour. Do come with us, Miss Beresford.'

The girl was passionately fond of the sea.

The invitation was too tempting. She accepted it with frank pleasure, seeing, indeed, no reason why she should refuse it.

She had been brought up in thoroughly unconventional fashion, in spite of the fact that a maiden aunt had been her instructor.

'Oh, thank you, Mr. Vaughan!' she exclaimed delightedly. 'If you are quite sure Mr. Darrell won't mind; if you are sure I shall be in the way.'

She liked Gerard Vaughan, and both she and her aunt had grown quite friendly with him during the last few weeks.

He had been introduced to them by Darrell, of course, and they had met him frequently in their walks, not to mention his occasional calls at the White Cottage.

When Nora went on the yacht, Darrell's reception of her was so grave and calm as to be well nigh stern.

Beneath that calm exterior a very volcano of passion was raging, but he had taught himself to repress his feelings, or at any rate, to conceal them well.

Certainly, Nora could never have dreamed that the mere sight of her had sufficed to send the blood to his heart in a shock of joy, and to make all his pulses tingle.

As soon as she came on board, he gave the order, and the yacht glided from her moorings.

'You must see all over it, Miss Beresford,' said Gerard Vaughan, and it was he, not Darrell, who escorted her.

She was delighted with the pretty, dainty vessel.

Its snow-white decks, its painted panels, its crimson awnings, its pennon floating gaily in the breeze, were all objects of her frank admiration.

'Oh, how I wish I were going a thousand miles!' she exclaimed in her enthusiasm.

It was to Gerard Vaughan she spoke, but Darrell was passing at the moment and heard her.

A look passed between him and his cousin, a look full of meaning.

If Nora had but known it, that thoughtless exclamation of hers sealed her fate.

One moment before, Darrell had wavered in his resolution, but when he heard her wish he told himself he would waver no more.

Presently they were summoned into the cabin for luncheon.

They remained nearly an hour at the table.

Nora did not notice how swiftly time was flying.

Gerard Vaughan was the witliest of companions, and he exerted himself to be even more than usually entertaining.

Little by little he led the conversation into the required groove.

His propounded riddles, showered down quips and cranks innumerable.

Finally, he said, with a gay laugh—'Now, Miss Beresford, say this after me; 'I take thee, Hubert Darrell, for my husband.'

Utterly unsuspecting, the girl repeated the words.

CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.

LIFE IN THE KAROO.

Some localities of the Upper Portion of Cape Colony.

Seal Brand Coffee

(1 lb. and 2 lb. cans.) Its Purity is its Strength Flavor and Fragrance its natural attributes.

CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL AND BOSTON.

Imitations are numerous. Avoid them.

fowl, with feathers of red dish brown and blue gray.

Some parts of the veldt are scattered with huge ant hills, three or four feet high, made by colonies of large black ants.

Boers as well as Kafirs use these ant hills as ovens for cooking when camping out in the veldt.

It is easy to start a fire at the bottom with a few sticks, and when once alight a hill will burn slowly and evenly for some hours.

The earth of which these mounds are composed is very friable, and is saturated with some substance by the ant builders which makes it combustible.

After rain flowers spring up everywhere. Brilliant scarlet lilies abound, branching from a single bare stalk that rises out of the stony ground, with ten or a dozen lovely blossoms at its head.

Another curious thing is that the earth, and consists of two round, white, fleshy leaves, with a small golden centre.

The Boers have little love for flowers; but the exile from a fertile land delights to cultivate the tiny patch of ground belonging to his house in the little Boer village.

With a Kaffir boy as assistant gardener, and with a reckless disregard for the scant resources of the back yard well it is possible to make the land blossom like the rose, even amid the stony wilds of the Karoo.

Reverend Meekley McKoon on the Fourth cabin for luncheon.

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CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.

LIFE IN THE KAROO.

Some localities of the Upper Portion of Cape Colony.

The upper portion of Cape Colony is known as the 'Karoo.' From the coast, where the vegetation is luxuriant, the land gradually rises toward the interior until, far inland at the latitude of nearly 4,000 feet, the Karoo country begins.

The further away from the coast, the bayer and more stony the soil becomes, and the aspect of the sad colored veldt, broken here and there by chains of low, stony kopjes, is mournful in the extreme.

For the newly arrived 'Uitlander' it is depressing indeed to view these regions of infinite fatness and infinite space; where loneliness and silence reign supreme.

October is the month of spring in the Karoo. Heavy rains fall, and for a few short weeks the face of the land is green and pleasant to look upon; but with the scorching days of summer the grass withers fast, and the veldt soon resumes its normal desolate appearance.

Great herds of sheep and goats pasture on a small, dry-looking bush, which grows sparsely amid the sand and stones. Strangely enough, they thrive upon it, and the flocks of the more progressive farmers, who import prize stock from time to time are as fine as any in the more fertile pastures of lower Cape Colony.

To a woman Uitlander, accustomed to life in England or America, existence in a Karoo village presents few duties and few pleasures to break the monotony of the wearisome days. After a week of rain, when the sun is shining once more gathering up moisture from the soaked earth in misty clouds, a drive out into the veldt is full of interest. Then the 'Karoo teams' with life that is hidden beneath the ground in hot, dry weather. Mearkats run out of their holes and sit up on their hind legs, while their bushy tails wave nervously and their bushy little eyes keep vigilant watch. Small tortoises scuttly by, and perhaps in the distance a family of oryxman may be detected by their harsh, deep creak, beautifully plumaged birds as large as guinea

several times; I was run over by a wagon, and slipped into the corn sheller and got all skinned up; I was riding on a load of wood and the horses ran away and flung me out on a pile of sharp rocks and overturned the wood on top of me; the old bull flung me over the fence into the blackberry patch, the dog bit me twice and I was terribly stung by hornets; I guess I sprained every joint and wrist and ankle on my body while I was there. By cracky! It was almost as much fun as learning to ride a bicycle.

And the Procession Moved.

'Hello, major! You don't look lively this morning.'

'No, sah. Was out with a few of the boys last night. We not only irrigated, but we were imprudent enough to indulge in broiled lobstah, sah. The combination raised gabenna with my commissariat, and I have sworn off—plumb—for a year, sah.'

'Well, well! I know you are acting prudently, yet is annoying. I was just about to ask you to join me in sampling some fine old bourbon.'

'Huh! As to that, sah, I see no objection. It is only from broiled lobstah simultaneously with whisky that I've sworn off sah. Let the procession move.'

And it did.

Thunder-Like Tones.

'I really couldn't afford to let you board with me this summer,' said an old farmer to a city man with a very deep base voice.

'Why not?' roared the basso-profundo in tones that rattled the dried squashes in the rafters.

'Because whenever you talked or sang your voice would sour all the milk in my cellar.'

Point of Difference.

Affable customer—'You shave differently in Ireland from what you do in America, don't you?'

Barber Mulligan (just over)—'An' in phwat way, ser?'

Affable customer—'Here you mix lather; there you lather micks.'

Useless Gits.

'Father was a sea-captain you know, and after his death a friend gave mother two parrots.'

'Do they swear?'

'Not the least bit.'

'How lonesome your mother must be in her old age.'

AJCARD.

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a twenty-five cent bottle of Dr. Willis' English Pills, if, after using three-fourths of contents of bottle, they do not relieve Constipation and Head-aches. We also warrant that four bottles will permanently cure the most obstinate case of Constipation. Satisfaction or no pay when Willis' English Pills are used.

A. Chipman Smith & Co., Druggist, Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.

W. Hawker & Son, Druggist, 104 Prince William St., St. John, N. B.

Chas. McGregor, Druggist, 137 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.

W. C. R. Allan, Druggist, Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.

E. J. Mahony, Druggist, Main St., St. John, N. B.

G. W. Hoban, Chemist, 337 Main St., St. John, N. B.

R. B. Travis, Chemist, St. John, N. B.

S. Waters, Druggist, St. John, West, N. B.

Wm. C. Wilson, Druggist, Cor. Union & Rodney St., St. John, N. B.

C. P. Clarke, Druggist, 100 King St., St. John, N. B.

S. H. Hawker, Druggist, 481 St. St., St. John, N. B.

N. B. Smith, Druggist, 24 Dock St., St. John, N. B.

G. A. Moore, Chemist, 109 Brussels St., St. John, N. B.

C. Fairweather, Druggist, 109 Union St., St. John, N. B.

Hastings & Fines, Druggist, 68 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.

All Set One?

'I'm afraid you don't like corn, Willie, said grandma as Willie refused a second ear.'

'Yes, indeed, I do,' he replied; 'all be it the bone, grandma.'

Acy's Little 'Un.

In 1872, when Wallace, Kansas, was the terminus of the Kansas Pacific Railway, it had about a hundred inhabitants, and the usual two story frame hotel a few feet from the station.

At that time the fort was a two company post, garrisoned by between one and two hundred soldiers, all told. The buildings were arranged compactly, the only trees to be feared being Indians, and there were water tanks that were always kept filled, lest in time of trouble the Sioux might come down and cut off the water supply from the river.

The scenery in that portion of Kansas can be pictured pretty accurately by a straight line drawn across a sheet of black paper, with the labels 'sky' and 'land' above and below it. There was a tree, appropriately named Lone Tree, four miles from Wallace, and visible for many miles in every direction.

In view of these natural advantages, or the lack of them, the social life of Wallace was limited. The ladies of the garrison exchanged letters and scraps, and the officers amused themselves as best they could, and hoped and prayed for marching orders that did not come.

What was euphemistically called 'The Skunkhill Club' included all the officers from the fort and all the leading citizens. While it does not sound promising, it was a real boon, for its meetings, which were held monthly, were the sole 'function' of the town.

Among the Nimrods of this club was a quiet, middle aged man named Wheeler. Probably his first name had originally been Asa, but it had long since degenerated into 'Acy.' He had served as a government scout, and it was generally held that what he did not know about horses, 'critters' and Indians was not worth knowing.

Acy seldom spoke of any of his experiences, and was altogether uncommunicative, except when he was with two or three of the garrison children, who seemed to have found their way to his heart through his pony's stomach. The pony was a very pretty bay mustang, with black points and an insatiable appetite for sugar.

Sweetheart knew more than most men, so Acy said, and no one cared to contradict him. She could trail him like a dog, she could find her way in the darkest night she never stumbled into prairie dog holes, and she could scent an Indian five miles away.

Acy had probably never read the Arab's address to 'My beautiful my beautiful' but when an Eastense offered to buy the little mare, he said, 'Stranger, a man don't sell his bull family,' and walked away, his arm over her neck.

Acy was foreman of the Allen Clark stock ranch, fifteen miles from Wallace on Rose Creek, and as foreman it was his business to conduct the roundup. The Ogalallas and Sioux were threatening an outbreak, and it was important to get the cattle branded.

One afternoon, as Acy rode slowly along one of the boys came in for instructions, and as he jogged beside the bay pony, he observed her quick, irritable motions.

'Your beast is powerful fractions,' Acy said, as she stopped and snorted uneasily, her soft, velvet muzzle twitching as if she scented danger.

Acy nodded, and turning in his saddle, looked searchingly over the bare, brown plain. There was absolutely nothing in sight except a few cattle, his own men and miles of sage brush, buffalo grass and sand.

'I reckon she's got nerves,' continued the cowboy. 'All women has 'em. Nothing the matter with her—just plain nerves.'

Acy got down and unsaddled. There wasn't the smallest crease in the blanket. Not a strand in the double rope cinches had been twisted.

'I don't know,' he said, 'but if there ain't Indians within ten miles, it's the first time she ever fooled me.' The pony nuzzled up against him shivering a little, and he combed out her forelock with his brown hand.

When Acy used that tone there was no more to be said. The puncher rode away. The sun was sinking slowly in the west

when the men came in and unsaddled. They arranged the four wagons in a hollow square, and put the saddle-horses in the corral thus formed. As they did so, Sweetheart, who was standing a few feet from the camp-fire where the cook had supper almost ready, lifted her head and gave a neigh so strange and prolonged that they all started and looked at her. She was trembling and staring into the dusk with terrified eyes.

'Nerves!' said the puncher who had already delivered his opinion. 'Had 'em all day.'

'Dry up!' said another of the men, politely. 'That's not the kind of nerves you can buy at Madigan's saloon. Hi! Look at that, will you?'

He pointed toward an arroyo that lay between them and the hills. They could see but indistinctly, but even that uncertain light, men used to the warfare of the West where any stranger might be a foe, and the red man was always an object of suspicion, could make no mistake. White horse-thieves did not wear leathers.

'I know it,' said Acy, stroking the mare's neck. 'She never gives me a false alarm. Now there's no telling what they will do first, but it's easy guessing what they allow to do last.' He made a quick circular motion about his head.

'Drive all the horses you can in between the wagons; there's eight of you, two to a side, to keep watch. Take turns till you get your supper. They won't do anything till after dark, likely, and there's no telling when we'll eat again.'

The men followed instructions, making as complete a barricade as possible. They worked silently, remembering that two weeks before a party like their own had been left on the plains, stark and cold, not fifty miles from the fort.

As the stars came out and the new moon lent her feeble light, they saw they were completely surrounded. The circle closed the Indians began slowly riding round and with the smallest peril to themselves, to prevent escape. As they drew closer, chanting their weird and hideous war-song a volley from the little fortress sent them again out of range, and Acy called a council of war.

'No use, boys,' he said. 'There's a hundred of them if there's one, and there may be more coming up. The fort has got to be reached!'

The men assented silently. Any of them would have been willing to go, although it was a chance of getting through the line of Sioux was small; and once past it, without a horse, flight would be so slow as to be almost useless.

'I reckon time's the essence of this contract,' said a puncher. 'But you can't make time without a horse, and you can't get a horse past them Indians. Unless that mare of yours can fly.'

Acy rubbed her forehead gently. 'She's no flyer,' he said, 'but she can trail, which is more like it. This is my plan. I'm going to strike out for the fort. I'll have to crawl past the line of Indians. I reckon it will take all of two hours, and that will make it close to one o'clock. By half past twelve you set the mare loose on my trail. Don't have bridle or saddle on her, but just tie a broken rope round her neck and let her go. If she gets come up with, she'll think she's broke loose. If she gets past safe, she'll find me, and I'll get help to you by noon to-morrow. You must try and hold out till then.'

'The little 'un's all right,' said the puncher who had doubted her nerves. 'I'll see that her halter's broke artistic, and I reckon the Lord that brought her to smell Indians will get her by 'em.'

It did not sound irreverent as he said it, and it was his nearest approach to prayer in many years. The muttered 'You bet!' of the other cowboys stood for a fervent amen.

'Hold the fort, boys!' Acy said, as he wriggled out of sight in the sage-brush. 'Hold the fort!'

The little bay pony winced softly. At half past twelve o'clock she started after Acy. With her soft black muzzle close to the ground, she cautiously picked her way down the slight decline. The Indians were perceptibly closer, and she felt a sickening fear at their hearts when two or three braves gave chase. But a mustang with only a broken rope about her neck was hardly worth while. The Sioux expected to have saddles and bridles and ponies to spare when they should have disposed of the men who were waiting for them in the shadow of the covered wagons.

Acy was past the line of Indians, and the night was growing darker. Sweetheart followed his trail uncertainly, he could barely see her a quarter of a mile away. The wind blew fitfully. Now he could hear the wild cries of the Indians, now they were swept the other way. The mare paused, and Acy, watching her breathlessly made up his mind quickly. As a gust of wind blew toward her he called her name in a high, clear note. She jumped; then with her nose close to the ground, started toward him. In a few moments she broke into a run and was upon him almost before he could get out of her way and cry, 'Whoa!'

'Whoa!' in an instant he was on her back, and they were flying away over the plain toward the fort.

At three o'clock it was so dark they had to stop and pick their way carefully, for prairie dog towns were numerous. Acy walked beside her, saving her strength for the final run. At four o'clock the blackness was changing to gray, and finding himself close to the river, Acy asked his own thirst and let the pony drink also. It seemed as if she realized the run before her, and only washed down the dust in her throat; then gathering up her sturdy, black legs, she swung into the tireless pace of the born single looter.

The sun was rising when Acy saw the tree, the Lone Tree that told him that, never swerving in the darkness of the night, she had gone toward the fort, straight as an arrow flies.

It was barely nine o'clock when she stopped before the house occupied by the

officer in command of the house occupied by the officer in command of the post, and Acy almost fell off and up the steps. Forty miles without bridle or saddle is tiresome riding.

There was a drill going on in a rather desultory fashion on the parade ground, but this was a real case of carry arms, and in less than a quarter of an hour the soldiers were hurrying away down the river to the relief of the beleaguered cowboys.

'Don't thank me,' said the major, curtly, when most of the Indians were dispersed, and a few brought back as hostages to insure good behavior. 'Don't thank me. Thank Acy's mare. If you care to sell her, I'll give you a hundred and fifty, Acy, which was an enormous sum for a pony; but Acy only shook his head. Just then Sweetheart 'nickered' gently, as she took another lump of sugar from the major's daughter.

'Why, sec, papa,' said the little girl, she's laughing at you!'

JAPANESE TOPS.

Sir Rutherford Alcock, in his 'Japan,' devotes some interesting paragraphs to top spinning, which the Japanese carry to a point of great perfection. The tops are of delightful variety, both in size and construction. The largest, or father of all the tops, is more than a foot in diameter, and proportionately heavy.

Some are solid; others contain a flock of little ones which fly out, when the top is lifted, and spin away by themselves. Others pull into a spiral or ladder of successive tops. One draws up into a lantern and spins cheerily in that form.

The methods of spinning are almost beyond description. Even a very large top is sometimes thrown as the Australian casts the boomerang, so that while it appears to be going straight toward the head of the spectator, it returns to the thrower and is caught on his palm. When it arrives thus, the performer takes it by the spindle, apparently stops it, sets it down, and it recommences.

Turn it upside down, and it proceeds just as merrily on its iron-spiked head. The spinners balance it on any kind of surface, round or flat, on the edge of a fan, the sharpest Japanese sword, along a thin cord; and after some moments of unconcealed spinning there, it is tossed on the table, with apparent carelessness, when it goes on working, unexhausted and inexhaustible.

One of the most delicate performances consists in spinning a top in the left hand, up the left arm, round the edge of the lobe at the back of the neck, and down the other arm into the palm of the right hand.

Another is to toss it spinning into the air and catch it on the hem of the sleeve, whence it runs down into the hand.

A third is to fling it up and catch it on the bowl of a pipe, pass it behind the back-toss to the front, and there catch it again.

A large, heavy top is sometimes set in motion by rolling the peg in the bite of a cord, one end being held in each hand, then flung ten or twenty feet in air and caught with the same cord, spinning always. This can be done ten times in succession.

But the grandest display consists in sending a top spinning up a rope to the head of a mast, and then recalling it again.

Webster's Unlucky Drive.

One of Daniel Webster's favorite stories of his early life had to do with a journey from Salisbury, his home, to Lebanon, N. H. He went with a neighbor in an old-fashioned, square-boxed pung-sleigh, which contained several barrels of cider, to be sold by the owner at Lebanon. It was a cold, frosty morning, and the start was made before sunrise. Daniel wore a new suit of clothes and mittens, spun, woven, dyed and made by his mother's hands.

In the course of the morning they reached a stream where the bridge had been carried away by a recent flood, and was lodged just below the read. It was evident that the stream must be crossed by fording. The neighbor, with a look at Daniel, said:

'You've got tight boots on; suppose you take the reins and drive.'

Daniel did as he was bid, while his companion jumped out to walk across the broken bridge.

'I drove down cautiously,' said Mr. Webster, 'expecting a safe passage, when suddenly the pung sank, and I found myself up to the armpit in the icy water. The horse plunged forward and reached the opposite bank, and almost as quick as I am telling it my clothes became a solid cake of ice.'

'There was no house near, and I was in danger of freezing to death soon unless I was relieved. I jumped out of the sleigh and told the man to drive as fast as he could. I took hold of the back of the pung and away we went. I often came near falling, but managed to hold on, and so by the rapid motion kept my blood in circulation till we reached a house.'

'I went in and asked the lady of the house if she would let me dry my clothes. She put me into a room where there was a

bed and hung my clothes by the fire. It was then apparent that the contents of my mother's dye pot were on my body as well as on my clothes.'

A Bargain.

'I've got a dollar of 1827 I'd like to dispose of. What's it worth?' Numismatist—'Nothing.' Nowitt—'That so? I thought there was a premium on it.'

Numismatist—'Na. There are lots of them in circulation. However, seeing it is you, I'll give you fifty cents for it.' Nowitt—'All right; I'll take it.'

Where One is Needed.

'But,' said the Chinese statesman, 'the foreign governments have taken the ground that the Boxer movement is inspired solely by our government.'

BORN.

- Windsor, July 13, to the wife of W. Smith, a son.
Freepport, June 15, to the wife of A. Young, a son.
Truro, July 16, to the wife of W. Williams, a son.
Halifax, July 23, to the wife of E. Sullivan, a son.
Annapolis, July 14, to the wife of D. Tremaine, a son.
Freepport, June 8, to the wife of John Stanton, a son.
Dublin Shore, July 6, to the wife of James Cruser, a son.
Westville, July 2, to the wife of Wm. Maxwell, a son.
Halifax, July 21, to the wife of Wm. Gerrard, a son.
Yarmouth, June 10, to the wife of Abner Forbes, a son.
Mosherville, July 15, to the wife of Capt. Mosher, a son.
Freepport, June 16, to the wife of Geo. Farnsworth, a son.
Graywood, July 4, to the wife of Samuel Harnish, a daughter.
Graywood, July 6, to the wife of Thomas Duan, a daughter.
Freepport, June 10, to the wife of Edgar Ring, a daughter.
Freepport, June 19, to the wife of Lyman Haines, a daughter.
Freepport, June 15, to the wife of Wm. Bates, a daughter.
Windsor, July 11, to the wife of James Coade, a daughter.
Windsor, July 12, to the wife of John Graham, a daughter.
Sydney River, July 20, to the wife of H. Bertram, a daughter.
Falmouth, July 11, to the wife of H. Houghton, a daughter.
Cora, June 10, to the wife of Rev. W. Foot, a daughter.
Yarmouth, July 4, to the wife of Arthur Higgins, a daughter.
Yarmouth, July 16, to the wife of R. Perry, a daughter.
Barrington, July 3, to the wife of Henry Watson, a daughter.
Colchester, July 16, to the wife of B. Stevens, a daughter.
Yarmouth, July 8, to the wife of Alfred Guest, a daughter.
Kingsville, July 16, to the wife of Bonz as Jasper, a son.
Cambridge, Mass., July 18, to the wife of H. Duran, a son.
Wentworth, July 16, to the wife of James Fletcher, a daughter.
Amherst Head, July 13, to the wife of Wm. Richardson, a daughter.
Pasadena, Cal. July 11, to the wife of Wm. Crowell, a daughter.
Concordville, July 16, to the wife of Albert Baines, a daughter.

MARRIED.

- Truro, July 4, by Rev. W. Long, W. Leasky to Annie Murphy.
Alberton, July 4, by Rev. H. Grais' Chas. Cannon to Addie Hamill.
Charlottetown, July 11, Alexander Brown to Miss Beatrice Larter.
Falmouth, July 8, by Rev. S. Spidell, Pierson Shaw to May Sangster.
Sydney, July 5, by Rev. C. Huestis, John Newell to Sarah Hildreth.
Stacey, July 14, by Rev. W. Camp, John Mercer to Della Mullen.
Dartmouth, July 17, by Rev. T. Stewart, Mary Tapper to Albert Birt.
St. Croix, July 7, by Rev. M. Henry, Alex. Dunbar to Ida Cooney.
Moncton, July 11, by Rev. E. Hooper, Edward Chasler to Julia May.
Black River, July 11, by Rev. J. Robertson, to Christina MacDonald.
Truro, July 19, by Rev. Jas. Falconer, Frank Corbett to Annie Macdonald.
Middleville, July 7, by Rev. W. Weaver, Joseph Sawyer to Lillian Haines.
Riversdale, July 5, by Rev. J. Stewart, John Westman to Lena Eddy.
North River, July 11, by Rev. A. F. Brown, Robert Cass to Katie Macdonald.
Halifax, July 14, by Rev. G. Glendinning, Wm. Hughes to Susan Murphy.
Hope River, July 9, by Rev. Jas. Macdonald Peter Hughes to Susan Murphy.
Stamford, July 13, by Rev. W. Weston, Zilpha S. Symonds to Adeline Brittain.
Newport, June 23, by Rev. W. Spencer, John S. Buchanan to Mary Macleod.
Long River, July 11, by Rev. W. A. Thomson, Susie Duan to Lillie Macleod.
Charlottetown, July 15, by Rev. D. Macleod, Dr. H. Macleod to Clara Cuddy.
St. John's, July 9, by Rev. J. Phalen, Norman Macleod to Sarah McCreary.
Stellarton, July 20, by Rev. Edwin Burgess, Andrew Farris to Jennie Stanton.
Southack, North Co., July 2, by Rev. J. Murray, David Mutch to Eliza Chisholm.
Southack, North Co., July 4, by Rev. J. Murray, Wm. Russell to Mary Matchett.
Springfield, July 11, by Rev. M. Campbell, Daniel Macdonald to Isabel Macleod.
Clamport, July 19, by Rev. J. Eaton, James Wright to Mrs. Lizzie Anderson.
Lockport, June 23, by Rev. D. McKinnon, Bradford Ringer to Bertha Townsend.
Northack, North Co., July 11, by Rev. J. Murray, Joe. U. Quahart to Margaret McLeod.
Rivindale, Mass., June 27, by Rev. J. Vorhees, Joe. U. Quahart to Margaret McLeod.
Great Village, July 19, by Rev. O. Chipman, Mattie Campbell to Estie Chisholm.
Annapolis, N. S., July 22, by Rev. J. Douglas, Walter Abernethy to May Hardwick.
Plymouth, Mass., June 29, by Rev. W. Clark, Clara Babin to Maggie James Simpson.
Intervale, Gaspere, July 27, by Rev. M. Tompkins, Augustine Fargill to Mary Hilliers.
Providence, E. I., June 6, by Revs. Fenton and Beecher, Henry Debar, to Jennie Debar.
Southack, North Co., July 4, by Rev. J. Murray, Georgy Dunset to Marjorie Blackmore.

DIED.

- Albany, July 4, Robert Sobey.
Burlington, July 7, Lena Card 81.
Albany, July 9, Mrs. Richard 70.
Halifax, July 19, Patrick Furlong 55.
Halifax, July 20, Matthew Sullivan.
Halifax, July 19, Joseph Campbell 64.
At sea, July 17, Douglas Campbell 62.
Pictou, July 17, Hugh D. Campbell 61.
Canton, Mass., July 1, James Quinn 47.
Westport, July 15, Wm. M. Denton 71.
Kilmalee, July 8, William Haywood 61.
Tabousteater, June 22, John Johnstone 71.
Moncton, July 17, William W. Wilbur 29.
Lusenburg July 9, James H. Messer 62.
Baldwin's Road, July 2, Daniel Mullen 62.
Grand River, July 1, John A. MacLellan 88.
Fort La Tour, July 6, Mrs. Rebecca Fleming.
Charlottetown, July 11, Andrew Cadmore 43.
Central Chateaugay, July 19, Louise Robinson 14.
East Bridgewater, July 19, Caroline Yemot 80.
Halifax, June 25, Capt. James R. Chamberlain 88.
Rhode Island, June 25, Maggie, wife of William Smith 45.
Newport, July 16, Mary A., widow of the late Geo. S. Kelly 90.
Kamore River, July 5, Isabella B., wife of John M. Moore 82.
Church Point, July 17, Mary M., wife of John R. Davidson 60.
Falmouth, July 15, Harriet, widow of the late Constan Church.
Somerville, Mass., July 3, May S., wife of Charles W. Edridge 25.
Truro Fathom Harbor, July 13, Clarence A., son of George E. Graham 3.

RAILROADS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

Short Line to Quebec

VIA MEGANTIC. Lv. St. John 4.15 p. m. daily, except Sunday. Ar. Quebec 9.50 a. m. daily, except Monday.

'IMPERIAL LIMITED'

Ocean to Ocean in 116 Hours. Knights of Pythias Meeting, Detroit, Mich. Aug. 27th to 31st. One fare for the round trip.

Summer Tours, 1900.

Send for booklet. Shall be glad to quote rates for special tours on application to A. V. HEATH, D. F. A. C. P. R., St. John, N. B. or W. H. C. MACKAY, C. F. A. C. P. R., St. John, N. B.

Dominion Atlantic R'y.

On and after Wednesday, July 4th, 1900, the Steamship and Train service of this railway will be as follows:

Royal Mail S. S. Prince Rupert.

ST. JOHN AND DIGBY. Lvs. St. John at 7.00 a. m., daily arrive at Digby 9.45 a. m. Returning leaves Digby daily at 2.00 p. m. ar. at St. John, 4.45 p. m.

EXPRESS TRAINS

Daily (Sunday excepted). Lvs. Halifax 6.55 a. m., ar. in Digby 12.35 p. m. Lvs. Digby 12.40 p. m., ar. Yarmouth 3.25 p. m. Lvs. Yarmouth 3.45 a. m., ar. Digby 11.25 a. m. Lvs. Digby 11.45 a. m., ar. Halifax 6.30 p. m. Lvs. Annapolis 7.15 a. m., ar. Digby 3.30 p. m. Lvs. Digby 3.50 p. m., ar. Annapolis 4.40 p. m.

FLYING BLUENOSE.

Lvs. Halifax 6.00 a. m., ar. in Yarmouth 4.00 p. m. Lvs. Yarmouth 8.15 a. m., ar. Halifax 3.15 p. m.

S. S. PRINCE ARTHUR AND PRINCE GEORGE

YARMOUTH AND BOSTON SERVICE. By far the finest and fastest steamer plying out of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N. S., daily except Sunday immediately on arrival of the Express Train from Halifax arriving in Boston early next morning. Returning leaves Long Wharf, Boston, daily except Saturday at 4.00 p. m. Unequaled cuisine on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers and Palace Car Express Trains.

Staterooms can be obtained on application to City Agent. Close connections with trains at Digby. Tickets on sale at City Office, 114 Prince William Street, at the wharf office, 4 from the Purser on steamer, from whom time-tables and all information can be obtained.

P. GIFFKINS, superintendent, Kentville, N. S.

Intercolonial Railway

On and after June 18th, 1900, trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

- Suburban for Hampton..... 6.30
Express for Campbellton, Fargus, Pictou and Halifax..... 7.15
Express for Halifax, New Glasgow and Pictou..... 11.30
Accommodation for Moncton and Point du Chene..... 12.00
Express for Sydney..... 12.45
Express for Hampton..... 13.45
Express for Quebec, Montreal..... 19.25
Express for Halifax and Sydney..... 23.45

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 10.30 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal. Passengers transfer at Moncton. A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 22.45 o'clock for Halifax, Yarmouth, Digby and sleeping cars on the Quebec and Montreal express.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

- Express from Sydney and Halifax..... 6.00
Suburban from Hampton..... 7.15
Express from Pictou..... 8.55
Express from Quebec and Montreal..... 11.55
Accommodation from Moncton..... 14.15
Express from Halifax..... 15.15
Express from Hampton..... 21.50

All trains run by Eastern Standard time Twenty-four hours rotation.

D. FOTTEMBER, Gen. Manager. CITY TICKET OFFICE, 7 King Street St. John, N. B.