

Monday's Herald will be a Special Edition. Devoted to Sir Wilfrid Laurier's Life and Works.

A ROYAL WELCOME TO PREMIER LAURIER.

Presented With Two Addresses on the Steamer Labrador.

Sir Wilfrid Tells the Herald Representative That Canada Has Entered Upon a New Career in Europe.

Also That the Fast Atlantic Line is Assured and Many Other Interesting Things.

Quebec, August 28.—The evening was calm and still. The rain which had threatened during the afternoon had not yet descended, and the groups which were scattered along the main deck of the steamer, the Rhoda, gradually moved over to the railings on one side, and for a time scarcely a word was spoken.

All eyes were fixed on the solitary light burning off Father Point five miles away. The Labrador might be sighted at any minute. A calm sea, a moonlight night, and the waiting for a dear friend will, it is combined, breed sentimentality. Suddenly a beautiful soprano voice broke the silence, and the strains of "O, Canada, mon pays et mes amours" rose and fell on the evening air. Nobody interrupted until the song was finished, and then there was a grand outburst of applause. Scarcely, however, had the clapping of hands ceased, when there was a loud report and a hissing sheet of flame shot up from the shore at Father Point. Rockets, Roman candles and bombs exploding in quick succession told the inhabitants of the Rimouski coast and the party on the Rhoda that the steamer having on board the Prime Minister of Canada and his devoted wife had been sighted at the Point.

Captain Dorion lost no time in repeating the salute, and for the next five minutes everyone on deck was dodging the two men who had been deputed to handle the firework display on board the boat. And now the light hanging high up in front of the big ocean liner can be discerned, and gradually, one by one, the many lights of the Labrador begin to show themselves, and half an hour later she is alongside and a score of willing hands are running the gangway up.

Laurier Greeted With Cheers.
"Three cheers for Sir Wilfrid Laurier," cries an enthusiastic Grit. They are given with a will, and answered by a "tiger" from the transatlantic passengers who are hanging over the side of the larger boat. "Five 'im three more and one for free trade," cries a gentleman on the lower deck whose dress suggests Mr. "Emery" Atkins and whose voice suggests the Old Kent Road. But the suggestions are all kept aside in the wild stampede across the gangway. Four elderly gentlemen are enjoying a quiet game of whist in the saloon when the crowd surges in. They turn ominously, and one says a bad word, but just then the cry breaks out, "Laurier, Laurier, hurrah pour Laurier," and the next instant the four card players are standing on their chairs calling for the Premier with all the power of their lungs.

He enters, smiling—that smile which has bound so many brave hearts to him—and is instantly shaking hands with his many old-time friends whom he recognizes. Behind him comes Lady Laurier, happy in the happiness of her distinguished husband. She is met by Mrs. Nolan de Lisle, of Montreal, Miss Simard of Quebec, Mrs. Tessier of Rimouski, and Miss Glaucon, niece of the Mayor of Father Point, all of whom present choice bouquets of flowers. Meanwhile, Sir Wilfrid has been introduced to Mr. Auguste Tessier, Mayor of Rimouski, who bows and proceeds to read the address, the wording of which has already been given in yesterday's issue of the Herald.

Addresses By Father Point Residents.
He is followed by Mr. John McWilliams, Mayor of Father Point, who reads the following:—
"To the Right Honorable Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Prime Minister of Canada:
The inhabitants of the parish of Pointe St. Pierre are unwilling to allow this unique and important occasion to pass without sending the illustrious statesman who has his stay in Europe, and who has attracted so much attention to our country. Permeated of their homage, modest, it is true, and very humble as compared with those

which you have lately received, but which are, perhaps, prompted more by the heart and likely to appeal to the heart of a statesman, because great statesmen are always great patriots and love all things that testify to the glory of their own country. You have taken your place in our hearts, as well as having excited our admiration, Right Honorable Sir, so that we come to-day to salute not only the man who presides over the destinies of the Dominion, but more especially our glorious countryman, who has done so much to exalt our name and show us to such great advantage before the eyes of the whole world. The inhabitants of Father Point enjoy the special privilege of being among the first to salute you upon your return to Canadian soil. They will long remember and speak of it and will desire to hope that you also will retain agreeable and pleasant remembrances of it. You will be forever enshrined in the memory of your compatriots for your so distinguished labors upon our behalf, and for what you have accomplished in the Mother Country of Canadians. Be also assured in advance of the honor, which awaits you for what you will accomplish in the future, which, judged by the success of those things which you have already done, will be equally honorable to yourself and beneficial to the Dominion of Canada.

"Be pleased to accept the expression of our high appreciation of your talents as an orator and as a statesman, as well as our affection towards a countryman. Please to offer at the same time for us to your noble and admirable wife, Lady Laurier, who has fought with you all the battles of life, climbed with you the steps of glory, and arrived at the summit which appears to have been always her proper place, the tokens of our respect. We will feel that you will always, Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier, continue to hold the place you now hold in our minds, and hearts." (Signed) John McWilliams, Mayor.

Sir Wilfrid Deeply Affected.

To these addresses, which had been delivered in French, Sir Wilfrid replied in the same language, and there was a suggestion of a tremble in his voice, and a suspicion of moisture in his eyes, as he heartily thanked his compatriots for the reception they had given him. He was particularly glad, he said, to receive their congratulations because he felt that upon this occasion any success which he might have achieved, coincided happily with the success of the country, which he had had the honor to represent in England and elsewhere. He brought back with him memories, which will never be forgotten, and even if, by chance he forgot any of the addresses, which came after, it would be simply impossible for him to forget the reception which had been accorded to Lady Laurier and himself upon their arrival at Liverpool. But still, after all, the reception, which went right to the heart of a man, was the reception given him by his own people, and so he had felt pleased and honored by these addresses for which he begged the gentlemen who had read them to express his thanks to their respective municipalities and parishes.

"It is there many more for us to share," he shouted an assistant steward. This meant a second hurried handshaking, three cheers for the Premier and Lady Laurier, and the informal ceremony was concluded, and of the large crowd which had boarded the Labrador there remained only Mr. Lawson, the representative of the Dominion Line; Dr. Montizambert, the superintendent of the quarantine station; Pilot Pouliot, and three press representatives.

A Talk With the Premier.

To these latter came presently a kind message from Sir Wilfrid stating that he would be pleased to have a talk with them in his cabin.
"How do you do, you will have to find seats where you can. Here, Mr. Herald, sit next to me."
I did as I was bidden, mentally making a note that the Prime Minister looked bronzed and healthy. Even as I did so, he said, with a twinkle in his eye, "I suppose you want to know how my health is, and what sort of a voyage I have had. Well, look at me and you will find the answer to the first portion of your question, and as regards the second part of it, I may say that the voyage has been in every way most pleasant. Now I desire that you promise anything that you may be going to write with the statement that I never give interviews to the papers. That is my rule, but as this is an exceptional case, and as I have been away from home for three months, I intend to break through it, and to give a few of my impressions. I do not intend, I may say at the commencement, to go into personal matters, and I shall probably tell you a great deal that you have already read, but I have the opportunity of seeing with my own eyes the things of which you have gained your ideas through newspaper reports.

Described the Jubilee Procession.
"First, let me say something regarding the Jubilee procession. It was a sight never to be forgotten, and was a marvelous revelation of the magnificence of the British Empire, and a striking tribute to the personal popularity of Her Majesty Queen Victoria. Throughout, it was a won-

derful sight, but I think the most impressive portion of it was the service at St. Paul's. I think it was at once an index to the English character, and a credit to the English nation, that the entire ceremony of that day should have been the public thanksgiving to Almighty God for the prosperity of the Empire. It was truly a great spectacle to see Queen Victoria, the dignitaries of state, the representatives of the army and navy, and the great men of the nation all there under the canopy of heaven, in the face of that grand cathedral, offering their thanks to the Creator for His mercies.
"The naval review was a spectacle of an altogether different character, and yet it was also most impressive to see all the strength of the greatest navy in the world displayed, from the biggest man-of-war to the tiniest torpedo boat. It was a sight never to be forgotten, and made one feel that if there is any one thing more than another that exhibits the strength of the British Empire, it is its marine display with all the sea forces exhibited in this manner."

A New Career Opened to Canada.

Then turning his attention to matters of supreme importance to Canada, Sir Wilfrid entered upon a short discussion of the position held by the Dominion in Europe, the importance of the domination of the German and Belgian treaties, and the stupidity of those who argue that this action on the part of Great Britain will not materially assist Canada. "Canada is now beginning an entirely new career," he said, "not only in England, but in the whole continent of Europe. The denunciation of the German and Belgian treaties made at the request of Canada and the other self-governing colonies, has without doubt created a profound impression throughout the continent, and unless I am greatly mistaken, we shall, I anticipate, see a great flow of both capital and population into Canada within the next few years. And yet it is but two or three years ago that the English Government, through Lord Ripon, refused to consider the denunciation of such treaties."

What Has Caused the Change.

"May I ask how you account for the change of front, Sir Wilfrid?"
"The answer is not far to seek. I attribute the change to the attitude taken by the Canadian Government at the last session of the tariff legislation then adopted by the Dominion. By our action England was placed in the position of having either to advance or recede, and she advanced to meet us in the manner which we desired. There can be no doubt as to the advantages which Canada will gain from the denunciation of these treaties, the greatest undoubtedly being increased fiscal independence for us as a nation. These treaties were in the way of any fiscal arrangements which we could have made with the sister colonies, or even with foreign nations, because the moment any such arrangement had been made Germany and Belgium would have stepped forward and claimed the same advantages without giving anything in return. Canada found this out repeatedly during the twelve months prior to the Jubilee, when its power was limited by the existence of these treaties, when it had opportunity to act in a manner which would have been for the good of Canada."
"Now we are free."

The Fast Line is Assured.

"Can you tell us whether the arrangements in connection with the fast service are proceeding satisfactorily, Sir Wilfrid?"
"Yes, I have every reason to believe that the Canada Atlantic fast steamship service is absolutely assured, and that it will be in operation before two years from now. Mr. Petersen has had to overcome many difficulties, but a man with a new idea always has to. I have every reason to believe that he will have every reason to overcome them all."

Three Great Personalities.

Speaking of his trip to France, the Premier, who modestly declined to say one word concerning his triumph in that country, gave his opinion concerning the attitude of the French people towards Canada as follows:
"The French people have always been very friendly in their disposition towards Canadians and they are now still more so. I am not sorry to say that Canada is not as well known to Frenchmen as it ought to be, and perhaps, I may cherish the hope that my visit to France may have dispelled a few of the false impressions, which may have existed prior to that time."

"You visited other countries besides England and France, did you not?"
"Yes, while I was on the continent I went to Switzerland and Italy."

Sir Wilfrid was evidently bearing in mind the conditions of the interview which he laid down, for he stopped, smilingly, and then softening the least little bit, he concluded the interview by saying:

France's Attitude to Canada.

"Of all the people I met while I was in Europe, and I met many—but it would take up too much time to give you my impressions of each of them—there are three personalities which stand out clearly and vividly in my mind's eye to-day. It is impossible to fully appreciate the wonderful impression created by these three illustrious personages—I refer to Her Majesty Queen Victoria, the Right Hon. Mr. Gladstone, and His Holiness Pope Leo XIII."

"With these words Sir Wilfrid rose from the corner of the cot, where he had been sitting, and shaking hands, bade the press representatives 'good night.'"

As Democratic as Ever.

There is no little incident in connection with the interview, which is, perhaps, worthy of mention, for it shows that the factious individual who opined that Sir Wilfrid's democracy was knocked into a cocked hat, when he became a private citizen, was a Knight of St. Michael and St. George, unfortunates facts to witicism, and was, to use the vernacular of the baseball field, "away off his base." During the conversation one of the reporters momentarily forgot himself and addressed the Premier as Mr. Laurier. Recognizing his mistake, he immediately apologized, but Sir Wilfrid, smiling good naturedly, interrupted him by saying: "Do not apologize, there is no mistake. I like the plain 'Mr. Laurier' just as well as my new title."

Coming out of the cabin of the Prime Minister, The Herald representative met Dr. Montizambert, the superintendent of the quarantine station, who showed him a telegram he had received from Mr. Sydney Fisher, instructing him to have a salute fired as the Labrador passed Grosse

Isle. This was done an hour or two later.

Presided at a Concert.

On Thursday evening Sir Wilfrid presided at the concert given on board in aid of the funds of the Liverpool seamen's orphanage, and although he did not make a lengthy speech, he charmed one by his manner in introducing the ladies and gentlemen who had volunteered their services. The concert was a grand success, and realized the sum of £15. The Premier was also the first person to sign an address, which was presented by the passengers to Captain Erskine, for his successful efforts to make the voyage enjoyable, and comfortable in every way.

Despite the fact that it was midnight before he retired, Sir Wilfrid was on deck before six o'clock, armed with a large pair of field glasses, with which he scanned the Canadian shore on both sides. Lady Laurier appeared shortly afterwards, in company with other of the lady passengers, and after a short time the distinguished couple passed along the deck exchanging handshakes and farewell wishes with their companions of the voyage.

The Druid Hove in Sight.

Shortly before half past seven the Island of Orleans was sighted, and the steamer Druid was seen lying at anchor off St. Laurent. As soon as the Labrador came within hailing distance, the crowd on board the smaller boat gave three cheers for the Premier, and she came alongside. Sir Wilfrid was seen leaning over the side waving his cloth handkerchief, and a volley of applause broke out, only to be drowned by the band of "B" Battery, which struck up "See the Conquering Hero Comes." The passengers on the big liner keeping up a continuous round of hand-clapping meanwhile.

Greeted by Mr. Marchand.

The gangway having been lowered, Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier, boarded the Druid, the first man to greet the Premier of the Dominion being the Hon. P. G. Marchand, Prime Minister of the Province of Quebec. Among the other members of the reception committee and distinguished citizens on the small boat were: Hon. Mr. Parent, Mayor of the City of Quebec; Hon. Messrs. Sheehy, Duffy, Turner, S. A. P. Pelletier, Messrs. Langlois, Messrs. A. Robitaille, M.P.P.; Pinault, M.P.P.; Roy, M.P.P.; Savard, M.P.; J. B. Laliberté, president of the Harbor Commission; Aldermen Vincent, Roy, Duchaine, Madden, Bohan, Languey and Martineau; R. Larue, H. M. Price, J. Lemoine, L. O. Poirer, G. Rochette, president of the Club Maritime; Joseph Amyot, Joseph Gauthier, C. A. Parent, C. Faguy, C. Knowles, Dr. Beaupre, V. Vincent, B. A. Scott, James Lambelin, Frank Carroll, Alderman Scott, of Toronto, and a large number of other well-known citizens of Quebec and other cities.

The Labrador menhence proceeded to her berth off the Louis embankment, where she wharfed at 8:05, with every available flag on board fluttering to the breeze.

A Salute From the Citadel.

Her customary salute of three gun shots was answered by the salute of the Citadel, and bunting and flags were run up from every steamer in port. The Druid went slowly up the river, passed the wharf and came back at ten o'clock when the whole party landed. Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier were escorted to the Chateau Frontenac, the streets en route being crowded with citizens who cheered the Premier and his lady lustily and continuously. After Sir Wilfrid's somewhat rested from the fatigues of the voyage, a procession, in which the citizens have been requested to take part, irrespective of racial or political differences will be organized to leave the Chateau at 2 o'clock p.m., and proceed to Victoria Park where an address to Sir Wilfrid will be presented by the Mayor in the name of the citizens.

A Piano for Lady Laurier

The evening's proceedings are to include the presentation of an address and a piano from the ladies of Quebec to Lady Laurier, in the City Council chamber at 8 o'clock, and another visit to Victoria Park to witness the pyrotechnic display. The band of the R.C.A.—instead of favoring the terrace will play during the presentation to Lady Laurier in the City Hall, and accompany the visitors to Victoria Park. The welcome here is not that of a particular party or set of men, but the Ancient Capital of the province. It is expected that men of all ranks and opinions will swell the procession, and that the line of march will be gay with flags and mottoes, each man vying with his neighbor in the elegance of his decorations.

Sir Wilfrid has deserved a specially hearty welcome from Quebec, and her citizens will not be remiss in according it.

QUEBEC CITY'S ADDRESS

Residents of the Ancient Capital Pay Their Respects to Canada's First Minister.

(Special To The Herald.)

Quebec, August 28.—The following is a copy of the address which will be presented to Sir Wilfrid Laurier by residents of this city this afternoon:—

"Sir,—The citizens of Quebec are presently assembled to offer you and Lady Laurier their most hearty congratulations on the occasion of your happy return to Canada."

"They are proud to be the first to greet you at this moment when you touch for the first time Canadian soil on your return from a voyage which shall be noted as one of the most important ever achieved for the honor and the benefit of our beloved country."

"Quebec, the cradle of the Canadian nation, thus opens the series of triumphal receptions which await you in Montreal, in Ottawa, in Toronto and elsewhere, to celebrate the brilliant success of your mission abroad as the extraordinary envoy from Canada to participate in the celebration of the Diamond Jubilee of Her Most Excellent Majesty the Queen."

"Invested by popular suffrage of the supreme command, you were by right our chosen official representative in that gorgeous array of all the might and wealth of the Empire. Your knowledge of public affairs, your spotless reputation, and the fascinating power of your eloquence pointed to you as the proper person to fulfill such a high and delicate task."

You in closer proximity to her throne, has graciously given your precedence above all the other Colonial Premiers in the Jubilee celebrations. We have heard across the seas the echo of the enthusiastic cheers of the people of the great English metropolis which greeted your appearance before the London public, to the intense satisfaction of our national pride, and, finally, when your powerful eloquence mastered the most enlightened audiences in the great centres which govern mankind, you attracted upon our beloved country the sympathetic attention of the whole world."

"If we consider the results of your mission to England, we are happy to find that, as our spokesman, you have constituted yourself the forcible exponent of our loyalty to the British Crown, and you have thoroughly expressed how contented we feel to enjoy in an absolute manner the blessings of self-government, the benefits of all the privileges of the British Constitution, and the all-powerful protection of the British flag."

"Your timely declaration of sympathy towards the consolidation of the Empire has won for Canada the gratitude of the English public, and whilst carefully guarding against any encroachment upon colonial independence, you have developed the pride of England and fascinated gaze of the public, a preferential fiscal policy between the Mother Country and colonies which would practically make England independent from the other nations, and in case of war would put her in a position to resist the combined forces of the rest of the world."

"France, the mother land of old, has greeted you as the beloved and long-lost child, who, ravished in tender years from her motherly care, returns after years of absence, his heart still burning with the love of the native land, full of honors and glory, and who is welcomed home as the well-deserving son and the pride of his sentiments, and your mastery eloquence betrayed you the true and brilliant son of France, and you won the latest compliment for our race that the blood which flows in the veins of such among us who prize their French descent has not degenerated."

"You were truly our spokesman when, amid the profound emotion of you, the citizens of London and Paris, you so frankly proclaimed our affection for France and our loyalty to England as the undivided sentiments of our hearts, and more so when in a masterly stroke of eloquence you evoked the immortal figures of Wolfe and Montcalm and pointed far away across the ocean, on the shores of Quebec, the monument sacred by an English Governor to the memories of the glorious victor and of the heroic defender of New France as a token of the tolerance and good will which prevail in the midst of our people, formed as it is of so many diverse elements."

"And what a masterly revenge you have taken in Paris for the burning insult which Voltaire once threw into the face of our forefathers when he sneeringly made reference to their homesteads as a few acres of snow, in the very moment when they were agonizing on the battlefields of New France, in the midst of the fiercest struggles to protect the flag of the Mother land."

"How proudly you have unfurled before your noble hearers the vast panorama of our rapid progress. What a bitter sense of regret the must have felt in realizing the contrast between the dreary spectre of frozen solitudes ushered before the eyes of a degenerated court and the fertile and sunny land, which, although only recently opened to agriculture, raises wheat in sufficient quantities to supply the wants of a considerable portion of humanity."

"The acres of snow are now unknown here except in winter, just as well as in Europe, throughout the rich valleys of the St. Lawrence and of the Saguenay, and in the Canadian Northwest, and the Lady of the Snows would run great risk in Canada just as well as in any other country to suffer sun stroke during six months of the year."

"True we pride in the possession of some acres of snow somewhere in our almost boundless inheritance, but so grateful that we feel not their biting frost, for Voltaire and Kipling would have been most sanguine to secure a few acres of that frozen land of Klondike, the wonderful—gold deposits of which are now tempting the cupidity of many a civilized nation."

"From London to England, Sir Wilfrid, has revealed a new Canada to most of those that you have met in England and in France. It is the most effective and wide-spreading advertisement which has ever been accomplished for the benefit of our country, and your fellow countrymen are proud of the appellation which you have won of 'French and Catholic Premier Laurier.'"

THE BUYERS' EXCURSIONS

ALL FELL THROUGH, But the Cheap Rate to the Exhibition

Made Up For This Season's Business Has Been Unusually Brisk

With the Wholesalers.

The Montreal Dry Goods men were not successful in getting the cheap rates they wished for buyers' excursions. The railway companies did not appear to take kindly to the plan, so it had to be dropped. The issue of single fare excursions, however, the last few days of the exhibition, however, brought in a large number of buyers, and much business is being done. The buyers are more numerous than ever this year, and in many cases the clerks were not able to serve the crowds which thronged the warehouses, and difficulty was experienced even in filling some of the orders. This morning the merchants, as great as yesterday, and many new buyers reported early at the warehouses.

NO GRIEVANCES.

The Locomotive Engineers Meet This Morning and Have Nothing To Complain Of.

The Locomotive Engineers connected with the Canadian Pacific Railway held their annual meeting at the Albion Hotel, McGill Street, this morning. There were a large number of delegates present, and the progress was principally of a private nature. The reports of the various committees were quite satisfactory. The engineers have no grievances of moment against the company.

WHERE TO GO TO-NIGHT.

Academy—"Straight from the Heart," melodrama.
Queen's—"Hendrick Hudson, Jr.," extravaganza.
Theatre Royal—Vaudeville.
Sohmer Park—Variety.

THE SUMMING UP

OF THE EXPOSITION

At the Directors' Luncheon to the Press Yesterday.

The Prejudice Against Canadian Goods—How the Exhibition Helped the Sale of Live Stock.

The directors of the Exhibition Company entertained a number of members of the press, and others, to luncheon yesterday. Mr. Peter Lyall presided. Various toasts were proposed, and speeches made.

Mr. L. J. Boivin referred to agricultural schools and the benefit they had been to this province.
Ald. Stevenson spoke in favor of yearly exhibitions.
Ald. Sadler spoke of the quality of the exhibits this year. He knew of the prejudice against Canadian goods on the part of the public. He would venture to say that goods were on exhibition there which were sold in the leading dry goods stores of Montreal as foreign material, the salesmen assuring the customer that they did not handle Canadian goods, but only imported articles. He had been a manufacturer for twenty odd years, and he knew the prejudice that existed in the country against Canadian manufactured goods. Manufacturers have been making a mistake. They should mark all their articles with their own name and show that they are Canadian goods. Boots and shoe manufacturers had done so for some years, and today they took great pride in manufacturing a certain class of boots and shoes. He hoped that the day was not far distant when manufacturers would insist on boots, shoes and fabrics of all kinds being sold on their merits.

Mr. T. A. Tremblay mentioned that, at the present fair 130 head of cattle had been sold to buyers between New Brunswick and Chicago—outside the Province of Quebec. He deplored the apathy of Montrealers about the exhibition.
Mr. D. A. Parizeau spoke of the progress which this year's exhibition showed to have been made in agriculture.
Last night at the close of the performance, Mr. Arthur Ware thanked the audience for their attendance, and several of the performers said nice things about Montreal—the exhibition and Mr. S. J. Doran, who was chiefly responsible for the very good attractions produced.

Mr. Federico Corio exhibited the choice specimens of Roman and Venetian mosaic displayed in the main building, which have attracted the attention of some of our leading architects. The head of Our Saviour is really a work of art, and it is almost incredible that such effects can be produced without the aid of a brush.

ECOLOGICAL APPOINTMENTS.

Mrs. Bruchesi has made the following appointments:—
Father F. X. Plante, vicar at Berthier; Father C. Filiatreault, vicar at the Sacred Heart Parish, Montreal; Father J. E. Bruyeres, vicar at St. Edme de Verreuil, Montreal; Father H. C. Latif, assistant principal Jacques Carlier Normal School; Father J. A. Lavallee, vicar at St. Joseph, Montreal; Father A. Desjardins, vicar at St. Jean Baptiste; Father J. P. Desrosiers, chaplain of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, Loretto House, Laval Park; Father J. Picotte, vicar at the Mile End; Father R. Pelletier, vicar at St. Henri; Father N. Dubuc, vicar at St. Charles, Montreal; Father E. Leblanc, vicar at St. Jacques l'Achigan; Father C. Deceur, vicar at St. Cuneo; Father R. Compas, vicar at St. Jean de Matha; Father J. F. Morin, vicar at Maisonneuve; Father St. Armand, of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, vicar of St. Laurent; Father J. A. Curotte, professor at L'Assomption College; Father C. Bagarre, professor at Varennes College.

Father L. Callaghan, has been summoned to the Archbishop's Palace.

The Sanitary Supply Company, partner, ship—Fred. B. Dakin, A. W. Glassford and J. H. L. Pelletier, merchants.

The Empress Assurance Company, Limited, of London, Eng., is now doing business in Montreal. Mr. E. L. Boni is vice chief agent.

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The General Marine Ins. Company of Dresden is now doing business in Montreal. Petello & Cie. have dissolved.

FELL OFF A HORSE.

A coachman named William Sheffield botham fell from a horse near the corner of St. Catherine and St. Urban Streets yesterday afternoon. He was badly shaken up and was removed to the General Hospital.

THE THIRD CASE.

Yesterday's Record in Smallpox Patients.

THIRD ON MOREAU STREET.

The Supply of Vaccine Points Used Up Yesterday.

But Arrangements are Being Made for a Further Supply—The Doctors are Very Busy.

Late yesterday afternoon, the third case of smallpox for that day was reported to the health authorities. The St. Timothee and St. Cuneo cases were reported in yesterday's Herald. The latest victim is Mrs. Napoleon Bechard, wife of a milkman living at 501 Moreau Street. The family were near neighbors of the Tremblay and Vincent families on that street, members of which are at present inmates of the Civic Hospital.

Mrs. Bechard has a family of six, two of them living away from home. They have been warned to remain away until all danger of contagion is past. It seems that Mrs. Bechard had been vaccinated recently, but the operation was not a success. The rest of the family had been vaccinated. Mrs. Bechard has been removed to the Civic Hospital.

VACCINE SUPPLY RAN OUT.
The first supply of vaccine points, 2,500 in number, received by Dr. Laberge, has been exhausted, and there has been some delay in obtaining a fresh supply. There was a large crowd of doctors at the Health Department in the City Hall this morning after points, but it was impossible to supply their wants.

The Authorities Vigilant.

Up to noon to-day no new cases of smallpox had been reported at Ste. Cuneo-gonde. Mayor Lathrel told The Herald that he has a specially qualified man making a thorough search of the town. The police force is also making an inspection to see that yards, etc., are kept clean.

DIED FROM HER INJURIES

Mrs. Paul Quesnel's Terrible Sufferings Ended by Death Last Night.

Mrs. Paul Quesnel, the woman living near the government dry docks, who was badly burned about the face and neck Thursday afternoon, died from her injuries at the Notre Dame Hospital last night. The coroner will dispose of the case without a jury.

DEATH OF FIRMIN HUDON.

Mr. Firmin Hudon, of the wholesale grocery firm of Hudon & Orsali, died at his residence, 90 Sherbrooke Street, at 9 o'clock last evening. Deceased was born in 1840. He founded the firm of Hudon & Orsali in 1875, and conducted its business up till recently. He was well-known for his business abilities, and highly respected for his integrity. He leaves a wife and twelve children. The deceased had been in poor health for some time past.

BUSINESS NOTES.

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'The Conquering Hero Comes!'

The Right Hon. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Premier of the Dominion,

will be tendered a Royal Reception by the Citizens of Montreal on his home-coming on Monday evening.

will commemorate the event by issuing a special

LAURIER EDITION

printed on fine paper, and adorned with half-tone illustrations of Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier, at different times in their lives. The letterpress will consist of a sketch of the Premier's life, his speeches in England and France, opinions expressed in the press regarding him and other interesting memorials of the distinguished Canadian, making the edition one to be bought and preserved by all friends of the Premier.

FOR SALE MONDAY AFTERNOON.

OUR TRADE WITH BRITAIN.

Professor Robertson Makes His Report at Ottawa.

PROSPECTS ARE GOOD.

Canadian Cheese Holds a Very High Place.

IN THE OTHER LINES.

British Press Takes the Question Up and Gives Canadians Much Encouragement.

(Special to The Herald.)

Ottawa, Aug. 28.—Professor Robertson, Commissioner of Agriculture and Dairying, returned from a mission to Great Britain lately. In response to an enquiry as to how he found Canadian farm products are taking in Great Britain, he said to a representative of The Herald:—

The outlook for Canadian agricultural products in the markets of Great Britain is of particular interest at the present time. The material prosperity of Canada is so intimately bound up with the results which the farmers obtain from their labors, that when there are good crops, good prices, and a steady demand, every commercial and manufacturing concern is able to do a business with larger profits, the promoter of business can collect their fees more readily and certainly, and all classes of the population meet their financial obligations with the promptness and regularity which indicate general prosperity.

Canadian Products in Great Britain.
Great and continuous prominence has been given to Canadian matters in the British papers during the season. That may be taken as a decided advantage in the demand for Canadian products. The consuming public of Great Britain, which does not often trouble itself with the names of places where their food product come, have been persistently and continuously made aware of the fact that Canada is a place from which all sorts of good things may be obtained, from the best quality of wheat to the finest of cheese to eat with their bread, from the most nourishing breakfast to luscious and dainty flavored peaches and pears, from golden butter made in the Government creameries in the North-West and elsewhere, to bricks of gold (in prospect), from the Klondike and Kootenay and the Lake of the Woods.

Business is Business.
The British business men whom one meets from day to day say that they find a decided preference in England for things Canadian and things colonial; but that when the retail buyer comes to the importer's warehouse to select his goods for the week, he leaves his preferential sentiment outside of the warehouse and out of the bargain, and buys only what he counts to be the best value, no matter where the goods come from. Moreover, he says that he is buying Canadian, he adds to his shop talk for his customers, the fact that it is Canadian, and therefore pure, wholesome, and from a country where the habits and customs of the people are of a very high order in regard to cleanliness.

More than ever the British markets are turning the places where the surplus of all kinds are sent for final disposal. There is such an abundance and variety of foods in the markets of the great cities of England, Scotland and Ireland, that the people have become fastidious and most discriminating buyers. On the streets of the great cities, where a Canadian notices the poor and sometimes tattered clothing of the lower classes, he is struck by the well-dressed appearance of their faces and limbs. For the best qualities of all kinds of foods in the markets of the great cities, there is a steady demand, at relatively high prices; and for the same kind of food of an inferior quality and out of condition, the prices are very low, although the demand may be considerable.

Fresh Meats.
I saw only one shipment of fresh dressed beef from Canada. When cut up on the counter of the retailer, it compared most favorably with the best Scotch or best English beef on sale. The outside of the quarters had lost the bloom of freshness, but that doubtless prevented it from being sold at as high a price as it would have been obtainable for the best Scotch or the best English.

The cattle which are imported into Great Britain from Canada or the United States must, according to regulations of the British Government, be slaughtered at the port at which they landed. The carcasses from such cattle are not fetchable in appearance from the home-fatted cattle of England and Scotland. They are dressed in the usual way. The only external evidence of difference is in the fat of the most of them being of a yellowish hue, than in the carcasses of the English and Scotch. The chilled beef imported into Great Britain from the United States is not fetching as high prices as the quarter as imported from Canada and the United States. In the retail butchers' shops the Canadian and the United States beef is sold often indiscriminately with the same beef from home-fatted cattle, and it is doubtful whether an expert judge of beef could tell by examination from which source the carcasses or steaks from which meat have been taken.

The frozen beef which is imported into Great Britain, from Australia and Argentina, sells for a definitely lower price than those carcasses which I have mentioned. There appears to be a large opening for the beef, particularly from Canada.

North-West Territory, could be handled to the British markets at much lower cost per head dressed than alive. There would be an avoidance of the long journey, the weight resulting from the loss of the water, and the prevention of the number of swine fattened in Canada during the summer in the open air, and the consequent appearance of many quarters, only a question of a short time when the best butchers will pay for chilled beef as

living in England in the best condition a price equal to, if not higher than, the price they will pay for beef from the abattoirs there.

Mutton and Lambs.

Enormous quantities of frozen mutton and frozen lambs are imported from Australia and Argentina. While in the frozen state they look almost as well as the fresh killed and unfrozen carcasses, but when they are thawed and exposed to the light they quickly take on a darkened and repulsive appearance. Those interested in these products claim that the quality is nearly as good as the home-grown English, Welsh and Scotch mutton, but they do not fetch as nearly a good price. There is a good chance for trade in chilled Canadian lambs and mutton to be built up.

Canadian Cheese.

I found Canadian cheese holding its place well in the British markets. This year has shown a more active demand from consumers than has existed during the summer for a few seasons. I think the output of cheese has been slightly above the average quantity, and some 20 per cent. above the average price of the last two years. There is still a wide difference between the prices of the finest Scotch and English cheddars and the finest Canadian cheese. As an instance, I may cite what I saw in one of the large warehouses in London. A lot of Scotch cheddars was sold at 62s. per cwt. and a cheese of slightly richer body and finer flavor than the Canadian cheese in the same warehouse, and in this country would have been counted worth a quarter, or at most half a cent per pound more than the Canadian. Yet they were sold wholesale at four cents per pound over the top price for the Canadian cheese on the same market, on the same day. There is room still for improving the quality of Canadian cheese until a large share of it is as fine as the best of the English and Scotch cheddars. With cool storage at the cheese factories, so constructed and managed that the temperature shall never rise above 58 degrees in summer, it is easily practicable to make cheese of as rich a body and as fine a flavor as the best I saw in England or Scotland.

At present the discrimination between the different qualities of cheese in Canada seldom leads in the same district to a difference of more than half a cent per pound, whereas in Great Britain the differences often are as much as five cents per pound, wholesale.

An evil complained of by many of the importers in Great Britain is the practice by some exporters on this side of selling "futures," that is offering to sell cheese at certain prices for future delivery, often before the cheese are made. In their opinion, if that could be effectually stopped, the trade would be on a healthier and more satisfactory basis, with the likelihood of more remunerative prices for the producers in Canada.

Creamery Butter.

I found a great change in the reputation of Canadian creamery butter in the markets of London and Manchester. During the last few years it has won for itself a good name and an increasing demand. The Danish butter still holds a good place in the British markets, but in some of them it is now only second to the best Irish butter from the co-operative creameries. The North British Agriculturalist, in its issue of August 4th, published the last of a series of articles on Danish farming. The writer illustrates the article by a number of cuts reproduced from kodak photographs of cow stables in Denmark. He agrees with Mr. Speirs, an eminent Scotch farmer, who visited Denmark lately with several other members of the Royal Commission on Tuberculosis, in saying that "Danish dairy stocks were, as a rule, kept under the most deplorable sanitary conditions. Tuberculosis of a generalized and very virulent type was exceedingly prevalent there, and the wells for the water supply to the farm households and live stock, as well as for the washing of the butter, were in three cases out of four, within less than a dozen yards of the dungheap; so that the milk had been forced to the conclusion that many of the cases of typhoid fever in this country were caused by the use of Danish butter."

I think that the place hitherto occupied by Danish butter, which has been stupendously advertised, well manufactured, generally uniform in quality, and hereafter be taken up by butter from Irish creameries and Canadian creameries.

The general good health of Canadian cattle, the purity of the water supply, the luxuriance and fine quality of the hay and fodders, and the cleanly habits of the people, are all advantages on the side of Canada which count for a great deal. While I saw the best quality of fresh flavored butter selling at from 84s to 88s per cwt., I saw also sealed creamery butter from the United States, slightly off in flavor and soft in body, selling at from 60s per cwt. The market emphasizes the most striking way that for anything under the very best in quality, an almost ruinously low price was the best that could be obtained.

The 50-pound box is the butter package most in favor. Manufacturers and shippers of butter should, as a special pass to put every package in a neat, strong, and attractive package will attract the best class of customers who are able and willing to pay the highest range of prices that the market will afford. In conversation with a large butter dealer in Scotland who handles only butter from Irish and Scotch creameries, he said to me that he had that day examined a lot of Canadian creamery butter which arrived in one of the cold storage chambers, and that he had never seen a finer quality of creamery butter, adding: "If you Canadians can send butter like that all the time, you will take a first place in the markets here."

Canadian Bacon.

Canadian bacon is taking a relatively better place in the British markets than it has done hitherto. A great advance has been made during the last two years, and particularly during the current summer. In this product also I found that there is a very great difference between the prices obtained for the finest quality and any seconds, "fats" or "softs," as they are called. It will pay the Canadian producers to so select, rear and feed the hogs, that they will have a large number of rogs of fairly uniform quality. They should be what are called fleshy hogs. These are obtained chiefly through feeding the young hogs, after they are weaned, on skim milk, or buttermilk and allowing them a great deal of exercise. Then they should be fattened on mixed grains, with a quantity of skim milk and buttermilk, or whey, mixed with them. The best bacon pigs are those which would, when ready to kill, weigh from 160 to 180 lbs live weight. These are also the pigs which yield the largest profit on their feeding. It is that they have given no larger increase in live weight for the amount of food consumed than they could at any later period of their growth.

There has been a considerable increase in the number of swine fattened in Canada during the summer in the open air, and the consequent appearance of many quarters, only a question of a short time when the best butchers will pay for chilled beef as

British markets, N. 1 selected hogs, weighing about 160 pounds, are worth about one cent per pound live weight more than those which are too fat, soft or rough.

Poultry Stands High.

All the poultry dealers whom I saw said that Canadian turkeys were well liked in Great Britain; and why should they not be? The experts declare that their flesh is whiter, sweeter, and of a higher flavor than the turkeys from the continent. The turkeys should be killed in such a way as to leave no external blemish on the birds. They should be plucked so as to leave no disfiguring marks and no tears on the skin, or sunburn, feet and legs should be spotlessly clean. For export they should be packed in cases, and packed so that each case will contain birds of an equal weight as possible. In one there could be put birds weighing from eight to ten pounds. The number of birds in the cage and the range of weight (namely, eight to ten pounds, or other weights) should be marked on the outside. Another box could contain the birds weighing from ten to twelve pounds, etc. Cook turkeys of large size sell well about Christmas time. At other seasons of the year, birds of smaller size, from eight to twelve pounds, are in great demand. Those in the trade in England say that there is a good sale for them from the middle of November until the end of March. There is a large market for chickens of good size and quality, but as yet the Canadian farmers do not supply enough of those for the demand of our cities.

Eggs Imports Reach \$20,000,000.

Great Britain imports eggs annually to the value of about \$20,000,000. Canadian eggs are gaining in favor. Those arriving this year in cold storage are said to be pleasing very well. The only complaint I heard was that when the cases were opened, they became very moist, and were said to be "sweating," or becoming covered with dew. As a matter of fact, the cause was when the eggs from the cold storage chamber were exposed to a warm, moist atmosphere, the moisture from the air was condensed on their surface, just the same as the moisture would be condensed on the surface of a glass containing ice-cold water. When the egg cases are left closed two days in a warehouse at the ordinary temperature of the atmosphere, and then opened, the eggs are warmed up gradually. After that, this trouble which is called "sweating" does not occur. It is important that the eggs for export to Great Britain should be collected from the nests regularly, and that only those that are collected regularly should be sold to the exporters. When a nestful is found at one time, these should not be put with the eggs collected in the usual way.

The Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone, in a speech at the annual Hawarden flower show, a fortnight ago, dealing mainly with butter and eggs, said: "I find that 1,200,000,000 eggs are laid all over Europe in order to be imported in England; I cannot help thinking it would be a good thing if five or six hundred million of these eggs were laid at home. Because you may depend on this, that the nearer the egg is laid to the place where it is consumed, the better and the fresher it will be." With the cold storage from Canada, the hens from Ontario, Quebec, and the Maritime Provinces can lay down eggs in the pantries of the most fastidious in Great Britain, fresh in flavor and fit for any use. The collectors, the packages and the packing must be looked after carefully.

Peaches, Pears and Grapes.

I was able to arrange for the sale in Great Britain of the trial shipment of peaches, pears and grapes which are to be sent from the Niagara district. For the first year these trial shipments will be sent only, or mainly, to Covent Garden, in London, and to the fruit bazaar, in Glasgow.

I saw peaches from California arrive in a very good condition at Covent Garden. They were sold at excellent prices, and I am sure that the Canadian peaches of higher flavor and rather finer quality, can be delivered in equally good condition.

Since I returned I visited Grimsby, Ont., inspected the cold storage warehouse, and had a conference with the fruit growers who have agreed to furnish fruit for these trial shipments. There is an excellent crop of Crawford peaches on the trees, a fine and unusually heavy crop of Bartlett pears, and the promise of a very good crop of grapes. The fruit growers of Grimsby have procured a quantity of suitable packages, and a first trial shipment will be sent from there next week. Each fruit will be wrapped in tissue paper. They will be packed in comparatively small trays, holding from three to five pounds each, and will be put in five cases holding about twelve trays each. The outside cases or crates are constructed to permit of thorough ventilation. The fruit will be cooled in the cold storage building before it is put on the refrigerator cars; a special chamber will be provided on the steamships, and every reasonable precaution will be taken to see that the fruit is landed in good condition in London and Glasgow. Full information of the prices obtained, etc., will be published for the benefit of the fruit growers in Canada, and I am confident that a large and profitable trade can be developed in the shipment of these fruits to Great Britain.

Good Prospects.

I saw the members of many firms, and also British officials, who received and gave information on Canadian products which will help to develop trade along the line of trade to Canadian. On the whole, I think that the cold storage service arranged for by the Minister of Agriculture, marks a distinct era in the place which Canadian products of the most perishable sorts will take on the British markets.

The British Press Takes It Up.
In addition to conferences with business men and the making of business arrangements, I saw a good many of the news paper men and women of Great Britain in the effort to interest them in Canadian products, and in the policy of the Department of Agriculture in promoting their sale in the British Isles. I have no idea as to the amount of space which they gave to discussing this matter in their columns, but articles of an excellent character were keenly critical, but on the whole commendatory of Canadian products and the agricultural policy of the Dominion, were accompanied or followed by editorial articles dealing with the matter from various standpoints.

Some of the English papers discussed what the Canadian Government was doing from the point of view of what the Imperial Government might do for English agriculture. The Irish papers, led by the Dublin journals, took the matter up, and considered it chiefly in reference to the proposal by the Imperial Government to establish a Ministry of Agriculture for Ireland. The Scottish papers wrote up Canadian resources, Canadian products and Canadian policies from various standpoints, all of them dwelling upon the fact that British consumers should meet Canadian enterprise by giving a preference to Canadian products over those of foreign countries.

Buy the Laurier Edition of The Herald on Monday.

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A BOTTLE OF HEALTH FOR A WORLD OF SICKNESS.

Sickness and misery are constant companions. Happiness and health are linked by an inseparable bond. A weak and unhealthful condition of the blood is an invitation to infectious diseases which the unprepared system cannot stand and must succumb to. You should fortify yourself against disease—you don't know when it may strike you down. If you keep your blood in a pure and healthful condition the system is ready to throw off disease and you win in the battle for life.

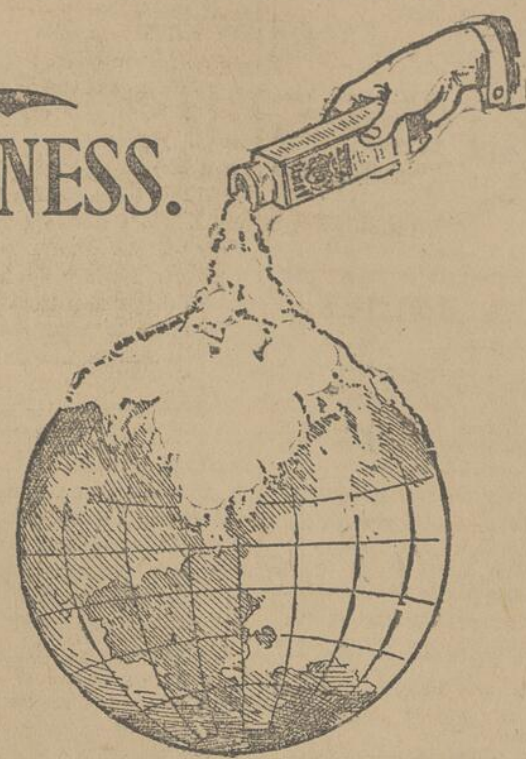
Abbey's Effervescent Salt

Is the most pleasant and sure means to that end. It is invigorating, cleans the tongue and mouth, and imparts a feeling of freshness to the entire system. A teaspoonful taken in a glass of water, every morning, will keep you in the best of health and spirits, and the system in a condition of insusceptibility to disease and disorders of the blood. Wherever it has been introduced, the medical profession has endorsed it as an efficacious preventative and cure for the following diseases:

Fever. Indigestion. Nervous Depression. Biliousness. Loss of Appetite. Sleeplessness. Constipation. Sick Headache. Spleen Affections. Cough. Flatulency. Skin and Kidney Complaints. Rheumatism. Neuralgia. Sea Sickness. It Purifies the Blood and clears the Complexion.

It makes a most pleasant beverage for warm weather, taking the place of Soda, Seltzer, and Potash waters. We have received thousands of testimonials as to the merits of Abbey's Effervescent Salt. Here are some of the prominent people who praise it:—Sir Henry Irving, Count W. J. Stomm, Mr. Sims Reeves, Madame Christine Nilsson, Madame Marie Roze, Miss Ellen Terry, and thousands of others.

ALL DRUGGISTS SELL IT. PRICE, 60¢ A BOTTLE. THE ABBEY EFFERVESCENT SALT CO., Ltd., Montreal, Canada.



PERSONALS.

Dr. and Mrs. Gardner have returned to town.

Mrs. R. A. Lindsay is at Caledonia Springs.

Mrs. S. Davis will return from Cacouna on Monday.

Mrs. C. Glass and Miss M. G. Glass are at Gaspe.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace W. Reynier are home again.

Mrs. Taylor Clarke is a guest at Caledonia Springs.

Mrs. James Brown and Miss Brown have returned to town.

Mrs. John MacLean, and family have returned to town.

Dr. J. B. McConnell and family have returned to town.

Miss McFarlane, of Ottawa, is in town visiting friends.

Mr. and Mrs. H. McPhee have returned from Old Orchard.

Dr. Rollo Campbell has returned to town from Little Metis.

Miss Dobie is spending a few days at Caledonia Springs.

Mr. C. F. Olivier, of Sherbrooke, is in town this week.

Mr. G. B. Fraser has gone to England on a business trip.

Rev. W. H. Sparling and family have returned from Mystic.

The Misses Scott have returned to town from Dalhousie, N.B.

Miss Baxter is at Portage du Fort, on a visit to Mrs. Maisted.

Mr. Bartlett McLennan has left to spend a few days at Metis.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Marceau were in Ottawa during the week.

Dr. Prentice and Mrs. Prentice, Ottawa, are at the Hall.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh A. Allen have returned from England.

Mr. G. B. Camp and Miss Camp are at St. Andrew's, N.B.

Mr. A. McMurray, has left to join his family at Cap a l'Aigle.

Dr. F. L. Lockwood was at Caledonia Springs during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. George Caverhill have left on a trip to Japan.

Dr. Girwood was at Caledonia Springs this week for a few days.

Miss Gillespie returned from England this week on the Numidian.

Mrs. Harry Palmer is in Montreal on a visit to Mrs. J. C. Wilson.

Messrs. A. Morrice and E. Morrice are rusticating at Ralph's, N.Y.

Mrs. Wm. McNally and family have returned from Cacouna.

Mrs. J. G. Grant and Miss G. Warnecke have returned to town.

Mr. Granville Cunningham sails from New York to-day for England.

Mrs. McGarvey and Master McGarvey are home again from Cacouna.

Mr. J. B. Baker has returned to town from a holiday at St. Agathe.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Smith and family have returned from Cacouna.

Mrs. Neville and Mrs. Smith, of Ottawa, are in Montreal on a visit.

Mr. and Mrs. James Cranke have returned from England on Monday.

Mrs. E. Irwin and the Misses Irwin are home from California.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. de la Plante were on a visit to Ottawa this week.

Mrs. William Cunningham and family have returned from Metis.

Mr. and Mrs. Waldemar Wallach have returned to town from Cacouna.

Mrs. Rielle was among the Montreals at Caledonia Springs this week.

Hon. A. W. Ogilvie paid another visit to Caledonia Springs this week.

Miss Lilly is on a visit to her aunt Mrs. W. P. Lett, of Ottawa.

Prof. and Mrs. C. W. Colby have returned from a visit to Stanstead.

Mrs. H. T. Murray is a guest at the Grand Hotel, Caledonia Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Wilson, of Morrisville, Vt., were in town this week.

Miss Jennie Street is at Bryson, Que., on a visit to Mr. E. B. D. Lafleur.

Mr. Stewart Munn is home from an enjoyable holiday at Rockland, Maine.

Prof. and Mrs. Max Bohrer have returned to town from Stanley Island.

Mrs. Leger Brousseau, Queen's printer, Quebec, was in the city yesterday.

Mr. E. H. Gough and family have returned to town from Riviere du Loup.

Mrs. H. Lockwood and family, 40 Fort Street, have returned from Tadoussac.

Mr. John Delvitt and family are home again from a pleasant visit to Magog.

Mrs. Barry and Miss Barry are at Noyan, the guests of Mrs. W. J. Derick.

Dr. Grefton has returned to town and resumed practice after a short holiday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Kennedy have been spending a few days at Caledonia Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Foley and family have returned to town from Old Orchard.

Mrs. John Murray and the Misses Murray are home again from St. Leon Springs.

Miss L. Stephens is spending her holidays with Miss Purvis at Portage du Fort.

Mr. and Mrs. Botterell and Miss Botterell are at the Albrecht, York Harbor, N. H.

Mr. Joseph Lee is back in town again after an enjoyable holiday outing at St. Agathe.

Mr. Joseph Rielle and Mr. Norman Rielle have returned to town from Old Orchard.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Campbell Nelles will return to town from Europe early in September.

Mrs. T. B. Hawson, formerly of Montreal, is in town from Chicago on a visit to friends.

Mrs. Alex. Strathairn has returned home from a short stay at St. Patrick's, River du Loup.

Dr. Blackader has returned to the city from a flying visit to St. Patrick's, River du Loup.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Cowley are back in town again after spending the summer at Knowlton.

Miss Laura Castle has returned to town from a six weeks' visit to Miss Hutchinson at Ottawa.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Mott and family are at St. Andrew's, N.B., enjoying the sea breezes.

The Rev. J. M. Coffin, of Bristol, Que., is a guest of Mr. William Hammersley, St. Louis Street.

Mrs. Robert Meighen, Miss Meighen and Miss F. Stephen are home from St. Andrew's, N.B.

Miss Gibson, of Chambly, is on a visit to Sherbrooke, where she is the guest of Miss Sheriff.

Mrs. George Tuck has returned home from a visit to friends among the Islands of the Rideau.

Mrs. Charles Cantin is on a visit to her mother, Mrs. J. K. Ward, at St. Patrick's, River du Loup.

Mr. and Mrs. James Currie, and Miss Currie are back in town again after a stay at Old Orchard.

Mrs. H. R. Ives and family have returned to town from their sojourn on the Maine sea coast.

Mr. Charles Eaton has been on a visit to his father, Mr. E. H. Eaton, at Stanbridge East.

Miss Annie Borthwick, who has been visiting friends in Montreal, has returned to Ottawa.

Miss Valda Smith, of Toronto, has been in town this week, the guest of her uncle, Mr. W. B. Smith, at Norwood.

Mr. Justice Curran and Mrs. Curran are home again from their holiday trip to the seashore.

Miss Belle Jacobs will be home from England this week. She is a passenger on the Labrador.

Mrs. F. S. MacLennan and family have returned home from their summer holiday at Cushing's Island.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. A. Mongenais and Miss Mongenais have been at Caledonia Springs this week.

Mr. and Mrs. William Yull and family have returned from Tadoussac, where they spent their vacation.

Rev. W. W. MacQuig and Miss MacQuig have returned to town from a visit to Sarnia Lake, N.Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Drinkwater are guests of Mrs. Allen Mackenzie, their daughter, at Cacouna.

Hon. Edward Blake, M.P., has arrived from Europe, and will remain in Canada until the early winter.

Mrs. C. S. Borbridge, of Ottawa, is in town, on a visit to her mother, Mrs. Charles Webster, of Westmount.

Mr. E. Goff-Penny, M.P., and Mrs. Penny have returned to town from their country house at Georgeville.

His Lordship Bishop Baldwin, of Huron, and Mrs. Baldwin returned from Europe on the Numidian this week.

Mrs. E. S. Sharpe and Miss Sharpe are in town again, after an enjoyable visit to the New Hampshire sea coast.

Mrs. A. A. Lynam and family have returned home from their summer holiday in the Eastern Townships.

Mr. and Mrs. Marsh Bennett, of Lennoxville, have been in town this week, the guests of Rev. and Mrs. Pinet.

Mrs. B. W. McDougall and the Misses McDougall have left for Murray Bay after returning from Woodstock, N.Y.

Dr. J. B. Howard and Mrs. Howard will arrive in town to-day in company with Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal.

Dr. D. C. McCallum has returned to town from his holidays, which were spent at his summer residence, Odelltown.

Mr. and Mrs. David Denne and the Masters Denne have returned home from their summer residence at Georgeville.

Mr. Richard Southam, Toronto, spent several days this week in Montreal, the guest of his brother Mr. F. H. Southam.

Mrs. W. C. Edwards, of Rockland, will be home again this week on the Labrador, accompanying Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier.

THE SILVER CITY OF THE SOUTH.

Continued from Page Nine.

Ore veins are seldom rich near the surface, but increase in value at a medium depth. Thus the richer silver ores are usually found at a depth of 200 to 1,000 feet. Below that depth, for many hundred feet, vast beds of lead ore usually exist, as in the Comstock (Nevada) mine, where profitable mining is carried on at a depth of 3,000 feet. Of course mining becomes less profitable and ultimately impossible as great depths are reached. In the first instance, there is the great difficulty of keeping the miners supplied with air; the increasing heat of the earth, which is said to be at the ratio of about one degree in fifty feet. Thus a miner working at the 3,000 foot level would be subject to a temperature of 60 degrees higher than that of the earth at its surface. At a little over double that depth, or say a mile and a half from the surface, the heat would be equal to that of boiling water, and there is in Cornwall, England, a tin mine, said to have been working since the twelfth century, which has now attained a depth of over one mile, where France is said to have a coal mine where a still greater depth has been reached. The miner who works at such depths must get a foretaste of the infernal regions, which some ecclesiastics tell us are located in the earth's centre. Another obstacle is the expense of haulage. It would be impossible to raise or lower a cage in a straight shaft for 3,000 feet, so different engines have to be provided in various levels of the mine. The deep ores in silver-lead mines are generally of a poor quality—usually called sulphides, which, though rich in lead, are almost impossible of refining. It was owing to the genius of our slow-going Teutonic cousin of Prussia, Germany, that powerful concentrating machinery was constructed in recent years for the separation of sulphide ores.

Journalism in a Mining Town.

Newspapers play a most important part in the mining industry in all other walks of life, and the Barrier silver fields were no exception in this respect. No sooner is the discovery of a new bonanza made known than the printer with his types and press finds his way thither, and the first prospecting shafts in the new mines are but in their early stages when the miners, returning from work in the evenings, are met by a current of hot news, with the last edition of The Mining World, The Goldfields Advertiser, or other journal with some such catchy title. And these newspapers generally prosper, because the merchant who would seek to carry on business in a mining field without advertising would look almost as foolish as a miner who would try to sink a shaft or drive a vein without hammer or drill or dynamite. Of course the absorbing feature in these journals is the mining news, and the result of an election, a boat race or a prize fight are only secondary matters to the development of a gold reef or a silver vein. Mining reporters are an evident necessity, and the new-chum reporter who could not distinguish between a lump of cubical galena and a piece of anthracite coal, or between a lead crystal and a diamond, would not fill the position. But the occasion generally produces the man, just as the journals of a more pastoral community produce the expert chess player or baseball reporter. It not infrequently happens that the "captain" or manager of a mine wishes to "bull" the "bull" the market in the shares of his particular mine, and for this purpose resorts to shady practices. Thus a manager wishing to increase the output of his mine, and thereby enhance the value of the shares, would follow directly the vein of ore in which the miners were working, and extract all the available wealth, without taking proper precautions for the future safety and development of the mine. This is called "picking the eyes" of the mine. Or, if he wished to depress the value of shares, he would start the miners driving in "country" containing nothing but mullock (common clay). This is where the mining reporter comes in. He visits the mine and descends the shaft to the different levels or drives where the miners at work, examines the "face" notes the samples of ore, and reports to his paper, with a statement of changes in the system of development. On one occasion the reports published concerning the working of Broken Hill Junction mine criticized severely the action of the manager, "Captain Bill," a wily old chap from Colorado. The mining editor even hinted that the captain was considering his own interests more than those of the six or seven thousand shareholders. Thereupon Captain Bill prohibited the admission of reporters to the mine, and for many days no reports were forthcoming from the Junction except those furnished by the manager. But if reporters could be barred, shareholders and directors could not be refused admission. Shortly after this a number of gentlemen from Melbourne visited the Junction. They were accompanied by a smart, intelligent-looking negro, and together with the manager, they descended the mine and explored it thoroughly. The account of the mine and its minute account of the mine and its continued mismanagement appeared in the "Barrier Miner." Needless to say, the "colored man" who descended the mine was a reporter, an astute gentleman known as "Smiler," who had blackened himself for the occasion. The report was the talk of Silver City, and the "smiley" which the paper got out of Silver City, was enough to gladden the heart of the circulation manager. Captain Bill was in a rage when he read the paper, but reporters were no longer denied access to the mine.

In 1890 the population of Silver City was 25,000, and rapidly increasing, while



WASTE OF VITAL FORCE

In men has drained the sweetness from millions of lives. It unites men for business or pleasure, and makes life lonesome to those who suffer from it. If you would be strong in mind and body, if you would throw off the fetters of weakness caused by the mistakes of your life, let us explain to you how it can be done in nature's way—by properly applied ELECTRICITY. This is the essence of Vital Force, and when it is used by the body by DR. SANDEN'S ELECTRIC BELT, it makes for MEN ONLY. It will renew the vigor in the weakened parts, and restore manhood. We desire especially to see our patients who have not found relief from medicine and other treatment. Dr. Sanden's medical work, "Three Classes of Men," is a treatise on the application of electricity in these cases.

Address DR. SANDEN, 156 St. James Street, Montreal. Office hours, 9 to 5 P.M. Days, 11 to 1 P.M.

it was a true boast of the citizens that they had

The World's Greatest Silver Field.
Smelters and refineries were now erected at the various mines, so that it was no longer necessary to ship the ore to distant cities. The fires of these mighty furnaces are never extinguished except about once a year for repairs, and the glare from the molten metal illuminates the sky at night for miles around. The heat of these smelters is usually about 240 degrees, and everything melts like water in them—rocks, earth, metal, everything. Indeed, they do not properly perform their work except there are many tons of limestone or marble melted with the ore, a large mountain of which was found in a suburb called Tarravangee.

The five original shareholders of the Broken Hill Proprietary Mine had now become millionaires—a strange freak of fortune, surely, for it is stated that in the first year of the syndicate one of these men, in a gamble at cards, staked his one-fifth interest in the future great mine at an American game called poker for the sum of thirty shillings. The mines in the vicinity are now numbered by the hundred, with millions of capital, and many of them paying handsome dividends. In 1890 the parent company, the Proprietary, had expanded into the enormous number of 900,000 shares, on each of which a dividend of one shilling was paid monthly, and the quotation on the London or Melbourne Stock Exchange was then £10 10s each. Not a cent beyond the original £5,000 was ever subscribed as capital to this company.

And now, where once was solitude on every hand, there stands a bright and peaceful city, where art and science go hand in hand with peace and prosperity, where charity and worship are not forgotten, and in every home, in the office, the store, or the street, is seen the happy motto "Advance, Australia!"

A WINONA LADY

Saved from a Life of Torture.

Paine's Celery Compound Conquers After Years of Failures With Other Medicines.

Mrs. G. H. Parker, of Winona, Ont., was for eighteen years a complete martyr to neuralgia, that cruel and merciless tormentor of thousands of old and young in Canada. During her long years of agony she had the services of some of the best medical men, and consumed any quantity of patent medicines, but all failed to drive off the cruel pain that was making life a burden. At last she was persuaded to test the power and virtue of Paine's Celery Compound, and the happy results that rewarded her faith are described in the following letter:—

"I have been a great sufferer from neuralgia for nearly eighteen years; these sufferings at times were so bad that words would fail to describe them. After having tried every known remedy and different physicians, and receiving no help, I was persuaded to try Paine's Celery Compound, which I have been using for the past four months. I am happy to say that I am now a different woman and completely cured. I can recommend your Paine's Celery Compound to all my friends, for it has been worth hundreds of dollars to me."

PAPINEAUVILLE NEWS.

A frightful accident happened at five p.m. last Saturday at the C.P.R. crossing near North Nation River bridge. Pasile Lalonde, aged eighteen months, son of Emery Lalonde, farmer, who lives about an acre from the crossing, was struck by the Winnipeg train. He had a leg broken and the skull was fractured. Death was almost instantaneous.

A cheese sale took place here in Tuesday afternoon for the first time. There were five buyers from Montreal. Mr. F. Monet, representing Mr. J. A. Vaillancourt; W. Carson, of Kirkpatrick & Cookson; John MacDonald, agent of A. W. Grant; N. E. Bédard, and D. Garneau, representing J. A. Alexander. 400 boxes were bought by Mr. Monet at 95¢ a pound. Sales will now be held every second Tuesday at the end of the season. Mr. T. Bonhomme, of Papineauville, Humeau Monte Bello, and J. Chatelein, Thurot, were the principal sellers. Many others having sold their cheese the week previous, were not present at this sale, but will come to the next.

TERRORS OF RHEUMATISM.

A Remedy Which is Instantaneous and Permanent in Effect—A Calgary Resident, Crippled for Three Years, Becomes Strong as an Athlete.

No subtle or mysterious force could be more miraculous in its effects than is South American Cure in all cases of rheumatism. James A. Anderson, of Calgary, N. W. T., says that seven or eight years ago he became afflicted with rheumatism, so that for three years it made him a cripple, so that he had to use a stick to get about. In his own words: "I suffered untold misery, and though treated by the best physicians in the country, and I spent a term in the hospital, recovery seemed as hopeless as ever. A friend recommended South American Rheumatism Cure. It gave me help immediately and after the second bottle I threw away my stick. To-day I am as strong as an athlete." Price 75 cents.

Sold by B. E. McLaughlin, 2123 Notre Dame Street, and J. Lewis & Co., 2208 St. Catherine Street.

LIQUOR AND GROCERIES.

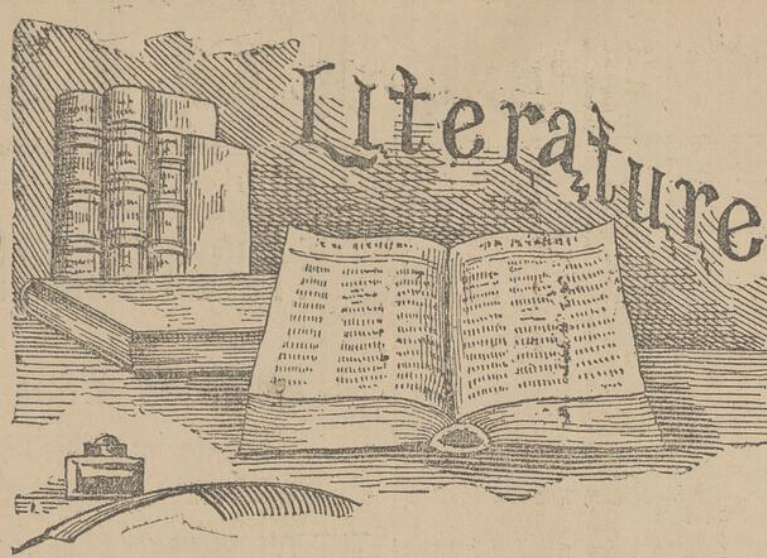
Mr. J. H. Carson, Secretary of the Dominion Alliance, stated yesterday that some time ago he waited upon the Provincial Ministers and asked them concerning certain amendments in regard to liquor and amendments. He was asked to send in his petition shortly to wait upon the Government regarding these amendments, the chief of which is the separation of liquor-selling from groceries.

GETS HIS RELEASE.

The argument on the writ of habeas corpus taken by Mr. A. Wilson to release M. Boucher from jail took place this morning before Judge Taschereau. His Honor decided that the commitment should have been signed by two judges of the peace, or by one having the power of two.

AN ELECTRICAL CLOCK.

Visitors to the Exhibition Grounds were struck by the invention of Mr. L. S. Pauli's wonderful electrical clock called "Bell." It was situated to the right of the main entrance. This clock can be used in hotels, hospitals, private houses, etc. It is connected by wires to bells in any part of the house so that any one can, by placing a plug in the clock-work board, ring one or more of these at time set. Hotel proprietors will be the ones to profit most by Mr. Pauli's invention.



"Away from Newspaperdom," and other poems, by Bernard McEvoy, with introductions by G. A. Reid, R.C.A., Toronto, George N. Morang.

The wail which is occasionally heard over the death of Canadian literature, would seem to be premature, so far, at least, as the output of "poetry" is concerned. Of recent years there has been a rush from the Canadian press of volumes of verse, written either by native-born Canadians, or by men who have, by adoption and long residence, acquired a right to be called citizens of the Dominion. That the quality has not always been commensurate with the quantity goes, of course, without saying, but one is profoundly thankful to find, in much of the poetry thus issued, promise of still better things in the future, and an amount of local coloring, taken from Canadian scenery and Canadian modes of life, which gives it a home flavor and charm that it is most desirable it should have, if it is to be distinctive, and to that extent, worth preserving.

The very handsome volume before us is a sample of the best—if it is not, indeed, the very best—that has been recently issued, and the thoughtful reader, who is able to appreciate verse that has the genuine ring to it and is pregnant with suggestive thoughts, will find real pleasure in its perusal and be grateful for having had his attention called to it.

The first poem, and the one from which the volume takes its name, "Far from Newspaperdom," is a gem, or rather a series of gems, strung together by a title which is, we venture to think, not altogether happily selected. At least, in no way suggests, or gives promise of, the very delightful, strongly poetical, and artistically limned pictures of a country retreat wherein the author spent the holidays earned by a year's toil at the editorial desk. Mr. McEvoy has the true poet's insight into nature's arcana, and does not merely rave about her charms. Still less does he go hysterical, as the manner of some alleged poets is, when he undertakes to tell others of those charms, and the thoughts that come to him as he contemplates them. His verse is polished, yet natural, easy, without the effort to be so being, in the least, apparent, and musical without a suspicion of mere jingle. The first thing that will strike the reader, in the perusal of this pastoral, will, probably, be the Tennysonian melody of the rhythm, and the exquisite taste shown in the choice and handling of the diction. The fidelity of the picture to the "bits" of nature painted will grow on him as he reads, and he will find his attention continually arrested and retained by clear messages and phrases, so full of focused thought, "feetly polished and fitly set," that they will be promptly added to his stock of quotations destined to become "familiar." Take some samples, culled at random:

Nothing is commonplace except to him Who is himself prosaic. Alpine views Make poets weep, but only bore the fool; And poets find more poetry in dust Than dulleards find in Alps.

There are who love the new, And evermore would seek some change of strain; Who entertain more than worship crave. This sharp protest, against the innovations on purity and simplicity in the ritual of the house of prayer, will be admitted to be, in the words of Laertes, "a hit, a very palpable hit." An equally sharp criticism and merited condemnation of the methods of certain (save the mark) ministers of the Gospel:

Preachers, too, there are Who, in their dire conceit, do map out God. Others, with vain philosophy, attempt To solve the insoluble; others still Scribble errata on the sacred page, Bringing foot-rules to mystic poetry; Testing with mathematics Holy Writ; And feeding souls with dull chronologies.

Could one aspect of the difference between the city and the country be more sharply and accurately defined than is done in two or three firm strokes, as follows: Not in our cities breathe the bygone times. The early labors of the pioneers—Fayements are tombstones of the historic past Without inscriptions.

The effects of a beautiful sunset were surely never more aptly described than in this couplet: Before the noble drama of the skies The daily face of living shrinks and dies.

How well this hits off the "general store" of the country at somebody's "corners." The stores were marts of miscellaneousness, in which one felt at home.

The country river suggests this beautiful thought to the poet: They speak, these ripples of an inland stream, Of the Atlantic's vast immensity, And thus our lives, hemmed in by inland shores, Expand at last into the Eternal Sea.

The next poem, in the volume, "Anselm, and Bernardine," a romantic drama, is too brief, and we may be pardoned for thinking, a little too sketchy, to afford the author room to do himself or his story justice, but what there is of it shows the same characteristics of polish of style and vigor of handling that we found so marked in the first poem. The balance of the volume is made up of short pieces, of the kind described as "occasional," all of high merit. The best, to our thinking, is a short, but very brilliant, one, of four six-line stanzas, called "Materials," and the least true, notwithstanding its chivalrous ring, that one entitled, "Tell me not Woman bad may be." It sounds very fine, but, we fear, runs counter to many "instances," modern as well as ancient.

We should like to quote more extensively from this delightful volume, did space permit. It will live, and will need no logging from any one.

—A.M.R.G.

"The Martian," by George Du Maurier, (Copp, Clark & Co., Toronto). The world has read "The Martian," and grown glib over Trilby again. This later book has all the good qualities

of the herald of Du Maurier's fame. It has none of the bad ones, and it has an added interest by reason of its flight into the realm of occult science.

The hero, Barty Josselin, is a fellow of many talents, much beloved by women and admired by men. He is irresistibly entertaining, sings ballads with dash and pathos, and is altogether and all around very entertaining. The reader is always excusing him for his faults, which Du Maurier probably knew would only endear him to all the more. In its inimitable brightness, frankness and naturalness of diction it is entirely pleasing. As to style it has often been said the writer had none. Perhaps he was the wise one, who had discovered that style, like art, is best when it conceals style. It is frozen conversation, thoughts photographed.

Marta was the wandering spirit who dwelt in Barty Josselin, and inspired him to write his books. The whole episode of Marta is interesting and dealt with so seriously that the reader delights to enter into the rest of that particular game and accept Marta with due solemnity, and regret her departure from Barty to find a real body all for herself.

The paths of the book is, firstly, in the heart-ache that throbs through the hero's speech now and again, when he refers to his antagonist. Proud of his blood, poor fellow, he had no legal claim to his father's name, and branded by his own sensitiveness, he went through his life with a pang of bitterness in his heart.

But by all odds the more strikingly pathetic is that part which deals with Barty's blindness. All the dread and agony, the listlessness, the alternate hope and despair, the poor little trials of strength for the fast failing sight, are so pitifully full of detail, so simply told in the little words that come to the tongue when the heart is full, that it must be more than romance. The author, with the dread of his own blindness in his memory wrote his heart into the pages that tell of Barty's fear of the darkness closing in on him.

"In the New Capital," by John Galbraith.

This is a surprising, slightly amusing book with tendencies towards single tax, socialism, Bellamyism, Utopianism and a slight flavor of "The Coming Race" by Lytton. It is set forth to be a book for the people, but a book which plainly says to a fallen woman "You have been brought here by bad social conditions and you are not to blame, for it is not a good book for the people. In the author's cavilling at social conditions he has overstepped the mark. The little work is immature.

The idea of the narrative, the conversations on the train and the park seats, is taken from the charge of an experienced chef. Moderate charges and careful attention guaranteed. The dining room will remain open after the usual dinner hour every night from 8 to 12, on the European plan.

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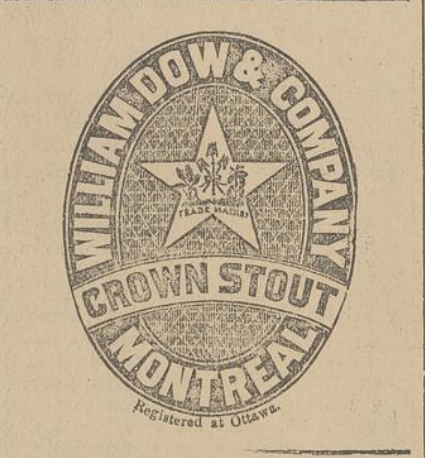
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let entitled "Signs of Character, or How to Read Character at Sight." It is more carefully written than the average book of the sort, is profusely illustrated and most entertaining.

"Klondike, the Land of Gold," is a new book by Charles Frederick Stansbury. It tells a great deal that is old and much that is new about Klondike. It is illustrated. It tells you how to get there, who went and returned rich, how much they found, and what they purpose doing with it. Nothing is said of unsuccessful ones. There is one chapter entitled "The Law of Mining," and the book closes with a short history of Alaska and famous gold rushes. (Tennyson, Neely & Co., New York).

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THREADS and THRUMS

Weeping Women Are Making a Mistake...

BETTER CULTIVATE CHEERFULNESS.

Madge Merton Talks to Women About "a Good Cry."

If you can right the wrong, right it; if you can't, what's the use crying - about it.

Women and their tears have been the subject of much discussion. Novels of the type of yesterday refer to a woman's "good cry," quite as if it belonged to Solomon's time and was a proverbial panacea for heartache and everything else.

The Hospital has an article in a recent number recommending crying, sobbing and wringing about. It is good for women, and children it seems—distributes the blood and exercises their muscles. If still it is all the same, most women would prefer, I think, to take exercise on a bicycle or even a tennis court, and let the blood be distributed at the same time.

It may be that when women have worked themselves into a frenzy of grief or anger, crying is the best thing for them. But they ought not to lose control of themselves long enough to allow the frenzy to catch them.

In great sorrow, the will is dominant. In bereavement, plans for action go to pieces with a crash. We can never be sure of ourselves in the face of some great or sudden grief. But this one thing is certain—the woman who controls herself best under the petty troubles of life, will be able to govern herself best under great trials.

I cannot understand a woman going off by herself so that she may have a "good cry"—deliberately sitting down and encouraging thoughts that bring tears and inviting a sob or two to keep them company.

Another odd type of woman is the one who just "feels bad," who tucks two nice big handkerchiefs under her pillow that she may have a nice comfortable weep when she ought to be sleeping.

The involuntary tears—the little mist that the heart crowds out upon the eye.

AUTUMN MILLINERY.



A Soft Effect in Velvet and Quills.

balls when it is suddenly filled by sympathy, or by some little memory ghost, are not to be classed with the boo-hoing of the uncontrolled woman or child.

If something is wrong that can be fixed right, go and fix it. If it cannot be set right, what is the use of crying over it? You cannot say of tears as Parthenia did of her flowers—"Use? Why they are beautiful." Tears are not beautiful. A red swollen nose, inflamed eyelids, blood-shot eye-balls and a mouth stretched or lax is decidedly ugly. The women who can cry and look nice, are better at acting than they are at crying.

Men don't like tears. That has grown to be as proverbial as the "good cry" of the men's wives and sweethearts. No wonder they don't like them. Women were meant to be cheerful and if cheerfulness is a quality of pain well-borne, then women have earned their title-deeds to about all the cheerfulness there is. But the woman who imagines her husband is going to be very sorry she has to cry over something, will make a mistake. He may feel that way once or twice, but he will probably come to pity—himself for having such a cry-baby of a wife. A wife who weeps for her husband is a very short-sighted woman. Smile for him and if you've had a cry, don't tell him, and be sure to bathe your face in hot water and put cold cream on your nose before he comes home.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondence is invited. Letters should be addressed simply Madge Merton, Herald Office. Unless the correspondence is of a private nature, private answers cannot be sent. All delineations of character by handwriting will be given in the order letters are received. Will correspondents please enclose only one study in each envelope? Hereafter each week samples of handwriting will be reproduced as it may be interesting to compare the delineation with the handwriting. The more characteristic of the studies received each week

will be reproduced in this way every Saturday.

What is love, true or false? tell me. Come in. Love flies - down.

Stella.—The above writing indicates fair self-esteem, generosity, decision, energy and a fine sense of justice. There is also lack of caution and variable temper shown. I would not advise the writer to make a "love match" if the lover is poor, because I fear she is the kind who would remember the "columbers, melons and leeks and onions and garlic" of other days.

It was the modern and started large the air. Soft it seemed a.

Patience.—Your name is not a well-chosen one. I do not think you are patient. You are one of the effervescent type—like ginger ale all fizzy on top and prickles beneath. Your "crowning quality" is not patience then, but generosity and sincerity. In fact I believe that in your efforts to be perfectly frank, you sometimes wound others and make yourself a martyr. Don't you? Intuition is good, as is also order. You are ambitious too, but need to cultivate perseverance.

but which more accurate will you be me, please? like you to tell me as well as the go I have written

Agnes L.—You have the philosophic quality of mind, and that with your resolution and order and artistic eye for color, should make you good company for yourself, and a delight to your friends. Your most unlikeable quality is resolution carried too far, which we call obstinacy, and that and the spirit of war, makes you in all likelihood fond of an argument for argument's sake. You are charitable, and have an ambition which your practical nature is persuading you to discard. Don't grow too practical—keep the poetry of life in your soul and help to make it a "grand sweet song."

James H.—Ambition, energy, hope, are the salient points of your writing. You have a resourceful nature, are cool in danger, brave in misfortune, and generous past your own worldly good.

C. E.—Charity, persistence, order and energy are seen in this writing. It is scarcely free enough for a good business hand. Yes, let me know, if it is not too much trouble.

Thelma.—You are orderly, prudent, with good executive ability, earnest, sincere and unassuming. I should imagine you were fairly cheerful and contented, and that your life flows along evenly. You have probably a talent for mechanical invention.

Res Non Verba.—So you don't think you are obstinate. That is quite natural. I know I am, but I have a lingering idea I should question it, if some one told me I was. Ambition which has some good end in view, is never wrong. Success for self-education always is. Some times the most lovely aim is the truest form of ambition, and fame won or wealth acquired or place secured is only a paltry accident. Don't be inveigled into wasting your best years chasing a bubble, a sensitive nature is one which is tuned high, which responds to the touch of sorrow and joy, which suffers acutely and eagerly, and is all a quiver. Intuition, as I used it, meant the faculty for grasping without stopping to reason. A mind which is intuitive may be said to "swallow whole," the reasoning or philosophic one proceeds with careful chewing. I should probably do. My opinion cannot be worth much, but I should think she did.

Albertha F.—Your name is not sufficient to base any opinion upon. Send me a few sentences and I will do my best with it.

L.A.P.—You are cheerful, amiable, a little vain, determined, energetic and lacking in caution. Your writing is remarkable for an almost perfect sincerity. Where did you get so much? Were you born with it, or have you simply earned it, while working here on earth for your wings?

T.R.D.—You are bourgeois, enterprising, decisive and fond of your friends with a great fondness. Your intuition is good and you are dignified and placid.

A. Mabel M.—Vanity, cheerfulness, energy and artistic feeling.

Yebly.—I prefer another kind of cocoa, sit you plait. Your writing shows pa-

ience, order, generosity and hope. Cultivate ambition.

Riehl.—You are sensitive, sincere, decisive and cheerful.

C. A.—N.—You are energetic, determined, self-reliant and courageous.

M.L. Le V.—In this writing I see good nature, enterprise, sincerity, devotion to principle and a rare content.

Mamie F.—This shows an impetuous nature, with strong resolution and energy and self-reliance. There is some lack of cheerfulness and sympathy should be cultivated.

Violet.—Your writing indicates energy, executive ability, order, fondness for handsome gowns and rich materials, sensitiveness, deftness of finger and ambition. Your French cousin is somewhat self-esteeming, very devoted to principle, energetic, but lacking in cheerfulness. The other has a vigorous mental equipment, and is probably not quite as sincere as his affability would indicate. He is energetic and ambitious.

Friend.—He is probably a thief. Did you wish your writing delineated? You did not say so.

Clarie Le P.—In this writing there is shown patience, lack of energy, a disposition to evade difficulty—by almost any sacrifice of dignity, a tendency to despond and some self-esteem.

Edmund C.—I am glad the delineation was so correct as you say. It was quite long enough and I studied it as carefully as possible. The characteristics oppose one another and make it a complex one to deal with.

Nemo.—This writing indicates energy, enterprise, some irritability, kindness of heart, prudence and persistence. The one enclosed with it shows sympathy, energy, emotional temperament, some vanity, much good nature and a sunny, cheerful and contented disposition.

Dora Amherst.—You are imaginative, energetic, self-reliant, lacking in persistence, quick of temper and tongue, but sincere.

Molly Dawn.—Decision, intuitive perception, a hasty temper, some selfishness, too much sensitiveness, ambition, perseverance and originality are your decided characteristics.

Alma.—Hope, ardor of attachment, perspicacity, and energy are shown here.

Herbert F. M.—This is not a good specimen to delineate from. Write more and I shall be pleased to study it carefully.



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AFTERNOON TOILETTE.

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THE NEWEST THINGS in AUTUMN MILLINERY.

It is a wise and happy policy to follow closely the voice and teachings of Dame Nature. The autumn season is close upon us, and we look forward expectantly to seeing Nature decked out in her most gorgeous and brilliant garb, before assuming the heavy and sombre one of winter. Fashion follows Nature's lead at the various seasons with pleasing results. In the world of millinery the fall opening this season promises to be an unusually good and an exceptionally brilliant one. The wholesale houses have been busy since July shipping and preparing for the fall opening which takes place on September 7.

There are several very noticeable features and innovations in new millinery this season. The hats are mostly trimmed high in front or high at one side, no trimming is used at the back, which is a decided departure from the prevailing style of last year. Combinations of two contrasting shades, such as national blue and mouse green, are to be highly fashionable this season. Tans of Shantung crowns are to be all the rage, and will be seen on large hats, and especially on toques. Contrasting colors are used with good effect.

A charming toque, New York model, has a high crown of grey chenille, with brim of shirred green velvet. The trimming at the side is composed of sea-grasses and agrettes, with bunch of purple roses peeping from beneath the brim. Coque feathers, natural three-quarter feathers, and feathers of all descriptions, are a leading feature in millinery this year, and predominate largely. A few flowers and foliage in velvet effects are used as a finish. Whip ospreys, which give a most stylish effect, are to be seen on nearly all the new hats.

A novelty in millinery trimming this year is goffered velvet, which is done by means of a crimping machine, with very pretty effect. A visit to the establishment of Caverhill & Kiscock, on St. Peter street, afforded a wondrous display on millinery in all its branches. In a large bright workroom, where a num-

ber of young ladies were busily engaged in making up hats in the latest styles, were to be seen some very handsomely finished specimens of the millinery art. Miss Virolle, the lady in charge, very courteously showed a Herald representative some of the latest Paris and New York models. The Gainsborough hats are again very fashionable and a handsome model was seen in black silk velvet, the high crown made of waltz satin and shirred on wires. The trimming, black and white Amazon plumes, caught up with handsome steel ornament.

The Victoria hats are to be worn this fall. They are quaint and pretty, and calculated to set off the charms of pretty, youthful faces. They are in poke shape and made of black velvet. The trimming of large black plumes, with red Jespeys, is to the front, with large bows on black satin ribbon on each side. Beneath the raised brim in front are loops of black satin ribbon, finished off with steel ornaments. Wide streamers of black satin ribbon tie under the chin.

A pretty model of a child's hat was a French felt in mouse green, caught up in front with several rosettes of pale blue ribbon, finished off with steel ornament. Brim of hat edged with shirred chenille, to match felt. Trimmed on crown with large bows of short green and blue ribbon, with streamers of the same to tie under the chin.

This season young matrons are wearing toques in place of bonnets, the latter, however, being worn by elderly ladies. A handsome black bonnet has a crown of braided silk and chenille, caught up with jet spangles. Osprey at side, with feather pompon, and wide streamers of black satin ribbon.

A large hat of black velvet, the crown trimmed with large rosettes of goffered velvet, in poppy color, was very striking. Coque feathers and whip agrettes completed the trimming.

Millinery this year is particularly bright and attractive. There are numerous new and beautiful shades in velvets and ribbons. Watered effects in velvets are large-

ly shown, and are particularly rich in appearance. Among the new shades in greens are silvergreen, mouse, emerald, hunter's green, tulleage, and russet; in reds, glacial and coquelicot; in browns the usual sumatra is fashionable and also maroon; a shade of chinchilla grey is very pretty; eveque a new shade of purple; Rayon d'Or, a bright shade of gold. A good many bi-colors are shown in ribbons and velvets. In blues, new and effective shades are royal, tuxon, and matelot. Jockey club and hippique are found among the heliotropes.

Crowns and shapes made entirely of feathers are among this season's novelties. In fact feathers are extremely fashionable, and natural effects in feathers and birds are a feature in the millinery showing of this year. Ribbons, too, are used extensively, and there is a splendid assortment of all kinds. Satin and faille ribbons are much in vogue just now, also a combination of glaze and check. A rich and fashionable ribbon is the Terry, which is exclusively French, and comes in all the most striking Parisian effects. There are fancy lines of ribbons too numerous to mention, lace, others being used very largely are glaze, striped, faille Francaise, empling, checks, and satin effects.

Felt hats are shown in all shapes and sizes. The ever-popular English walking hat and sailor are largely in evidence for early fall wear, and are mostly in camel's hair effects. In felt the Gainsborough will be very popular. It is shown in all the new and leading shades, and is of a fine in appearance. Another style which promises to be worn a great deal has a high pointed crown, with a medium brim, turned up at one side.

A feature in felt hats this year is the satin finish.

A novelty in felt hats, is a turban effect in two tones, such as black and hippique, Royal and Tuxon, and so on. The variety in shapes is something amazing, and the most fastidious taste cannot fail to be satisfied with the complete and elaborate display in all branches of millinery this year.

Fashion's Fancies.

It is being announced that all garments for the fall trade are being modelled for figures wearing the new shape corset. This corset has a low bust, and the increase of size just below the waist makes the latter appear smaller than it really is.

A pretty skirt garment consists of tiny ruffles put on in clusters of three and extending either to the knee or to the waist, according to the height of the wearer.

The old fashion of having all parts of a costume to match in shade is being revived. Of late entire toilets of beige, gray or cornflower blue have appeared and are decidedly effective. Of course it is best carried out in the delicate shades, as the effect of such a costume in a pronounced color would be rather glaring. Fern is now carried out in pale linen, embroidered in white, the collar and cuffs being of white and the list of yellow daisy trimmed with white plumes. The parasols for this toilet should be of yellow linen, embroidered in white, with an ivory handle.

Cornflower blue, with black chantilly, is a pretty combination. A sympathy in gray is easily achieved by a delicate gray crepe gown, and a gray-plumed hat, with a slump of steel a tulle bow at the throat of the same shade, and a chiffon parasol with jade handle.

Chiffon ruffles are now used extensively on dainty silk or woolen gowns, as well as organdies and other thin materials.

Sleeves are growing smaller each month. Most of the light cloth dresses have small epaulettes over unlined draping for the sleeve. The perfectly tight sleeve has not appeared yet, but the tailor-made gowns approach nearer and nearer to it. These sleeves do not drop at all, but stand out a little from the shoulder- seam in crisp pleats.

A pretty combination for midsummer is black chantilly and white muslin. An effective design shows a full skirt and blouse waist, hooped about the hem, bust and half way up the skirt with narrow black insertion. The small sleeves of white are finished by epaulettes of black lace. There is also a yoke of lace, and for a slender figure a sash of lace will make a pretty finish. The hat to be worn with this gown is of white straw, the crown almost covered with white and pink tulle, and the brim faced with black velvet. This is turned up on the left side and on the bandana is fastened a large white bird.

Another effective gown is of black and white tulle, artfully puffed and finished with shoulder-straps, of striped ribbons, and a sash of the white tulle.

Blouses are very much used for street wear, and will be more popular during the early fall months. They are made of a great many different materials to match the costume, or as a separate garment. They are made in cloth, tulle, when checked woolen materials, velvets, etc., after the Russian fashion, most of them opening on the left side, although some open in front. They all have a flat ruffle around the hips, being perfectly plain with only a slight fullness in the back. These blouses are sometimes elaborately trimmed for dressy occasions, or are made quite plain and worn with a simple scarf of tulle or mousseline around the neck.

Travelling cloaks are made of English cloth, either plain or in rough effects. Beige is frequently used. They are made of long redingotes with revers in the same color, or in white, red or green, made of cloth, satin or silk. These cloaks have sometimes the large revers continued at the bottom, finished with large pearl or bone buttons. Another kind has a wateau pleat, left either loose or adjusted by a belt. Capes are always used, of course for travelling, and are generally made with revers or a hood in different cloth, either plain or in Scotch plaid.

Collarettes are made of white or ivory silk, covered with lace, with embroidered tulle, coral guipure or lace. It is impossible to put this collarette on an ordinary dress. Collarettes of black satin, ornamented with mousseline, black gauze and ruchings, with pearls, appliques, etc., are more practical. They answer every need. It is a convenient wrap—light and completes the costume, whatever it be, and harmonizes with every hat.

Lace is at this time so much the fashion that elegant dresses, are you might say, entirely covered. We find lace of all colors on skirts of white silk, entirely covering them. A more distinctive fashion is to use the same colored lace as the material—gray, for example, used as trimmings on a gray dress. Effects in black and white also multiply. White lace on black satin, and again black chantilly over white silk. Then again, black lace, and even black grenadine are used over skirts of blue silk. Black is used also on rose, straw color or mandarine. These are more for evening wear. Embroidered tulle in coral over azure tulle and mousseline de sole

in mauve and lavender, with long masses of white gauze, are more feminine and a great deal more elegant. Fashion, so indulgent for eccentricities of all kinds, gives also its approval to the de sole, tulleage, tulleage, and tulleage. We mention among the novelties, dress of mauve and mandarine, lace over silk, with white different greens. White, straw color and mauve—abused a little, especially on hats makes a very elegant sash for dresses.

In June last an address was presented to Her Majesty the Queen, from the women of Great Britain, Ireland, and the British Colonies, which, in commemoration of the completion of the 60th year of her reign, asked for "one Royal word of approval" with the progress which she had achieved during the novelties of her reign, one expression of grateful confidence and hope in the happy results which she was expected to follow from still further influence of the area brought under the influence of women.

Ten days after the following reply was sent to Mrs. C. C. Scatcherd, of London, England, the secretary of the movement. "Madame, I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, and to address from the women of Great Britain, Ireland, and the Colonies on the occasion of Her Majesty completing the 60th year of her reign, and I have to inform you that Her Majesty was pleased to receive with very great graciousness, and to express her confident belief that the women of the British race will, in the future, as in the past, exercise zealously and faithfully the influence that by Divine ordinance she has ever possessed. I am, Madame, your devoted servant, M. W. Ridley."

THIS WEEK'S FASHIONS.

AFTERNOON DRESS.

This is a charming toilet for all who wear. The skirt is quite plain and of mauve liberty satin, and the bodice is of mauve liberty satin, and the color. The sleeves also are of the same with wide-pleated epaulettes. The zouave jacket of silver embroidery on darker mauve velvet. The stock collar of mauve chiffon, and the waistband of dark mauve velvet. The ruffles at the wrists are of real lace.

WORLD-OVER NEWS.

Uruguay is practically in the hands of the rebels and the war is at an end. An armistice between the rebels and the government was signed two days ago, and peace negotiations were immediately set on foot. Every rebel who has been disarmed from the army is to be reinstated and all those who have been called will be allowed to return. Pedro Jose Ramirez has been decided upon for the new president.

Col. Waring and his street swagmen had a good time at Sulzer's Park, Harlem, yesterday. They kept it up from early in the morning until the small hours of the morning. They indulged in athletic games, dancing, beer drinking and other amusements, with declarations of mutual admiration for each other, individually and collectively. Mrs. Waring presented the prizes in the athletic games. District Superintendent Clark, who belonged to the old regime, and whom Col. Waring kept in office, wound up the speechmaking with this declaration: "The political party doesn't live that dare by a hand on Col. Waring, and if he goes out I go with him. I'll commit hara-kiri any time for the cause."

AUTUMN MILLINERY.



A Hat with White Osprey.

man that kept me in office because I did my duty."

"While the cat's away the mice will play." This proverb holds good with regard to the strikers on the new California city, has now a strike on its own hands. He was reported at the meeting of waiting delegates of the building trades yesterday that the "Union Hod Hauling Engineers" and stone cutters at work on the Protestant Episcopal Cathedral at the Hundred and Twelfth Street had given a strike against the employment of non-union men.

An astonishing statement has been made by a medical expert and chemist at a murder trial at Batavia, N.Y. Dr. John A. Miller, professor of chemistry and toxicology, declared that the tests made by Chemist Vanderberg, showing the presence of prussic acid in the body of the slain woman, were not properly made, and that prussic acid might be found in any body by Vanderberg's method. And to the question as to whether the human body could be made to yield prussic acid, Dr. Miller said he could take human beings from any living or dead person and produce hydrocyanic acid.

The last China mail brings news of an important commercial concession by the Government of China. It is the opening of the West River to vessels of all nations. The decree was issued on the 21st ult., and a long Kong paper says that the decree was ready to enter the Chinese under foreign flags. It is said that the opening of the West River is of greater importance than the projected railway into the province of Kwangtung under French auspices.

The cut of the afternoon toilet on this page is used by The Herald by courtesy of the Corticelli Silk Company.

When the Girls Return.

When the girls return from the academy, the dress and shoes become more important. With a string of pearls from the mother who fell. There are a number of tales of "spoon" and "cell." When the girls return, the man, pined in his chair, has a whiff that to his bleeding heart. As he sees the bills they flutter. When the girls return. —Editorial Note.

HUERFANO BILL THE BANDIT.



The roar and rumble of distant thunder had been heard in the hills all morning, and along about noon a big black cloud came creeping up over the crest of the canon, lifted a little which a gust of wind or the hills caught the lower corner, ripped it open, and let the water out. It didn't rain; the water simply felt out of the cloud, and went rushing down the side of the mountain as it rushes off the roof of a house in a hard April shower.

The little fissures were filled first, then the gorges, gullies, and rough ravine; and when these emptied into the countless rills that ran away toward the foot of the range, every rill became a rushing river. Leaves and brush and fallen trees were borne away on the breast of the flood, that grew in volume and increased in speed alarmingly. When all this water came rushing down into the main canon the song of the stream that rippled there was hushed, the bed of the creek was filled with big boulders that had been rolled down by the flood, and a great river went roaring down toward the plain. Up through this narrow, crooked canon a narrow-gauge railroad ran to Silver Cliff. Silver Cliff, at one time, had thirty thousand people, then thirty hundred; and now not more than thirty people live there, unless their business compels them to do so. It produced some silver, a sensational murder, one Congressman, and petered out.

When the flood had gone a mile in the main canon, and picked up eight or ten railroad bridges and all the dead timber in the gulch, it presented a rolling front twenty-five feet high and reached from hill to hill.

Great spruce trees were uprooted; the track, with the cross-ties still hanging to the rails, was ripped up, and the rails, bending like baling wire, wound about the rolling debris and clogged the canon. Then the swelling flood would fill the whole gorge, and roll on with such a mass of bridge timber and fallen trees pushed in front of it that you could see no sign of water as it bore down upon you, but only a tangled mass of rails and ties and twisted trees. A couple of prospectors heard the roar of it, and climbed the canon wall just in time to save themselves, while the little burros, with their packs on their backs, went down to a watery grave. Next came a long string of freight teams bringing lumber down from a little mountain sawmill. The rattle and noise of the heavy wagons made it impossible for the freighters to hear the roar of the flood, and, as they were coming down the canon, they had their backs to it; so they were overtaken in a narrow place. Some of them, leaping from their wagons, scrambled up the steep hill out of the way of the water while others took to the tail trees. But when the flood came, the stoutest trees in the gulch went down like sunflowers in a cyclone's path, and the luckless freighters mingled with the horses and wagons and were washed away.

Fortunately for us, we were an hour late in leaving the Junction that day, and had not yet reached the narrow part of the canon. The engineer had been watching the black cloud as it came up over the range, and knew we were due to run into a washout at any moment. The very winds that came down the canon fresh and cool, seemed to have water in them. The three day coaches were filled with a heterogeneous herd pushing to the Cliff, which, like many other camps, was then posing as "a second Leadville." There were preachers and play-actors, miners and merchants, cowboys and confidence men; and here and there, gaunt-faced girls with peach-blow complexions and wonderful, impossible hair, billed for the variety.

Up near the engine the express messenger sat on a little iron safe. Upon either hip he wore a heavy six-shooter, and across his lap a Winchester rifle. He was as nearly contented and happy as men may reasonably hope to be on this earth. The refreshing breeze that came to him was sweet with the scent of summer. The hills were green, and his heart was glad, but his heart was not in the hills. That very Sunday morning he had given it into the keeping of the warden's daughter as they walked without the walls of the gray prison down by the Junction. Almost within hearing of the townspeople who passed up and down, to and from the mineral springs that gushed from the rocks at the entrance to the great canon, he had told her the secret of his heart. The color coming to her face the while she heard the tale told him that she was listening. When they had come to the corner of the wall, one step beyond which would bring them into full view of the warden's residence, he had pressed her for an answer. She could find no voice to answer, but put out her hand as if she would say goodbye. He took it, and the touch of it told him all he wished to know. Now he grew so glad, thinking it all over, that he clasped his hands together, as a girl would do; and the rifle, slipping from his lap, shot down into the river that ran beside the track. The door at his back, and next the canon wall, was closed and barred. The opposite door, overlooking the little river, was thrown wide open, and to the messenger, sitting there, came the splash of water and the smell of pine.

He remembered that the agent, running alongside of his car as he was leaving the Junction, had pointed to the iron safe and said: "Keep your eye on the gun." The little safe held \$40,000 in paper, and over in one corner of the car, in an old clay-stained ore sack, was \$10,000 in gold.

We were cutting across a little piece of high ground in the bend of the river, when the awful flood burst forth from the narrow canon just in front of us. The engineer's first thought was to back down and run away from the flood, but the recollection that a double-headed freight train was following us caused him to change his mind. The trainmen hurried the passengers all out, the messenger carried the mail and express matter to a safe place, and everyone gazed in wonderment while the roaring flood went by. The main force of it, following the bed of the creek, hugged the opposite hill, but none of our party was jealous. Broad as the valley was here, it was soon filled, and the water rose high enough to float the rear coach; but the engine, being on higher ground, acted as an anchor and held the train. In less than five minutes the water had swept around and carried away the bridge which we had just crossed, and there we were, on about three hundred yards of track, and nothing before or behind us.

The freight train, having a clear track, backed away to the Junction, told the story of our distress, and at midnight the company's agent came to the top of the canon with a white light, and in a little while we were all taken out, and after tramping over a mountain trail for a half-hour, loaded into waggons and hauled back to the Junction.

II.

"Let's have a drink afore we go."

"Nary drink, said the dark man at the head of the table, and one could see at a glance that wherever he sat would be the head of the table. "You promised me up in the gulch that day that you'd never get drunk again, an' I promise you right now, Skinny, that if you do you'll never get sober, for I intend to have you shot while you're happy."

Nobody replied to this. The man addressed only glanced across the table, and then, dropping his eyes, brushed the ashes from his cigar with the tip of his little finger. The man at the speaker's right smiled quietly over at his vis-a-vis, and then there was silence for a moment.

The freighter and the prospector leaning on the bar paid no attention to the four men who sat and smoked at the little pine table in a dark corner of the log saloon. The "Lone Spruce," as the place was called, had done a rushing business in the "boom" days; but Ruby Camp was dying, even as Silver Cliff, Gunnison, and dozens of other camps have died since—as Creede is dying to-day—and business was slow. A drunken Ute reeled in and wanted to play poker, shake dice, or shoot with any dog of a white man in the place. When all the rest had put him aside coldly, he came over to the corner, and the dark man, being deep in thought and not wishing to be disturbed, arose, and picking his way between the two guns which dangled from the hips of the noble red man, kicked him along down the room and out into the night.

Having done his duty in removing the red nuisance—for he hated a drunkard—the dark man bade the bartender good-night and passed out by the back door. The three men at the pine table followed him.

All this occurred in the last half of the closing hour of the week. Thirty minutes later, when the four mountaineers rode away from the Black Bear Corral, it was Sunday; but the people of Ruby Camp took no note of time. When the sun came up on that beautiful Sunday morning it found the dark man and his companions at the top of the range overlooking the wet mountain valley. Before they had reached the foot-hills, the sun caught the two threads of steel that stretched away across the park and disappeared at the entrance of the canon at the foot of the vale. All night they had ridden single file; but now, as they entered the broad valley, they bunched their horses, and conversed as they went along. The dark man kept his eyes upon a barren peak that stood at the foot of the valley, where the railroad track, gliding smoothly over the mesa, seemed to tumble into the canon as swift as Niagara tumbles over the falls. At that point the little party expected to dismount and take for the Cliff. The leader, who was able to read both print and writing, had noticed a paragraph in the Denver "Tribune" to the effect that the new Custer County Bank would open for business at Silver Cliff, July 10. He had been assured by his own banker at Gunnison that the new institution would be perfectly reliable, backed as it was by the First National of Denver. Being a man of good judgment, he reasoned that the necessary funds for the new bank would in all probability leave Denver Saturday night, and go up from the Junction by the one daily train on Sunday. That was why he wished to take the train.

When they had crossed the valley and entered the wilderness of pine and cedar, they began to search for a side canon which would lead them down to the main gulch. Having found a proper ravine, they watered and grassed their horses and had breakfast.

It was not yet noon, and the train, the dark man made out from the figures upon a time card which he carried, would not leave the Junction until 2 p.m. It would probably be 3 or 3.15 when it passed the mouth of the little rill upon which they were encamped.

Having breakfasted and smoked, the men stretched themselves upon the ground all save the dark man, and slept like tired children.

The leader, leaning against a moss-covered spruce tree, watched a black storm that was brewing in the hills to the north. Presently he heard a sharp clap of thunder. In a few minutes there came the roaring sound of a waterfall, and the dark man knew that a cloud had given way. But, as the main gulch was between him and the storm, he gave the matter no serious thought.

At last the hour arrived. The four men, leaving their horses, descended to the main gulch, only to find that there was no railroad there. Skinny, still smarting from the effects of the rather severe temperance lecture he had received the evening before, looked at the leader and began to laugh, but the dark man scowled and crushed him. He knew the country, and knew that the road had been there, but was now washed away. A little way up the canon they came to the torn end of the track, and realized for a surety that no train would come up the gulch that day.

The silent leader made no show of disappointment, but quickly dismissed his men, and watched them ride away toward the sunset, with their broad hats tipped sidewise, and their ever-ready rifles resting across their saddles. For himself he would

have no rifle. "Only a coward or a bungler," he used to say, "will carry a cannon to do the work of a forty-five."

When the others had passed out of sight the dark man reined his own horse down the canon, intending since he was so near, to visit his wife at the Junction. The recent washout had left the bed of the gulch almost impassable, and it was not until after midnight that the lone traveller came to the abandoned train, lying, like a living thing that had fallen asleep, on its own trail. Finding the express car locked, he opened one of the doors with the coal pick which he found on the engine. The little iron safe was securely locked. Having removed all the explosives from the car, this experienced mountaineer quietly blew up the safe with a few sticks of dynamite; but there was no money in it. By the light of the engineer's torch he managed to read a letter that had been left there by the messenger; and which was addressed to the express agent. As the explorer finished reading it he gave a low, soft whistle of surprise, not much above a whisper, for he was a quiet, undemonstrative man.

From the car he returned to the engine, and with the clinker-hook fished an old clay-stained ore sack out of the tank. When he had cached the sack in the bed of the river, he hurried away in the direction of the Junction, urging his horse over the rough ground as though he were bent upon a new and important mission.

III.

There was great excitement at the Junction when we arrived without the express messenger, who acted as postal clerk as well.

When the local express agent learned that the messenger was not with the rescued party, that the conductor had been unable to find him, and that no one could remember having seen him since we stopped and he was seen heading for high land with his register pouch and some packages of express matter bearing red seals, he began to wire in all directions. In a little while mounted men were dashing out toward the hills so as to be ready to take the trail at dawn. It was plain enough, the agent argued, that the messenger had taken advantage of the circumstances, and cleared out with the wealth in his possession. A thousand dollars reward was offered for his capture.

A deputy sheriff made up a posse of four, including himself, and put out for the scene of the robbery. They were among the first to leave town, and as they all knew the country, were soon upon the ground, where the open and empty safe left little to be explained. The safe, they argued, had been blown up by the messenger for a blind; but they would not be fooled.

The messenger, it would seem, had remained in the vicinity of the washout until the train was abandoned, and then set out upon a long tramp through the trackless hills. He knew the packages that were most valuable, and with these he filled his pockets. The gold he must leave, for the journey would be a tiresome one. The country, which was new to him, was extremely rough. At times he found himself at the bottom of a deep gorge, and again at the top of a steep bluff, and saw before him a black and apparently bottomless abyss. There was no moon, but the friendly stars would guide him. Pike's Peak, standing high against the sky, showed him where the east was, while the Greenhorn range rose rough and abrupt to the west. But when he had been upon his journey less than an hour, a gray cloud hung like a heavy fog on the hills and shut out all the light from the heavens and obscured the earth. Instead of waiting for the mists to clear away, he kept on going, and was soon helplessly lost, so far as any knowledge of the points of the compass was concerned. He might, for what he knew, he headed for the hills, or he might be walking in the direction of the Junction and the State's prison.

At last, having reached what appeared to be the summit of a little hill, he sat down upon a huge rock to rest. As he sat there he thought he heard a sound like that produced by horses stepping about on a stone floor. Presently the cloud rolled away, and although the valley below was still obscured, the stars were bright above, and the crags of the main range stood out clean-cut against the western sky. Before him he saw Pike's Peak, and knew that a little way below him, hid in the mist, lay the Junction.

The sheriff and his posse, lost in the fog, had halted in a small basin and were

waiting for the clouds to clear away. The sheriff insisted that he had heard a man cough, and now the little party were sitting their horses in silence, which was broken only by the nervous tramping of a bronco. "What's that?" asked the sheriff, pointing to the rock above them.

"I should say it was a bear setting on his haunches," said one of the men. "I'll just tap him with a cartridge," he continued; but at that moment one of the horses gave a snort, and instantly the figure of the big messenger rose from the rock and stood out against the dark blue sky. Until now he had been sitting bare-headed, and that gave him the bunched look of a bear, but when he stood up and clapped his bell-topped cap upon his head, the sheriff recognized him in an instant.

"Let's drop him," said one of the men; "there's a thousand in it, and if he ever leaves that rock, he's gone."

"Hold," said the sheriff, "we must give him a show to surrender."

When the four men had swung their guns into position, the sheriff commanded the messenger to throw up his hands. Instead of obeying, the man turned as if he intended to bolt, and with the first move of his body the four rifles cracked as one gun, and the messenger went down.

Throwing the bridle reins over the necks of the horses, the sheriff's posse dismounted and hurried up the little hill; but when they reached the spot where the messenger had stood, there was no messenger, nor sign of messenger. Anticipating the rain of lead, he had dropped behind the rocks while the bullets passed over his head, and by the time the posse had reached the crest of the hill and recovered from their surprise, he was far up the side of the mountain, hiding among the crags.

"What'd you say now, Cap?" asked the man who had been anxious to earn the reward. "Do we git 'im nex' time, or do we let 'im go?"

"Git 'im," said the sheriff, and the posse returned to their horses.

IV.

The white cloud rolled down the mountain as the fleece rolls from a sheep that is being shorn, and lay in a tumbled heap at the foot of the range. The gray dawn came out of the east, and revealed the peaks that were hiding high up in heaven's blue. Upon either hand—before and behind him—the messenger, crouching in the crags, heard the clatter of steel-shod feet, and knew that he was being surrounded. Delay was dangerous. The coming of dawn meant death. The whispering winds, hurrying away up the hill, reminded him of the approach of day. His only hope was in reaching a point beyond which the horsemen might not ride, and he hurried on up the narrow gulch. At the exit his trail was blocked by one of the deputies, and immediately both men opened fire. Now for the first time since it shot muzzle first into the river, the messenger thought of his rifle. He was by no means an expert with a six-shooter, but managed to hit the officer's horse with his first bullet; and at the same instant a slug of lead from a Winchester crashed through his left shoulder, leaving it shattered and useless. The deputy's horse having received a death wound, plunged wildly and made it impossible for the rider to take accurate aim. Dropping his rifle, the officer began to use his revolver; but a chance shot from the messenger's forty-five pierced his heart. Another plunge of the horse hurled him to the ground, his foot caught in the stirrup, and the messenger was horrified to see the crazed bronco bounding away, dragging the deputy, head down, over the jagged rocks. The maddened animal appeared to be blind with rage. He crashed through a low, broad cedar, and a moment later leaped over a precipice and went rolling down the splintered side of a deep gorge; and when the sheriff and his companions came up the gulch they found, where the horse and rider had fallen, one mangled mass of torn and tattered flesh.

Made desperate by this appalling sight, the three officers were soon hot upon the trail of the fugitive. Finding it impossible to run away from his pursuers, the messenger cached his treasure, took refuge among some sharp rocks, and awaited the coming of the enemy. To his surprise, only two men came out of the gulch; the other, having taken another route in order to head the fugitive off, was now far out of range. The officers had the advantage of being armed with rifles, and to hold this advantage fought at long range. The besieged, being sheltered by the rocks, was able to hold them off until both of his revolvers were empty; but the moment he ceased firing the sheriff and his deputy began to advance. The messenger, weak from his wound, worked nervously with his one useful hand, and had barely succeeded in refilling one of his revolvers, when he was surprised by the sound of a gun almost directly behind him and not ten feet away. He turned his revolver

upon the new comer, only to find that the man was aiming at the deputies. Without a word he turned again to the work in hand, and at the next crack of the stranger's pistol saw the left arm of the sheriff fall limp at his side, while the Winchester it was leveling fell to the ground. "Now, fight fair," shouted the stranger, advancing.

Following the fearless example of this man, who had so unexpectedly reinforced him, the messenger came from shelter and began to advance upon his assailants. One of the horses was hit by a bullet and became almost unmanageable; so that the sheriff, finding the brunt of the fight upon himself, and seeing that the messenger had a confederate, was about to retire, when a badly aimed shot from his companion shattered the ankle of the messenger, causing him to fall. In an instant he rose to his knees, and began again to use his revolver. The sheriff, glancing at his companion, saw that he had been hit in the head, for blood was streaming down his face. The battle had gone against them, and now the wounded sheriff and his bleeding companion turned their horses and galloped away.

The messenger sank to a sitting posture, laid his empty, smoking revolver upon the ground, and gazed at his new-found friend.

"Are you hit?" asked the latter, coming toward the young man, and the messenger made no reply until he had given his hand to the stranger; then he answered simply, "Yes."

The dark man opened the messenger's shirt (and he did it as deliberately as he had kicked the Ute from the Lone Spruce saloon), examined the shattered shoulder, and then the broken ankle, and asked, "Is that all?"

"Yes," said the wounded man, "isn't that enough?"

"Not if they meant to kill you, for they haven't found your vital. What a lot of farmers to go shootin' a man in the foot—guess they wanted you to dance. That top scratch wasn't bad; reckon you must have got that in the previous engagement, eh? The blood's begun to thicken up. I see that fellow's hoss go over the cliff; gee! he must have fell a mile."

The dark man had risen after examining the messenger's wounds, and when the latter looked up his friend had his eyes shut open and was squeezing at a little pink spot just under his right breast.

"My God!" cried the messenger, "are you shot there?"

"Yes—that wasn't a bad shot, only on the wrong side."

"But why don't it bleed?"

"It's bleedin' on the wrong side," was the answer; and then the stranger closed his shirt, looked steadily at his companion, and asked: "Where's your daugh'?"

"Behind those two rocks that are partly hidden by the boughs of yon cedar—can you bring it to me? There are five pieces."

"Forty thousand, eh?" said the dark man as he dumped the five envelopes beside the messenger, "and it ain't worth the excitement you've gone through; but I like you—there's good stuff in you, boy."

"Half of it ought to be yours, for you saved me and the money too. But who are you, and how did you happen to be here?" asked the messenger eagerly.

"I got your note—the one you left in the safe."

"But that was for the agent."

"Yes, I know—I opened it by mistake."

"My, but those fellows did fight wicked," the messenger remarked, as he picked up his empty revolver and began to kick the shell out. "Hope that was old Huerfano himself that went over the bluff."

"The devil you do!"

"Say! are you bleeding inside?" asked the messenger, as his companion sank to the ground with the air of a tired man.

"I reckon so. Can you set a boss?"

"No," said the messenger; "but if you've got a horse, for heaven's sake take this money and go, for those wolves will return, and I'd rather they'd get me without the money than the money without me, or, what is more likely now, both of us and the money too."

The dark man put two fingers to his lips, gave a shrill, wild whistle, and a beautiful horse—black as night—came leaping up from the gulch behind him.

"My! but you're a verdant youth," said the dark man, as the messenger offered him the money, but there was a shade of a smile about his black moustache. "Come, let me help you into the saddle while I've got strength—be quick," and he reached to help the messenger to rise.

"I shall never leave you here alone—"

"I'll be dead in twenty minutes—thirty at the outside; now, don't be a fool." And he stooped to lift the big messenger by his wounded leg; but the effort caused him to cough, blood spurted from his mouth, and both men, weak from their wounds, fell down in a heap, and then, leaning on their elbows, they looked at each other, the dark man with a cynical, the messenger with a sort of hysterical smile. The black

horse sniffed at his master, and snorted at the smell of blood.

V.

The warden's dark-eyed daughter was taking her regular morning ride in the foothills. There were no daily papers to spread the news of the place, and she had heard nothing of the washout of the previous day and of the flight of the messenger. Yesterday he had made her feel herself the happiest woman in the world. She had gone to her bed happy, but had awakened in a dreadful dream, and had been unable to sleep from that hour until morning. Her heart was heavy within her breast. She felt half-inclined to be angry with the spirited horse that was now cantering away with her toward the fresh green hills. At the edge of the valley she met three horsemen riding hard toward the town. Two of the men were wounded—one was bleeding—and she asked what was the matter. The men appeared not to want to stop; but when she had heard, in a confused way, something about the express messenger, she turned and rode by the side of the sheriff until he had told her hurriedly all that had occurred. He made her understand that they had left the fugitive and his confederate at the top of the gulch from which they had just emerged, and that the "thief" was severely wounded.

"He is no thief," she retorted, "there is some mistake."

"Yes," said the sheriff; "we made a mistake in not shooting him down like a dog at first sight; but he'll never leave those hills alive. In an hour the whole town will be after him."

With that the sheriff drove the spurs into his horse and galloped away after his companions.

The dark-eyed woman reined her horse to a stop, and stood looking after the officers. It was some moments before she could realize the awfulness of what she had heard. "In an hour the whole town will be after him," she repeated what the sheriff had said. The guards at the prison, those who could be spared—even her own father—would be upon his trail to kill him. It must not be. With a prayer upon her lips, the bewildered woman turned her horse and dashed away toward the hills.

From the valley the gulch showed plainly, but when she found herself among the rocks she became confused. The heavy growth of pinon and cedar obscured her view, and for nearly an hour she galloped up and down along the foothills unable to find the right pass. Her horse was white with foam. Her veil had been torn away, and her face was bleeding from many wounds inflicted by the stiff branches of the spreading cedars. At times she actually cried out to God to guide her to her lover, whom she believed to be innocent. At last she found the trail made by the sheriff's posse as they came down the gulch, but a moment later her heart sank as she heard the rattle of horsemen behind her. Presently she came to the dead deputy and his horse, but the sight did not appall her. Nothing could stop her now. Even in the presence of these silent witnesses—the horse and rider slain by the messenger—she was able still to believe in his innocence. Such is the capacity of a woman's love. Now a new trouble confronted her. Her horse refused to pass the dead. In vain she urged, coaxed, and whipped him; he would only snort and turn away. Nearer and nearer came the crowd of man-hunters behind her. At last, having given up all hope of getting her horse beyond the ghastly dead, she leaped to the ground and continued on foot. The horse, having been trained to follow her as a faithful dog follows his master, leaped the corpse of his brother, and galloped to his mistress. It required but a moment for her to remount, and when she reached the top of the narrow canon she turned to look behind her. The little gulch was filled with a stream of horsemen; and at the head of the column rode her father, followed by the mount guard from the penitentiary. From the mouth of the gulch a straggling and broken line of horsemen reached down to the stage road, and the stage road was lined with wagons and with boys on burros, while out of the town and over the valley men and women swarmed like ants.

"It's awful for you to have to die for me," said the messenger, as the two men leaned upon their elbows and looked at each other. His shirt was pasted to his shoulder. His shoe having filled up, the blood was now oozing out between the laces.

"It is not awful," said the dark man, rubbing the ends of his fingers over the wound in his breast. "It's a useful ending of a wasted life. I never dreamed that I should die so nearly satisfied. And such sport. Why, that fight between you and the—and Huerfano Bill, as you call him, was the best thing I ever saw. And the last wild plunge of the maddened horse. What a climax! I wonder where

the soul plunges to at the last leap! Stuff, there is no soul, and no place to yet," he went on, looking steadily at his companion, "when I was near fainting at a moment ago, I thought the end had come, and instead of darkness there was dawn—and the glare and uncertainty of it frightened me. I can't remember ever having been frightened before. Did you ever see the sky so blue," he asked, as he leaned against a rock and turned his face toward the heavens, "and the hills so green and the air so fresh, and cool, and sweet?" And again there was silence, and the wounded man appeared to be trying to listen to the life-blood that was trickling into his lung, and wondering how long it would take it to filter away. The messenger dozed. The black horse let off a still, raised his head and listened. The men sat up and reached for their arms. The sound of the approaching army came from the canon.

"They've been reinforced," said the dark man. "But you're all right—I can square you in two minutes—and, as I've got to cash in, anyway, it makes no difference. Look out—there's a woman," he said excitedly, as the warden's daughter emerged from the canon and galloped toward them.

"Hello, gal!" said the dark man.

"Where is he?" she called.

"Here! here!" cried the messenger from behind the rocks, and a moment later she was bending over him. For a brief moment she suffered him to hold her to his breast, and then, pushing him away, she looked him full in the face and asked, in a tone that almost froze his blood: "Are you guilty or innocent? Tell me quickly." But the messenger appeared to be utterly unable to answer, or even to comprehend her meaning.

She stood up and glanced toward the canon.

"He's all right, gal—you've made no mistake," said the stranger.

"He saved my life," said the messenger, pointing to his companion—"why don't you thank him?"

"How can I?" she asked, turning to the stranger and offering the gloved hand.

"Take this package to Mrs. Morano in the white cottage on the river, down by the smelter—she's my wife; you'll find her; and if you'll take the trouble to be kind to her, I shall die in your debt, and remain so, so long as I'm dead. Now take this gun and protect that boy—he won't fire on you, and I don't care to kill anybody else, now that I'm already overdue in another world."

She took the revolver mechanically, and turned to face the posse, which was at that moment beginning to swarm from the canon. "Are you mad?" shouted the warden.

"Drop that gun," cried the sheriff, with his left arm in a ring.

The messenger, utterly unable to understand what the row was all about, attempted to rise, and in his excitement stood on his broken ankle, and the quick pain caused him to fall in a faint.

"Look after the boy," said the dark man, and the warden's daughter dropped the ugly weapon and lifted her lover's head from the ground.

"Drop that gun," repeated the sheriff. A cowboy shied a rope at the dark man, but he dodged it.

"One minute," said he, opening his shirt, and showing his death-wound, "you'll have no trouble arresting me."

"Where's this murderer?" shouted an excited citizen.

"There's the chief," said the dark man, pointing to the wounded sheriff. The sheriff scowled.

"Is the express agent here?" asked the principal speaker, and a fat man with a red face came forward.

"This messenger is innocent. I mean to kill the first man who offers to lay a hand on him; after that, you must protect him. This letter, which I have taken the liberty to open, explains it all. The sack of gold he left in the tank, you'll find where I cached it in the river opposite the engine. The paper, I suppose, is all there by his side. He was afraid of being robbed, and was trying to reach the Junction when he was assailed by these idiots, whom he mistook for robbers; and how well he fought, his own wounds and the dead man down in the gulch will show you."

The messenger, having regained consciousness, sat up and looked wildly about. The agent, realizing at a glance what an awful mistake had been made, fell upon the bewildered messenger and wept like a woman. Every passing second added to the general confusion and excitement. Cries of "Hang them," "Hang them," came sharp and fast from the rapidly increasing crowd.

The warden, who also understood, lifted his daughter, held her in his arms, and

kissed away the tears that were filtering through her smiles. "I don't believe it," said the sheriff to his companion. "Because you're a chump," said the dark man. "What's it all about?" asked the messenger of the agent. "Where is the murderer?" cried a new comer, a brother of the dead deputy; and then, catching sight of the messenger, he ran straight toward him, holding out a cocked revolver, as though it had been a sword with which he intended to run him through. When he was within four or five yards of the wounded man, the dark man struck him a fearful blow with a forty-five. The man went down, the dark man coughed, and a great flood of blood gushed from his mouth; he clutched at his throat, and fell forward upon his face. When they turned him over he was dead. "My poor dead friend," the messenger almost moaned, dragging himself toward the prostrate form, "and I don't even know his name." "I do," said Sheriff Shove, who had just arrived upon the scene, and pushed himself through the crowd. "It's Huerfano Bill, the bandit."

AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE

There will be a new flag for Canada. It is said that a sample flag has been sent from Ottawa to the British Admiral at Halifax for his opinion. It is contended that the present blue ensign of the Dominion is unsatisfactory, and it is proposed to have the British Union Jack, with a white diamond in the field and a green maple leaf in the diamond. It is doubtless a step in the direction of imperial federation, and will probably be followed by other colonies.

Farmers are reputed to be great grumblers. But they are happy in Iowa and Nebraska. Owing to unprecedented droughts the farmers throughout these States were compelled to dispose of their cattle, because of the failure of the corn crop. But things have now changed. The Interstate-Commerce Commissioner Yeomans says that with the last year Nebraska had paid over \$25,000,000 for mortgage indebtedness. And there is a feeling of buoyancy and of confidence throughout the whole agricultural community.

A keg of beer and a luncheon are very ancient institutions at a funeral. Indeed, they have scarcely been discontinued in some parts of the country. But a dance is somewhat new. On Tuesday night a number of women assembled in Vassel's Hall, Hoboken to dance in honor of the death of Mrs. Livermore. It appears that Mrs. Livermore gave testamentary instructions in her will regarding the matter. It is reported that the ladies, and they were twenty five in number, did not particularly enjoy themselves, but wept when the deceased lady's name was mentioned. Nordau would say this was one of the signs of degeneracy. A going back somewhat to the manners of the red Indians.

The Sultan has yielded to the great Powers, and the eastern question will jog along as before. Turkey has lost Crete, but she has gained much prestige in her war with Greece. It will be a long time before the most enthusiastic crusader will propose the strengthening of Greece for a warlike attack upon Turkey. The Greeks have proved themselves to be a wild undisciplined force altogether incapable of measuring swords with the disciplined troops of the Turkish Empire. Having straightened things in Turkey, Lord Salisbury will now direct his attention to the Mahdi in the Soudan, who will, almost immediately, be brought face to face with the British army.

Surely the lynching of Dr. W. L. Ryde, at Macon, Ga., will arouse the whole country regarding the grave character of lynching. Americans profess to be a free and law-abiding people, but as long as lynching continues, the assertion cannot be made with any degree of truth. A gentleman who has resided for many years in India says that there lynching is unknown, although it often happens that very abominable crimes are committed, with regard to Europeans. But the strong arm of the law repels it. In a Republican country such as the United States lynching is simply high treason. It is treason against the people precisely in the same way as such outrages would be treason. It is treason against the people, precisely in the same way as such outrages would be treason against the king in countries where the monarchy is assailed with violence. Lynching continues in America because the people have not yet begun to regard it in a true light. It is simply a revival of the savage conditions of former times when the avenger of blood was a recognized institution.

The Bitterness of Death...

By Agnes Grozier Herbertson.

THE sun was at its height, burning, a great yellow disk, in the blue heavens. The grey towers of Oxford, picked out vividly against the golden glory beyond, smiled in somber sadness on the passers-by; and ever and anon from some part of the city the great voice of a bell rang out, sometimes triumphant, sometimes desponding.

A young girl lay on her bed and listened. The blinds of her room were drawn and the windows shut; a long stiff row of medicine bottles looked down at her from the mantel, and a motely group stood on the wicker-table by the bedside. Outside on the roadway there was a layer of dusty straw; and in the next chamber the doctor's soft monotonous tones filtered lazily through the air, broken occasionally by the nurse's careful whisper.

A big blue-bottle fly began to buzz fitfully 'twixt the blind and window-pane. The sick girl almost laughed; it reminded her of the man in the next room. She wondered whether it doctored the other flies; perhaps it was on its way to a patient.

The whimsical fancy grew on her. She raised herself weakly on one elbow and began to wriggle her limbs free of the bed-clothes. Then a fit of coughing seized her; she sat on the edge of the bed, her feet dangling, and pressed her lips against the counterpane to deaden the sound. A little crimson stream soaked languorously into the soft surface and dyed it a brilliant scarlet, leaving a thin trail behind it from one side of the mouth downward; but she did not notice.

She drew herself together with a shiver, and crawled feebly to the window. With all her strength she pushed at the wooden framework, her breath coming and going quickly, but it would not move; the big blue bottle fly, frightened, flew out from the crumpled blind and far into the room.

She crept back to bed. The voices in the next room had ceased; the bell of a neighboring church began to toll slowly, solemnly, and she shivered again.

"To die, to die—and be buried!"—the words broke from her in a feeble wail—"to die!"

And she was so young; and outside the sun was shining; . . . and Death was so cold, so cold.

Her mother came into the room. Her eyes were red with weeping, but she forced her lips to smile.

But the girl cried out against it: "I am young to die!" Her breath came in little gasps.

The elder woman smiled again. "No; you are better—much better, darling."

The girl looked at her with half-shut, skeptical eyes. The blue-bottle had alighted on the counterpane; she brushed it ruthlessly away; then she pushed her two arms deep down under the bedclothes. "What an ugly dress!" she said, irritably. "And I am getting better! You must wear pretty frocks, mamma, now that I will soon be well; put on the red one with the lace—the new red one—and a rose in your hair."

The poor mother shook her head. "Now you are going to cry—because I am getting better!" She began to cough.

But the paroxysm was soon over; and the bells, too, stopped tolling. "I like pretty frocks," said the sick girl.

Her mother went away to array herself. "And I am going to die!" The girl looked with wide-open eyes into the semi-darkness of the room, then put her thin hand against her cheek to feel if it were growing cold. Then she fell to counting the medicine bottles and afterward to watching a thin little gleam of sunlight that had slipped in from under the blind.

Presently she became aware that some one had entered the room. She looked up. "A new doctor," she thought.

He was an old man with grey hair and a long white beard. He looked at her so kindly that the tears came into her eyes. Then he pushed the hair back from her brow, and she felt a delicious thrill run through her.

"I am getting better!" she cried. He only smiled; but such a beautiful smile; it rippled all over her like a shower of sunshine.

"How softly you came in," she said. He smiled again.

"And you are the new doctor?" She leaned luxuriously back among her pillows. The whole room was full of sunshine now; it was because she had smiled twice. But it did not try her eyes at all; she

had never felt sunshine like this before.

She felt sleepy, but she wanted to keep on talking to this man with the kind eyes.

"Do you want to feel my pulse?" she asked? She held up a thin blue-veined wrist. "And will you be able to make me quite well again?"

But he only smiled again, and nodded. Then a strange sweet scent began to fill the room, and a soft whirring noise like the opening of thousands of flowers.

The sick girl half turned in her bed. "What is it?" she asked, wonderingly.

"The lilies of the Valley," said the new doctor, and at the sound of his voice she felt happier than she had ever felt in her life.

"Do you know, I felt frightened before you came in," she said, with a soft little laugh. "And now—if you were to hold my hand—I don't think I could be afraid of anything—even of Death himself."

Then the new doctor leaned over and took both her hands in his. His touch was so big and loving and gracious that her heart leaped for very joy. "Dear child, I am Death," he said; and she looked into her eyes.

She felt that she had never loved any one so much before; and she wanted to fall asleep at once. She knew that this sleep would be the most beautiful in the whole world, for she would dream the dreams his kind eyes whispered about. "They were all wrong," she murmured; she was thinking of the bells.

Then she looked toward the bottom of her bed, and there were three great white lilies growing there, tall and graceful, and shining like stars.

Death plucked them. He laid one at her feet. It was as soft as a dove's breast. The sick girl put her hand down that she might touch it.

He laid one on her heart. Its perfume rose up to her and she nestled closer to her pillows; she felt that it, too, was a dream to be dreamed when she was asleep.

He laid one on her lips and they smiled. But there were none for her hands, for those he took between his own.

And the lily at her feet pressed against them, and she felt herself rising . . . rising . . . slowly; and the lily on her heart whispered, and that on her lips began to sing.

A little round wet tear fell on her face. "How funny to cry when one is asleep!" she thought. She did not know that it was not her own.

Then she began to dream.

Cal in the Caves.

I shall never hear her more
By the reedy Lindisore
"Cush! Cush!" calling,
Ere the early dews be falling;
I shall never hear her song,
"Cush! Cush!" all along,
Where the sunny Lindis' floweth,
Goeth, floweth:
From the meads where melick groweth,
When the water, winding down,
Onward floweth to the town.
I shall never see her more
Where the reeds and rushes quiver,
Silver, quiver:
Stand beside the sobbing river,
Sobbing, throbbing, in its falling
To the sandy, lonesome shore;
I shall never hear her calling,
"Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
Mellow, mellow;
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow;
Come uppe, Whitfoot come uppe, Light-foot;
Quit your pipes of parsley hollow,
Hollow, hollow;
Come uppe, Lightfoot rise and follow;
Lightfoot, Whitfoot,
From your clovers lift the head;
Come uppe, Jetty, follow, follow,
Jetty, to the milking shed."
—JEAN INGELow.

Brevities.

It appears that after all the assassinations of European officers at Bombay were not evidences of political excitement. The London Daily News prints, with some reserve, a statement to the effect that there was some private scandal at the bottom of them. The wonder is that in a country like India such events do not more frequently occur.

News is expected from Andree and his polar balloon within a day or two. Mr. Keltie, the secretary of the Royal Geographical Society in London, said yesterday that the balloon ought to make 480 miles a day, and, unless some accident occurs, Andree should be heard from within twenty-four hours. Dr. Nansen, at Stockholm, has declared that he considers Professor Andree's undertaking quite practicable.

NEW POULTRY FOOD.



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One price, 20 lbs.
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OTTAWA & GATINEAU RAILWAY CO

NOTICE.
The Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders of the Ottawa and Gatineau Railway Company, will be held at its office, in Montreal, 47 Canada Life Building, St. James Street, on Wednesday, the 1st September, 1897, at Three O'Clock P.M., pursuant to its charter, for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors for the ensuing year, and the transaction of any other business as may appertain to said meeting.
HERBERT LASSEY MALTBY,
Secretary-Treasurer.
Montreal, August 17th, 1897.

THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY CO.

The undermentioned dividends have been declared for the half-year ended June 30th, 1897.
On the Preference Stock, Two Per Cent.
On the Common Stock, One and a Half Per Cent.
The Common Stock Transfer Books will close in London at 3 p.m. on Friday, 27th August, and in Montreal and New York on Thursday, 9th September. The Preference Stock Books will close at 3 p.m. on Thursday, September 9th. All books will be re-opened on Saturday, 2nd October.
Warrants for the Common Stock Dividend will be mailed on or about 1st October to shareholders of record at the closing of the books in New York and London respectively.
The Preference Stock Dividend will be paid on Friday, 1st October, to Shareholders of record at the closing of the books at the Company's London Office, 1 Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.
By order of the Board.
CHARLES DRINKWATER,
Secretary.

SALE BY AUTHORITY OF JUSTICE

Will be sold by Auction, on Monday, the thirteenth day of September next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, on the premises bearing numbers 33 and 35, on Labelle Street, in the City of Montreal, the immovable property hereinafter described, belonging to Francois Xavier Lavigne, or the City of Montreal, et al, and undivided, viz.: A lot of land, in the City of Montreal, known and designated, on the official plan and in the book of reference of St. James Ward, of the said city, as being the number four hundred and seventy-eight (478), containing forty feet in front, by seventy-four feet in length, more or less, without any warranty of precise measure, bounded in front by Labelle Street, with two wooden houses and other buildings thereon erected.
The conditions of the sale will be known on the day of sale, or before, on applying to the said Francois Xavier Lavigne, No. 7 Rousseau Street, at Montreal, or to the undersigned notary, at L'Assomption.
J. S. RIVEST, N.P.
Montreal, August 25th, 1897.

THE MONTREAL PARK and ISLAND RAILWAY CO

The Annual General Meeting, and a Special Meeting of the Shareholders of the Montreal Park and Island Railway Company, will be held at the Company's Office, No. 1a Place d'Armes Hill, Montreal, on Thursday, the 16th day of September (1897) next, at the hour of twelve o'clock noon, for the election of directors for the ensuing year, and the transaction of such business as may appertain to said meetings, and especially the adjustment of the contract and accounts with the Montreal Construction Company, the issuing of Bonds and Preference Stock in payment of said contract price, or otherwise, and the ratification of the proceedings and minutes of the Special Meeting of Shareholders held on the 9th August instant, authorizing the division of the undertaking of the Company into sections and the issuing of bonds.
By order of the Board,
HENRY HOLGATE,
Manager and Secretary.
Montreal, 10th August, 1897.

INSOLVENT NOTICE.

Bankrupt Stock For Sale by Public Auction.
In the matter of
E. A. LONEY,

Maxville, Ontario.
We have received instructions from Henry Barber, Trustee, to sell by Public Auction, at our Sales Rooms, Nos. 86 and 88 ST. PETER STREET, Montreal, on
TUESDAY, AUGUST 31st,
At Eleven O'Clock A.M.,
the following Assets, belonging to this Estate, en bloc, at a rate on the dollar:
Lot No. 1.—General Dry Goods. . . \$1,403.48
Boots and Shoes. . . 535.14
Clothing, Hats and
Caps. . . 397.16
Groceries, Crockery,
etc. . . 391.39
Hardware, Wall Paper,
etc. . . 405.57
Shop Furniture . . . 127.50
Lot No. 2.—Book Debts . . . \$3,320.15
TERMS—1/3 cash (10 per cent. at time of sale), balance at 2 and 4 months, with interest at 7 per cent., secured to the satisfaction of the Inspectors.
Stock and Inventory may be inspected on the premises and inventory at the office of Henry Barber, Trustee, 18 Wellington Street East, Toronto.
BENNING & BARSALOU,
Auctioneers.

THE PILGRIM SHIP.

BY CUTCLIFFE HYNÉ.

EVEN before he left Jeddah, Captain Kettle was quite aware that by shipping pilgrims on the iron decks of the Saigon for transit across the Red Sea, he was transgressing the laws of several nations, especially those of Great Britain and her dependencies. But what else could the poor man do? Situated as he was, with such a tempting opportunity ready to his hand, he would have been less than human if he had neglected to take the bargain which was offered. And though the list of things that has been said against Capt. Owen Kettle is both black and long, I am not aware that any one has yet alleged that the little sailor was anything more or less than human in all his many frailties.

Cortolvin came to the chart house and put this matter of illegality to him in plain words when the engines chose to break down two days out of Jeddah, and the Saigon drolled helplessly in the blazing Red sea heat.

Cortolvin up to that time had not made himself remarked. He had marched on board from the new Jeddah quay, where the railway is, and posed as an Arab of the Sahara, who was glorying in the newly acquired green turban of a hadji. He was nicked on the mate's tally as a "nigger," along with some 340 other dark-skinned followers of the prophet, and he had spent those two days upon an orthodox square of ragged carpet spread on the rusted iron plating of the lower foredeck. When the pilgrims were mustered for victualling he had filed in with the rest, and neld out a brass lotah for his ration of water and a tattered square of canvas for his dole of steamed rice. You could count his ribs 20 yards away, but he'd the look of a healthy man, and when on mornings he helped to throw overboard those of his fellow-pilgrims who had died during the night, it was plain to see that he was a fellow of more than ordinary muscular strength.

He came to Capt. Kettle, in the chart-house, to report that the pilgrims contemplated sailing the Saigon so soon as ever the engines were once more put in running order. "They've declared a jihad against you, if you know what that is," said Cortolvin.

"A holy war, or some such skittles, isn't it?" said Kettle.

"That's about the size of it," said the hadji. "You'll have to look out if you intend to remain master of this steamboat."

"I don't require any teaching my business from passengers," said Capt. Kettle, stiffly.

"All right," said Cortolvin; "have it your own way. But I think you might be decently grateful. I've risked my life by coming to give you news of what was in the wind. And you can't pretend that the information is not useful! You've a coolie crew, who will be absolutely foolish if trouble comes. These Lascars always are that way. You've just two white engineers and two white mates to back you up, and the five of you wouldn't have a show. You've 340 fanatics to deal with, who are all fighting bred and fighting fit. They're all well-armed, and they wouldn't be a bit object to the scrimmaging in such a cause. You know it's part of their creed that if they peg out while fighting gaiours, they go slick into paradise by lightning express. That wily old camel-driver of Mecca painted his heaven as just the sort of dandy place to suit this kind of cattle, and, as most of them have a beast of a time on this earth, they're anxious to move along upstairs, whenever a decent opportunity offers to get there."

"They'll be an ugly crowd to tackle; I grant that."

"They are right, and don't you forget it. I might point out, captain, that personally speaking, I'd been a lot safer if younder, and held my tongue. They'd have got you into an absolute certainty if they ambushed you as they intended, and I could have kept out of the actual throat-cutting and preserved a sound skin. They've all got a profound respect for me; I'm a very holy man."

"And as it is?"

Hadji Cortolvin shrugged his shoulders. "O, I chip in with you."

"If you'll tell me why?"

"Cousinship of the skin I suppose. You're white by birth, and I believe I should turn out to be white also if I kept out of the sun for awhile and had several Turkish baths. Of course I've a snuff-colored hide on me now, and during these last two years I've been living with men of color, and following their ways, and thinking their thoughts. Funny, isn't it? I come across you; I don't know you from Adam; I can't say

I particularly like what I've seen of you; and yet here am I, rounding on my former mates, and chipping in with you, on the clear knowledge that I shall probably get killed during the next few hours for my pains."

"May I ask your name?" said Kettle. "I believe, sir," he added, with a bow, "that you are a gentleman."

The hadji laughed. "So far as I recollect, I was that once, captain. Sorry I haven't a card on me, but my name's W. H. Cortolvin, and I lived near Richmond, in Yorkshire, before I was idiot enough to go wandering off the Cook's tourist routes into the middle of Arabia."

"I'm Welsh myself," said Kettle, "but I've known men from Yorkshire. Shake hands, sir, please. Will you have a whisky peg?"

"Pour it out, captain, I haven't tasted a Christian drink for thirty weary months. And you've got a chattle hung up in the draft of a port. Cool water, ye gods! Bismillah! But it is good to be alive sometimes."

Capt. Kettle looked with distaste at the hadji's attire. "Won't you sling that filthy night gown thing of yours overboard," he asked, "and have a wash? I can rig you out with some pyjamas from the slopchest."

But Cortolvin would not change his dirt and squalor just then. He had sworn it to long to be affected by it, and, said he I don't want to advertise the fact that I'm an Englishman just at present. If my dear friends down yonder on the lower deck knew it they'd not wait for the engines to be repaired. They'd fizzle up just like gunpowder, there and then, and the whole lot of us white men would be pulled into tassels before we'd time to think."

"I don't know about that," said Kettle. "I've faced some of the ugliest crowds that have floated on the seas before this, and they thought they were going to have it all their own way, and they found when it came to shooting that I could keep my end up very handily."

He waved his guest to a deck chair, placed a box of cheroots hospitably open on the chart table, and then he went outside the chart-house and leaned over the bridge deckrail. The awning above him threw a clean-cut shade which swung to and fro as the Saigon rolled over the faint oily swell; and outside its shelter the sun's rays fell like molten brass, and the metal work was hot enough to raise a blister. The air was motionless and stagnant and greasy with the smell of humanity. The whole fabric of the steamer shimmered in the dancing heat.

For the dense mass of pilgrims below, the situation approached the intolerable. Left to itself, the rusted iron deck beneath their bear skins would have grown hot enough to char them. Nothing but a constant sluicing with water made it in any way to be endured. And as the water from alongside came up to them as warm as tea, it did but little to refresh. The African can at times die from heat as glibly as his betters. Even as Kettle watched, one of the pilgrims, a grizzle-headed Hausa from the western Soudan, was contorted with heat apoplexy; breathed stertorously for a minute or so, and then lay still, and immediately became a prey to flies innumerable. Two of his nearest comrades bestirred themselves to look at him; pronounced that life was extinct; stood up, and with an effort carried the body out of the press and heaved it over the hot iron bulwark into the oily sea beneath. It is not good that the dead should remain with the quick even for minutes in circumstances such as those. And whilst the bearers carried him away, an old white-haired negro from Sokoto stood upon his feet, swaying to the roll of the ship, and faced the heat-blurred east with bowed head. A loud he bore witness that God was great, and that Mahomet was the prophet of God; and that of mortals, each man's fate was writ big upon his forehead. And then the rest of the pilgrims bent their foreheads to the torturing deck plates, and made profession of the faith, following his words.

Capt. Kettle, from his stand against the rail of the bridge deck, pitied the heathen, and thought with a complacent sigh of a certain obscure chapel in South Shields, but at the same time he could not avoid being impressed by the heathen's constancy. They might die, but they forebore to curse God in doing it, and the omission gave him an insight into the workings of fatalism, which made him think more of what Cortolvin had said. Every man among the pilgrims had sword or spear or mace, or rifle within grip of his

fist, and as a fighting force—with fatalism to back them—the began to realise that they could make a very ugly company to maneuver against. A regulation of pilgrim trade requires that all weapons shall be taken from this class of passengers during the voyage, but Kettle had omitted to disarm them through sheer contempt for what they could do. If they chose to fight among themselves, that was their own concern; it never even occurred to him as they came off Jeddah quay, noisy and odorous, that they would dare to contend against his imperial will, but now he sincerely wished that the means of serious offence were not so handy to their fingers. I do not say that he was afraid, for, knowing him well, I honestly believe that the little ruffian has never yet feared man that was born of woman, but the safety of the Saigon was a matter just then very near to his heart, and he had forebodings as to what might happen to her.

He went back again inside the chart-house, sat himself down upon the sofa, and ran a finger round inside the collar of his white drill coat.

"Do you like cheroots, sir?" he said to his tattered guest.

"Nice cheroots," said Cortolvin. "Wonder, how many I'll smoke. Those True Believers are a pretty tough crowd aren't they? There's one Soudanese fellow in a Darfur suit of mail. Did you notice him? He's been a big war sheik in his day. He helped to smash up Hicks Pasha's army, and commanded a thousand men at the storming of Khartoum; but he got sick of Mahdism about a year back, and set out to perform the Hadj. When it comes to fighting you'll see that man will shine."

"He shall have my first shot," said Kettle.

"It surprises me," said Cortolvin, "that you ever went in for this pilgrim-carrying business at all. You must have been pretty hard pushed, captain?"

"Hard wasn't the word for it," said the shipmaster with a sigh. "I met misfortune, sir, in Chile. I disagreed with my employer, who was a lady, and went off cruising in a boat by myself. A tea steamer picked me up and put me in Colombo. I got from there to Bombay as second mate of a tramp, but I couldn't stand the old man's tongue, and went ashore without my wages. I guess, sir, I'm no good except in command; I can't take an order civilly. Well, in Bombay I'd a regular nipgut time of it. I hummed round the agents' offices till I almost blushed to look at their punkah coolies; but I'd no papers to show that would do me any good; and none of them would give me a ship the size of a rice mat. At last when I was getting desperate, and pretty near put to going to sea before the mast, a Cardiff man I once knew came to the lodging and gave me a tip. He'd been master of a country steamer; he'd been sacked (he didn't deny it) for drunkenness; he'd not drawn a sober breath for months, and hadn't see any prospect of changing his habits; and there was the berth vacant, and I might have it for the asking. The pay wasn't much; only Rs 100 a month and percentage on profits; and the owner was a Parsee. I'd never been low enough to sign under a black man before, but I guess I was past being very nice in my tastes just then. The owner was fat and oldish, and wore a thing on his head like a top hat turned upside down, and I will say I did not give him much politeness. But he knew his place; he saluted me quite respectfully; and he said he'd be honored if I'd take his steamer under my charge. 'She was all he'd got,' he said, 'he loved her like his life, and he'd not trust her to any one except a pukka sahib.' Of course he lied a good deal; all natives do that; and he fixed up our bargain so that I'd little to win and he'd a good deal; which is those Parsees' way. But I will say he was always most respectful, and in the matter of victualling he really surprised me. Why he actually put Bass' ale on board at four annas the bottle!

"We cleared from Bombay in corn and cottons, and earthenware consigned to Jeddah, and the owner told me I'd have no trouble in getting a cargo of dates and coffee to bring back. But the Jeddah merchants seemed to think different. I cut down freights to near vanishing point, but they wouldn't look at them anyhow. I couldn't get a ton of cargo on board for any spot on the globe, no, not if I'd offered to carry it for nothing. The Saigon might have swung there at moorings till the bottom rotted out of her; and expenses were running up all the time. The climate was sickly, too. I lost my serang before I'd been there a week, and two more of the coolies died in the next ten days. So when this cargo of pilgrims offered, I tell you I just jumped at it. Of course this old wreck, was not fitted for the trade. She's small; she's iron decks; she's only two boats, and she's not near enough water tanks. There'd be big penalties if she was caught. But I ship-

ped a second rice steamer and signed the charter party, smiling. It wasn't as if I'd got to go through the Ditch to one of the Morocco ports; the pilgrims had only to be taken across to Koissey, and squaring an Egyptian custom officer is only a case of how much backshish."

"You do know your trade," said Cortolvin.

"The under side of it," said Kettle, with a sigh. "A man with luck like mine has to. He never gets on with the decent lines where everything is square and above board. He can only get the little and corner owners, who you've got to make dividends for somehow and take the dirty sack. I'm a man, he added with a frown, "that can do the job well, and they know it, and keep me to it. But I despise myself all the time. It isn't my nature, Mr. Cortolvin. Put me ashore, give me a firm large pattern coat and there wouldn't be a straighter, sweeter-natured man between here and heaven."

The hadji swept the perspiration from his forehead with the back of a grimy knuckle. "There's no accounting for taste, captain, I'm the owner of acres near Richmond, and if I chose, I could ride about my park, and to see to the farms, and live the life of a gentleman just in the way you think you'd like. But I tired of it."

"Perhaps you have no wife, sir," suggested the sailor.

His guest gave a short laugh. "O Lord, yes," he said, "I've a wife." He paused a minute and then threw his half-smoked cheroot savagely out into the sun-shine. "You can take it from me that I have a wife, captain. But—well, you see I've always been an Arabic scholar, and I thought I'd come out to the Hedjaz to study dialects for a year or so. It would be a pleasant change after the milk and honey of a country life. I don't seem to have got killed, and I think I've liked it on the whole. It's been exciting, and I know more about bastard Arabic than any European living, now that poor Palmer's dead, if that's any satisfaction. If I chose to go home now, I could pose as no end of a big boss. The only thing is, I can't quite make up my mind whether to risk it. By God, yes," he added with a stare out into the baking sunshine beyond the doorway. "O, yes, I've a wife."

Capt. Kettle did not quite follow all this, so he said politely and vaguely, "Well, of course you know your own affairs best, sir." Then he took a long and steady look at his guest. "You'll excuse me, sir, but your name seems familiar. I wonder if you'd got that beard and some of your hair off whether I should recognize you."

"I fancy not."

"Cortolvin," the little man mused. "I'm sure I've seen that name before somewhere."

The hadji laughed. "I'm afraid that neither I nor any of my people have been celebrated enough to have come into public notice. But we had a namesake some years back who was famous. A horse named Cortolvin won the Grand National in '67. That's what you'll have got on your mind."

Capt. Kettle stiffened. "I beg your pardon, sir," he said, with acid politeness. "But I don't see you've earned a right to insult me. When I am at sea I am what circumstances make me. When I am ashore in England I would have you know I am a very different person. I am a regular attendant at chapel, and a man who (outside business matters) tries to keep entirely straight. In England, sir, I take an interest in neither pocket-picking, horse-racing, nor sacrilege; and I have it on the word of a minister I sit under, that there is very little to choose between the three."

Cortolvin faced the situation with ready tact. That this truculent little ruffian who could flirt with homicide without a second thought should so strongly resent the imputation of being interested in a horse race did not surprise him much. He had met others of the breed before. And he smoothed down Capt. Kettle's ruffled feelings with the easy glossiness of a man of the world. But the needs of the moment were again recurring to him with violence, and he broke off artistically to refer to them.

"Don't you think," he said, "my fellow pilgrims will bear a little attention now, skipper?"

"I will be off and make up a bit of a surprise packet for them," said Kettle. "Excuse me, sir, for two minutes whilst I go and give instructions to my chief." And he swung on his pith helmet and left the chart-house.

II.

The sun climbed higher into the fleckless sky, and lolled above the Saigon in insolent cruelty. The Red Sea heat grew, if anything yet more dreadful. The men's veins stood out in ropes upon their streaming bodies, and it scorched them to draw in a breath. Drink, too, was scarce. The

Hedaz is a region almost waterless; the desert at the back drains up all the moisture, and the Saigon had left Jeddah with her tanks only half filled. She had to depend upon her condenser, and this was small. And in the tropics, condenser water must be dealt out in a sparing ration, or a dozen hours may easily see a whole ship's company down with a raging dysentery.

The Saigon carried a spar deck amidships, and the pilgrims were grouped in two bodies fore and aft of this on the iron plating of the fore and main decks.

The spar deck was officially reached from these lower levels by a couple of slender iron ladders, but it was not unsuitable to a fairly active climber. There was an alleyway passing beneath the spar deck, but this could easily be closed by the iron doors in the two bulkheads, which fastened inside with heavy clamping screws.

The chief engineer came into the chart house and hitched up his grimy pyjamas and mopped his face with a wad of cotton waste. He looked meaningly at the whisky bottle, but Kettle ignored his glance.

"Well, Mr. McTodd?" he said. "I'm a' ready for the pagans, sir, when ye're willing to gi' the word."

"What are your engines like now?"

"A wee bit less fit for the scrapheap than they were a dozen hours back, but no very much to boast of." Mr. McTodd spat out into the sunshine. "They're the rottenest engines ever I fingered," said he, "and that's what I think of them. A man ought to have double my pay to be near them. They're just heart-breaking."

"You knew she wasn't the P. & O. when you signed on."

"We're neither of us here, Capt. Kettle, because we were offered fatter berths."

Kettle frowned. "I'll trouble you, Mr. McTodd, to attend to the matter in hand. You have those steam pipes ranged?"

"Both forrard and aft."

"Commanding both ladders?"

"Just like that."

"And you've plenty of steam?"

"Ye can hear it burning through the escape this minute if ye'll use your ears. It's been vera exhausting work toiling down yonder in that a'ful heat."

"Well, Mr. Cortolvin here assures me that the niggers will begin to play up the minute we get under weigh, so you see we know where we are, and must be ready for them. I shall want you and the second engineer on deck, of course, so you must arrange for one of your crew to run the engines till we've got the business settled."

"I've a greaser down yonder who can open the throttle," said McTodd gloomily, "but he's got no notion of nursing sick engines like these, and as like as not he'll rive them off their bedplates in a score of revolutions. Ye'd better let me keep the engine room myself, captain. I'm a sick man, and I'm not fit for fighting with my throat as dry as it is now."

Capt. Kettle poured out a liberal two fingers of whiskey and handed it across. "Now Mac," said he, "wet your neck, and let's have no more of this nonsense. You'll have to fight for your life inside of ten minutes, and you'll do it better sober."

The engineer eyed the whiskey and poured it slowly down its appointed path. "Mon," he said, "ye've an a'ful poor opinion of my capacity. I'll just be off and give you coolie greaser instructions, and get my side arms, and be with you again in forty clock ticks."

"I pity the nigger that comes to hand grips with McTodd," said Kettle, when the grimy man in the grey pajamas had left the chart house. He's an ugly beggar to handle when he's sober as he is now. We'll get ready now, sir, if you please. You go to the after end of the bridge deck with the old mate and the second engineer. When they try to rush the ladder, McTodd will give them the steam, and they'll never be able to face it. All you and the second mate have to do is to see they don't climb up over the rail."

"I wish it could be avoided," said Cortolvin sadly. "That high-pressure steam will scald some of them horribly."

"It will do more than that," said Kettle. "It will strip the meat clean off their bones."

"I have lived amongst those men or their sort for two solid years, and many of them have shown me kindnesses."

"You should have thought of that, sir, before you came to me here in the chart house."

"I did think of it; but I couldn't be a renegade to my color; and so I came. But, captain, will you let me speak to them? Will you let me tell them that their scheme is known and prepared for? Will you let me explain to them what they will have to face if they start an outbreak?"

Capt. Kettle frowned. "You will understand that I am not frightened of the beasts," he said.

"I quite know that," said Cortolvin, "and I am sorry to spoil a fight. But it is their lives I am begging for."

"Very well," said Kettle, "you can fire away. I don't speak their language, and it is as well they should know from some one what they have to look forward to. Here's a life-preserver which you may find useful. It's the only weapon I have to offer you. My pistol is the only gun we have in the ship."

The pair of them went outside the charthouse and walked to the head of the forward ladder. A steampipe lay on the deck planks, and the second engineer stood beside it with thumbs in his waist strap. On the deck below the pilgrims no longer squatted on their carpets, but stood together in knots, and talking excitedly. Cortolvin clapped his hands and the sea of savage faces turned toward him.

Capt. Kettle clapped a whistle to his lips and blew it shrilly. "Now, then, Mr. Cortolvin," he cried, "away with you aft to help McTodd. These cattle here want something more than talk, and I'm going to give it to them."

There were representatives in that mob from half the Mohammedan peoples of northern Africa. There were lean Arab camel breeders of the desert, jet black farmers from the Great lakes and the upper Nile. Hausas, from the western Soudan, limp fellahs from lower Egypt, an Egba who had served in the British police force at Lagos, merchants from the back of the Barbary states, workers in metal from Sokoto, and weavers from Timbuktu. They were not all holders of the title of hadji, for though by the Mohammedan law every male must make the Mecca pilgrimage at least once in a lifetime, unless debarred by poverty or lameness, it may be done by deputy. And these deputies, fierce, turbulent ruffians, who had lived all their amongst incessant wars and travel, were perhaps the most dangerous of all the lot.

They listened to their late associate with a momentary hush of surprise. He spoke to them in fluent Arabic. He did not appeal to their better feelings; he knew his audience. He said it was written that if they tried this thing, if they attempted to capture the steamer, they should surely fail; that all things were prepared to give them battle, and that a horrible death awaited those who persisted in their design. And then he tried to point out the nature of the Saigon's defences, but there he failed. It is ill work to explain the properties of high-pressure steam to savages. A murmur rose among them, which grew. They raised defiance. And then the great black mass of them rushed for the iron ladder.

In answer to his whistle, steam had been turned on from below. The second engineer unhitched his thumbs from his waist belt, took a lump of waste in each grimy hand, and lifted the iron pipe. It was well jointed and moved easily, and he turned the nozzle of it to sweep the ladder. In that baking air the steam did not condense readily; it travelled three yards from the nozzle of the pipe before it became upon the black, naked bodies and burned horribly without being seen.

At first they did not flinch. With a dreadful valor they faced the torment and fought with each other to be first upon the rungs, and then when those in front would have held back the mob behind pressed them irresistibly onwards. In a moment or so the first rank began to go down before that withering blast, and then others trod on them and fell also till the hill of writhing black humanity grew to half the height of the iron ladder. And in the meantime others of the pilgrims were trying to storm the bridge deck at other points, but on the port side, the grey-headed old mate fighting bareback with an ax, and to starboard Capt. Kettle with pistol and knuckle duster, battled like wild cats to keep the sacred planking inviolate.

What was going on at the after end of the Saigon they could not tell. From behind them came the roar of the fighting Hausa, and the savage war cries of the desert just as they rose up from before their faces. But in its first flush the fight was too close for any man's thoughts to wander from his own immediate adventures.

It seemed, however, that the battle was over first in the after part of the steamer, and whether this was because the attack there was less heartful, or because Mr. McTodd's artillery was the more terrible was debated much afterward without coming to a decision. But anyway, by the time Capt. Kettle's adversaries had ceased to rage against him, Cortolvin was free to come and stand by his side as interpreter. The wounded lay sprawling and writhing about the iron decks below them: the survivors—and scarcely one of these was without his scald—huddled against the fore-castle; and the grimy second engineer held the steampipe upward so that a grey pall hung between the Saigon and the sun.

"Now, sir," said Kettle, "kindly translate for me. Tell those animals to chuck all their hardware over the side, or I'll cock the whole lot of them like so many sausages."

Cortolvin lifted up his voice in sonorous Arabic. "It was written," he cried, "that he gacious should prevail. It is written also that those among you having wit shall cast your weapons into the sea. It is written, moreover, that those of you who do not on this instant disarm shall taste again of the scorching breath of Elbis."

A stream of weapons leaped up through the air, and fell into the wells alongside with tinkling splashes.

"It would be a weariness to guard you," Cortolvin went on. "Swear by the beard of the prophet to make no further attempt against this ship or we shall gaoil you in death."

A forest of trembling black hands shot up before him.

"We swear!" they cried.

"Then it is written that you keep your yow," said Cortolvin. "God is great! See now to your sick." He turned to Kettle, and touched his ragged turban, after the manner of an officer reporting. "The mutiny is ended, sir," he said.

Captain Kettle swung himself lightly on to the upper bridge and telegraphed "full speed ahead" to the engine room. The propeller splashed in the oily swells, and the Saigon gathered weight. Sullen and trembling, the pilgrims began to tend their hurts, and presently McTodd, with a large copper kettle in his hand, descended among them and distributed oil and surgical advice.

"There was none actually killed at my end," said Cortolvin.

"I dropped four," said Kettle, "I had to. It was either me or them. And my old mate axed half a dozen before they let him be. We'd tight time here whilst it lasted."

"It will require a good lump of back-slash to explain it all satisfactorily at Kosseir."

"O, I can't go near there now after this. No custom house for me, sir. I shall just run on shore a dozen miles short of it, and put the beggars on the beach in my boats, and let them get into Kosseir as best they can. I suppose you'll come back with me."

"I suppose so. Anyway I can't go on with them."

"I can, imagine," said Kettle dryly. "they'd give you a lively time, if they had you to themselves for five minutes. The Sons of the Prophet don't admire living Europeans messing about the Kaaba. But I owe you something, sir, and I shall be happy to go out of my way to serve you. I will drop you at Suakim, or at Aden, or at Perim, where I am going to coal, whichever you please."

"But what about yourself?"

"O, I shall be all right. I am seldom in need of a nursery maid, sir."

"But if this affair gets into the newspapers, inquiries will be made, and you'll very possibly find yourself in an ugly hole."

"It won't get in the papers," said Kettle, thoughtfully. "The pilgrims can't tell, my officers daren't, for their own sakes, and you leave me to see my coolies don't. Newspapers," he repeated, dreamily, "queer the hint should have come like that."

"What hint? What are you talking about?"

"I remembered then where I'd seen your name, sir. It was in the Times of India, general news column."

"What was said?"

"Well, sir, I suppose you'd better be told. But you must hold up for a hardish knock. Will you come into the charthouse for a minute and have a peg?"

"No, get along, man; get along."

"I think it was about your wife, sir. Does she hunt?"

"All the season."

"Then it will be her. I remember now, it said Richmond in Yorkshire, and the name was Mrs. W. H. Cortolvin. She's broken her neck, sir."

Cortolvin clutched at the white rail of the bridge. "My God," he cried. "Dead! Julia dead! is that all, captain?"

"It was only a two-line paragraph. You'll please understand how sorry I am to carry such sad news, Mr. Cortolvin."

"Thanks skipper, thanks." He turned away and walked to the end of the bridge and stayed there for a while, leaning against an awning stanchion, a staring at the baking levels of the Red sea, which were slipping past the Saigon's rusty flanks. And then he came back again and stood at Kettle's side, looking down at the pilgrims anointing their scalds below.

"I have learned to be something of a fatalist, captain," he said, "when I was amongst those people. This is how I sum the situation. 'It was written that my wife should die whilst I was away. It was written also that I should live. God ordered it all. God is great.'"

Capt. Kettle gripped his hand in sym-

pathy. "I'm sorry for you, sir; believe me, I am truly sorry. If you think a bit of poetry, about the occasion would help you at all, just you say, and I'll do it. I'm in the mood for poetry now. All things put together, we've been through a pretty heavy time during these last few hours."

"Thanks, skipper, thanks," said Cortolvin. "I know you mean well. And now, if you don't mind, I'll leave you. I think I'd like to be alone for a bit."

"You do sir. Go and lie down on my bunk. I'll have you a beautiful elegy written by the time you're back on deck again. It will comfort you."

Tandem Song.

Steed of shining steel,
Fashioned for a couple—
Love on hinder wheel,
Strong, and sweet, and supple.

Low the summer breeze
Past our ears is sighing,
Houses, hedgerows, trees,
Like a vision flying.

Up the stubborn steep,
Toiling hard together—
Downwards soft as sleep,
Lightly as a feather.

Thus, my love, I pray
Might it be for ever—
One in happy play,
One in strong endeavor.

J.S.M.

SCRAPS FOR THE CURIOUS.

It has been calculated that a cannon ball fired from the earth to the sun would take nearly twenty-seven years to reach its destination.

Africa possesses the largest body of fresh water in the world. This is Lake Victoria Nyanza.

During the Middle Ages in Italy, Spain and Southern France, rentals of the city houses were frequently paid in whole or in part with pepper.

The common house fly makes 600 strokes of its wings per second when flying at its highest speed. The dragon fly makes 11,500. Readers are invited to check the accuracy of these figures.

Old glass bottles are now being turned to a new use. They are ground up and used in place of sand for mortar where sand cannot be easily obtained.

The man who travels a thousand miles in a thousand hours may be tolerably quick-footed, but he is nothing to the woman who keeps up with the fashions.

Every ton of Atlantic water, when evaporated, yields 81 lb. of salt; a ton of Pacific water 79 lb.; Arctic and Antarctic waters yield 85 lb. to the ton, and Dead Sea water 187 lb.

If you have your bike stolen don't advertise that you have lost one. Say you wish to buy one of just the kind you have been deprived of. That will fetch it back.

The coast of Down, near Belfast, is only twenty miles from Scotland. Farther up the coast of Antrim, Ulster is separated by only eleven nautical miles from Scotland.

The great Basilica of St. Peter at Rome does not possess, strange to say, nearly so good an organ as many a one in an English parish church. There are two small instruments that can be wheeled about.

A scientist has discovered that widows are more likely to die than widowers. They are more likely to get married than widowers, too. And we have noticed that a man generally dies before his widow, but shall not attempt to explain it.

In the very ancient skulls of Egyptian mummies the teeth are generally found greatly worn on their masticating surfaces. This, together with the absence of decay, evidences that the possessors must have lived on food that required much mastication.

In a country district of Germany "pay weddings" were in vogue until recently, each guest paying for his entertainment as much as he would at an inn, and the receipts being placed aside to set up the happy pair in their new home.

It has been computed by geographers that if the sea were emptied of its waters, and all the rivers of the earth were to pour their present floods into the vacant space, allowing nothing for evaporation, 40,000 years would be required to bring the water of the ocean up to its present level.

For Girls.

Pick husbands out like cantaloupes,
With care your choice decide;
It is not wise to take the ones
Which are too smooth outside.

Montes, the Matador.

From the Fortnightly Review.

"YES! I'm better, and the doctor tells me I've escaped once more—as if I cared! And all through the fever you came every day to see me, so my niece says, and brought me that cool drink that drove the heat away and let me sleep. You thought, I suppose, like the doctor, that I'd escape you, too. Ha, ha! And that you'd never hear old Montes tell what he knows of bull-fighting, and you don't. Or perhaps it was kindness; though, why a foreigner, and a heretic, should be kind to me, God knows. The doctor says I've not got much more life in me, and you're going to leave Spain within the week—within the week, you said, didn't you? Well, then, I don't mind telling you the story.

"I may as well begin at the beginning," Montes went on. "I was born near here about sixty years ago. My mother was of a better class than my father; she was the daughter of the chemist in Ronda. By this time I was nine I used to go off down to the pasture and watch the bulls all day long. For though the herd was a small one—only about twenty head—it required to be constantly watched. My father's bulls were of good stock, savage and strong; they were always taken for the ring, and he got high prices for them. He generally managed to sell three novillos and two bulls of four years old each year. And there was no bargaining, no trouble; the money was always ready for that class of animal. All day long I sat on my pony, or stood near it, minding the bulls. If any of them strayed too far, I had to go and get him back again. But in the heat of the day they never moved about much, and that time I turned to use by learning the lessons my mother gave me. So a couple of years passed. Of course in that time I got to know our bulls pretty well, but it was a remark of my father which first taught me that each bull had an individual character and which first set me to watch them closely. That must have been in my twelfth year; and in that summer I learned more than in the two previous years. My father, though he said nothing to me, must have noticed I'd gained confidence in dealing with the bulls; for one night when I was in bed, I heard him say to my mother: 'The little fellow is as good as a man now!' I was proud of his praise, and from that time on I set to work to learn everything I could about the bulls. By degrees I came to know every one of them—better far than I ever got to know men or women later. Bulls, I found, were just like men, only simpler and kinder; some were good-tempered and honest, others were sulky and cunning. There was a black one which was wild and hot tempered, but at the bottom good, while there was one almost as black, with light horns and flanks, which I never trusted. The other bulls didn't like him. I could see they didn't; they were all afraid of him. He was cunning and suspicious, and never made friends with any of them! he would always eat by himself far away from the others—but he had courage, too; I knew that as well as they did. He was sold that very summer with the black one for the ring in Ronda. One Sunday night, when my father and eldest sister (my mother would never go to los toros) came back from seeing the game in Ronda, they were wild with excitement, and began to tell the mother how one of our bulls had caught the matador, and tossed him, and how the chulos could scarcely get the matador away. Then I cried out: 'I know; 'twas Judas' (so I had christened him), and as I saw my father's look of surprise I went on confusedly, 'the bull with the white horns I mean. Juan, the black one, wouldn't have been clever enough!' My father only said, 'The boy's right'; but my mother drew me near to her and kissed me, as if she were afraid. Poor mother! I think even then she knew or divined something of what came to pass later.

"It was the next summer, I think, my father first found out how much I knew about the bulls. It came in this way. There hadn't been much rain in the spring, the pasture, therefore, was thin, and that, of course, made the bulls restless. I had got to a very interesting tale in the story-book my mother had given me on the day our bulls were sold. While I was reading as hard as ever I could, my father came down on foot and caught me. He hated to see me reading—I don't know why; and he was angry and struck at me. As I avoided the blow and got away from him, he pulled up the picket line, and got on my pony to drive one of the bulls back to the herd. I have thought

since he must have been very much annoyed before he came down and sought me. For though he knew a good deal about bulls, he didn't show it then. My pony was too weak to carry him easily, yet he acted as if he had been well mounted. For, as I said, the bulls were hungry and excited, and my father should have seen this and driven the bull back quietly and with great patience. But no; he wouldn't let him feed even for a moment. At last the bull turned on him. My father held the goad fairly against his neck, but the bull came on just the same, and the pony could scarcely get out of the way in time. In a moment the bull turned and prepared to rush at him again. My father sat still on the little pony and held the goad; but I knew that was no use; he knew it, too; but he was angry and wouldn't give in. At once I ran in between him and the bull and then called to the bull, and went slowly up to him where he was shaking his head and pawing the ground. He was very angry but he knew the difference between us quite well, and he let me come close to him without rushing at me, and then just shook his head to show me he was angry, and soon began to feed quietly. In a moment or two I left him and went back to my father. He had got off the pony and was white and trembling, and he said,—

"Are you hurt?"

"And I said, laughing, 'No, he didn't want to hurt me. He was only showing off his temper.'

"And my father said, 'There's not a man in all Spain that could have done that! You know more than I do—more than anybody!'

"After that he let me do as I liked, and the next two years were very happy ones. In January my mother caught cold. In April she died. I thought I should die too.

"After her death my father took to grumbling about the food and house and everything. A month or two later my father, who must have been fifty, married again, a young woman, a laborer's daughter without a duro.

"Before this, however, early in the summer that came after the death of my mother, I went for the first time to see a bull-fight. My father wanted me to go, and my sister, too; so I went. I shall never forget that day. The chulos made me laugh, they skipped about so and took such extra good care of themselves; but the banderilleros interested me. Their work required skill and courage, that I saw at once; but after they had planted the banderillas twice, I knew how it was done, and felt I could do it just as well or better. For the third or fourth banderillero made a mistake! He didn't even know out of which eye the bull was looking at him; so he got frightened, and did not plant the banderillas fairly. Indeed, one was on the side of the shoulder and the other didn't even stick in. As for the picadores, they didn't interest me at all. There was no skill or knowledge in their work. It was for the crowd, who liked to see blood and who understand nothing. Then came the turn of the espada. Ah! that seemed fine to me. He knew his work I thought at first, and his work evidently required knowledge, skill, courage, strength—everything! I was intensely excited, and when the bull, struck to the heart, fell prone on his knees and the blood gushed from his nose and mouth, I cheered and cheered till I was hoarse. But before the games were over, that very first day, I saw more than one matador make a mistake. At first I thought I must be wrong, but soon the event showed I was right. For the matador hadn't even got the bull to stand square when he tried his stroke and failed. You see, so long as the bull's standing with one hoof in front of the other, his shoulder-blades almost meet, as when you throw your arms back and your chest out; that is, they don't meet, but the space between them is not as regular, and, therefore, not as large as it is when their front hooves are square. Now, the space between the shoulder-blades is none too large at any time, for you have to strike with force to drive the sword through the inch-thick hide, and through a foot of muscle, sinew, and flesh besides, to the heart. Nor is the stroke a straight one. Then there's always the backbone, too, to avoid. And the space between the backbone and the outer thick gristle of the shoulder blade is never more than an inch and a half. So if you narrow this space by even half an inch you increase your difficulty immensely. And that's not your object. Well, all this I've been telling

you I divined at once. Therefore, when I saw the bull wasn't standing quite square I knew the matador was either a bungler or else very clever and strong indeed. In a moment he proved himself to be a bungler, for his sword turned on the shoulder-blade, and the bull throwing up his head, almost caught him on his horns. Then I hissed and cried 'Shame!' And the people stared at me. That butcher tried five times before he killed the bull, and at last even the most ignorant of the spectators knew I'd been right in hissing. The man who tries once and fails ought never to be allowed in a ring again.

"Next day I set myself to practise with our bulls. First I teased one till he grew angry and rushed at me; then, as a chulo, I stepped aside. And after I'd practised this several times, I began to try to move aside as late as possible and only just as far as was needful; for I soon found out the play of horn of every bull we had. The older the bull the heavier his neck and shoulders become, and, therefore, the sweep of horns in an old bull is much smaller than a young one's. Before the first morning's sport was over I knew that with our bulls at any rate I could beat any chulo I had seen the day before. Then I set myself to quiet the bull, which was a little difficult, and after I'd succeeded I went back to my pony to read and dream. Next day I played at being a banderillero, and found out at once that my knowledge of the animal was all important. For I knew always on which side to move to avoid the bull's rush. I knew how he meant to strike by the way he put his head down. To plant the banderillas perfectly would have been to me child's play, at least with our bulls. The matador's work was harder to practise. I had no sword; besides, the bull I wished to pretend to kill was not tired and wouldn't keep quiet. Yet I went on trying. The game had a fascination for me. A few days later, provided with a makeshift red capa, I got a bull with him from the others. Then I played with him till he was tired out. First I played as a chulo, and avoided his rushes by an inch or two only; then, as banderillero, I escaped his stroke, and, as I did so, struck his neck with two sticks. When he was tired I approached him with the capa and found I could make him do what I pleased, stand crooked or square in a moment, just as I liked. For I learned at once that as a rule the bull rushes at the capa and not at the man who holds it. Some bulls, however, are clever enough to charge the man. For weeks I kept up this game, till one day my father expressed his surprise at the thin and wretched appearance of the bulls. No wonder! The pasture ground had been a ring to them and me for many a week.

"After this I had to play matador—the only part which had any interest for me—without first tiring them. Then came a long series of new experiences, which in time made me what I was, a real espada. For power over wild animals comes to a man, as it were, by leaps and bounds. Of a sudden one finds he can make a bull do something which the day before he could not make him do. It is all a matter of intimate knowledge of the nature of the animal.

"The next three years were intolerable to me; my stepmother repaid my dislike with interest and found a hundred ways of making me uncomfortable, without doing anything I could complain of and so get altered. In the spring of my nineteenth year I told my father I intended to go to Madrid and become an espada. When he found he couldn't induce me to stay, he said I might go. We parted, and I walked to Sevilla; there I did odd jobs for a few weeks in connection with the bull-ring, such as feeding the bulls, helping to separate them, and so forth; and there I made an acquaintance who was afterwards a friend. Juan Valderá was one of the cuadrilla of Girvalda, a matador of the ordinary type. Juan was from Estremadura, and we could scarcely understand each other at first but he was kindly and careless and I took a great liking to him. He was a fine man, tall, strong, and handsome, with short, dark, wavy hair and dark moustache, and great brown eyes. He liked me, I suppose, because I admired him and because I never wearied of hearing him tell of his conquests among women and even great ladies. Of course I told him I wished to enter the ring, and he promised to help me to get a place in Madrid where he knew many of the officials. 'You may do well with the capa,' I remember he said condescendingly, 'or even as a banderillero, but you'll never go further. You see, to be an espada, as I intend to be, you must have height and strength, and he stretched his fine figure as he spoke. I acquiesced humbly enough. I felt that perhaps he and my father were right, and I didn't know whether I should ever have strength enough for the task of an espada. To be brief, I saved a little money and managed to get to Ma-

drid late in the year, too late for the bull-ring. Thinking over the matter I resolved to get work in a blacksmith's shop, and at length succeeded. As I had thought, the labor strengthened me greatly, and the spring of my twentieth year, by Juan's help, I got employed on trial one Sunday as a chulo.

"I suppose," Montes went on, after a pause, "I ought to have been excited and nervous on that first Sunday—but I wasn't; I was only eager to do well in order to get engaged for the season. The blacksmith, Antonio, whom I had worked with, had advanced me the money for my costume, and Juan had taken me to a tailor and got the things made, and what I owed Antonio and the tailor weighed on me. Well, on that Sunday I was at first a failure. I went in the procession with the rest, then with the others I got my capa; but when the bull rushed at me, instead of running away, like the rest, I wrapped my capa about me and, just as his horns were touching me, I moved aside—not half a pace. The spectators cheered me, it is true, and I thought I had done very well, until Juan came over to me and said:—

"'You mustn't show off like that. First of all, you'll get killed if you play that game; and then you fellows with the capa are there to make the bull run about, to tire him out so that we matadors may kill him.'

"That was my first lesson in professional jealousy. After that I ran about like the rest, but without much heart in the sport. It seemed to me stupid. Besides, from Juan's anger and contempt, I felt sure I shouldn't get a permanent engagement. Bit by bit, however, my spirit rose again with the exercise, and when the fifth or sixth bull came in I resolved to make him run. It was a good, honest bull; I saw that at once; he stood in the middle of the ring, excited, but not angry, in spite of the waving of the capes all round him. As soon as my turn came, I ran forward, nearer to him than the others half-considered safe, and waved the challenge with my capa. At once he rushed at it, and I gave him a long run, half round the circle, and ended it by stopping and letting him toss the capa which I held not quite at arm's length from my body. As I did this I didn't turn round to face him. I knew he'd toss the capa and not me, but the crown rose and cheered as if the thing were extraordinary. Then I felt sure I should be engaged, and I was happy. Only Juan said to me a few minutes later:—

"'You'll be killed, my boy, one of these fine days if you try those games. Your life will be a short one if you begin by trusting a bull.'

"But I didn't mind what he said. I thought he meant it as a friendly warning, and I was anxious only to get permanently engaged. And sure enough, as soon as the games were over, I was sent for by the director. He was kind to me, and asked me where I played before. I told him that was my first trial.

"'Ah!' he said, turning to a gentleman who was with him. 'I knew it, Señor Dogue; such courage always comes from—want of experience, let me call it.'

"'No,' replied the gentleman, whom I afterwards knew as the Duke of Medina Celi, the best aficionado, and one of the noblest men in Spain; 'I'm not so sure of that. Why,' he went on, speaking now to me, 'did you keep your back turned to the bull?'

"'Señor,' I answered, 'twas an honest bull, and not angry, and I knew he'd toss the capa without paying any attention to me.'

"'Well,' said the duke, 'if you know that much, and aren't afraid to risk your life on your knowledge, you'll go far. I must have a talk with you some day, when I've more time; you can come and see me. Send in your name; I shall remember.' And as he said this, he nodded to me and waved his hand to the director and went away.

"Then and there, the director made me sign an engagement for the season, and gave me one hundred duros as earnest money in advance of my pay. What an evening we had after that! Juan, the tailor, Antonio the blacksmith, and I. How glad and proud I was to be able to pay my debts and still have sixty duros in my pocket after entertaining my friends. If Juan had not hurt me every now and then by the way he talked of my foolishness, I should have told them all I knew; but I didn't. I only said I was engaged at a salary of a hundred duros a month.

"'What!' said Juan. 'Come, tell the truth; make it fifty.'

"'No,' I said; 'it was a hundred,' and I pulled out the money.

"'Well,' he said, 'that only shows what it is to be small and young and foolish! Here am I, after six years' experience, second, too, in the cuadrilla of Girvalda, and I'm not getting much more than that!'

"Still, in spite of such little drawbacks,

in spite, too, of the fact that Juan had to go away early, to meet 'a lovely creature,' as he said, that evening was one of the happiest I ever spent.

"All that summer through I worked every Sunday, and grow in favor with the Madrilenos, and with the Madrilenas, though not with these in Juan's way. I was timid and young; besides I had a picture of a woman in my mind, and I saw no one like it. So I went on studying the different breeds, and watching them in the ring. Then I sent money to my sister and to my father, and was happy.

"In the winter I was a good deal with Antonio; every day I did a spell of work in his shop to strengthen myself, and he, I think, got to know that I intended to become an espada. At any rate after my first performance with the capa, he believed I could do whatever I wished. Often he used to say God had given him strength and me brains, and he only wished he could exchange some of his strength for some of my knowledge. Antonio was not very bright, but he was good-tempered, kind, and hard-working, the only friend I ever had. May Our Lady give his soul rest!

"In the next spring when the director sent for me, I told him I wanted to be a banderillero. He seemed to be surprised, told me I was a favorite with the capa, and had better stick to that for another season at least. But I was firm. Then he asked me whether I had ever used the banderillas and where? The director never believed I hadn't worked in any ring before I came to Madrid. I told him I was confident I could do the work. 'Besides,' I added, 'I want more pay,' which was an untruth; but the argument seemed to him decisive, and he engaged me at two hundred duros a month, under the condition that, if the spectators wished it, I should work now and then with the capa as well. It didn't take me long to show the aficionados in Madrid that I was as good with the banderillas as I was with the capa. I could plant them when and where I liked. For in this season I found I could make the bull do almost anything. You know how the banderillero has to excite the bull to charge him before he can plant the darts. He does that to make the bull lower his head well, and he runs towards the bull partly so that the bull may not know when to toss his head up, partly because he can throw himself aside more easily when he's running fairly fast. Well, again and again I made the bull lower his head and then walked to him, planted the banderillas, and as he struck upwards swayed aside just enough to avoid the blow. That was an infinitely more difficult feat than anything I had ever done with the capa, and it gave me reputation among the aficionados and also with the espadas; but the ignorant herd of spectators preferred my trick with the capa. So the season came and went. I had many a carouse with Juan, and gave him money from time to time, because women always made him spend more than he got. From that time on, too, I gave my sister fifty duros a month, and my father fifty. For before the season was half over my pay was raised to four hundred duros a month, and my name was always put on the bills. In fact I was rich and a favorite with the public.

"So time went on, and my third season in Madrid began, and with it came the beginning of the end. Never was any one more absolutely content than I when we were told los toros would begin in a fortnight. On that Sunday I was walking carelessly in the procession beside Juan, although I could have been next to the espadas had I wished, when he suddenly nudged me, and said—

"Look up! there on the second tier, there's a face for you!"

"I looked up, and saw a girl with the face of my dreams, only much more beautiful. I suppose I must have stopped, for Juan pulled me by the arm, and said, 'You're moonstruck, man; come on!' and on I went—lovestruck in heart and brain and body. What a face it was! The golden hair framed it like a picture, but the great eyes were dark, and the lips scarlet, and she wore the mantilla like a queen. I moved forward like a man in a dream, conscious of nothing that went on around me till I heard Juan say,—

"She's looking at us. She knows we've noticed her. All right, pretty one; we'll make friends afterwards."

"But how?" I asked stupidly.

"How?" he replied mockingly. "I'll just send some one to find out who she is, and then you can send her a palco for next Sunday, and pray for her acquaintance, and the thing's done. I suppose that's her mother sitting behind her," he went on. "I wonder if the other girl next to her is the sister. She's a good-looking as the fair-haired one, and easier to win, I'd bet. Strange how all the timid ones take to me!" and again he looked up.

"I said nothing; nor did I look up at the place where she was sitting; but I worked that day as I had never worked before. Then, for the first time, I did something that has never been done since

by any one. The first bull was honest and kindly; I knew the sort. So, when the people began to call for El Pequeno (the little fellow)—that was the nickname they had given me—I took up a capa, and when the bull chased me, I stopped suddenly faced him, and threw the capa round me. He was within six paces of me before he caught my look, and began to stop; but before he came to a standstill his horns were within a foot of me. The people cheered and cheered as if they would never stop. Then I looked up at her. She must have been watching me, for she took the red rose from her hair and threw it into the ring towards me, crying, 'Bien! Muy bien! El Pequeno!'

"As I picked up the rose, pressed it to my lips, and hid it in my breast, I realized what life holds of triumphant joy. Then I made up my mind to show what I could do, and everything I did that day seemed to delight the public. At last, as I planted the banderillas, standing in front of the bull, and he tried twice in quick succession to strike me and failed, the crowd cheered and cheered and cheered, so that, even when I went away after bowing, and stood among my fellows, ten minutes passed before they would let the game go on. I didn't look up again. No; I wanted to keep the memory of what she looked like when she threw me the rose.

"After the games were over, on that afternoon, we met. Juan had brought it about, and he talked easily enough to the mother and daughter and to the niece, while I was silent. We all went, I remember, to a restaurant in the Puerta del Sol, and ate and drank together. But I said little or nothing all the evening. The mother told us they were from the north. Alameda was the family name, and her daughter was Clemencia; the niece was called Libertad.

Juan and I met them often, and Juan paid court to the niece, while I from time to time talked timidly to Clemencia.

"One Sunday after another came and went, and we grew to know each other well."

"After a time I said: 'See, I love you as the priest loves the Virgin; tell me to be an espada and I shall be one for the sake of your love!'

"That's what all men say, but love doesn't make a man tall and strong."

"No; nor do size and strength take the place of heart and head. Do you love me? That's the question."

"I like you, yes; but love—love, they say, comes after marriage."

"Will you marry me?"

"Become an espada and then ask me again," she answered laughingly.

"On the very next day I went to see the Duke of Medina Celi; the servants would scarcely let me pass till they heard my name and that the duke had asked me to come. He received me kindly. I told him what I wanted.

"But," he said, 'have you ever used the sword? Can you do it? You see we don't want to lose the best man with capa and banderillas ever known, to get another second-class espada.'

"And I answered him,—

"Senor Duque, I have done better with the banderillas than I could with the capa. Believe me, I shall do better with the espada than with the banderillas."

"You little fiend!" he laughed, 'I believe you; but now for the means. All the espadas are engaged; it'll be difficult. But early in June the queen has asked me to superintend the sports, and then I shall give you your chance. Will that do? In the meantime, astonish us all with capa and banderillas, so that men may not think me mad when I put your name first on the bill.'

"I thanked him from my heart, as was his due, and after a little more talk I went away to tell Clemencia the news. She only said,—

"I am glad. Now you'll get Juan to help you. I stared at her."

"Yes," she went on a little impatiently; 'he has been trained to the work; he's sure to be able to teach you much.'

"I said not a word. She was sincere I saw, but then she came from the North and knew nothing. I said to myself: 'That's how women are!'

"She continued: 'Of course you're clever with the capa and banderillas, and now you must do more than ever, as the duke said, to deserve your chance!' And then she asked carelessly: 'Couldn't you bring the duke and introduce him to us some time or other? I should like to thank him.'

"And I, thinking it meant our betrothal, was glad, and promised. And I remember I did bring him once to the box and he was kind in a way, but not cordial as he always was when alone with me, and he told Clemencia that I'd go very far, and that any woman would be lucky to get me for a husband, and so on. And after a little while he went away. But Clemencia was angry with him and said he put on airs, and, indeed, I had never seen him so cold and reserved, therefore I could say nothing in his defence. Well, all that May I worked as I had never done. The

director told me he knew I was to use the espada on the first Sunday in July, and he seemed to be glad; and one or two of the best espadas came to me and said they'd heard the news and should be glad to welcome me among them. All this excited me—and I did better and better. I used to pick out the old prints of Goya, the great painter—you know his works are in the Prado—and do everything the old matadores did, and invent new things. But nothing took like my trick with the capa. One Sunday, I remember, I had done it with six bulls, one after the other, and the people cheered and cheered. But the seventh was a bad bull, and, of course, I didn't do it. And afterwards Clemencia asked me why I didn't, and I told her. For you see I didn't know then that women rate high what they don't understand. Mystery is everything to them. As if the explanation of such a thing makes it any easier. A man wins great battles by seizing the right moment and using it—the explanation is simple, the feat is difficult. One must be great in order to know the moment, that's all. But women don't see that small men alone exaggerate the difficulties of their work. Great men find their work easy and say so, and you'll find that women always underrate great men and overpraise small ones. Clemencia really thought I should learn the espada's work from Juan. Ah! women are strange creatures. Well, after that Sunday she was always bothering me to do the capa trick with every bull.

"If you don't, she used to say, 'you won't get a chance of being an espada.' And when she saw I laughed and paid no attention to that she became more and more obstinate.

"If the people get to know you can only do it with some bulls, they won't think much of you. Do it with every bull, then they can't say anything."

"And I said, 'No; and I shouldn't be able to say anything either.'

"If you love me you will do as I say."

"And when I didn't do as she wished—it was madness—she grew cold to me, and sneered at me, and then urged me again, till I half yielded. Really, by that time I didn't know what I couldn't do, for each day I seemed to get greater power over the bulls. At length a Sunday came, the first, I think, in June, or the last in May. Clemencia sat with her mother and cousin in the best palco; I had got it from the director, who now refused me nothing. I'd done the capa trick with three bulls, one after the other, then the fourth came on. As soon as I saw him I knew he was bad, cunning I mean, and with black rage in the heart of him. The other men stood aside to let me do the trick, but I wouldn't. I ran away like the rest, and let him toss the capa. The people liked me, and so they cheered just the same, thinking I was tired; but suddenly Clemencia called out: 'The capa round the shoulders; the capa trick!' and I looked up at her; and she leaned over the front of the palco, and called out the words again.

"Then rage came into me, rage at her folly and cold heart; I took off my cap to her, and turned and challenged the bull with the capa, and, as he put down his head and rushed, I threw the capa round me and stood still. I did not even look at him. I knew it was no use. He struck me here on the thigh, and I went up into the air. The shock took away my senses. As I came to myself they were carrying me out of the ring, and the people were all standing up; but as I looked towards the palco, I saw she wasn't standing up; she had a handkerchief before her face. At first I thought she was crying, and I felt well, and longed to say to her, 'It doesn't matter, I'm content; then she put down the handkerchief and I saw she wasn't crying. There wasn't a tear in her eyes. She seemed surprised merely, and shocked and perhaps a little anxious. I suppose she thought I could work miracles, or rather she didn't care much whether I was hurt or not. I came to myself in my bed, where I spent the next month. The doctor told the Duke of Medina Celi—he had come to see me the same afternoon—that the shock hadn't injured me, but I should be lame always, as the bull's horns had torn the muscles of my thigh from the bone. 'How he didn't bleed to death,' he said, 'is a wonder; now he'll pull through, but no more play with the bulls for him.' I knew better than the doctor, but I said nothing to him, only to the Duke I said: 'Senor, a promise is a promise; I shall use the espada in your show in July.'

"And he said, 'Yes, my poor boy, if you wish it, and are able; but how came you to make such a mistake?'

"I made no mistake, Senor."

"You knew you'd be struck?'

"I nodded. He looked at me for one moment, and then held out his hand. He understood everything, I'm sure; but he said nothing to me then. Juan came to see me in the evening, and next day Clemencia and her mother. Clemencia was sorry, that I could see, and wanted me to forgive her. As if I had anything to forgive when she stood there so lithe

and straight, with her flower-like face and the appealing eyes. Then came days of pain when the doctors forced the muscles back into their places. Soon I was able to get up, with a crutch, and limp about. As I grew better, Clemencia came seldom, and when she came, her mother never left the room. I knew what that meant. She had told her mother not to go away; for, though the mother thought no one good enough for her daughter, yet she pitied me, and would have left us alone—sometimes. She had a woman's heart. But no, not once. Then I set myself to get well soon. I would show them all, I said to myself, that a lame Montes was worth more than other men. And I got better, so the doctor said, with surprising speed. One day, towards the end of June, I said to the servant of the Duke of Medina Celi—he sent a servant every day to me with fruit and flowers. And the Duke came to see me the very same day.

"I thanked him first for all his kindness to me, and then asked:

"Senor, have you put my name on the bills as espada?"

"No; but I can still," he replied, 'though if I were in your place, I should wait till next season.'

"And I said: 'Senor Duque, it presses. Believe me, weak as I am, I can use the sword.'

"And he answered my very thought. 'Ah! She thinks you can't. And you want to prove the contrary. I shouldn't take the trouble, if I were you; but there! Don't deceive yourself or me; there is time yet for three or four days; then I'll come again to see you, and if you wish to have your chance you shall. I give you my word.' As he left the room I had tears in my eyes, but I was glad, too, and confident. They should see. Save Antonio, the blacksmith, and some people I didn't know, and the Duke's servant, no one had come near me for more than a week. Three days afterwards I wrote to the Duke claiming the fulfilment of his promise, and the very next day Juan, Clemencia, and her mother all came to see me together. They all wanted to know what it meant. My name as espada for the next Sunday, they said, was first on the bills placarded all over Madrid, and the Duke de Medina Celi had put underneath it: 'By special request of H. M. the Queen.' I said nothing but that I was going to play; and I noticed Clemencia wouldn't meet my eyes.

"What a day that was! That Sunday I mean. The Queen was in her box with the Duke beside her as our procession saluted them, and the great ring was crowded tier on tier, and she was in the best palco I could get. But I tried not to think about her. And really my heart seemed to be frozen. Still I know now I worked for her even then. When the first bull came in and the capa men played him, the people began to shout for me—'El Pequeno! El Pequeno! El Pequeno!'—and wouldn't let the games go on. So I limped forward in my espada dress and took a capa from a man and challenged the bull, and he rushed at me—the honest one—and I caught his eye and knew 'twas all right, so I threw the capa round me and turned my back upon him. I saw all the people rise in their excitement, and the Duke lean over the front of the palco—just for one moment—then, as the bull stopped and they began to cheer, I handed back the capa, and, after bowing, went again among the espadas. Then the people christened me afresh—'El Cojo!' (The Lame One)—and I had to come out and bow again and again, and the Queen threw me down a gold cigarette case. I have it still. There it is. I never looked up at Clemencia, though I could see her always. She threw no rose to me that day. Then the time came when I should kill the bull. I took the muleta in my left hand and went towards him with the sword uncovered in my right. I needed no tricks. I held him with my eye, and he looked at me. 'Poor brute!' I thought, 'you are happier than I am.' And he bowed his head with the great, hurt, kindly eyes, and I struck straight through to the heart. On his knees he fell at my feet, and then rolled over dead, almost without a quiver. As I put the sword in the muleta and turned away, the people found their voices. 'Well done, Lame One! Well done!' When I left the ring that day I left it as the first espada in Spain. So the Duke said, and he knew. After one more Sunday the sports were over for the year, but on that second Sunday I did better than on the first, and I was engaged for the next season as first espada, with fifty thousand duros salary. Forty thousand I invested as the Duke advised—I have lived on the interest ever since—the other ten thousand I kept by me.

III.

"I had resolved never to go near Clemencia again, and I kept my resolve for weeks. One day Juan came and told me Clemencia was suffering because of my absence. He said:

(To be continued next week.)

Susie.

By Kathleen Blackburn

"There is this peculiarity about cakes and molasses: If one is to enjoy the cakes, the whole contents of the molasses jug should not be poured upon them at once."
—Criticus.

SHE was the only daughter of a rich English merchant, a fact which was pleasing in outline, but had its detrimental side as well; for only daughters, like only pet dogs, often suffer from an overweening amount of family interest, which is bad for both parties.

An only daughter should be pink and white and proper and lady-like. She should talk well and easily, know how to entertain, and she should be clever enough not to manage mamma; but to be able to raise the family to a higher social position; and, finally, she should do her duty well in the matrimonial way.

Susie Harmon was the possessor of none of these qualities. She was dark and freckled, and her straight hair, which by the help of curling tongs she endeavored to conform to a fashionable fluffiness, had a surprising habit of "coming out," and standing on end in a distressingly unbecoming manner. She walked atrociously too, in a hippy-hop sort of fashion, and her laugh had not that ring about it which would raise her in the social sphere. In fact she was a type of that femininity which dresses badly, giggles inopportunistically, and flirts unnecessarily. For, in accordance with the prevailing fashion which is especially pronounced among English mammas, she had been brought up with the idea that to remain unmarried was distinctly a social crime, and nature and heredity fostered the sentiment.

She was desperately anxious to marry. Did not her father, mother, aunts, uncles and brothers expect it of her? And was it fair to disappoint them? She was conscientious to a degree in that respect, in that she would willingly sacrifice herself to anyone, be he rich or poor, young or old, fair or dark mattered not; she would throw herself into his arms, crying out, "Take all I have, only marry me!"

But now she was thirty, and looked it, and still the possible husband remained sternly hidden behind futurity's veil. Her family began to feel distinctly nervous. Could it be possible that Susie was never going to marry? The only daughter of a rich father too! Impossible! Somebody must turn up some time.

"I cannot understand at all, Mary," Susie's Aunt Emma remarked, confidentially, to Susie's mamma one day. "We have done all we can for Susie. We have entertained; we have given dances and dinner-parties; she has had every opportunity, and it all seems wasted. I am very much afraid that the poor girl will live and die an old maid!"

"I'm afraid so," Susie's mamma answered, sadly, shaking her head as she spoke. She was a stout, sweet-faced, middle-aged lady, with mild, melancholy looking eyes, and a placid manner, as unlike her only daughter as the proverbial hen with the ugly duckling. "But I don't think I'm to blame, Emma; am I?" she asked pathetically. "I am sure, as you say, that we did everything that lay in our power, and now I do not feel like exerting myself any more; besides, I am tired of entertaining."

"Well, I think, Mary, I think I should keep it up just for this winter, and then if nothing happens, I really would give it up. Susie tells me that there was a young man named Underwood. George Underwood I think she said, who showed her marked attention at the Crystal Palace Ball the other evening and—who knows?—perhaps he may really be taken with her."

"What is he like, Emma, and what does he do?" Mrs. Harmon asked.

"Oh, Susie says he is tall and fair and quite gentlemanly, and she fancies he is a bank clerk, but she isn't sure. However, he is going to call on Sunday afternoon, and then we can judge for ourselves. I hope we shall like him, though."

"I hope so, indeed!" Susie's mamma ejaculated, fervently.

About a fortnight after the foregoing conversation Susie's mamma and aunt were sitting together in the parlor, placidly drinking their cup of afternoon tea, when their quiet was unceremoniously broken in upon by the sudden entrance of Susie, who burst wildly into the room in a visible state of agitation.

"Susie!" they both ejaculated, in mildly remonstrative tones.

"Do put your hat on straight, dear. It

always worries me to see it so crooked," her mother remarked.

"Oh, don't bother me!" the young lady exclaimed, impatiently, as she paced excitedly up and down the room. "I have got something else to think about now besides hats."

"Oh, what is it, Susie?" Aunt Emma inquired, anxiously. "Has—"

"Yes, Auntie, George has proposed, and I think I am just the happiest girl in the world!"

"When did it happen?" Mrs. Harmon asked, with a tremble of excitement in her voice.

"Just now, Mamma. I met him when I was coming out of the Crystal Palace, and he walked home with me."

"What did he say, Susie? Do tell us what he said," Aunt Emma, who had a teasing disposition, asked coaxingly.

"Oh! Auntie, how could you! Don't you know that love is too holy a thing to be flaunted in the eyes of the world, and that what passes between George and myself is sacred even from my mother. I would never reveal it, never!" Susie answered, romantically, with a wrapt expression in her brown eyes.

"Oh, very well, then, Susie," answered Aunt Emma, airily, "I shall ask George myself, then. When is he coming?"

"To-night," Susie replied, stiffly. "I have invited him to dinner, and I will beg of you, Aunt Emma, not to say anything of the kind."

Mr. George Underwood was a pale, nervous, gentlemanly young man, of twenty-five or thereabouts, to whom the conjugation of the verb "amo" had hitherto been a lesson still unlearned; for, like Bret Harte's Chinaman, "he was childlike and bland." But Susie's warmth of manner, her appealing brown eyes, her extreme volubility, and a certain appropriating air she had, fairly carried him away, thawed out his bashfulness, and converted him into that state of mind which, rightly or wrongly, seemed to him to be the personal application of the verb which up to this time he had so grievously neglected. Stimulated by this deep-seated conviction, and also by the active coercion on the part of his innamorata, he proposed, and was instantly accepted.

That evening Susie met him in the hall with a joyful smile, crushed her pink chiffon sleeve against his arm, and held up her face for the expected kiss. Mrs. Harmon and Aunt Emma greeted him graciously and sweetly, Uncle Henry and the boys were cordially polite, while Mr. Harmon, whose long-felt want seemed now about to be gratified, beamed upon him, patted him on the back, gave him fatherly advice, and finally, as a great mark of his esteem, took him all around the rooms to show him the oil paintings and family portraits.

Then dinner was announced. It was one of those long, tedious English dinners, which carry the participant by gradual stages through the crescendo of the solid meaty courses down to the diminuendo of the delicate jellies, fruits and confections.

The Harmons as a family were fond of the good things of life; they were also fond of demonstration, of lengthy speeches, toasts, etc., etc. And upon such an occasion as this, what could be more befitting than that the health of the young engaged couple should be duly pledged in a glass of sparkling champagne? So Mr. Harmon, ruddy, bright-eyed, beaming, rose at the head of his table and addressed his daughter and future son-in-law in flowery and eloquent language. He spoke of the charms of his dear daughter, of the manly grace of her lover, of the happiness which the engagement had given to them all, and he hoped that the future might hold for them both an ever-widening increase of blessings and joy. But young Underwood, who was unaccustomed to such effusion, failed to appreciate it, listened to it, nervously, smiled feebly, pulled his fair, downy mustache, and felt vaguely uncomfortable.

"You must make a speech now, George," Susie exclaimed, archly, as soon as her father was seated.

"Yes, Mr. Underwood, you must make a speech," said Aunt Emma, and all the family looked at George and waited. But the young man, blushing to the roots of his sleek, brown hair, stammered out a hasty apology. He had never made a speech in his life, he did not know how, he really must beg to be excused, etc., etc.; but his apology was only accepted upon the promise that next time his speech would be forthcoming. And then to his great relief Mrs. Harmon gave the signal to rise, and the family repaired to the

drawing-room, where cups of coffee were handed round and music was proposed.

George did not sing? No? Did he like music? Then Susie must sing for them.

Susie's voice was a high soprano with a quaver running through it, and her songs were all of the very sentimental, die-for-love order, and intensified by the fact that she sang them directly to George.

It was trying. George shuffled his feet, blushed a little, turned away his head, and tried to look unconscious; but the family gaze was fastened on him, and he could not get away from it. Would the song never come to an end? The perspiration was standing out on his forehead in large drops, and his hands had turned cold. Ah! there was the last verse! He breathed more freely, and screwed up his courage to glance at his fiancée. She has just given the final note of her song, and was now gazing upon her lover with a rapturous warmth which seemed positively to envelop him.

"Brave Susie!" her father exclaimed, at the same time applauding her vigorously. "Now give us that little thing about the dying soldier."

"Do you mean 'The Warrior Bold,' papa?" Susie asked, in her sweetest voice.

"Yes, give us that. We haven't had half enough yet; have we, George?"

George assented with a sickly smile, and the song proceeded.

Then Aunt Emma sang, and the boys all sang in turn, and then George glanced at the clock and found to his relief that it was half-past ten. It would not, no it certainly would not be impolite to say good-by now. He arose nervously, and shook hands all round.

"I will come to the door with you, Susie," he whispered as she gave his hand a parting squeeze.

By this time she was loving him intensely, unaffectedly, with the bottled-up enthusiasm of thirty unloved years. She loved him with her eyes, her lips, her chiffon sleeves which she threw affectionately around his neck. She loved him unreservedly, unblushingly and publicly with tender words and still more tender glances.

George was fairly saturated with love, and as he walked swiftly homewards that night he drew his breath out with a rush, while vague, half-formed thoughts flitted through his brain. Was it—was it really the usual thing for a young lady to do—well, to do more than half the love-making? At least, he had always heard not. But as he was a guileless young man, and did not know much about such things, he bore it all very loyally and manfully for a whole week; he called quite often to see his lady-love; he took her for walks in the afternoon, allowed her to cling lovingly to his arm in broad daylight, and to kiss him unreservedly on the doorstep in view of all the neighbors, and he expended his small savings on the purchase of a handsome diamond ring.

The next week, however, reaction set in; he began to feel very much like a fly who has unwarily crawled into a honey-pot, and whose one object in life is to escape from the sweetness which but a short time ago had appeared so enticing.

But how? He was essentially a gentleman, and the prospect of wounding anyone, especially when the "anyone" belonged to the gentle sex, seemed revolting in the extreme. How was he to do it? How was he to unwind Susie's loving arms, to break away from her clinging kisses and appealing glances? How? He racked his brains. Flight, suicide, martyrdom, or brutal candor presented themselves in turn. Which should he choose? Flight? Impossible! He had no money, and, besides, there was his family to consider. Suicide? No, not that. He was too healthy, too evenly balanced to choose violent means. Martyrdom? Well, in the olden days he might have consented to be burned at the stake for the sake of religious views; but to take Susie henceforth "for better, for worse!" No, it was more than flesh and blood could stand. Then the last course alone remained open to him! He shivered in the warm summer air. It was so cruelly blunt, so crude, so everything that was in direct contrariety to his natural disposition. He, who shrank sensitively from shooting a bird or a rabbit, or even from killing a house-fly or a gnat.

And then again, how in heaven's name was he to do the beastly thing? Go to the house and tell her? Cold drops of perspiration stood out upon his forehead at the bare idea. Why, she might faint in his arms, or fly into a passion, or scream, and in any case she would be sure to cry; for that was always woman's weapon, her peculiar method of self-defence.

Could he send a friend? No, that was cowardly, and besides would even friendship stand such a strain upon it?

Then he must write. Yes, that was the best, the only way; for he could pick and choose his words, and try to do the thing as delicately as possible.

He walked slowly upstairs to his room, took some pale pink notepaper out of his blotter, and began:

"Dear Miss Harmon—"

"Dear Miss Harmon!" That sounded

terribly formal; but he could not say Dear Susie. Perhaps "My Dear Miss Harmon" would sound better. Yes. He tore up the sheet, and began again:

"My Dear Miss Harmon: I have a confession to make to you which I feel must not be delayed."

That would do for a beginning.

"I wonder how I, a penniless bank clerk, could have had the temerity to ask you to leave your own luxurious home just to share my humble lot."

"Humble lot!" That sounded terrible, so hackneyed; but it would have to do.

"I feel it is too much to ask from you. I feel it would only be right, just, and manly of me to release you from an engagement which is sadly one-sided."

"Heavens! What a hypocrite I am developing into!" he exclaimed out loud. "But I can't tell her the whole truth, and I must finish it. There is no other way out of it." He picked up his pen and began again.

"Besides, I am afraid that we are too unsuited ever to find happiness in one another's society. It is better to discover this now than afterward, when it is too late. I hope, I sincerely hope, that this letter will not hurt your feelings in any way, but, believe me, it is for the best that we should part. Thanking you for all the kindness that I have received from you and yours, I remain yours sincerely, "George Underwood."

Would that do? He threw down the pen, and picking up the letter read it through carefully.

"Brutal, hypocritical!" he ejaculated, "but it must go. Now for the envelope."

He took out a pink one to match the paper, and addressed it in his round, semi-schoolboy hand:

"Miss Harmon,

"Fairloigh,

"Anerly."

Then he placed a stamp carefully and methodically upon its right-hand corner, and, throwing on his hat, went out in search of a pillar-box.

That same evening the Harmon household, including Aunt Emma and Uncle Henry, were seriously alarmed by a succession of unearthly noises, wild shrieks, and savage thumpings which seemed to proceed from the room overhead.

"What is that? Oh, Emma, what is that?" Mrs. Harmon cried out, turning pale and throwing down her cards as she spoke.

"Susie! I am afraid it's Susie!" Aunt Emma exclaimed.

"Susie?" Mr. Harmon demanded, sharply.

"Sue?" the boys ejaculated. "Whatever has struck poor old Sue?"

The sounds still continued.

"We must go up and see what is the matter," Mr. Harmon said, in a brisk tone of voice; so, in a body, they flew up the stairs. The boys were the first to reach the door and throw it open. "Good heavens! Susie!" they exclaimed, for Susie, tragically waving a pink envelope over her head, paced wildly up and down the room, sobbing and shrieking.

"Susie! Susie! What is the matter, dear?" Aunt Emma asked, soothingly.

"Don't—don't touch me," she moaned between her sobs. "My—my life—is ruined."

"Oh, my dear, what do you mean?" Mrs. Harmon said, tremblingly.

"George—George—has broken—off the engagement."

"Oh, Susie!" they all cried out in chorus.

"And I—loved—loved him so. I—shall never—never be happy again."

"I cannot understand it; can you, Mary?" Aunt Emma asked, wonderingly. "Did you do anything to turn him from you, Susie?"

"Oh, no. I—only gave him—all the love—that was in my heart—I kept—nothing back—and—and—this is the way—he has rewarded me!"

"Poor Susie! Poor child, come here to your father; he will always care for you," Mr. Harmon said, tenderly, as he placed a pair of paternal arms round his daughter's waist.

Then the family united in a fruitless effort to bring comfort to her stricken heart. Mr. Harmon held her in his arms; Aunt Emma applied a bottle of smelling-salts to her nose; Mrs. Harmon gently stroked her hand, while the boys each in turn furtively patted the back of her head. But in spite of their endeavors many weeks and months passed by before Susie was able to recover her former elasticity. She had loved George Underwood with the desperation of first love, with the abandonment of youth, and with the ripened love of maturer years combined, and now he was gone, gone forever, leaving behind him only a "sorrow's crown" of remembrance, and the prospect, the unpleasant prospect, of perpetual maidenhood.

The Bombarding of Faure.

"The poet laureate of England is the man to write up them fellows who throw the bum at the French president."

"Why so, weary?"

"Cause he's such a bum bard."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.