

THE SAND HILLS.

"Here, now, trader, aisey, aisey. Quick-ands I've seen along the sayshore, an up to me halfway I've been in wan, wid a double an twist in the rope to pull me out, but a suckin sand in the open plain—aw, trader, aw, the like of that, no niver a bit, aw!" So said Macavoy, the giant, when the thing was discussed in his presence.

game for a boy, not an adventurer, for the trapper's only creed was that women were like deer—spoils for the hunter. Pierre saw it, but he was above petty anger. He merely said: "If a man have an eye to see behind the face, he understands the foolish laugh of a man or the hand of a good woman. That is much. So Hilton's wife told us all. She had ridden 200 miles from the southwest and was making for Fort Michah, 60 miles farther north. For what? She had loved a man against the will of her people. There had been a feud, and Garrison—that was the lover's name—was the last on his own side. There was trouble at a Hudson Bay company's post, and Garrison shot a half breed. Men say he was right to shoot him, for a woman's name must be safe up here. Besides the half breed drew first. Well, Garrison was tried and must go to jail for a year. At the end of that time he was free. The girl, Janie, knew the day. Word had come to her. She made everything ready. She knew her brothers were watching—her three brothers and two other men who had tried to get her love. She knew also that the five would carry on the feud against the one man. So one night she took the best horse on the ranch and started away toward Fort Michah.

"Alors, you know how she got there, after two days' hard riding, enough to kill a man, and over 50 years to do. She was sure her brothers were on her track. But if she could get to Fort Michah and be married to Garrison before they came she wanted no more. There were only two horses of use at Hilton's post then—all the rest were away or not fit for hard travel. There was my Tophet and a lean chestnut with a long propelling gait and not an ounce of loose skin on him. There was but one way—the girl must get there. Allons, what is the good? What is life without these things? The girl loves the man. She must have him in spite of all. There was only Hilton and his wife and me at the post, and Hilton was lame from a fall, and one arm in a sling. If the brothers followed, well, Hilton could not interfere, he was a company's man, but for myself, as I said, I was hungry for adventure. I had an ache in my blood for something. I was tingling to my toes; my heart was thumping in my throat. All the cords of my legs were straightening, like I was in the saddle."

"Dawn was just breaking cozy and gray at the swell of the prairie over the Jumping Sand hills. They lay quiet and shining in the green brown plain, but I knew that beneath there was a churn which could set those swells of sand in motion and make deadly sport of an army. Who can tell what it is? A flood under the surface, a tidal river—what? No man knows. But they are sea monsters on the land. Every morning at sunrise they begin to eddy and roll, and no man ever saw a stranger sight. Bien, I looked back. There were four horsemen coming on about three miles away. What was there to do? The girl and myself on my tired horse were too much. They saw also and hurried on. There came to me a great idea. I must reach and cross the Jumping Sand hills before sunrise. It was all a deadly chance.

"When we got to the edge of the sand, they were almost a mile behind. I was all sick to my teeth as my poor Tophet stepped into the sand. God, how I watched that davel! Slow, slow we toiled over the dunes. As we reached the farther side I felt that it was beginning to move. The sun was showing like the lid of an eye along the plain. I looked back. All four horsemen were in the sand, plunging on toward us. By the time we touched the brown green prairie on the farther side the sand was rolling behind us. The girl had not looked back. She seemed too dazed. I jumped from the horse and told her that she must push on alone to the fort; that Tophet could not carry both; that I should be in no danger. She looked at me, I cannot tell how, then stooped and kissed me between the eyes. I have never forgotten. I struck Tophet, and she was gone to her happiness, for she reached the fort and her lover's arms.

"But I stood looking back upon the Jumping Sand hills. So was there over a sight like that—those hills gone like a smelting floor, the sunrise spotting it with rose and yellow and three horses and their riders fighting what cannot be fought. What could I do? They would have got the girl if I had not led them across, and they would have killed me if they could. Only one cried out, and then but once, in a long shriek. But after all three were quiet as they fought until they were gone where no man could see, where none cries out so we can hear."

There was a long pause, painful to bear. The trader sat with eyes fixed humbly as a dog's on Pierre. At last Macavoy said: "She kissed you, Pierre—aw, yis, she did that! Just betwene the eyes. Do yis ever see her now, Pierre?" But Pierre, though looking at him, made no answer.—Gilbert Parker.

THE SILENT MAN.

"Orman, of all men, on board the old Mahanadi!" "Yes." "Orman, a person of great gravity, ascends the last two steps of the gangway and finds himself on the historic deck of the Mahanadi. He shakes hands with Evelyn Martens, young Martens of the Sikhs, and looks round to see that the boatman is bringing his luggage.

DAUGHTERS OF CUBA. Fair Exiles Organized to Assist the Patriot Armies. The colony of Cuban exiles in New York city embraces a large number of patriotic women who wear the single starred flag of Cuba as a symbol of their allegiance to its cause. About 100 of these charming rebels have organized a club which they call the "Hijas de Cuba," or "Daughters of Cuba," for the purpose of giving encouragement and assistance to the patriot armies. The club has already sent several thousand dollars to the insurgents, and at a recent fair over \$800 was taken in at the booths and tables, where dark eyed Cuban beauties smiled on the chivalrous public's generosity.

WHAT TWO SAW.

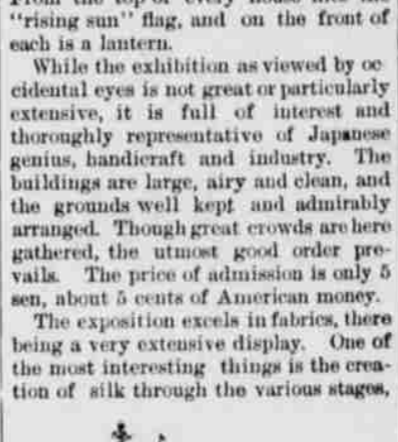
Possibly there is nothing in it. Probably you will say that it is impossible that there could be more than nothing in it. Yet for days and days and night after night it never left my thoughts, nor can I drive it from me. And now, after a lapse of ten years, I have but to close my eyes and it is all just as real to me as though it had happened yesterday.

HOW CHRISTY PAID A DEBT. The head of the famous Christy minstrel troop was not George, but E. P. Christy, who originated the company some time back in the forties, and the following story of the latter is interesting: Christy, then a young man, was a passenger on a Lake Erie steamboat commanded by Captain Folger and bound to Buffalo, where the first show was to come off. But the minstrel had not even a dollar to invest in the hire of a cellar for the performance. Captain Folger, to whom he made known his wants, generously handed him a \$20 bill, telling him that he was welcome to it, and that he need not trouble himself about paying it back. On the strength of this \$20 Christy began business and in a few years became successful and rich.



MRS. V. ZAYAS-BAZAN. Ident and one of the leading spirits of the club is Mrs. V. Zayas-Bazan, the wife of an ardent sympathizer with the Cuban cause. Mrs. Bazan is young, strikingly beautiful and an acknowledged belle among the young matrons of the Cuban colony. She comes of a fine old Matanzas family—Garcia de Manosca—and her grandmother was known as "the richest woman in Matanzas" before the ruin of the last war.

THE NEW JAPAN. It is mirrored in the National Exhibition at Kioto. Kioto, aptly termed the heart of Japan, and the most interesting and fascinating city in the Mikado's domain, is now holding a national exposition. This year is called the "Heinansuto Kinenai," and the fair commemorates the eleven hundredth anniversary of the establishment of the ancient capital at Kioto by the fiftieth emperor or Kwamu. The quaint old city, always a beehive of industry, is now busier than ever, and from end to end is profusely decorated with banners and at night illuminated with colored lights.



ENTRANCE TO KIOTO EXHIBITION. From the ocean to the completed fabric. The embroideries, wonderfully rich, beautiful and artistic, are such only the Japanese can produce. There is a splendid and attractive exhibit of ceramics, in which Japan leads the world. In the art department are seen some excellent paintings, many of them original, from the brushes of native artists.

Likely to Remember. Proud Mother—You haven't kissed the baby. Bachelor Uncle—Um—er—I'll try to remember next time. I'll kiss her when I—er—come back from Europe. "When will that be?" "Let—me—see. About 15 years."—New York Weekly.

Frederick the Great had a sharp, hatched face, with a cold, blue eye, that, as one of his contemporaries said, "gleamed like a reflection of light from a bayonet."



Old Cashy (giving his son a check;—Now, be careful, my boy. Remember, a fool and his money are soon parted. Spendall Cashy—Yes, sir, and thank you for having obliged me so promptly.—Scribner's Magazine.

inside. The girl was asleep. There was something in the touch of Hilton's wife like sleep itself, like music. It was her voice, that touch. She could not speak with her tongue, but her hands and face were language and music. Bien, there was the girl asleep, all clear of dust and stain, and that fine hand. It lay loose on her breast, so quiet, so quiet. Enfin, the real story, for how she lay there does not matter, but still it was good to see when we knew the story."

The trapper was laughing silently to himself to hear Pierre in his romantic mood. A woman's hand—it was the