

The Contrabandist; OR One Life's Secret!

A TRUE STORY OF THE SOUTH OF FRANCE

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

Rose was very proud of her flowers and she loved them, too. This morning she had brought the first of the rare white roses which had appeared in the warm sunshine on her favorite tree. She was continuing her way, when a shadow fell across the sunlit path, and she started. Her hand to her head, she beheld her cousin Gasparde.

"Good morning, Mademoiselle Rose," he said.

Carelessly and briefly she returned his salutation, and was hurrying on to escape from his unwelcome presence, when he laid his hand on her arm.

"Stop a moment, Cousin Rose; I want to ask you a question. It is about the cottage a moment ago, and found neither your father nor yourself at home. I wanted to see him on business. I caught sight of you coming along the road here, and as I hurried on to overtake you to ask you when he was."

"He is at the house of neighbor Antoine, I believe," answered Rose, coldly. "At least, he said he was going there. But let me go, if you please, Gasparde," and she slipped her arm away from his hand, whose lighter touch was disagreeable to her—let me go! I am in a great hurry. I am going to the chateau."

"O, are you?" he said, coldly; "then I will accompany you as far as neighbor Antoine's, where I may meet your father. I will take my gun with me, and you may as well go with me, as you are so lonely a road as this."

"I walked on by her side, whistling some gay air from time to time; but he did not speak again for a long while. Rose was in a great deal of the subject of discussion which had been the subject of the night before should be renewed. But he kept on, whistling and meditating by turns, without recurring to it; and he did not mean to trouble her with it again, she began to feel somewhat relieved.

At length, however, he stopped whistling and glanced down at his companion's face.

"They say the Count d'Artois has arrived at the chateau," he remarked.

Rose was silent, though she saw some resemblance was expected.

"I suppose there will be gay doings there now," he went on, seeing that she did not mean to speak; "for the count is a gay man, and not a very good one either," he added, maliciously, though he knew nothing whatever of the count's character. "People tell that he is a great spendthrift."

Yet Rose was silent, though her cheeks grew hotter. It was nothing to her what character the gentleman might bear; for she was not almost an utter stranger to him? But she had seen him, and conceived a good opinion of him, and she was ashamed and indignant at Gasparde's insinuations, ill-natured remarks.

"Report says, too," continued Gasparde, "that he has a very beautiful daughter, Mademoiselle Helen. The contract was made years ago. What do you think of all that, Cousin Rose?" for he was determined, by a direct question, to make her speak to him.

"I think you are very wicked and very disagreeable," she answered plainly, "in pulling other people's characters to pieces, and a gossip who meddles with other people's affairs. Excuse me, Gasparde; I am ashamed of you," and she hurried on.

"Hard words—hard words, Mademoiselle," said Gasparde, speaking in a careless tone, and hitting his lips to conceal the reaction caused by her sharp reproof; "but coming from such pretty lips, I may as well take them for earnest in the world. Do you know, Cousin Rose, I have heard it said that a woman ever treats worst the man she best likes; so I take your hard handling for so many compliments, and feel quite flattered by them."

Rose grew a little paler; but she neither looked at nor answered him. And still she hurried on, glad that she was so near the end of her walk, for she had almost reached the ascent to the chateau.

"Well, cousin," said Gasparde, "I hope you have thought better of the other which I made to you last night."

"No, nor ever shall," she answered, resolutely, though with a slight tremulousness of tone.

"That is a great pity; for I am resolved to have you, at all events, my dear, so you need not be shy. And now, there is another question still, Rose. I suppose you haven't seen this recently young count of whom we have been speaking?"

"There was a sneer in his tone. His evil glances, in a sidelong direction, scanned the young girl's countenance."

"O, you won't tell, eh?" he said, "I suppose if I should ask a closer question, I might get you to talk. Was he at the cottage last night, or this morning?"

"I will not tell you," she uttered, trembling in every limb with fear and indignation. And she attempted to spring up the path; but he seized her hand and prevented her.

"Not so fast, my dear. I must keep you a little longer. Listen, now. I know he was there, although you have been very careful not to tell me; for the tracks of a horse's feet and a gentleman's boots are in the soil outside, the latter belonging almost to my neighbor. I have his measure. But he won't come there again, mind that! Now, my pretty cousin, you may give me a kiss."

"Gasparde, let me go!" she cried, in terror and disgust, as he held her hand. "O, you won't give me one, will you? Why, then, I must take it."

"Must you? There are two words to that bargain, my man!"

It was a light form that sprang out of the thicket by the wayside, a resolute voice that uttered these words; a graceful arm with iron force that laid the rascal, at one stroke, prostrate on the earth. And Gasparde, lying at the feet of his assailant, was almost insensible with rage. He had seen that form, heard that voice, felt the weight of that arm, to his cost before.

And Count Louis stood there quietly, as Gasparde rose again to his feet, shaking his clenched hand with muttering mones, and seemingly inclined to return the attack.

"Come, you want some more, my fine fellow, I think," said the gentleman, "if that is the case, I can finish you as well now as any time. You deserve a sound thrashing, and I am quite willing to administer it. Are you ready to receive it?"

The man gave avengeful glance, another warning that clenched hand, and, turning, walked rapidly down the ascent, without uttering a word.

The count looked after him an instant, and then joined Rose, who, with blinded fear and interest, had watched this brief scene.

"Ah, monsieur, I thank you very

"Adieu, my little friend," he touched her hand in a half-assured clasp.

"Adieu, monsieur. You have been very good to come so far with me."

"It was a pleasure," he smiled, turned away, and was gone.

And Rose, after a moment's thoughtful glance at his receding figure, went in and prepared her father's dinner against his return.

"I will have no insolence, Gasparde, mind that! You keep away from Rose in the future. She deserves you, and your language and conduct of this morning fully justify her in so doing. I warn you. You know my character; beware of arousing me by a repetition of this."

High Lamotte, at making, had been standing at his door, and Gasparde, returning to his house beyond the forest from the village, where he had passed the day, was obliged to pause on the path leading past the cottage, to receive the stern reprimand of the farmer. He feared High; he could not resist, by the display of his usual bravado, the bitter severity of High's words, and in these circumstances, his last resort was a sullen silence, which indicated the spirit in which he received them.

"Do not come lither again. Keep where you belong, among your fellows. I shall be there to-night, at the rendezvous. And it will be near the last time, to give you orders. I must clear my hands of this business soon. I am getting sick of it."

"Getting sick of it, is he?" muttered the fellow to himself. "Good! I shall have a rare sweep of it, when I get affairs under my management. You will abdicate, monsieur, in my favor. Excellent!"

"Go," said High Lamotte, coldly, at length, as he looked up once more—go! it is sufficient—the lesson which I give the count has taught you this morning; otherwise, you would receive from me something more serious than the reproof I have given you. Go! And he turned and went into the cottage, shutting the door behind him.

"Oh, I will pay you finely—won't I, monsieur?" muttered Gasparde, between his clenched teeth, and making a menacing motion towards the direction of the count, too. I have a reckoning with both of you, a long one. Never fear but I will pay it well; and then for my pretty Rose, of whom you are so jealous!"

(To be continued.)

LONG-DISTANCE SIGN TALK.

Smoke Pillars and Fire Arrows Were Indian Methods of Communication.

Talking by smoke was one of the means of communication upon the American plains in the early days of travel. This kind of talk soon became intelligible to the traveler, so that he understood the significance of the signs of smoke which he sometimes saw rising from a distant ridge or hill, and answered in kind from a different direction. It was the signal that the Indians across miles of intervening country, and was used in rallying the warriors for an attack, or in warning them of a retreat when that seemed necessary.

The Indian had a way of sending up the smoke in rings and puffs, knowing that such a column would at once be noticed and understood to be a signal, and not the smoke from some ordinary campfire.

The rings were made by covering the fire with a blanket for a moment, then suddenly removing the blanket and allowing the smoke to ascend, when the fire was instantly covered up again. The columns of ascending smoke rings said to twenty or thirty miles: "Look out, there is an enemy near."

A writer in the magazine explains that three smoke pillars could together mean danger. One smoke simply said, "Attention." Two meant, "Camp at this place."

To one who has traveled upon the plains the usefulness of this long-distance telephone becomes at once apparent. Sometimes at night the traveler saw fiery lines crossing the sky, shooting up and falling, perhaps taking a direction diagonal to the line of vision.

If he was an old-timer he might interpret the signals, and know that one fire-arrow—an arrow prepared by treating the head of a shaft with gunpowder and the bark—meant the same as the column of smoke puffs, namely, "An enemy is near." Two fire-arrows meant "Danger." Three arrows said, "This danger is great." Several arrows said, "The enemy are too many for us." Two arrows shot up into the air at once meant, "We shall attack." Three at once said, "We attack now." Thus the untutored savage could telephone as well at night as by day.

ATCROSS GLOBE LIGHTS.

Comments on Everyday Matters by an Original Genialist.

The longer a woman has been married the smaller the knot of hair on the back of her head.

Young people long to uncover the future, but in a few years they lose this desire in trying to cover up the past.

We have noticed that the mosquito that sings soprano is always more fierce and hungry than those that sing tenor or bass.

Many a man is charged with unkindness to his wife because she has gotten herself into a haggard state getting up a church entertainment.

There isn't much said in a marriage service, but almost everything the man wants to do for the balance of his life his conscience reminds him that he promised not to do at the wedding.

We have heard it said lately that an old man should kiss only old women. You might as well say that an old man should select only withered, overripe cantaloupes, or little old apples that are dried up.

The woman who owns a silk petticoat is the object of some envy, but the envy that stays by one all day, and sits on one's pillow at night, is felt only by the woman who manages to keep her spare rooms rented.

The older women speak of a girl of seventeen as being a mere child but when a married man considers her as nothing but a prattling babe, and kisses her as such, what a howl is raised because he kissed a grown young woman!

When a girl gets married all her young man kiss themselves with her wedding outfit, and see that she has the proper amount of skirts, etc., with the proper amount of tramping on every article. But does anyone go with the groom to buy his wedding clothes? Does his mother or sister pick out a ruffled pajama, and does any one ever know if his wedding socks are pairs? Isn't it a fact that the bridegroom gets a great deal of nag-

Why Lucretia Went Home

"BANGETY! Bangety! Bang!"

"That mop again!" groaned Davis Herron, fixing his wife with an irritable eye as he sat back despairingly in his easy chair, spreading the Evening Banner over his knees with nervous fingers.

"I'm sorry, Davis," said apologetic little Mrs. Herron, "it does seem an impossibility for Lucretia to do anything quietly."

Her husband gave a disapproving grunt. "Why?" he remarked surlily. "I bought this farm to have a little quiet, that's what I bought it for. I come out of town to rest my nerves, and what do I get? I hire a farmer to run the place; I give you money for help; I do everything I can, and I'm not considered a bit. Next Summer—" his high head leaned back surlily.

"I've done my best," returned Cornelia Herron. "No town servant will stay out here. We are fortunate to get Lucretia Woods, I say."

Davis gave a weak smile of condescension. When his manfully meek better half allowed that metallic note to creep into her soft voice and pined on her eye glasses, it was time to snuff.

"Of course, of course," he made haste to say. "But, my dear, you see how it affects me."

"And I do more work than I like to," went on Mrs. Herron, taking advantage. "If fancy cared for housework we should get along nicely. I get every little I can out of Lucretia. She isn't a regular domestic, you know. Her father has a farm home. Nothing but my entreaties induced the girl to help us out. I wish she wouldn't trust matters so lightly, though. She don't mind anything and—"

But Mr. Herron had wisely resumed the perusal of his paper, while the clatter of dishes in the nearby kitchen and the hearty strains of song in accompaniment beset his abused ears.

Then help one another, boys.

Do it with a will,

sang Lucretia, and it was plainly evident that the vocalist was doing things with a will.

Twenty years before Davis Herron, then a clerk in the savings bank at Riverport, had decided that his dream of repose lay in a tiny farm two miles from the village. This idea had never left him. Now the village was a large and flourishing town, and he was treasurer of the bank with a good salary, and the savings of years. The farm was his at last, and that very Spring he had taken possession with his wife and daughter, to enjoy his dream, driving to and from his place of business with the air of a landed proprietor.

Alas! the dream at times was of the nightmarish description. An ideal spot was this little farm of a few acres, with its pretty comfortable dwelling and the old-fashioned barn; the brook singing through the meadow and the beautiful background of hills. They all loved it. Davis, Cornelia, and even Fanny, their only and much spoiled daughter, a pretty indolent girl of twenty-one, whose particular admirer, Albert Melton, suddenly developed an insatiable interest in farm affairs and a taste for the exciting work.

Albert was a comparatively new star on the Herron horizon, but a bright one, being a young man of industry and prospects. So he was made welcome and appeared with regularity and very high collars, but as yet had made no special sign of matrimonial interest. For the rest of him, he was of a rather serious mien and good looking, a fascinating combination.

Sympathizing deeply with the agricultural vocations of the new around Herron, he also lent a kindly ear to the domestic anxieties which began with the almost immediate departure of the old and tried bride, to be succeeded by two incompetents, and at present ending in the tolls of Lucretia, a late and bustling mixture of noise and ability.

"Melton," Davis had said confidentially. "I'd rather run a bank than a farm. I declare I would. Of course I know all about it, have studied those subjects for years, and yet everything depends upon conditions. When we need rain, I instruct my farmer, he disagrees; I command him, he tells me to go run the bank. Says things will come up when they get ready. An excellent man and laborious, but not respectful. What would you do?"

"I'd let him alone," replied Albert, laughing.

"But it's my farm. Well, then I drive out the afternoon for rest and a pleasant reposeful evening, and my wife says, 'Oh dear, this has been a hard day. That isn't pleasant, and the girl we have now doesn't do a thing but bang so that I can't read.' Nice girl, you understand, only terribly noisy. I'm a nervous man, Melton. What would you advise?"

"I'd let them alone," said Albert again. "You'll get some noise wherever you go. One would think, though, with three women, household affairs in so small an establishment might be cleared up by night and give you a chance to read in peace."

"I should like to see," Mrs. Herron is a splendid housekeeper; that she lays out work finely and keeps the place tight at it. Can't do much herself. She is sort of mild but keeps pecking at you. We have two in the winter, but out in this bit of a Summer home there is nothing to do."

Melton looked at him as he sat smoking complacently. "Enough," he thought. "So the old lady is the pecker kind, eh? I shouldn't have suspected it."

"Fanny feeds her birds and has her music, besides much reading and some correspondence. She never has time for these household matters; later such things, anyway, and we don't care to have her do that sort of work," went on Davis, pleasantly. "Lucretia tried to break her in, but no. I overheard them and had to snuff. Said the girl; 'Miss Fanny, feeding birds won't bring you a husband. You ought to learn to feed men. Maybe you won't get one

if you don't.' Let him marry the cook, then," said Fanny. Pretty good answer, wasn't it?" Herron chuckled and half winked at his companion. "Guess there's no danger of her being an old maid," he whispered knowingly.

But the other went home early that evening and during his call was unusually silent. Neither did he appear for several days.

It was a warm Saturday afternoon when he walked up the path between the rose bushes and espied the fair Mrs. Herron cozily settled in the hammock. Her greeting was drowsily effusive, Albert suspected a recent nap. "Get a chair and sit down by me," she invited. "This is the coolest place I could find. Where have you been?"

"Oh, busy, and it's hot to tramp over. I told your father I would come today."

"Yes, he said he saw you. I hope next week you will not be so busy and that it will be cooler." She smiled up at him. "How is your business?" she asked brightly.

"Good. I'm getting but it's slow work. I have to figure pretty close. Nowadays, it costs a lot to live and have many comforts, not to speak of luxuries."

The girl in the hammock looked thoughtfully away across the warm meadows. Her delicate eyebrows lifted a trifle.

"I heard father say that he believed



"THAT MOP AGAIN!" GROANED DAVIS HERRON.

you would be a very successful business man some day," she murmured.

"Some day I hope to be," he replied, and there was a long pause, in which a clattering in the kitchen became unpleasantly audible.

Then from an upper window quavered a complaining voice, "Lucretia!"

"Yes'm."

"Did you sweep the dining room?"

"Yes'm."

"Have you dusted the books and cleaned the silver?"

"No'm, haven't had time yet. I'm makin' muffins."

"Well, do it before night, won't you?"

"I'll try. The berries had to be all picked over." The loud, cheerful voice had a tired ring.

Presently, after a hush, something appeared to have been let loose in the rear of the house. A great clanging of pans and shoving of chairs, then a not unmelodious outburst:

"Never grow and blue—"

"Oh, my, but I'm most dead with the heat!" interpolated.

"And never sit down with a tear and a frown."

"Bur pad—"

"Thump! Silence."

"Sat down, I guess," exclaimed Fanny, laughing. "Why? What? Wait! Melton had turned around the corner."

The girl was in a dead faint upon the floor when he reached her. A curse broke from his lips as he snatched a dipper of water and pushed the plump figure face upward. The deadly pallor could not hide its beauty and refined lines. "Poor little girl!" he breathed, brokenly. "Poor little girl!" Then he went to work.

Her brown eyes were big with wonder as he left her in the care of the two women, who seemed not to know what to do.

"It may be that I won't be back," he said shortly. "I am going up the mountain to see her father."

Two hours later a farm wagon drove hastily into the Herron yard. Out jumped a big man, grizzled and respectable attire.

"I've come for my darter," he announced, and his facial expression forbade contradiction.

"Funny that young Melton should be so taken up with Lucretia Woods. I hear people say they are going to be married," observed Davis Herron to his spouse three months after this episode. "But then the Woods are excellent stock, if they are poor. I had a notion at one time that Albert was after our Fanny."

"Oh, no!" replied Cornelia, sternly. "He was not at all suitable. A very ordinary person and no manner whatever. Why, he has never called here since Lucretia went home."—The Housewife.

A Life-Saving Order.

Many years ago the American warship Delaware came near foundering off the coast of Sardinia while luffing through a heavy squall during a morning watch. The unauthorized letting go of the fore sheet alone saved the ship from going down with 1,300 souls on board. The first lieutenant, after a safe in a well-conducted chemical laboratory and frequently counted. Damaged vessels and even the smallest scraps of platinum ware, are carefully treasured, and sent to the factory from time to time in order to be made over into new vessels. A chemist has somewhat the same feeling toward his platinum plate that a housekeeper has toward her solid silver, but the chemist's plate is worth far more than any but the most elaborate wrought silverware. It is also much more liable to damage.

The presence of a small quantity of lead in a hot crucible of platinum is likely to bring about a puncture of the crucible. A punctured crucible must go to the factory, and repairs are very costly. Much of such waste used here, is made in a little Pennsylvania town by a single firm, and there are few workmen who understand the art of handling platinum.

Treated with care platinum vessels are almost indestructible. They seem to suffer nothing from the high temperatures to which they are exposed in the laboratory, and however long in use, a break rubbing renders them as beautifully bright as on the day when they came from the factory. They are ordinarily cleaned, however, by the application of hot water and acid solutions, as they gradually lose in weight by rubbing.

MUTILATED COINS

Redeemed by the Government at 40 Cents on the Dollar.

What becomes of the mutilated coin is a question which has probably forced itself upon the consideration of everyone, particularly when a plucked quarter or half with someone's initials scratched on it has been thrown back on his hands. There is of course a federal statute with appropriate penalties against the mutilation of coin, but the average American sovereign seems to think when he gets a coin it is his own personal property instead of a measure of value and a portable representative of tangible holdings. This was when nearly every child wore about its neck, suspended by a string or chain, some silver coin, from a half-dime up to \$1. That practice has fallen into disuse, but the coins themselves are still in circulation.

Mutilated silver, and by mutilation is meant any perforation of the coin or scratch or detachment upon it, is redeemed by the government at 40 per cent of its face value. This is a little less than the market price of the silver of which it is composed, and purposely so, for it is the federal policy to discourage tampering of any kind with the coin of the land. It is no crime to pass a mutilated coin and it is a case of let the receiver beware, for he is the man to be stuck. Probably every merchant in the course of his business every day in the year gets a certain amount of mutilated coin. Unless he works it off on his customers it must be turned in at the bank, and this is the usual disposition made of it by reputable houses. It is taken by the bank all right, but at its market, and not its face value.

"Mutilated silver is deposited every day," said Albert Wittleben, who, among other things, has charge of the branch of the business of the National Bank of Commerce. "We credit our customers with the 40 per cent of the face value we can realize from the government and forward the coin as fast as accumulated, to the Treasury Department in Washington. The government is very strict about mutilating coin, rightfully so. For example, suppose out of a hundred silver dollars only so much silver is taken as might be extracted from a hole but little larger than the point of a pencil. If the mutilated coin was allowed to pass current at its face value the business would be a profitable one. The government pays less than the value of the silver in the coin because that is the best way to discourage this method of stealing. There is a firm in Chicago which pays 50 cents and in some cases as much as 55 cents on the dollar for mutilated silver. It cannot be stated certainly what their game is, but possibly they have agents to shove the coin at its face value and so make an enormous profit."

"Mutilated bills are also redeemed by the government, the rule being that when three-fifths of a bill is sent in for redemption the face value will be paid for it. Every day bills are taken in at the banks which have outlived their usefulness. These are either so badly worn and much patched that they will not hold together or have been torn, cut, burned or otherwise mutilated. So long as three-fifths of them is in existence they will be taken up. In connection with this practice of the Treasury Department a clerk in one of the large Chicago banks got himself into serious trouble only last week. He was in charge of the mutilated coin and bill business of his institution and conceived the idea of making a little private profit, so he clipped artificially and soon ran his shipments up so high that the department became suspicious and sent special agents to investigate. It was found that he had been systematically clipping and pasting and had made quite a large sum off the government. When arrested he had about \$400 in mutilated bills in his possession. He is to be tried for this offense, and if found guilty will be sent to the penitentiary for fifteen years."—Kansas City Journal.

WORTH WEIGHT IN GOLD.

Platinum Is Seldom Stolen, Because It Is Difficult to Sell.

One kind of valuable plate is seldom stolen by burglars, though the metal of which it is made far exceeds silver in cost. Every college-graduate laboratory and scores of factory laboratories have costly vessels made of platinum. The plain metal is usually worth about its weight in gold, and made up into crucibles and other vessels used in laboratories it is much more valuable than in its ordinary form. The makers of such ware, in fact, must earn large profits, for their charges are high, although the metal is made into the simplest forms, without decoration of any sort. A tiny crucible holding perhaps only a gill is worth \$8 or \$10, and some of the larger vessels used by chemists are worth several hundred dollars each, according to the New York Times.

The value of these vessels is so great that they are locked up every night in a safe in any well-conducted chemical laboratory and frequently counted. Damaged vessels and even the smallest scraps of platinum ware, are carefully treasured, and sent to the factory from time to time in order to be made over into new vessels. A chemist has somewhat the same feeling toward his platinum plate that a housekeeper has toward her solid silver, but the chemist's plate is worth far more than any but the most elaborate wrought silverware. It is also much more liable to damage.

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SNATCHED FROM THE GRAVE.

Mr. James Hector Relates Incident of Early Northern Explorations.

Among the passengers on board the steamer Aorangi, reaching Victoria, B. C., a few days ago, was Sir James Hector. Sir James is now 70 years of age, but is still deeply interested in geological researches. It was in his capacity as a geologist that he discovered the Kicking Horse pass in the Rocky mountains, which has been utilized by Canadian Pacific Railroad. In making its way into British Columbia, Mount Hector, in the Rockies, commemorates the visit of the geologist and explorer to Western Canada, says the Winnipeg Free Press.

Interviewed on board the Aorangi, Sir James became reminiscent of his explorations throughout Canada. It was in 1857 that he discovered the Kicking Horse pass, and an accident which led to the name still affects him. He was kicked by a horse belonging to the exploration party and believed by the remaining members to have been killed. His grave was dug in the pass, and preparations were made for the interment of the body, when signs of life were shown. Thus was Sir Thomas snatched from the grave. He was sent out to Canada by the Colonial office to report upon the character of the country, which was then being left to the Hudson's Bay Company as fit for nothing but the fur trade. For four years he was engaged in exploring from Lake Superior westward. Sir James discovered the riches of the western prairies and of the mountains, and by his report did much to awaken an interest in the country. As he himself says, he was the inventor of the phrase "fertile belt," which has ever since been used in describing the northwest grain lands. He visited the Peace River Valley and reported upon its richness. He also explored through the northern portions of British Columbia, as well as the more southern part, through which the Canadian Pacific Railroad now passes. Vancouver Island was also traversed by him and he piled his interviewer with all kinds of questions regarding the development of its resources.

"Have they ever found the coal on the west side of the island yet?" he asked.

"Well, it is there; I have samples of it I gathered myself," he continued.

Since 1831 Sir James has been director of the geological survey of New Zealand.

Getting a Practical Education.

Constant contact with humanity has so tamed the Adirondack bear that his Western brother would not recognize him. One, whose habitation the New York Sun has placed at Sander's Hill, on the Mad River, actually goes to school. He may still be uncertain in literature and vague in spelling, but he is rapidly learning gentle manners. He came slouching out of the woods one day, and advanced directly on the district schoolhouse. Some of the children had eaten their lunches on the grass in front of the building. The bear stopped and licked up the crumbs and scattered remnants of the repast, and then stuck his head in at the schoolhouse door.

The children and the school teacher screamed, and the big fellow was so frightened, and he took to his lumbering heels. The next day, however, he came to the schoolhouse the same hour, and ate the crumbs and crusts as before. He looked at the schoolhouse door, but did not venture there. After he had eaten every morsel he went slowly back to the woods.

His visits soon became of daily regularity, and as it was evident that he came with no evil intent, the teacher, and now and then a pupil, took to tossing him an apple or other bit of lunch. From that to feeding him out of their hands was an easy step, until now the bear has almost quartered himself in that school district, and lunches regularly with the Sander's Hill school children and their teacher.

Famous Moated Houses.

The most which so often surrounded halls and castles in the old days is now generally dry and filled up, but some remarkable specimens still remain. Perhaps the finest example of a moated house is Hedingham Hall, the seat of Lord Tolemache, in Suffolk, about eight miles from Ipswich. The drawbridge still remains, and it has been raised every night for more than three hundred years, the ancient precaution being observed even though the need of it has long passed by. The moat which surrounds Leeds Castle, near Maidstone, is so wide that it may almost be called a lake. The ancient Episcopal palace at Wells is surrounded by walls which enclose nearly seven acres of ground, and by a moat which is supplied with water from St. Andrew's Well. A venerable bridge spans the moat, giving access through a tower gateway to the outer court.

The Best, Not the Ideal, Thing.

"This," said the young bachelor, who was just realising that he had caught a tartar, "is what I call real married life."

"I'm glad you're satisfied with something," she snipped.

"Oh, I'm not. I merely meant to inform you that it is not ideal."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Not a Polygamist.

Voice Over the Phone—Shay, central, I want her talk to my wife. —Central—What's her number? —Voice—Quicker kiddin', will yer? I ain't no morose.—New York Sun.

Some men are born great, some achieve greatness and others manage to grow smaller each day.