

# The Contrabandist; OR One Life's Secret!

A TRUE  
STORY  
OF  
THE  
SOUTH  
OF  
FRANCE

## CHAPTER VI.

A month passed, Louis had intended to leave the chateau at the expiration of a month. It went by, but he lingered, and, as he had no pressing business elsewhere, he said to himself that the summer might wear away as well here as in places where he might not like so well to stay. Time, however, was not to be hurried. Time passed, and the summer was at its close. A great portion of his days were passed in the society of his uncle and his beautiful cousin Helen; and the remainder was spent in the open air, in the pursuit of his favorite amusements. Louis was an expert skater on ice, and he had been seen skating about the neighborhood in search of food for his pencil, as we have already seen him, returning at noon, to display to Madame Montauban the result of his labor; though, on the first occasion of this kind, it must be allowed that a childlike air in his sketches was subjected to some slight reproof, the picture of Rose and her dwelling being withheld. For what reason, however, he himself, perhaps, scarcely knew at the time.

He had seen Rose two or three times since that visit, but only every Sunday at the cottage where he had met her father also. The admiration of Louis for our pretty heroine certainly was by no means on the decrease; while Hugh Lamonte was an enigma to him. The peculiarity of this man's appearance and manners was a strange matter, that is all I can say, my dear boy," said he; "and yet there is something about him which attracts me. That lofty sternness which he sometimes wears strikes one most strangely. I never observe it without thinking of—"

"Of what, monsieur?" asked Louis.  
"Of my old Henri—you and my boy. We quarreled once, he and I, and he was just that look and manner afterward. You never saw him, Louis." And the good marquis sighed.

"What was the reason of the quarrel, uncle?" asked Louis.  
"It is a long story. I cannot tell you now," was the answer; "but, some day, perhaps, I will relate it to you."

It was no uncommon thing now for Louis to encounter Jacques Leroux now, in his usual strolls about the neighborhood. They often met, and the young count, feeling an interest in this rough, but evidently honest-hearted fellow, who had taken pains to render him a service, spent many an hour in conversation with him while reclining on the banks of the valley stream, engaged in angling, or roaming over wood and hill, with his beloved portfolio, for Louis was an unweary artist.

And all this time Gaspard was away, Hugh and Jacques alone knew where; for the former, Hugh Lamonte, uneasy at the shadow of a tree to rest, in the midst of a small grove half way between the chateau and the cottage. He had a book with him, and opening it, soon became deeply engaged in its perusal. Perhaps he might have passed half an hour thus. At the end of that time, however, he closed it, and taking up his gun, which he had thrown on the turf beside him, he took his way towards the road, which was not many steps distant.

But he had hardly reached it, ere a bullet whistled through the air, struck his left arm, ploughing up the flesh as it went, and continuing its course till it lodged in the trunk of a large tree by the roadside.

It had evidently proceeded from some place very near the spot which he had left; but he had no time to look for the source of the commotion, for the warm blood already poured down his arm, saturating completely the sleeve which covered it. Hastening on, he sat down by the trunk of the tree which had received the bullet, and taking his handkerchief out, folded it into a bandage, and at that moment, raising his eyes, he beheld Jacques Leroux coming along the road from the village. He called to him, and the man ran up.

"What's the matter now, Monsieur Louis?" he asked, in some surprise. "Shot in the arm? Wounded like a wild fowl? Why, what's the matter?" He glanced at the gun that the count had again laid down, and Louis recognized the impression which he entertained.

"Well, my good fellow," he said, lightly, despite the slight faintness he felt from the loss of blood, "you do not think I would commit intentional suicide—do you? and if I did, I should certainly select a surer spot than this. But I am glad you are here. This one-handed work is rather awkward. Just fasten the bandage about it tightly, if you please."

"That is it. He sure the knot is fast."

And during this time Louis had concluded, since Jacques had drawn his own inferences, to let him keep them, and tell him nothing concerning the actual state of the matter; for a thought had suddenly occurred to him, as he endeavored to account for the case himself, which made him resolve to trust his own dexterity in finding out the truth, and keep silent on the subject until then. For whoever had fired this shot at him was an enemy, since he could not bring himself to believe the deed unintentional. And what enemy had he besides Gaspard?

Finally laid it out to his own satisfaction. By this time his arm was almost entirely healed. He had remained within doors for some days, but now resumed his usual out-of-door amusements, taking good care, however, to avoid every place where a foe might lie concealed.

Some careless inquiries which he made of Rose and her father, assured him that, even if Gaspard were in the neighborhood, they were unconscious of it. He resolved to set a watch, however, to ascertain the amount of correctness in his suspicions.

One day, very shortly after the occurrence above recorded, Louis received letters from Lyons which seemed to interest him very deeply. Business of some importance, he announced, obliged him to leave the chateau sooner than he had intended. The good marquis expressed the utmost concern and regret at hearing this.

"Why, my dear Louis," said he, "I counted on keeping you for months yet. Why will you go? Surely you can submit to your agent, or avocet, all affairs of business for the present."

"My dear uncle, the case is imperative," answered the count, "but why should I display it? You say your business is imperative, and I would not detain you. Besides, you are to return."

"Yes—I shall return," he echoed.

"Adieu, sweet cousin!"

"Louis," said the marquis, as he accompanied his nephew to the gate of the court, "you must mind and come back as soon as possible. If the plan which I mentioned the other day succeeds, Rose will be an inmate of the chateau before winter. Poor little Rose! you cannot but wish to see her in such circumstances as seem more befitting her. Helen needs a friend and companion, too, and both will be benefited. If Hugh Lamonte will consent to part with her, she shall come. The first thing that put this plan into my mind was the perceptions of that fellow Gaspard. I wished to remove her from his way. To be sure, he is not here at present, but then there is no knowing how soon he may return. I shall talk with Hugh—I shall talk with him; and Helen, too, he is in the way, too, I know, for she likes Rose. So when you return, you may, perhaps, find another cousin, Louis."

"Your plan is an excellent one, my dear uncle," returned the young man, "and I will do all in my power to execute it. Depend upon it, the endeavors which you and my cousin make, for the benefit of Rose, will not be thrown away."

"The gate of the court closed; the guest was gone. Slowly rode master and man down the valley, and the little inn by the roadside, and here Louis dismounted. Immediately, as he did so, there came from an inner room a young man, who, appearing at the door, made a respectful obeisance to Louis, saying:

"Ah! monsieur; you see I am punctual."

"Good!" answered the count. "How long have you been here?"

"Three hours fully, I think."

"That is well. I see you do not forget your master's habits. But come; we must have a room in private for a little while. Follow me, and get down and wait awhile. I wish to transact some private business with this person. Come, Robin!"

"You have got your spade and its accompaniments with you, a presume?" inquired the young man, as the man he had met, as the two entered a little room together.

"Yes, indeed, Monsieur Louis, and one or two changes of apparel. It is for no more than a month or two, I think for you."

"That is all right. I brought sufficient with me; more than that might be thought superfluous, you know. We must be natural."

"Yes—yes, Monsieur. It is all right. Shut the door now, and be careful there is no chance for eavesdroppers."

"You went in, and the door was closed upon them. Some twenty minutes might have elapsed when it was re-opened, and the same man, raising his eyes, beheld Jacques Leroux coming along the road from the village. He called to him, and the man ran up.

"What's the matter now, Monsieur Louis?" he asked, in some surprise. "Shot in the arm? Wounded like a wild fowl? Why, what's the matter?" He glanced at the gun that the count had again laid down, and Louis recognized the impression which he entertained.

not conceal. His countenance was a frank and pleasing one; the features indisputably handsome, and the complexion slightly darkened, evidently by exposure to sun and wind, while the simple openness and honesty of his manner could not fail to please one.

At the invitation of Hugh Lamonte he entered and sat down, stating that he had come from Avallon, and desired to obtain employment in this neighborhood.

"What kind of employment do you seek?" asked Hugh.

"I am a gardener, monsieur," answered the young man, respectfully, "and if I could have the care of a garden somewhere about here—"

"Hot," interrupted Hugh, in a thoughtful tone, "we do not need gardeners about here. Up in the village, where the people are all farmers, they take care of their own gardens. Besides, it is late in the season for that work."

"The young man blushed as he returned, 'O, I know that, monsieur—I know that; but I would be willing to work for so much the less.'"

"Good! But still, I think it is not very likely that you will find employment of that kind. It is very difficult to get a man to work for the autumn now, perhaps the marquis might take you. But as it is, you must think of something else. You are really in need of work, I suppose?"

"Yes, monsieur. I bring a certificate from my former master."

"The Compté d'Artois, monsieur."

"The Compté d'Artois!" Hugh regarded the young man fixedly for a moment, till the red color flushed into his cheek again. "Let me see your certificate, if you please."

"The man drew forth and gave it to Hugh. It said simply:

"This certifies that the bearer, Robin Marrou, is industrious, honest and temperate, and will be found faithful and trustworthy by whoever may need his services."

"(Signed),  
LOUIS, COMPTÉ D'ARTOIS."

"That is well," said Hugh, quietly, as he returned the paper, "and speaks excellently for you, Master Robin. But it will not be of much use here, I am afraid. Is there nothing else you could do?"

"Oh, yes, monsieur," answered Robin. "I like this neighborhood, and I have some fancy for farm work. Doubtless I could make myself useful to some of your neighbors."

"It is a busy time, and there is every chance for one who comes recommended like you. Extra work-people are wanted by several of the farmers. There is Antoine Labrun and Pierre Martin, both of whom I know need one or two more men. They like something like a mile or two beyond here. You will, without doubt, find work among some of them."

"Thank you. I will try them," returned Robin, rising, and taking up his stick and bundle, which he had laid beside him on the floor.

(To be continued.)

## A BRITON'S IDEA OF FREEDOM.

It was to Kell himself on the White House lawn, and He Did It.

"I never go to Washington that I do not think of a young Englishman who went around the city with me a dozen years ago," said a man who had just returned from the inauguration ceremonies. "We saw everything that there was to be seen. He was pleased with everything, and he said so; but the thing that impressed him most was the lack of formality and the absence of guards."

"He never tired talking of this and comparing the simplicity of the arrangements in Washington with the way the rulers of Europe are guarded. Particularly he was impressed by the fact that any one who wished was allowed to go into the White House grounds, and wander around without showing any passes or credentials of any kind."

"Well, one day we were wandering around and we went up past the White House. The Englishman stopped and watched the stream of men and women going into the grounds."

"By Jove," he said, "it is wonderful and no mistake. Why, they let you do just as you please. Do you know, I think that if a fellow wanted to be could go in there and roll over on the lawn and there wouldn't be a person who would think of speaking to him about it." Of course, no one would speak to him about it, I said. "What's more, if you want to do it I'll stay here and watch you, and if any one does say anything about it I'll help you lick him."

"Will you?" he said.  
"I mean it," I said.  
"He looked at me for a minute and then he walked into the White House grounds. There was a crowd there, but no one paid the least attention to him. He went out on the lawn, right in front of the main entrance to the building, and lay down flat on his back. Then he rolled over three times, slowly and deliberately. Then he got up and walked out of the grounds, as happy as though he had found \$10.  
"No one looked at him, and no one spoke to him; to roll over on the White House lawn might have been the proper thing to do so far as the attention that it attracted went. The Englishman said that if he had acted that way in any of the capitals on the other side he would have been locked up as a dangerous character. He was very proud of his exploit and I suppose that he is still telling the story of it in England."—New York Sun.

## GOOD Short Stories

A newly arrived Westerner was confronted in a street of New York late at night by a ruffian with leveled revolver, who made the stereotyped demand: "Give me your money or I'll blow your brains out." "Blow away," said the Westerner, "you can live in New York without brains, but you can't without money."

A South Sea Islander, at the close of a religious meeting, offered the following prayer: "O God, we are about to go to our respective homes. Let not the words we have heard be like the fine clothes we wear—soon to be taken off and folded up in a box till another Sabbath comes around. Rather, let Thy truth be like the tattoo on our bodies—ineffaceable till death."

The recent death of Martha Canary—better known as "Calamity Jane"—has revived many tales of her remarkable adventures in the West during the early troubles. Once, it is related, she was riding in a stage-coach driven by Jack McCaul, a notorious character of Deadwood, S. D., when a band of Indians swooped down. McCaul was wounded, and fell back on his seat. The six passengers in the coach were helpless with fright. "Calamity Jane" scrambled to the seat, lashed the horses into a run, and escaped. It was this same McCaul who afterward was made the most memorable example of "Calamity Jane's" vengeance. McCaul shot "Wild Bill" Hickok from behind a tree, for a reason never known. After "Wild Bill" had slain him, when "Calamity Jane" heard of it, she started at once to find McCaul. "Wild Bill" was her friend, and the fact that she had once saved McCaul's life did not deter her from taking it. "I gave it to him once," she declared, "I'll take it back now." She came across him unexpectedly in a meat-shop, seized a cleaver, and threatening to brain him if he moved, waited till her friends bonded him. She was one of those who fought hardest to pull him over a cottonwood limb, and with grim satisfaction she watched him kick his life away.

Dr. Gardner told Walter Wellman the following story, the other day, of a lucky escape from the bullet of an assassin which ex-President Cleveland once had: "Between his two terms as President, Mr. Cleveland lived in Madison avenue. A demented fellow imagined that he was in love with Mrs. Cleveland, and used to send her a love-letter every day. One morning, Mr. Cleveland was coming down the steps of his house to drive to his law office in William street, when this crazy fellow met him face to face, and pulled the trigger of a pistol aimed straight at the heavy figure standing on the steps two yards above him. By one of those marvellous interpositions of chance, the cartridge missed fire. Before the miscreant could use his weapon again he was seized and carried away. He was found to be insane, and in less than 24 hours was placed in an asylum, while the story was kept out of the newspapers. I was at the house within a few minutes, and the pistol was given to me. I have it yet; also the bundle of crazy love-letters. It was a well-made rim-fire revolver, and every other cartridge exploded at the first trip of the trigger. Mr. Cleveland probably owes his life to the chance that the one cartridge which had too thick a rim was the one which the insane chap tried to fire."

AMERICAN FARM CONDITIONS.

Average Size of United States Farms Greater in 1900 Than in 1890.

The average size of farms for the country as a whole was greater in 1900 than in 1890. This is, of course, a mathematical corollary of the fact that the farm acreage increased faster than the number of farms. It has already been pointed out, however, that the additions to the farm acreage included large tracts of unimproved land in the Western States, used as grazing farms. While this has materially affected the average size of farms for the country as a whole, in the older portions of the country there are no indications of any general movement toward a consolidation of farms, or of any tendency on the part of farmers toward the cultivation of larger farms. In the Northern States east of the Mississippi there was no very marked change in the size of farms. Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois showed a slight diminution in the average farm area, while the other States in this region showed a slight increase. In the Southern States east of the Mississippi, on the other hand, the increase in the number of farms far exceeded the increase in farm area, and consequently the average size of farms was materially diminished.

Only one-half of the total farm acreage in 1900 was reported as improved. This represents a gain over 1890 of 37,178,438 acres. Most of this increase in the crop-producing area of the country was contributed by the States of the Middle West, the greatest extension being shown in Minnesota, where the increase during the decade exceeded 7,000,000 acres. Increases of between 4,000,000 and 5,000,000 acres were reported for Iowa, North Dakota and Oklahoma. On the other hand, in many States the area of improved farm land was smaller in 1900 than in 1890. A decrease is shown in all the North Atlantic States, especially in New England. This is due principally to a change in the kind of farming carried on in those States; the raising of corn and wheat for the market, having become comparatively unprofitable under the influence of Western competition, has been largely superseded by dairy farming and market gardening. In these pursuits, which are, of course, stimulated by the proximity of a large urban population, the Eastern farmer apparently finds it to his advantage to cultivate less land than he once did, but to cultivate it more intensively. Accordingly, the less fertile lands, and the meadow-lands that cannot be mown with ma-

chine, have in many cases been converted into permanent pastures. The increased average fertility of the land retained under cultivation, the use of the silo, and the growing tendency to cultivate corn and forage crops, instead of hay, for winter feed, are all factors which contribute to the same end—enabling the farmer to raise on a smaller area the winter feed for the animals that can be kept, during the summer, on the enlarged area of pasture land.—Century.

## PRESERVING THEIR DIGNITY.

A Little Business Transaction in Which Each Was Successful.

"Being in Constantinople," said the Philadelphia who had crossed the earth, "it was up to me to buy by a Turkish scimiter. I believe they all do that except the Germans, who run to pipes. In looking through the bazaars I came across a weapon that had an ancient look and was assured that it had been worn by a Turkish general fifty years before. The price asked was about \$20 in our money, and I promptly declined buying. As I did so the merchant tore his hair and cried out:

"What does this man want? This weapon has slain twenty men. Is it not good enough to hang on the wall?"

"I was about to pass when he asked me what price I would give."

"Not over \$10," I replied.

"Now may my beard be singed and my hair torn out by the roots," he howled as he walked about. "I give you the word of a believer that this sword has slain thirty men, but because I must raise money to-day I will take \$15 for it. There—it is yours."

"Not for \$15," I replied, knowing that he would come down to my figure.

"Then let the blight fall upon me and mine forever more! I say to you and all men are my witnesses that this sword has slain forty men, and yet you cavil at the price. Not \$15 for such a relic? To-day I go buy another wife and money I must have. Take it for \$12 and know that you have robbed me."

"I said \$10," I replied as I looked carefully around.

"And may I never sleep or eat again nor say my prayers," he fairly howled as he tore off his robe. "Here is a sword that has slain its fifty men and lived in history, and yet you look upon it with contempt. Ah, if I did not need money within the hour! Robber of the unfortunate, take it at \$11 and begone!"

"I'll pay you \$11 on one consideration. Tell me truthfully how many soldiers this scimitar has slain?"

"He looked at me for a minute and then stroked his whiskers and replied: 'If I answered sixty you would think me a liar, and if I answered ninety you would have to lie to your friends at home. Therefore, that each may preserve his dignity, hand over your \$10 and take the sacred relic away.'"

A Lawyer Addressing the Louisiana Bar Association, declared that litigation has become so much of a luxury that lawsuits are diminishing; that the great expenditure of time as well as of money required in the prosecution of a lawsuit deters men from resorting to the courts for the redress of their grievances. A Southern judge was quoted as saying that he had spent one-fourth of his professional life waiting in court houses for his cases to be called. The delays of the law are an ancient grievance, but it is not certain that they are an unmitigated evil.

The deliberate procedure of the courts may not encourage litigation, but it promotes settlements out of court. Substantial justice is often reached by compromises which save time and court costs. The slow methods of the courts have resulted in voluntary arbitration in certain trade disputes. Much of the law's delay is due to the technical errors of lawyers in the conduct of suits. An examination of the records of appellate courts showed that a large percentage of appeals were on points of practice. A more thoroughly trained bar would, therefore, hasten suits to judgment. Legislation being largely controlled by lawyers, it is somewhat surprising that avoidable delays in procedure have not been removed. Their removal, according to the Louisiana attorney, would tend to increase lawsuits and professional emoluments.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Typical City of America.

The results of recent investigations show that Philadelphia is pre-eminently the American city. In 1790, when the first census was taken, and for at least two decades afterward Philadelphia contained more inhabitants than any other American town. As early as 1810 the population of Philadelphia was 113,210. According to the census of 1900 Philadelphia contained 1,283,857, of whom 968,357 were native and 315,499 were born in New York, 221,596 in Ireland; 159,238, Germany; 53,029, England; 44,320, Russia, and 27,000, Italy.

Of the native born population of Philadelphia (968,357), 844,548 were born in Pennsylvania, 30,978 in New Jersey, 23,184 in Maryland, 21,893 in New York, 20,688 in Virginia and 16,556 in Delaware. Comparatively few residents of Philadelphia were born in New England or the Western States. That is to say, Philadelphia does not exude upon these sections of our country the magnetic attraction exerted by New York.

Of foreign born residents in Philadelphia only 65,384 are naturalized. It follows that the political influence of the so-called "foreign vote" is insignificant.—Harper's Weekly.

What Happened to Maldoon.

O'Toole—Maldoon struck his wife yesterday.

McKieck—Is he in jail?  
O'Toole—No; he is in the harness!—Baltimore American.

A man is punished so much for talking too freely that an old man usually talks less than a young one.

## Science and Invention

The changing of a river's channel is the greatest project now being considered by Italian engineers. The Sale downs into the Mediterranean near Salerno, but it is to be tapped in the hills, and the water taken across to the Adriatic watershed to irrigate the province of Puglia.

For measuring feeble illuminations, like the Zodiacal Light and Gegen-schein, M. Touchet has devised a special instrument, resembling a theodolite in appearance. It is provided with a constant flame and a slit regulated in width by a screw with divided head, and when the illumination of the field through the slit exactly equals the light to be measured, a reading is obtained that is easily reduced to a standard.

Although there is a certain area of about three and a half acres on Manhattan Island where the density of population is at the rate of 480,000 to the square mile, yet the city of Paris shows a far greater average density of population than New York, the figures for Paris being 79,900 per square mile, and for New York City proper 40,000 per square mile. The average density of London's population is 37,000 per square mile, and that of Berlin 37,000.

The Finzen lamps are now credited with ten cures of cancer of the skin out of twenty-two cases treated, and with cures of obstinate acne and of baldness due to bacteria. Erysipelas and minor eruptions have been treated with good results. At the Finzen Institute are rooms for exposing patients to electric-light baths and to sun-baths, and an exhaustive and promising investigation of the influence of light in various nervous diseases and in insanity is in progress.

A New York man has invented a mirror that can be made translucent at will, so that when placed in a show-window it at first reflects the faces of people looking in, but suddenly turns transparent, whereupon the spectators see the contents of the window in place of their own reflections. This is effected by means of a thin film on the back of the glass, which, when the background is dark, reflects the light from in front like a mirror, but when the background is illuminated, becomes as invisible as a pane of clear glass.

One of the winter sights of St. Petersburg is a system of electric trams on the ice in the Neva. One runs from the left shore of the river to the island of Petrovsky, and another from the English quay, opposite the Senate House, to the island of Basilio, near the Academy of Fine Arts. Wooden posts solidly embedded in the ice support the trolley wires. Besides these trams many wooden roads, intended for pedestrians, cross the water in various directions. In summer bridges of boats take the place of the roads on the ice.

The smelting of steel by electricity is still an attractive problem. The two furnaces built in Sweden in 1900 reached a technical solution by producing steel of fine quality, but the furnaces were ruined by fire before commercial success had been attained. Another furnace planned by the same makers is to hold 3,570 pounds, with a yearly capacity of 1,500 tons, and is to receive the current of a three hundred horse-power dynamo. Though microscopically identical with crucible steel, the electric product is claimed to excel in strength, density, uniformity, toughness and ease of working when cold.

ERROR THAT COST DEARLY.

Millions Might Have Been Saved If Astor Had Been Backed Up.

When, back in 1811, John Jacob Astor, with his Pacific Fur Company, established the trading post of Astoria, at the mouth of the Columbia, he took a step which, if followed up by the support that he had a right to expect from the United States government, would soon have given this country possession of all the territory on the Pacific coast up to Russia's colony of Alaska, which came to us through purchase in 1867, and thus have shut England and Canada out of access to the great ocean.

Denied by President Madison, the slight measure of military aid which he asked for the defense of his post on the Pacific in the war of 1812-15 with England, and with his appeal to the same President for letters of marque to equip an armed vessel at his own expense to defend the mouth of the Columbia ignored, Mr. Astor lost his post, which was sold by his treacherous British subordinates, who were temporarily in control, in 1813 to Canada's Northwest Fur Company for a third of its value and the place was captured by a British war vessel shortly afterward. In the settlement at the close of the war the place was given back to the Americans, but here again Madison, and subsequently Monroe, denied to Mr. Astor the protection of the few soldiers which he asked and he declined to re-establish the post.

This lack of courage and foresight on the part of these two Presidents in this case was fatal to American interests on the Pacific. Here are some of the few things which would have come to pass had Mr. Astor been sustained by the government: He would easily have held his ground against the British warship which captured the post in 1813 and the transfer to the Canadian company, which took place before the capture, would have been averted. With the advantage of his sea base and his Russian affiliations in Alaska, both of which had been firmly established before the news of the war arrived on the coast, he could readily have excluded England's Hudson Bay Company and Canada's Northwest Fur Company and all the territory west of the Rocky mountains. That dispute about the ownership of the present States of Oregon, Washington and Idaho, which did not end until England gave up all claims in 1846 to the territory, would never have taken place, for England through her fur traders would never have obtained a

foothold there. All the present Canadian territory of British Columbia and Yukon, which are west of the great mountain chain, would have been secured for the United States. And then, when the transfer of Alaska to us by Russia came—and it would have come earlier than 1867 in that event—we would have an unbroken stretch of territory from the northern border of Mexico up to beyond the arctic circle.—Leslie's Weekly.

## NEW STORY OF EBEN HOLDEN.

Little Girl Who Loved a Doll Better Than She Did Herself.

"Wal," said Uncle Eb, thoughtfully, "I 'member one year, the day before Christmas, my father gin me 2 shillin' with 'I went in a big store when I come 't the city. See ' many things couldn't make up my mind 'v' buy a pair 'n' skates. They was grand—all shiny with new straps an' buckles—I did want 'em awful—but I didn't hev enough money. Purty soon I see a leetle bit 'v a girl in a red jacket lookin' at a lot 'o' dolls. She was ragged an' there were holes in her shoes an' she did look awful poor an' sickly. She'd go up an' put her hand on one 'o' them dolls' dresses and whisper:

"Some day, she'll say, 'some day,' 'Then she'd go to another an' fuss a minute with its clothes an' whisper 'some day.' Purty soon she's at 'em they has doll with a blue dress on for 'n' gowns."

"No," says a woman, says she, "the lowest price for a doll with a dress on it is one shillin'."

"The little girl she jes looked as if she was goin' 't cry. Her lips trembled."

"Some day I'm goin' 't hev one," she said.

"I couldn't stan' it, an' so I slipped up an' bought one an' put it in her arms. I never'll ferget the look that come into her face then. Wal, she went away an' set down all by herself, an' it come cold an' that night they found her asleep in a dark alley. She was holdin' the little doll with a blue dress on. The girl was half dead with the cold an' there was one thing about it all that her red famous. She hed took off her red jacket an' wrapped it 'round the little doll."

"It's one of those good old stories," said I. "Of course she died and went to heaven."

"No," said he quietly, "she lived an' went there. Ye don't hev 't die 't go to heaven. Ye've crossed the boundary when ye begin 't love somebody more 'n ye do yourself, if it ain't nobody better 'n a rag doll."—Irving Bacheiler, in Leslie's Monthly.

The Real "Boy" in Fiction.

It was Miss Yonge who first introduced me to the Boy in Fiction with whom I played, studied, quarreled, and made up every day or two of my life, whose standards of honor and play I tried to make my own, whose faults I had a wholesome aversion to, and who was one of the strongest formative influences of my childhood. He stands out against the romance, the chivalry, the high ideals, and poetic fancy of Sir Walter Scott as the intimate companion of everyday life. Into a world in which cries were already unfolding from the truest realities of existence into the traditions, the aura which makes reality a forever budding compass and promise, he brought ceaseless activity and the opportunity to exercise it, a keen love of the rough and tumble of life, and an equally keen desire, not for money to buy beautiful things, but for capacity to know and enjoy them.

Miss Yonge's Boy is not always clever, and he is never perfect, but he is so healthily and sanely alive that he makes you ashamed not to be the same. Then, too, his opportunities are always at hand—there is no need of shipwrecks and desert islands, and a ship conveniently above water with convenient supplies until you have made friends with your island and your man Friday and yourself long for a strange new life. You might long forever to be Robinson Crusoe in vain, but you could be Harry May, or Norman, or Reginald, or any one of a score of boys, by just making the most of your own country and your place in it.—Ganton's Magazine.

Modern Antiquities.

The quest for things antique has led to systematic forgery and imitation on the part of dealers. Paris is the great center of this deceitful industry, says the Nation. There has been discovered in the suburbs a thriving factory for the fabrication of Egyptian mummies, cases and all. These are shipped to Egypt, and in due time return as properly antiquated discoveries.

A funny story is now current about a collector of medieval things. A certain clever workman in stone made to the order of a dealer in medieval antiquities a Venetian chimney-piece of the fifteenth century, and received for his work some two or three thousand francs. The dealer shipped the chimney-piece to Italy, and had it set up in a palace near Venice, bringing back to Paris photographs of the piece and of the chimney-piece in situ. By means of these photographs he aroused the interest of a rich collector, who sent his secretary to Venice to make sure that the photographs did not lie, and on his favorable report, bought the thing for fifty thousand francs. On the arrival of the article at his house in Paris, he sent for some workmen to open the cases. One of them appeared to him to go about the work rather carelessly, and he remonstrated with the man, who answered, "Have no fear, sir. I know just how it needs to be opened, for I packed it when it left Paris."

The World's Colonies.

The colonial possession in the world number 141 and all of them are tropical or subtropical in location except Canada. Their populations aggregate 485,000,000.

When there is a bad accident,