The Contrabandist; One Life's Secret!

TRUE STORY OF THE SOUTH OF FRANCE

CHAPTER VI.

A month passed. Louis had intended tion. to leave the chateau at the expiration of By this time his arm was almost ena month. It went by, but still he lingered; tirely healed. He had remained within and, as he had no pressing business else- doors for some days; but now resumed his where, he said to himself that the summer might wear away as well here as in good care, however, to avoid every place places where he might not like so well to wherein a foe might lie concealed. stay. So he was in no hurry to depart.

chateau. A great portion of his days was even if Gasparde were in the neighborpassed indoors, in the society of his un- hood, they were unconscious of it. He the remainder was spent in the open air, certain the amount of correctness in his in the pursuit of his favorite amuse- suspicions, ments. Louis was as fond of sketching as ever, and nearly every morning he rences above recorded, Louis received letmight have been seen roving about the ters from Lyons which seemed to interneighborhood in search of food for his est him very deeply. Business of some pencil, as we have already seen him, returning at noon, to display to Mademoileave the chateau sooner than he had inselle Montauban the result of his labor; tended. The good marquis expressed the though, on the first occasion of this kind, utmost concern and regret at hearing it must be allowed that the exhibition of this. his sketches was subjected to some slight "Why, my dear Louis," said he, "I ly knew at the time.

He had seen Rose two or three times since that visit, both at the chateau and tive," answered the count. at the cottage, where he had met her father also. The admiration of Louis acted, you will return to us? I will hear for our pretty heroine certainly was by of no refusal." no means on the decrease; while Hugh Lamonte was an enigma to him. The pe- turn." culiarity of this man's appearance and Helen Montauban had waited silently manners was a matter of no little per- for the decision. She made no attempt to plexity to him as to others. The gravity urge Louis to prolong his stay. She did and reserve of Hugh were so many sub- not even express a regret at the anjects of mystery. But it was a mystery not likely soon to be solved. Nobody the following day; but a closer observer knew anything concerning him previous might have seen the emotion which she to the time of his coming to occupy his felt. And she received the parting kiss present abode. His former place of res- of her handsome cousin with a smile. idence was unknown. Conjecture had done her best, and the mystery remained ing her hands in his, "tell me that you a mystery still.

Louis often spoke with his uncle on only shake his head in perplexity.

'He is a strange man, that is all I can say, my dear boy," said he; "and ness is imperative, and I would not detain yet there is something about him which you. Besides, you are to return." attracts me. That lofty sternness which he sometimes wears strikes one most strangely. I never observe it without

"Of what, monsieur?" asked Louis. "Of my-of Henri-your uncle, my boy. We quarreled once, he and I, and he wore just that look and manner after-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 neighbor-They often met; and the young count, feeling an interest in this rough, how soon he may return. 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 unwear-

And all this time Gasparde was away. Hugh and Jacques alone knew where; for the former, Hugh Lamonte, uneasy at a neighborhod so little to be desired, had dispatched him to manage the affairs of that portion of the horde engaged in the contraband trade, well reasoning that, being as far distant as the coast itself, he had nothing unpleasant to apprehend from him. Gasparde, as may be guessed. had been no little dissatisfied with this to Louis, saying: arrangement, and resolved to return, secretly, as soon as an opportunity pre- tual." sented itself.

It was one day when Louis had been rambling about during the whole morning that, wearied out, he threw himself beneath the shadow of a tree to rest, in the midst of a small grove half way behad a book with him, and opening it, soon became deeply engaged in its perusal. Perhaps he might have passed half an Robin!" 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 or two changes of apparel. It is for no grounds. There was a crowd there, but left arm, ploughing up the flesh as it more than a month or two, I think you no one paid the least attention to him. went, and continuing its course till it said? 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 thought superfluous, you know. left; but he had no time to look for the must be natural. source of the compliment, for the warm blood already poured down his arm, sat- the door now, and be careful there is no though he had found \$10. urating completely the sleeve which cov- chance for eavesdroppers." the trunk of the tree which had receiv- ed upon them. es the bullet, and taking his handkerchief | Some twenty minutes might have elapsout, folded it into a bandage. At that ed when it was re-opened and they came moment, raising his eyes, he Jacques Leroux coming along the road from his varnished boot one or two from the village. He called to him, and straws with his riding switch, and bend-

Louis?" he asked, in some surprise, "Shot in the arm? Winged like a wild laughing outright-a low, musical, but the gun that the count had again laid however, and said, aloud, as they pro- giand."-New York Sun. Why, what--" He glanced at hearty laugh. down, and Louis recognized the impres- ceeded to the outer door, where the

ly, despite the slight faintness he felt into something like conversation: from the loss of blood, "you do not think I shall get employment somewhere girls. In the potato race a trooper of splashed the water, which was calm inent citizen. At dinner one day his you? and if I did, I should certainly se- about here?" glad you are here. This one-handed work the reply. "You will have my certificate ect a surer spot than this. But I am is rather awkward. Just fasten the band- of character, if it is required; but your age about it tightly, if you please-so. face will do as well, if I am not mistak-That is it. Be sure the knot is fast."

And during this time Louis had concluded, since Jacques had drawn his own have yourself, Robin. I wish that you inferences, to let him keep them, and tell may meet with good fortune." him nothing concerning the actual state of the matter; for a thought had sud- other, gratefully. "I shall endeavor to dealy occurred to him, as he endeavored | do credit to your recommendation. to account for the case himself, which made him resolve to trust his own dex- ly, as he mounted his own little hack, terity in finding out the truth, and keep and glanced surilly enough toward his silent on the subject until them. For master: "if young people will turn into whoever had fired this shot at him was wild gress. I do not know who will re an enemy, since he could not bring him- pent but themselves." self to believe the deed unintentional. And what enemy had he besides Gas-

tion. A double object occupied his at- ped at the cottage of Hugh Lamonte a ery of the present whereabouts of Gas- nest garb, and carrying across his shoul- cent is never full."-Philadelphia tention, which was, in part, the discov- young peasant, dressed in coarse but parde, whom he believed to be in the der a heavy stick, on which awang a bunneighborhood without the knowledge of die neatly tied up in a large cotton hand- A machine that washes and dries S. Hugh Lamonte; the other point the read- kerchief.

er will presently understand. have said, he meditated on this, and grace and activity his rude dress could the wash without a scratch.

finally laid it out to his own satisfac

Some careless inquiries which he made Time passed very pleasantly at the of Rose and her father, assured him that, and his beautiful cousin Helen; and resolved to set a watch, however, to as-

One day, very shortly after the occurimportance, he announced, obliged him to

reserve, the picture of Rose and her counted on keeping you for months yet. dwelling being withheld. For what rea- Why will you go? Surely you can subson, however, he himself, perhaps, scarce- mit to your agent, or avocet, all affairs of business for the present."

"My dear uncle, the case is impera-"Then, as soon as this affair is trans-

"I promise you, monsieur, I will re

nouncement of his intended departure on

"My dear Helen," he said, frankly, takare sorry to bid me adieu, or I shall not believe it."

The good marquis could "I do regret your departure, Louis," she answered, in a low, clear tone; "but why should I display it? You say your busi-

"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! one 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 thoughts was the persecutions of that fellow Gasparde. I wished to remove her from his way. To be sure, he is not here at present, but then there is no knowing but evidently honest-hearted fellow, who Helen will use her influence, too, I know, for she likes Rose. So when you return, you may, perhaps, find another cousin, Louis."

uncle," returned the young man, "and I wish you all success. 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

Slowly rode master and man down the valley to 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 going into the grounds.

"Ah! monsieur; you see I am pune

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

Three hours fully, I think." "That is well. I see you do not forge your master's habits. But come; we must have a room in private for a little while. tween the chateau and the cottage. He Francois!" to his valet, "get down and wait awhile. I wish to transact some private business with this person. Come,

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

"Yes, indeed, Monsieur Louis, and one

"That is all." "Then I dare say I brought sufficient with me; more than that might be

Hastening on, he sat down by They went in, and the door was cles

beheld forth again, the young count striking ing his head to conceal a smile that curv-"What's the matter now, Monsieur ed his mustached lip; while his companion, with less apparent restraint, was He quickly grew grave, keeper was still standing, and endeavorsion which he entertained.
"Well, my good fellow," he said, lighting to draw the usually gruff Francois

"You think, then, monsieur le compte

"O. doubtless-doubtless, Robin!" was

en. "Well-well! I need not tell you to be

"Thank you, monsieur," returned the

"Ah-well," muttered Francois, cross

Louis passed several days in deep reflection the Chateau Montauban, there stop-

A half-perfected scheme was in promedium height, light and athletic in form, and it is guarant ed that plates, cups, and with straight, shapely limbs, whose

not conceal. His countenance was a fine. frank and pleasing one; the features in isputably 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 ek?" asked Hugh.

"I am a gardener, monsieur," answered the young man, respectfully, "and if I could have the care of a garden some-

"But," interrupted Hugh, in a thought- voort family was rich. ful tone, "we do not need gardeners about | the season for that work.'

The young man blushed as he returned: so much the less."

are really in need of work, I suppose?"

"The Compte d'Artois!" Hugh regarded the young man fixedly for a moment, till the red color flushed into his cheek "Let me see your certificate, if you please," he said. The man drew it forth and gave it to

"The Compte d'Artois, monsieur."

Hugh. It said simply: "This certifies that the bearer, Robin perate, and will be found faithful and

trustworthy by whoever may need his ser-

"Who was he?"

LOUIS COMPTE D'ARTOIS." "That is well," said Hugh, quietly, as pigtails. cellently 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 neighbors.

mended like you. Extra work-people are wanted by several of the farmers. There is Antoine Lebrun and Pierre Martin, both of whom I know need one or two more men. They live 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 Roll Himself on the White

House Lawn, and He Did It. "I never go to Washington that I de 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 BE SAW A COUNTRY GIRL IN A CALICO lack of formality and the absence of guards.

comparing the simplicity of the arany kind.

more, if you want to do it I'll stay here down the southern slope of the Cats and watch you, and if any one does kills on its way to Delaware.

"'Will you?' he said.

" 'I mean it,' I said.

of the main entrance to the building, and lay down flat on his back. Then "Yes-yes, Robin. It is all right. Shut | walked out of the grounds, as happy as

"No one looked at him, and no on 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 English man 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 En-

At the mounted games of Squadron A, not so many years ago, a bright ing girl seemed so intent. He stopped, young man sat between two pretty but slipped on a round stone and the name of Bellamy came in second. "Ah! I am so sorry," exclaimed one of the fair ones. "It seemed once as though he would win."

"But," said the bright young man, had been true).

never turned around once." Now the bright young man says he

York Evening Sun. Would Never Do. "that you might call the house The self?"

Crescent. "Not on your life," protested the pro prietor of the new theater, "that would be a hoodoo from the start. The cres-

This person was of something above the 000 dishes an hour has been invented.

A SIMPLE RUSE

to an old New York family. George's is your sunbonneted neighbor with a Salermo, but it is to be tapped in the branch of the Schuyler family was voice like a bubbling spring and eyes hills, and the water taken across to poor. Helen's branch of the Ganze- like those of the girls in old Her- the Adriatic watershed to irrigate the Little Girl Who Loved a Doll Better

rick's poems?" The parents of both these young peo- Jim Payson laughed. "You must their own gardens. Besides, it is late in to know what friendship meant, and little house on them. Mary is his only that; but I would be willing to work for legged Peter. George Schuyler was is a beauty and no mistake. Hit you five years older than Helen Ganze- first time, ch, old man?" "Good! But still, I think it is not very voort. There was enough of the same Schuyler colored a little and said: likely that you will find employment of Dutch idea left in George to make him "Well, not exactly hit, Jim. I must that kind. If it were the spring instead a dutiful son as there was enough not be hit, you know, but the girl is of near the autumn now, perhaps the of the same Dutch in Helen to make attractive and no mistake." marquis might take you. But as it is, you must think of something else. You her a dutiful daughter. George Schuyher a dutiful daughter. George Schuyher a dutiful daughter. George Schuyher bed been brought up to believe guest if he wouldn't like to go over ler had been brought up to believe guest if he wouldn't like to go over Yes, monsieur. I bring a certificate that one day he must marry Helen and call on old Cheney. There was no Ganzevoort, and Helen Ganzevoort hesitancy in falling in with the pro-Schuyler.

Marron, is industrious, honest and tem- feel keenly at all the parting with her met Mary Cheney. James Payson did of Berlin 67,600.

he returned the paper, "and speaks ex- George Schuyler went to San Fran- Schuyler looked at the old fellow and minor eruptions have been treated cisco, and there in the course of nine sitting in the porch corner puffing with good results. At the Finsen in said she. years he did manage to pick up what contentedly at his corncob pipe he stitute are rooms for exposing patients the farmer calls a "tidy bit of money." George went east twice during his San come from such a parent stem. some fancy for farm work. Doubtless I Francisco stay, but both times Helen could make myself useful to some of your Ganzevoort was abroad. They wrote George Schuyler stayed a week and various nervous diseases and in into each other once every three months. 'Well, it is a busy time, and there is and while there wasn't a line of affecevery chance for one who comes recom- tion in the letters on either side, there was enough in them to show that each



sing every day at sunset.

poorwill took up his nightly chant.

to look at him reproachfully.

There was a light step behind him.

through him like a torrent. In front

of him in evening dress stood the girl

whom but 48 hours before he had left

Something like a smile came into the

girl's face, "Not Mary, George," she

said, "but Helen," George Schuyler's

who is an old family friend, and Giles,

"Helen, what do you think of me?"

love with me for what I am, and"-

During the early years of his ca-

reer as an evangelist the late D. L.

Moody was not quite the practical

correspondent. He was holding a se-

"I am very fond of pickles," he said,

"I can give you all you want to take

"Well, of course, if you would rather

"I think a barrel would be enough,"

But here his more practical wife in

terfered, and the order was cut down

some cucumber pickles.

you want?"

to a small keg.

stand," he stammered.

the rest."

ord-Herald.

DRESS.

"He never tired talking of this and ment made by the parents still stood. George Schuyler was 25 years old. rangements in Washington with the His income now was large enough to way the rulers of Europe are guarded. justify him in marrying, and in feel Particularly he was impressed by the ing that he wouldn't have to go to the fact that any one who wished was al- bureau drawer every morning to find lowed to go into the White House his wife's purse. George was going grounds, and wander around without back to take a bride that he hadn't showing any passes or credentials of seen in nine years, and it's just barely possible that he didn't feel overly com-"Well, one day we were wandering fortable at the prospect. As a mataround and we went up past the White ter of fact, George Schuyler liked House. The Englishman stopped and bachelorhood. No woman ever as yet watched the stream of men and women had stirred his pulse. His gun and his rod were more to him than all the "'By Jove,' he said, 'it is wonderful women in the world. But George had and no mistake. Why, they let you do been getting letters from his aged just as you please. Do you know, I parents, who said that it was time he think that if a fellow wanted to he came east and went to wooling in earncould go in there and roll over on the est. He wrote that he would start lawn and there wouldn't be a person in a week, but that on his way he who would think of speaking to him was to stop for a few days' fishing about it.' 'Of course, no one would with an old friend on the Beaverkill, speak to him about it,' I said. 'What's that ideal trout stream which tumbles

say anything about it I'll help you lick George Schuyler took his fly book and his split bamboo rod on the first morning after his arrival at his friend's wilderness lodge and started then he walked into the White House out to whip the stream for the speckled beauties. He was in wading boots hip high, and down the stream no one paid the least attention to him. He went out on the lawn, right in front to the surface of every pool where it looked as though a trout might lurk. Luck was only fair and the sun was deliberately. Then he got up and getting high. Trout don't like the away from the surface, no matter how tempting the morsel offered for consumption. George Schuyler was thinking about reeling in and going back to the lodge, when suddenly at a place where the Beaverskill broadened he saw a country girl, in a calleo dress and sunbonnet, sitting at the water's edge. She was listening to the song of a brown thrasher that, tilting on a low tree top, was pouring forth its medley for the benefit of his sunbon-

neted friend. George Schuyler stopped in midstream. He did not wish to disturb the bird's solo, upon which the listenand still just there. The thrasher went into the thicket like a flash and the girl turned her head just as quickly. George Schuyler saw a face under the shadow of the huge country bon-"he was looking backward" (which net that was much more than pretty like them in our market at home." and which had in it that which men "He wasn't," snapped the girl. "He rightly call character. George's fisherman's cap was off in an instant. generous hostess. "Good mornings" are allowable in the will probably go through life and never wilderness without the formality of would like to buy them." see another Bellamy looking backward. an introduction.

Such is the fate of a punster.-New go back to the lodge of my friend, of them from our garden and the Mr. Payson. Can you tell me if there neighbors', and my husband can send "I was thinking," said the architect, is a shorter path than the stream it them to you. What quantity would arrived on the coast, he could readily

The girl nodded brightly, "Yes," she said, "you can take the trail said Mr. Moody, without a moment's through the tamaracks. It begins just hesitation. "Send me a barrel of here." Then the girl turned her at- them." tention once more to the brown thrasher, who gave symptoms of being willing to start his solo once more.

Schuyler thanked the girl courteous. As you grow older, aim to get your ly and after reeling in his line started affairs straightened out, and quieted along the trail indicated. When he down

The changing of a river's channel EORGE SCHUYLER belonged reached his friend James Payson's to an old New York family. Helen Ganzevoort also belonged in the name of all that's lovely, who

province of Puglia. For measuring feeble illuminations, here. Up in the village, where the people are all farmers, they take care of friends since they had been old enough He has 400 or 500 rocky acres with a schein, M. Touchet has devised a spefriends had the ancestors been for gen- daughter, and he put her through Vas-O, I know that, monsieur—I know erations back to the time of the stump—sar and made quite a lady of her. She constant flame and a slit regulated I come t' the city. See s' many things through the slit exactly equals the pair o' skates. They wuz grand-all light to be measured, a reading is obtained that is easily reduced to a did want 'em awful-but I didn't hev

standard. Although there is a certain area of about three and a half acres on Manhattan Island where the density of had been brought up to believe that posal. They found old Cheney on the population is at the rate of 630,000 to one day she must marry George porch smoking his pipe. He was a the square mile, yet the city of Paris white-haired old fellow of the farmer shows a far greater average density The Schuylers were not rich, as has type, and while he admitted it was of population than New York, the been said, and when George was 16, hard wringing crops from the stony figures for Paris being 79,300 per instead of being sent to college he Catskill slope, yet he said he wouldn't square mile, and for New York City was shipped west, to see if he could give up his mountainside with its air proper 40,000 per square mile. The pick up a fortune. Helen was at that and scenery for the best valley land on average density of London's populatime 11 years old, and she did not the continent. Then George Schuyler tion is 37,000 per square mile, and that

prospective husband, and it must be the introducing. Schuyler found his The Finsen lamps are now credited confessed that George didn't shed mountain flower all that he had ex- with ten cures of cancer of the skin many tears when he said good-by to pected from the glimpse that he had out of twenty-two cases treated, and The girl was refinement itself, and as baldness due to bacteria. Erysipelas bled. wondered how this slip could have to electric-light baths and to sun-baths, and an exhaustive and promising in-Well, it's better to make it short, vestigation of the influence of light in come into her face then. Wal, she then lingered for two more. He wrote sanity is in progress. to New York that he was enjoying the A New York man has invented a

fishing. So he was for about an hour mirror that can be made translucent every morning. One day he brought at will, so that when placed in a showhimself up with a round turn. He window it at first reflects the faces thought of his duty to Helen Ganze- of people looking in, but suddenly turns transparent, whereupon the spectators He knew in his heart that he loved see the contents of the window in place this girl of the mountainside who had of their own reflections. This is effecta voice like one of the veeries that ed by means of a thin film on the back of the glass, which, when the back-That night he went to Mary Cheney ground is dark, reflects the light from and told her all. He knew somehow in front like a mirror, but when the that the girl had grown to love him background is illuminated, becomes as as he had grown to love her. They invisible as a pane of clear glass.

stood on the porch looking down onto One of the winter sights of St. Petthe far-off valley. It was twilight and ersburg is a system of electric tramthe veeries and the vesper sparrows ways on the ice in the Neva. One were singing everywhere. He told runs from the left shore of the river ner of his childhood engagement to to the island of Petrowsky, and an-Helen Ganzevoort. "I have not seen other from the English quay, opposite her since she was 11 years old," he the Senate House, to the island of said. "She cares nothing for me; she Basillo, near the Academy of Fine cannot. She doesn't even know me. Arts. Wooden posts solidly embedded The whole thing was a bit of parental in the ice support the trolley wires. foolishness, but nevertheless there is Besides these tramways many wooden the question of my duty. I shall leave roads, intended for pedestrians, cross the for New York the day after to-morrow. water in various directions. In sum-I will see Helen, and upon what she mer bridges of boats take the place says and does depends all. I may of the roads on the ice.

have done wrong. Mary, in lingering the smelting of steel by electricity is still an attractive problem. The panion of everyday life. Into a world in which fairles were already unfolding there, just as the last bird voices reached a technical solution by proof the day were hushed and the whip- ducing steel of fine quality, but the furnaces were ruined by fire before Two days later George Schuyler stood in a Fifth avenue drawing-room Another furnace planned by the same waiting for the coming of Helen makers is to hold 2,970 pounds, with Ganzevoort. The lights were bright. On the wall hung a picture of Helen to receive the current of a three hunas he had last known her nine years dred horse-power dynamo. Though microscopically identical with crucible know and enjoy them. before as a child. The eyes seemed steel, the electric product is claimed to excell in strength, density, uniformity, He turned quickly. For a moment toughness and ease of working when he felt frozen, then the blood went

ERROR THAT COST DEARLY.

on the mountainside. "Mary," he said, Millions Might Have Been Saved If Astor Had Been Backed Up.

When, back in 1811, John Jacob As tor, with his Pacific Fur Company, mind was befogged. "I don't under- established the trading post of Astoria, at the mouth of the Columbia, he took "It's easily understood, George," she a step which, if followed up by the laughed. "You didn't suppose for a support that he had a right to expect moment, did you, that I wished to from the United States government, who I knew was to marry me from possession of all the territory on the sheer force of duty? Your mother Pacific coast up to Russia's colony of told me you were going to stop at the Alaska, which came to us through pur-Beaverkill to fish, and Mr. Payson, chase in 1867, and thus have shut England and Canada out of access to the who is an old family servant, and who, great ocean.

you for what you are."-Chicago Rec. marque to equip an armed vessel at return as properly antiquated discovhis own expense to defend the mouth eries. of the Columbia ignored, Mr. Astor lost | A funny story is now current about his post, which was sold by his treach- a collector of medieval things. A cererous British subordinates, who were tain clever workman in stone made to grew older and his judgment ripened. ries of meetings in a small town in

fore the capture, would have been to be opened, for I packed it when it averted. With the advantage of his left Paris." "I am just about to stop fishing and have them that way I can pickle a lot see base and his Russian affiliations in Alaska, both of which had been firmly established before the news of the war have excluded England's Hudson Bay Company and Canada's Northwest Fur ompany from all the territory west of the Rocky mountains. That disoute about the ownership of the presdaho, which did not end until Engand gave up all claims in 1846 to the be found. erritory, would never have taken dace, for England through her fur-

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.

Than She Did Herself.

"Wal," said Uncle Eb, thoughtfully. cial instrument, resembling a theodo- in'. I walked all the way t' Salem in width by a screw with divided head, | couldn't make up my mind t' buy and when the illumination of the field nuthin'. I stud there feelin' uv a shiny with new straps an' buckles-I enough money. Purty soon I see a leetle bit uv a girl in a red jacket lookin' at a lot o' dolls. She wus 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 whis-

per: "'Some day,' she'll say, 'some day.' "Then she'd go to another an' fuse a minnit with its clothes an' whisper 'some day.' Purty soon she as't if they had any doll with a blue dress on fer 3 pennies.

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

"The little gal she jes looked es if this plain little girl with her hair in caught of its beauty in the morning. with cures of obstinate acne and of she wus goin' t' cry. Her lips trem-

"'Some day I'm goin' t' hev one,"

"I couldn't stan' it, an' so I slipped up an' bought one an' put it in her arms. I never'll fergit the look that 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 tt all that made her 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 quickly, "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 yerself, if it ain't nobody better 'n a rag doll."-Irving Bacheller, 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

ing from the truest realities of existence into the tradition, the aura which makes reality a forever budding commercial success had been attained. prophecy and promise, he brought ceaseless activity and the opportunity to exercise it, a keen love of the rough a yearly capacity of 1,500 tons, and is and tumble of life, and an equally keen desire, not for money to buy beautiful things, but for capacity to

Miss Yonge's Boy is not always clever, and he is never perfect, but he is so healthly 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 in your 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 marry a man I never had seen and would soon have given this country of your own country and your place in it.-Gunton's Magazine

Modern Antiquities The quest for things antique has led to systematic forgery and imitation on the part of dealers. Paris is by the way, made a good farmer, did Denied by President Madison the the great center of this deceitful inslight measure of military aid which dustry, says the Nation. There has he asked for the defense of his post been discovered in the suburbs a thriv-"I think, George, that you fell in on the Pacific in the war of 1812-15 ing factory for the fabrication of Egypwith England, and with his appeal to tian mummies, cases and all. These smiling-"I think I shall have to take the same President for letters of are shipped to Egypt, and in due time

temporarily in control, in 1813 to Can- the order of a dealer in medieval anada's Northwest Fur Company for a tiquities a Venetian chimneypiece of third of its value and the place was the fifteenth century, and received for man of affairs which he became as he captured by a British war vessel his work some two or three thousand shortly afterward. In the settlement francs. The dealer shipped the chim-A characteristic incident of this pe- at the close of the war the place was neypiece to Italy, and had it set up riod of his life is vouched for by a given back to the Americans, but here in a palace near Venice, bringing back again Madison, and subsequently Mon- to Paris photographs of the palace and roe, denied to Mr. Astor the protection of the chimneypiece in situ. By means central Illinois, where, with his wife, of the few soldiers which he asked and of these photographs he aroused the he enjoyed the hospitality of a prom- he declined to re-establish the post. | interest of a rich collector, who sent This lack of courage and foresight his secretary to Venice to make sure fancy was particularly taken with on the part of these two Presidents in that the photographs did not lie, and this case was fatal to American inter- on his favorable report, bought the ests on the Pacific. Here are some of thing for fifty thousand francs. On "and these are certainly the finest I the few things which would have come the arrival of the article at his house ever tasted. I wish I could get some to pass had Mr. Astor been sustained in Paris, he sent for some workmen by the government: He would easily to open the cases. One of them appearhave held his ground against the Brit- ed to him to go about the work rather home with you, Mr. Moody," said his sh warship which captured the post carelessly, and he remonstrated with in 1813 and the transfer to the Caus- the man, who answered, "Have no "But I don't want them as a gift. I dian company, which took place be- fear, sir. I know just how it needs

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

When there is a bad accident, the first thing the coroner does is to go ni States of Oregon, Washington and through the pockets of the man responsible for it, to see if a bottle can

As a rule, when a man has phenome raders would never have obtained a nal nerve, there is nothing else to him