

WICKLY'S WOODS

By H. W. TAYLOR

CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

The wind increasing almost momentarily, seemed to be blowing the rain away, for it was not now descending in the white strips and ribbons of water that had swept the woods clean all day. Still there were intervals in which little spurts of rain dashed in their faces, now coming with the harder wind from the cool northwest.

The level meadow that lay between the Redden residence and the edge of the village looked white and liquid as if it were a little lake, or an arm of back-water from the Wabash.

Across it, and far down into its seeming depths glimmered the bright yellow reflections of a few steady lights blazing out of open doors and uncurtained windows, and showing where other watchers held lonely and anxious vigils on account of those dear to them, and who were in pain and peril.

Following as well as she could in the exact steps of her guide, Lizzy managed to keep out of the deeper water and mud, and skirting the grassy side of the lane got out upon the watery, canal-like opening of Overcoat road.

The wind was roaring and tossing the great limbs of the oaks about in a way that recalled to Lizzy's recollection the first onslaught of that dreadful cyclone whose path through the tall forest she could distinctly see by the little starlight that began to be reflected faintly through the thinning margins of the smaller clouds, into which the wind was breaking up the great solid, vapor-loaded cloud of the day. At the very uttermost end of this hurricane path there gleamed a faint red glow against the sky.

"Looks like a storm to me," said Lizzy. "Looks like a storm to me," said Lizzy. "Looks like a storm to me," said Lizzy.

"Hello! Is that you, Miss Redden?" some voice called out from an unseen locality near them.

"Yes; who is it?"

"A hunter, Climberson, air yuh?" continued the voice, without discovering the head and chest that emitted it.

"No; I came up to find Coonrod. I got away 'bout 'im astayun so long."

"Well, now, yuh astayun," said the voice, beginning to materialize in the shadowy dark figure that Mrs. Redden recognized at once as the young Doc. "He's gone a trip 'at I wouldn't go for a party! He's gone up onto the Big Rattlesnake, clear up to the Backbone Ridge, at the fur end 'at yuh fan, Lizzy. They's a lot 'at railroad fellers cramped up thar, 'an they've ben dunn a little shootin' 'an one another. 'An Coonrod he went along with the shurt to 'rest a lot 'an us—Mason, 'an 'a snore 'at 'un, fur intent to kill."

CHAPTER XIII.

"How far is it, Doc?" asked Mrs. Redden in a voice that showed she was thinking strongly.

"You hant a go-on to try to go thar to-night, air you? I wouldn't of I was you! They may be a good big furze fore they git through with it. Thar railroad fellers has got thar weapons with 'em. 'An they've ben a usen 'an 'un party lively look. Doc said they was five or six 'an 'un shot—some party had. But I've got to hurry on. Little Jim Dikess yonnest boy is sick, 'an—"

But without stopping to hear about the peril of little Jim Dikess youngest boy, Mrs. Redden had turned about and began walking slowly and uncertainly back along the Overcoat road, with Lizzy following her, and also deep in thought.

If these men had been shooting each other, perhaps Mr. Mason, and even Prof. Huntley, might be among the wounded; the dangerously wounded. And if so, she would only be doing a Hoosier girl's duty, to go and nurse and care for the man who had certainly saved her life.

"I'm a great mind to walk that way, Lizzy! We needn't go any further's we want to, you know. We kin come back whenever we're a mine to. 'An we must meet Coonrod, some'er 'an the road, mebbe. Think you could walk 'at?" Mrs. Redden said, a little hesitatingly, but gathering assurance at the sound of her voice and the plausibility of her statement, as she went on.

"Oh, yes. I think I would like to go all the way if we could. If there are any men hurt, they will need women there to help prepare for the surgeons. Men can't heat water and tear bandages and get soap, and towels and all those things that are needed where people are hurt. You remember how it was last fall when the threshing engine blew up?" Lizzy said, quite cheerfully and animatedly.

Mrs. Redden remembered so much about that incident that it started her upon a stream of general reminiscences that, branching out as it did into winding byways of neighborhood accidents, proceeded to last forever.

Happily Lizzy was so constituted that she was not compelled to follow the thread of Mrs. Redden's episodes. On the contrary, she lost them presently in a sort of exhilarating enjoyment of the night, and the high wind, and the roaring breakers of foliage tossing and swaying about with a sort of warlike crash that reminded her of the distant but distinctly audible sound of the sea, where she had heard it once a long time ago.

In this human love of the night for a time of roving about and looking at all manner of sights and hearkening to all manner of sounds, to be taken to mean that man is a night prowler out of that animal instinct that survives the long past progression beyond the four feet armed with claws, and the elongated pupil and erectile ears?

Not at all. It only means that night, being the time of rest, is best suited to amusement and relaxation. And therefore people avail themselves of their only opportunity.

The two women having satisfied their consciences upon the question of the right of going upon such an expedition, drew themselves more closely into the shelter of their ample shawls and so, like devoted devotees of these Druid temples

of the primeval woods, went hurrying on in the growing wind and the declining rain.

So long as they could follow the broad and generally unfenced course of the Overcoat road there was little or no difficulty in picking their way in reasonable security from little stumps of black-jacks that had been cut down in some emergency of transferring the roadbed a few rods to this side or to that, to avoid a newly formed mud hole, or a fallen tree, or some other of the numerous obstacles that beset new roads in a new country.

Nor did the long, arching black raspberry vines and blackberry stems, with sharp and tenacious thorns, lay hold upon the woolen fibers of the shawls, and insist upon a tariff levied upon the spot, and only to be measured by the points of contact.

But when, after awhile, Mrs. Redden, coming upon a plain wagon road that came into the highway of Overcoat road out of an unpromising shadow of the great forest, turned unhesitatingly into it and to the northward, all the circumstances seemed to be suddenly changed for the worse.

It was no longer possible to see one yard of the suddenly narrowed road, and they were compelled to concentrate all their senses of alertness in their feet, that now cautiously, but quickly and unhesitatingly, felt the way.

Lizzy here implicitly followed her agile and fearless leader, dodging with her head this way and that, throwing her left arm up here and her right arm up there, in anticipation of some imaginary slender and drooping branch.

Turning one of the many short and almost semi-circular curves in this untrammelled woods-road, they came suddenly within the broad glare of a light which they had seen for brief moments, and at irregular intervals during the latter portion of their long and rapid walk.

The light appearing to come out of a small round rent in the very curtain of the night itself, moved and oscillated across their path, while a low hum of voices could be distinctly heard only a little way from them.

The two women continued to advance slowly and wonderingly, hearing the hum of voices interrupted by a short laugh, and then totally suppressed by a peremptory ejaculation in a voice that one of the adventurous Hoosier women was familiar with.

"Coonrod! Is that you? Coonrod Redden!" said Mrs. Redden, raising her voice so as to be distinctly heard above the wind, and all its woodland resonances.

One man stepped out of the black shadow and came forward. Lizzy had ample time to observe him narrowly, and to see him perfectly. For the strong cone of yellow light, wavering a little from side to side, centered upon them, and included him within its glow.

From the first step that he took forward out of the darkness, Lizzy Wickly, with a sudden leap of her heart, recognized him. It was Mr. Mason, certainly. But what a change in him! And to what was due the change?

His ordinary dark, plain and unpretentious dress had become totally supplanted. He wore a high, black, rimless cap such as men of that day sometimes wore in the later autumn. A short, black, gun-enameled cloak was fastened about his shoulders and thrown slightly back from the close-fitting and broad-belted blouse.

Long leather boots covered his legs above the knees, giving him a jaunty, dashing, cavalier air so totally new and strange and foreign to him, as she had heretofore known him, that she was immovable from sheer astonishment and growing wonder.

The metallic gleam of weapons in the broad leather belt, and the glistening barrel of one of those wonderful, new, many-shotted carbines protruding from under the cloak and lying easily across his right forearm, brought her back to look more closely at his face as he came rapidly forward.

Then she saw that his long and somewhat faded brown hair had disappeared, and a rather close cropped coat of black hair came down to his temples under the cap; and she remembered like a flash what Coonrod Redden had said about it.

Yes, he had worn a wig! Beyond a doubt he had worn a wig! He had played a part! He had been a cunning and a skilled dissiminator.

His bold, jaunty manner, his changed dress, his easy and assured smile, and above all, the youthfulness of his always fresh, ruddy face, now framed in the close black hair and the brimmed cap, were in their totality as well as in their particularity, irrefragable proof of the fact that he was a skilled dissiminator.

Along with this sudden conclusion, arrived within three simple seconds of time, covering perhaps, ten thousand eruptions of thought, memory and comparison, there was a sharply defined recurrence of that sense of loss that she had felt when she had looked at this man and perceived some alteration in him while he had driven past her on yesterday in the streets of Sandtown.

He is about to speak. And she feels that she must not lose his smallest word; his least gesture; his most fleeting glance. For upon these depend something. Something of greatly supreme moment to her. She feels and knows.

CHAPTER XIV.

"Mr. Redden, I am sorry to say, is not now here, Mrs. Redden," he said, taking off his cap and bowing in a very formal and elaborate manner. "He came up this afternoon upon important business, but has gone on further—much further than our camp. I can assure you, though, that he is safe and well. Miss Lizzy, has your hurricane experience made you admire storms to such a degree that you take the numerous risks of accident from falling limbs and trees without hesitation, on a cloudy day and inclement night?"

While a slight sarcastic smile lingered about his lips, there was a puckering of the brows and a glitter in his dark eyes, made darker by the black border of hair and cap, and also a certain harshness in the tones of his voice that com-

bined to make her feel that she was put upon the defensive, and under censure and reproach.

"I do not know that I thought of the danger," Lizzy answered, blushing a little. "I suppose that after so recent an experience—"

"You ought to have thought of it," he suggested. "No doubt! No doubt. Even by experience we mortals learn, but slowly, and after many losses. Mrs. Redden, you will not think of going on farther in search of your husband? Can't you take my word that he is well and safe?"

He stood close to Lizzy—even touching her with the folds of his gun-enameled rain cloak, while he faced Mrs. Redden.

"I must a tuck your word fur ut, Mr. Mason, ef ut ud aben three-four weeks ago," said the determined and plain-spoken old Hoosier woman, defiantly. "But you hant as much thought up, 'an your word hant as good as hit wair then. I come up by-ur after my man, 'an I want 'im before I go back."

There was a moment's pause, in which Mr. Mason seemed to be upon the border-line between anger and surprised amusement.

"I am sorry to have lost the good opinion of yourself and so many of the kind-hearted people of Sandtown," he said earnestly, and with a return toward something like what might be termed his Sandtown manner. "I must beg you both to believe that I have not willfully injured anybody in what I have done. I have had your interests in view, as well as—"

"Yes, hit looks lack ut, don't ut," broke in the determined and independent old woman. "Hit looks lack hit was to our intrust to git the Farmers' Bank into sich a tight plait ut it had to bust up, 'an bust up every farmer 'an Redden township 'an all 'long the Wabash. 'An you come down by-ur 'an bid in all 'an moegijis fur little 'an 'unthun."

The amount of scorn thrown into her vigorous sentences by her staccato of emphasis was surprising to contemplate. Under this invective Mr. Mason kept his gaze steadily and searchingly upon Lizzy Wickly's face, while his face remained turned toward the angry visage of the blunt and fearless old Hoosier woman.

"I certainly have had no hand in the misfortunes of the Farmers' Bank," he said quickly, and keeping his eyes fixed upon Lizzy's in that searching, questioning look that plainly asked her what her thought of these charges. "And so far as the mortgage sales are concerned, I had only thought of doing a favor to one of the mortgagors by compelling the mortgagee to pay something like the full value of the property. But if there are many sufferers I shall make an effort—"

"Many! They's about everybody 'at I know. 'Un most 'un lose thar farms, too. 'Un thur family will suffer, I reckon. Billy Biler tole Coonrod—"

"Congressman Biler is the attorney for the railroad that is closing up the Farmers' Bank, Mrs. Redden. You know that fact, so you can put a proper estimate upon every bit of information that comes through him," Mr. Mason said, looking hard at Lizzy for symptoms of some effect of his words, and seeing those symptoms very evidently.

"Billy Biler! Billy Biler 'ud no more do sich a theng than he'd put his head on the fire!" said Mrs. Redden indignantly. "We've knowed him too long fur thar. But I reckon, Lizzy, we must as well go back. 'I've kin'd ob gat over my awneasy spell 'bout Coonrod. He's always tuck k-ur 'un hisself. But I felt mighty awneasy—mighty awneasy."

Lizzy, signifying that she was quite ready to set out on the return walk, Mr. Mason, resuming in a great measure the jaunty air with which he had met them, volunteered to escort them, and offered his arms to both ladies.

"No, thank-y," said Mrs. Redden, much mollified. "I kin walk alone yit. You must help Lizzy thar. She's purty well 'ard out, I reckon. 'An young gyuris needs a sight more 'armun 'an keppun along, 'un 'un weestun dose. 'I'll lead out, 'un you two kin follow, mebbe."

Acting instantly upon her own suggestion, Mrs. Redden "led out" with the long swinging stride peculiar to the old-time Hoosier dames, who walked everywhere when the "hosses" were at work, and before "ridin'-nags" became plentiful.

(To be continued.)

EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH.

No Better Beloved, Nor More Unfortunate, Sovereign in History.

The Emperor Francis Joseph is probably as thoroughly beloved by his subjects as any sovereign in history has ever been. His great misfortunes—fearful defeats in the wars with France and Germany, the suicide of his only son, the assassination of his wife, and family troubles in more recent times, have thrown about him an atmosphere of romantic sympathy; while liking for his kindly qualities is mingled with respect for his plain common sense.

During his stay in Berlin I met him a second time. At my first presentation at Dresden, two years before, there was little opportunity for extended conversation; but he now spoke at length, and in a manner which showed him to be observant of the world's affairs even in remote regions. He discussed the recent increase of our army, the progress of our war in the Philippines, and the extension of American enterprise in various parts of the world, in a way which was not at all perfunctory, but evidently the result of large information and careful observation. His empire, which is a seething caldron of hates, racial, religious, political and local, is held together by love and respect for him; but when he dies this personal tie which unites all these different races, parties and localities will disappear, and in place of it will come the man who by force of untoward circumstances is to be his successor, and this is anything but a pleasing prospect to an Austro-Hungarian, or indeed to any thoughtful observer of human affairs.—Century.

Proof Enough.

"Oh, mamma, I know there's a flea on me!" cried little Ethel.

"How do you know it is a flea, dear?" asked mamma.

"Why, because I can't catch it!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Conquest of the Great American Desert

Great Irrigation Projects.

Surveys have been completed for thirteen great irrigation projects in as many different States, contemplating the reclamation of 1,131,000,000 acres of desert land, at a cost of \$31,395,000, or an average of \$27.20 per acre. The land thus improved will be sold to the public at that price in ten annual installments, and thus the entire amount of money expended will be refunded to the government. The President is greatly gratified at the rapid progress that is being made by the irrigation bureau. Contracts have been let and thousands of laborers are already employed in Arizona, Colorado, Idaho, Nebraska, Nevada and New Mexico.

The law allows enough land to each settler to support a family. No cash payments are required; no commutations, but the settler must actually live on it and cultivate it for five years and pay \$2.00 an acre each year for ten years, when he will receive a title to the land and own the water rights without additional payments. Private land which receives the benefit of the water must pay at the same rate—\$2.00 per acre for ten years. After ten payments the owner of the land will have the water rights free of cost for all eternity. The land is good for alfalfa, sugar beets, potatoes and all the root crops and fruits of the temperate zone. It is only twelve hours from San Francisco by rail, fifty miles from the capital of Nevada, and is surrounded by mining settlements in every direction.

Part of the land reclaimed will be the old Forty-Mile Desert, or Carson's Sink, which was a horror of early emigrants—the worst spot on the overland trail; and was lined the entire distance with the bones of men and animals. Thousands of poor creatures died there from thirst and exhaustion. Farmers who plow there now turn up in almost every furrow gun barrels which were driven into the earth to mark graves and have since been buried deep in the drifting sands. As an illustration of the perversity of nature, the engineers who have been laying out the proposed irrigation system have found an abundance of cold, pure water a few feet below the surface wherever they have made borings. All of this desert will be redeemed, and when the present proposition is finished the Humboldt and Walker rivers, which will bring several hundred thousand acres more under irrigation and make a paradise of what is now the most desolate spot in Nevada.

How One County Was Redeemed.

Thirty-two years ago there was only one house in the town of Fresno, in the central desert of California, says a writer in the World's Work. A hole was dug under it, forty feet deep, into which the inmates lowered themselves by a bucket and a windlass, to escape the heat of the day. Around it, as far as the eye could see, stretched the glaring desert, unbroken by any cultivated spot of green. The whole country seemed a hopeless waste—dead and profitless.

To-day this spot is the center of a cheerful community of 8,000 homes, in a land made fertile by irrigation. Ten thousand children attend its public schools. The industries there yield \$14,000,000 annually. The raisin crop of 1902 put into the farmers' bank accounts \$2,300,000.

All the raisins imported into the United States in 1902 amounted in value to only \$400,000. In 1902 the oil wells of Fresno County yielded 570,000 barrels of crude petroleum, worth \$200,000 before refining. Eighty-nine thousand head of cattle graze on its rich alfalfa.

When the few straggling fortune-hunters came to the county late in the 60's they were welcomed by this sign hung over Fresno's one building: "Bring your horses. Water, one bit; water and feed, three bits." Fresno was a "watering station" only. In 1872, however, M. J. Church conceived the idea of bringing water in ditches from Kings river, twenty miles away, to irrigate the land. His proposal was laughed at as a dreamer's scheme. But persistence won; in 1876 he had water on land within three miles of the town of Fresno, and the first year's crop proved the soil to be fertile. The area of watered ground was rapidly extended. To-day there are 300,000 acres under irrigation.

CASTRO A REMARKABLE MAN.

Began Revolution with 25 Men and Fought His Way to Presidency.

For a little South American dictator Cipriano Castro, President of Venezuela, is making a lot of trouble in the world of international politics. In many ways, writes William Thorp in the New York Times, he is a remarkable man. He first appeared in Caracas, the capital, several years ago as a legislator. He was sent to Congress as a deputy from the State of Los Andes, his native place. His fellow muleteers and cattle smugglers elected him, and at that time he knew practically nothing of life outside of the mountain village in which he was born. Only one memory of his brief career as a legislator is preserved. Day by day he went to the hall of Congress in a tight-fitting pair of very shiny patent leather shoes. As soon as he was comfortably seated he bent down and removed them from his cramped feet, and placed them on the desk in front of him. He sat patiently

through the long-winded debates which South American politicians love, never offering a word of his own, and at the end of each session he put on those tight boots again and went back to his cheap hotel. Of course he had never worn boots before. Nobody does wear them in Los Andes.

It goes without saying that the savage of the back of beyond was the butt of his colleagues in Congress. Most of them are now dead, slain on the battlefield, or rotting in the frightful dungeons beneath the old fort at Maracaibo, or in exile in Caracas, Paris, Bogota or New York.

Cipriano Castro came back to Caracas at the head of an army made up of his muleteer and smuggling friends. He started his revolution with precisely 23 men at his back. It was local at first, but he won small victories and then big ones, until in the course of three months he had drawn enough men to his standard to be able to advance on Caracas and fight for the presidency.

When he was in sight of the city an accident happened that would have ruined the chances of any other revolutionist. He was thrown from his horse and broke both his legs. The government army was facing his forces. From a horse litter he directed the battle, won a great victory, and subsequently bought over the government general. Then he marched into



PRESIDENT CASTRO.

Caracas, made himself President, and suppressed a revolution almost before he could manage to hobble around.

All the ministers slavishly imitate Castro in everything. He is not only President, but Lord High Everything Else in Venezuela. The heads of all departments, the members of the Legislature, and even the judges are merely his puppets.

Castro is supremely ignorant of the affairs of other nations. He has never seen but one battleship in his life up to the time of the international episode of 1902 and he speaks with contempt of the power of Germany, Great Britain and other foreign nations.

Castro is very democratic. He never surrounds himself with guards or secret service men, though he has as many deadly enemies as a Russian grand duke. But he always carries a revolver in the top left-hand pocket of his frock coat. So far as is known, only one attempt has been made to assassinate him. It was when he was riding through the streets of Caracas soon after he became President. The man's shot missed him, but he put a bullet through the man's leg before any of his suit realized what was happening. Then he not only magnanimously pardoned the fellow, but actually sent his own doctor to attend to him.

Castro is undoubtedly the strongest man in Venezuela to-day and there is no one as yet in sight who is powerful enough to oust him from the presidential chair.

Discovery of Peat Baths.

The discovery of the value of peat baths was made accidentally many years ago. On the coast of France there lived at one time a poor family. The father of the family eked out a scanty living by killing aged cattle and divesting them of their skins. The ghastly remains he sold to tanners and redners.

Of the three children which belonged to this couple one was a poor creature, delicate and wretched and apparently half-witted. The mother was so ashamed of this boy that she could not bear to have the child in her sight. Consequently he spent most of his time half clothed and badly fed, rolling about in the peat bogs which were behind the cottage. Little by little it was noticed that the child was improving in health, that his skin was becoming as fair and soft as a peach, his eyes bright and his spirits and actions those of a strong, healthy boy instead of a half-witted little animal.

The old country physician on one of his rounds noticed the improved condition of the boy and mentioned the fact and the cause at a medical conference in Paris. The result was the use of the peat bath, which leaves far behind any other kind of hydrotherapeutic cure known to this day and its success is becoming greater each season.

We don't know much, but we know too much to play a slot machine, and every man ought to have as much sense as we have. The cards are stacked against you when you play a slot machine.

Take care of your pennies while young and give some chap a chance to bunko you out of your dollars when you get old.

Book News and Reviews.

The most successful book dealing with the Russo-Japanese conflict brought out in England this year is "The Yellow War," the author of which conceals himself under the pseudonym "O." The author is a man who, because of his political and personal importance, was able to see much more of the actual fighting than the general run of correspondents.

Mrs. H. M. Lothrop (Margaret Sidney) is engaged in completing the tenth of the famous Pepper books, "Ben Pepper," which the Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company have in press for publication upon their Lothrop list during the present season. The popular demand for these remarkable books is continually increasing; the sales during the past season surpassing all previous records.

Miss Bradden is so sure of readers that a story by her is always welcomed by the book sellers. She has one coming out shortly called "The Rose of Life," a modern romance story of good and bad society, with a heroine as innocent and charming as Goethe's Gretchen. The book has glimpses of the trivial life of the London season and there is more than a glimpse of the literary life in the person of a poet whose fate is the tragedy of the story, which for the rest ends happily.

Mrs. Alice Tweedie, whose excellent book on Mexico is well known, writes in the London Magazine on General Porfirio Diaz, whom she describes as a man who made a nation, and now publishers are trying to induce her to write a book on the general's life. As no one has yet written an account of the life of that remarkable man, and as Mrs. Tweedie was twice the guest of the general and his wife in Mexico, she may be prevailed upon to write such a book.

In view of the success of H. Rider Haggard's latest book, "The Brethren," and others that have gone before, such as "She," "Allen Quartermain," etc., it is amusing to hear that the first three books written by this gifted romancer brought him in the enormous sum of ten pounds sterling. As can readily be understood, the young author was a little discouraged by this showing, but resolved on one more shot, and produced "King Solomon's Mines," which made him famous at once.

The latest novelty is a magazine called the Novel Magazine, published by Arthur Pearson. It is a novel because it is a book of fiction only. It is a novelty because it is the only British magazine devoted to fiction alone. But it is not the first time such a thing has been tried. Some years ago a magazine of this sort was brought out, but it did not succeed until miscellaneous articles were blended with the stories, so it will be interesting to see if Mr. Pearson can make his fiction magazine pay.

By the terms of the will of General Lew Wallace all of this author's property, both real and personal, is left to his wife, without condition. The will is very short, containing only four sentences. General Wallace left a considerable estate, and Mrs. Wallace will have not only the revenue from this, but she will also, in future, be entitled to the royalties from the sale of his books, which amount to a good deal in the course of the year. Indeed, the Harpers report that now, over 25 years after publication, the demand for "Ben Hur" is as great as ever.

PLAN NEW OVERLAND ROUTE.

Canadians to Build a Line 3,500 Miles to the Coast.

The length of the main line—the new transcontinental railroad in Canada—from Monoton to Port Simpson, is estimated at 3,500 miles. It is expected to cost in the neighborhood of \$125,000,000, of which \$65,000,000 are for the eastern section, to be built by the government, and \$60,000,000 for the western section, to be built by the railway company.

In addition to the main line there are several projected branches, some to connect with the principal towns and cities to the south of the railway, and others to open up new districts still farther north. Nothing here has been definitely decided, but it is practically certain that, in the east, branches will connect the new transcontinental railway with Montreal, Toronto, Saint Ste. Marie and Fort William; while in the west branches will be built to Regina, Calgary, Prince Albert and other important centers in the wheat and ranching districts.

In British Columbia connection will probably be made with a line running north from Vancouver, and a branch line will run north to Dawson City. A possible development of the future may be a branch from some point on the eastern section extending northward to Hudson Bay. Railways to Hudson Bay have been projected and chartered time and again during the last 10 or 15 years, but have always fallen through because of the immense expense involved and the uncertainty as to the forthcoming profits for many years after completion. With the new transcontinental road opening up so much of northern Canada, the cost of a branch to Hudson Bay would be materially reduced and its commercial success correspondingly increased.—Success.

Apples as "Nightcaps."

The apple is such a common fruit that very few persons are familiar with its remarkably efficacious medicinal properties. Every one ought to know that the very best thing he can do is to eat apples just before retiring for the night.—Family Doctor.