************* CHAPTER XVI.-(Continued.) And so, for the while, that darkest affliction was forgotten; but after Simon's wound had been properly dressed, it came back again, and the duel became only a

passing cloud that was soon lost in the deeper cause of grief. The excitement was gone, and the soul remembered now to weep over the loss of its loved ones. several days Simon Lobols remain ed in his chamber, not showing himsolf at all, save to Peter, who waited upon him; and when he became able to go out, he seemed to take especial pains not to be seen by the uncle and his guest. As might be expected he cherished a bitter hatred towards Goupart, but yet he had a deep consolation in the remembrance of the heart-blow he had inflicted upon the youth. He knew Goupart's sensitive na ture, and he knew how deep and abidwere his affections, and knowing this, he knew how keen must be the anguish

of the disappointed lover. And during all this time Goupart St. Denis was much alone, wandering about in the woods. Of course he had given up the idea of going for Louise. If she was married to Lobois, then the companlonship he would necessarily have with her under such circumstances could only make him more miserable, and, perhaps,

add new pangs to her grief.

At the end of eight days Simon set out on his return to New Orleans. He did not see St. Denis, for the youth had purposely withdrawn himself.
"You will bring my child home?" said the old man, in a broken, forced tone.

"Of course I shall, and I trust you will receive her kindly." 'Kindly? Alse, poor Louise! She will have need enough of kindness." What mean you now, sir?" uttered

Simon, angrily. "Nothing-nothing," grouned the marquis, covering his face with his hands.
"Only let me see her once more. You will be kind to her, Simon?"

"Of course I shall be. How could I be The old man gazed up into his nephew's face, but he made no reply; and when, a few moments later, that nephew had tak-en his departure, he bowed his head and

CHAPTER XVII. While the things just narrated were transpiring at the chateau, and at the distant metropolia, how fared White Hand

and his dusky princess?
Gradually White Hand became used to the primitive fashions of the Natchez, and though he had many hours of sorrow and grief, yet he showed only content to the warriors. But to his wife he was not so reserved of his true feelings. She sympathised with him in his sedness, and she even went so far as to assure him that if the honorable opportunity ever offered itself for his escape to his own people, she should not oppose his wishes.

Early one morning, the Great Bun received an invitation to visit the settlement of the white men, and taking with him an escort of his trusty warriors, he set out. It was past noon when he re-turned, and his brow was clouded, and emotion. His first movement was to send for White Hand. The youth went, and found the Great Sun alone with Stung

"White Hand," he said, overcoming all outward signs of his deep emotions, "you must fast and pray. The hour is dark, and evil comes upon us. The white man's heart is hard, and his soul is base. You remember your pledge. Will you pray?"

he was then dismissed. As soon as the youth was gone, the Great Sun started up from his seat and leaped down. His brow grew dark again, and his hands were clenched.

Steng Serpent," he said, "go and summon your council at once. Summon only the wise mon and the tried warriors, for we want no women nor children now. Bid them attend me here."

Stung Serpent asked no questions, but with quick movements, he called up the men who were fit for deep counsel, and soon they were all collected in the place They knew that something important had happened, for never were they thus called together save on occa-"Warriors of the Natches, listen!" com-

menced the Great Sun, speaking calmly and slowly, but with fearful emphasis. "You know how the white men have abused us-how they have trampled upon us, and how they have proved recreant to every trust we have reposed in them. But you do not yet know the most wicked thing of all. The white chief has demanded the beautiful village of the White Apple! Ay-he says the great chief in the big village away towards the salt water has demanded it. I told him he could not mean it, but he only laughed at me. I told him we had lived here in peace ever since we settled upon the banks of the mighty river-that our temple was here, and that here, in the quiet vale, we had laid away the bodies of our departed friends. And even at this he scoffed, and swore he would possess our village."

As the Great Sun sat down, a low murmur ran around the room, and angry ges-tures marked the movements of the dark warriors. Stung Serpent started to his feet, and in a moment all was silent. The towering chieftain gazed around with a flashing eye, and when he spoke his voice was like low thunder.

"Let the souls of the Natchez be firm now, and let the hearts of her warriors be strong!" were his first words. "The white man came to us, and we gave him a home. He asked us for land, and out of our abundance we gave him much. He | fuse thee." asked us for friendship, and we gave him our whole hearts. But how has he repaid us for all our kindness? Where now is our peace? The white man calls the Indian a secret foe. Why is it so? Hecause the pale faces are not to be trusted; because they speak fair when they cheat us. Look around; look to your homes, to your sacred temple, and to the graves of your ancestors. Will you give all up? I can read your answers in your | temple, and when he reached the door, he looks as well as in your words. Once more, and I am done. Let the white men the Natchez, and after some questions be exterminated! Let them be swept from he was admitted. He carried his offering our land at once and forever!"

On the next day messengers came from Chopart, the commander of the French fort, to learn what the Natches offering, his next movement was to step "I don't see why," answered her had agreed upon. They were informed towards the back part of the temple and mother. "You have plenty of money that they had not yet been able to agree upon a place to which to move, and the turn it was now to watch, stood and Great Sun asked two months in which to gazed upon the youth for awhile, and prepare, promising, meantime, to pay a new tribute of corn to the French. This message was conveyed to Chopart, and and close to him, against the wall, he he agreed to the terms, fondly believing that in another spring his people should of the watchers slept, and only one was share the rich land spoils of this fairest awake. Slowly the youth worked his

take one stick away. And when they were all gone—on the day that saw the last stick removed—the avengers were to

From the shores of the Mexican gulf to the Yazoo, and from the waters of the Tombechee to the Sabine, every warrior was armed for the occasion, and eagerly waiting the coming of the fatal moment. The whites were watched at every step, and each red man had his victim marked. Slowly, one by one, as each succeeding un rolled over, those fatal sticks were removed, and Chopart only waited pa-

tiently for his rich prize.
One of the wives of the Great Sun was called "Bras Pique," or Pricked Arm, from the many strange devices which she had marked upon her arms. Pricked Arm loved the French, and she failed not to serve them on every occasion whe could. She saw these secret meetings of the warriors, and her suspicions were aroused. She knew of the demand that had been made for the village of the White Apple, and she knew that these meetings of the council were touching that matter. She noticed the fierce looks of the men, their angry gestures, and their vengeful glances towards the French fort, and she feared that some

calamity was to besall her white friends Pricked Arm made up her mind to save the French if possible, not only at Natchez, but at all other points; and to this end she must not only put Chopart on his guard, but she must enuse the Natchez to give a premature alarm, and thus the whites in other sections would take warning, for she dared not attempt gain access there, no woman ever being allowed within the sacred building. Two nights in succession she skulked about the place, but the warriors within, who watched the holy fire, were too vigilant for her. In this extremity she thought of White Hand, and late one night she went

to him and called him out. "White Hand," she said, when they had reached the very tree under which the Great Sun had once before spoken with the youth, "have you the courage of a

"I have the courage of a man," he re olled, in astonishment, Then can you keep an oath?"

"If it may be kept with honor."
"The oath which I require may, but will not ask it of you, for your own safety will hold you. Know, then, that there is a plot on foot for the massacre-for the entire extermination-of every white nan, woman and child in the country. And mark me-this plot is deep and well founded, and it moves on to its consummation as surely as the now absent sur noves on towards the morning."
"All-every one?" uttered White Hand,

"Yes. Every tribe has the signal, and the one fatal day is set. It is to be on the day when our people pay their tribute of corn. Every white man is marked, and unless something be done to thwart the red men, the terrible blow must fall.' Louis clasped his hands, for his thoughts were of his father and of his sister and of his friend St. Denis. "Can there be no stop to this?" h

"Yes-if you have courage." "Listen. I can warn the people at rend and write the Hiragana charac-Natchez, but that will not save the oth-ters, and to calculate; and it was an uners. In the temple there is a bundle of heard of thing for a grown person to butter." express sticks. They are hung by two be unable at least to read and write, thongs of bearskin back of the altar. In that bundle there are as many sticks as and do simple calculation. They were there are days between now and the fatal seldom sent to school before the age blow; could we remove seven of those sticks, the Natches would make a premature attack. The people at the fort would they were acquiring the dexterity of answered White Hand. And be prepared. In other places down the river, and on the great salt lake, the red men will mistrust nothing, and while they walt eagerly for the passing of the next seven days, the alarm can be spread. Do you understand?"

'Perfectly," returned White Hand. "And will you do it?"

"I will try, even to the death." "Good. But let it be soon." By different paths the two returned to the village, Pricked Arm retiring to her own dwelling, while the youth spent some his own dwelling he found his wife asleep, but he did not join her. He spent some time in walking up and down the place, and his face betrayed the deep anxlety that moved within him. He had marked the stern, angry looks of the stout warriors, and he had noticed their their thoughts. He fancied they were, et most, only planning some means for self-defense. But now the truth was apparent. His father was in danger-all his countrymen were in danger. Thus he

was walking up and down the apartment. when his wife awoke and looked for him. "White Hand," she said, sitting up in night is waning?" "I was thinking of my home, Coqualla."

The princess arose and approached her husband.

"And thou art sad," she murmured. looking up into his face. Coqualla-very and. I would go into the temple and pray.'

Then why go you not in?" "Because I cannot gain admittance there. I am not a warrior, and none but warriers are admitted there."

"But thou art by marriage a Little Sun of the Natchez, and as such, thou canst demand admission there, and none shall dare refuse thee. Take thy offering of walnut wood and go. Say to the guardians there, 'I come as a Sun of the Natches, and I would pray to the Great Spirit. Accept my offering, and open to me the way.' They will not dare re-

As Coqualla spoke she went to the firereligious law, given by the first Great Sun, that only walnut wood should be used for the sacred fire of the temple, and that the bark must be carefully removed before it was carried in. White Hand took the wood in his arm and went to the demanded admission as a Little Sun of to the altar, and one of the priests plac-

ed some of it upon the fire. After White Hand had deposited his kneel down. The warrior-priest whose then turned his attention to his fire. Still kneeling. White Hand looked about him, saw the bundle of cypress sticks. Seven way to the wall, still on his knees. The Baltimore American.

And now the work went on slowly but sticks hung loosely to the thongs: he HUMOR OF THE WEEK and now the work went on alowly but surely. Word was sent to every tribe, and all were solemnly pledged. The day was fixed upon which the fatal blow was to be struck; and that there should be no mistake, a bundle of sticks was prepared for each village, corresponding in number to the days that must elapse between the days that must elapse between the days that must elapse between the days that must elapse bundles. fore the days that must elapse before the death stroke. These bundles
were placed in their respective temples,
and each day the chief was to go in and
take one stick away. And should be the fire. With a color respective temples. in the clothing until they lay along his side, reaching from the arm-pit to the knee. Then he arose, and having walked about a few moments with as careless an air as he could assume, he left the tem-

After breakfast the next morning Stung Serpent came in, as was his wont. He lighted his pipe, and after smoking for some time in silence, he looked up. His brow was clouded, and his countenance were a sad, moody expression. "White Hand," he said, "are the

French a very forbearing people in their The youth imagined he saw the old chief's drift, and after a moment's

thought, he replied: "Not under wrong, my father." "I thought not. But suppose another people should come upon their soil, seize the homes of their subjects, steal their cattle, rob them of their rights and des

ecrate their temples?" "Then the French would drive them off," answered the youth, quickly, "And they would drive them off with the sword and gun, eh?"

"And put all to death they could find?" "No, my father-only such as held out in resistance." "But have not the French put whole

great villages to the sword, as they call

ft, and murdered all?" With a shudder, the youth answered in the affirmative. Stung Serpent gazed sharply into While Hand's face, but he could see no mark of suspicion there. He

after her father had gone. "I do not know, unless he desires to know how much consistency my people have," returned White Hand. "I fear our warriors meditate some re

venge upon the whites. But you need not fear, dearest one, for no harm shall come to you As the bright-eyed princess thus spoke

she threw her arms about her husband's neck. He kissed her, but he dared not whisper the terrible thing he knew-no but that he would trust her, but he had sworn that he would not.

(To be continued.)

JAPANESE SCHOOLS.

The Funrise Kingdom Has Adopted Japanese children used to sit upon their heels in the school-room, grouped round their master on the soft matting chanting together their Iroha, or read ing in concert the wise maxims from their readers which have been the mental food of countless generations of their race. A change has come, and now they sit on benches before desks in Western fashlon, though they do not think this method of sitting very comfortable, and are glad on returning home to indulge in the usual squat. But they still recite in concert, in a monotonous sort of chant, the Iroha (ee-ro-hah), which corresponds to our alphabet.

Under the former system of schoolof seven, and were not hard pressed finger and wrist needful in drawing, and without doubt their method of writing is one of the traits which have tended to make the Japanese a nation of artistic tendencies. A soft paper is used, and a brush instead of a pen. Care and exactness are necessary, owing to the nature of the materials, and it is impossible to use the hand in a cramped or stiff position; hence free dom and grace of movement result. The child holds the paper in one hand and time in walking thoughtfully about the child holds the paper in one hand and great square. When he at length entered the brush in the other; the whole arm works, motion coming from the shoulder, elbow, and wrist as well as from the finger muscles. The paper, as soon as touched absorbs the Indian ink with which he writes. The child thus finds it necessary to touch with precision frequent councils, but he did not dream and care, and acquires insensibly a cer-that such a dreadful plan had occupied tain power of drawing in this precise touch and in the exercise of the arm and hand muscles.

Western principles in education as well as Western school furniture have mie? been adopted in the Sunrise Kingdom, The Arabic numerals, 1, 2, 3, etc., are used; for the Japanese at once recogthe bed, "why walk you thus when the nized the advantage of these signs for numbers instead of their own cumbersome ones. Maps, charts, diagrams, are seen on the school-room walls, object lessons are given; and foreigners, bearing the children's recitations, even though not understanding their speech, recognize that the young Japanese are getting some good results of modern civilization.

In the government colleges the stu dents eat food prepared in Western style, using knives and forks and spoons instead of chop-sticks, and sleep on beds | new brother. instead of on the matting. When beds were first introduced. In a few cases they were not supplied with mattresses, and the officials, ignorant that these articles were a necessity, required their unfortunate students to sleep on the hard wooden slats covered only by two place, and from the wood there piled up or three quilts; so between the toriur-she selected ten sticks of walnut, from ing beds by night, and the uncomforwhich she removed the bark. It was a table, because unusual, position of sit ting by day, the poor students had a hard time of it. It was not wonderful that they thought the foreigners' ways absurd and barbarous!-St. Nicholas,

Qualified.

"But, mamma," said the beautiful South American heiress, "do you believe I will have any trouble in being received in society in the United StatesT

and you can make the best of them look like small change when it comes to being a daughter of the revolution."

Hamu-actorre-Yes. I always take a short walk after the show Mr. Knowsitt-To the next town?-

STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Odd, Curious and Laughable Phaces of Human Nature Graphically Portrayed by Eminent Word Artists of Our Own Day-A Budget of Fun.

Harold-That is Bessler, the famous inventor of the triple expansion engine, the automatic double back action, reversible, rapid fire gun, the compound electro hydro heated dynamo, the-Rupert-But he looks distracted, Harold-Yes; he can't invent a plua-

sible excuse to give his wife for being late, and he daren't go home. Genius Indeed Ida-Mabel is a genius.

May-In what way? Ida-Why, she never throws any thing away. When her black gloves got too old she cut them up and made beauty spots.



"She's all the world like a hall of wine."

"Indeed?" "Yes so wrapped up in herself."

Safer than the Turf. "How is it we don't see much of oung Pursethin these days?" "Oh, he is interested in a 'get-rich

quick' scheme.' "I thought he was in love?" "That's right. He's trying to marry he trust magnate's daughter."

Very Lean. "Are yer really so empty, pard?" inerrogated Sandy Pikes. "My boy," replied Jewsharp George, I can only compare me stomach wid

one thing." "What is dat?" "A poet's purse."

Explained. "Yes, the stork brought us a baby prother."

"But he is so small." "Well, you see, the flues are so small in our house I don't guess the stork could get a larger one down the chim-

Too Realistic, "What is the trouble now?" growled the manager of the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" company. "Why," replied the excited call boy,

'Liza says the ice looked so natural that her feet were frost-bitten." Rullroad Transformation.

"Yes, stranger," drawled the upstate farmer, "that train is loaded with "But I thought it was a milk train?" interposed the city man.

"So It was, but coming down the mountain it left the track, and when in their studies. In learning to write, it got back again all the milk had been churned into butter." Putting It Delicately.

"There are just as good fish in the sea as ever were caught." "But you never cared much for fish, aid you?"



Cully-Whot are yer a doin', Chim-Chimmie-I'm a tryin' ter write a poem to me guri, but I can't git any wurd ter rime wid Lizzie. Cully-Dat's easy. Try diszy. I got dat from dis cigar yer gave me.

Limited Practice. "The lecturer spoke slowly, almost painfully, as one not accustomed to talking. "Well, I don't wonder at that. You

see, he has been married thirty-three rears." Why Heaven Is Desirable. "Do all bables come from heaven?"

inquired Johnny as he gazed at his "Yes, I suppose so," said his mother. "No wonder it is heaven," remark-

ed Johnny. Somewhat Different Clara-Did papa give assent? Tom-No. He said he had no objec-

tion to our getting married, but not a cent would be give us. Not All in Him. "Johnnie," said his mother, severely, "some one has taken a big piece o ginger bread out of the pantry."

Johnnie blushed guiltily. "Oh, Johnnie," she exclaimed, didn't think it was in you." "It ain't all," replied Johnnie. "Part of it's in Elsie."

"That young lady must have a very vivid imagination," said Willie Wish-Misleading Notice. "What makes you think so?" "Every time I tell her a story says she imagines she has heard it be

Pecret of Success. Green-What are you doing now? Brown-Running a grocery. Green-Making a success of it? Brown-Well, yes-in a small weigh.

fore."-Washington Star.

The UitrasCanine,

"How provoking! I wanted to take our buildeg out riding and new I have to wait until the maid cleans his tee.h!" "What is the trouble, Mabel?" "Why, he bit a tramp."-Chicago

The Grabbers. R drick-I think our minister was too severe. The rich trust magnates may get to heaven after all

Van Albert-You are right. If they g.t there they will be after all, just like on earth.

Firong Objection. "I am going to give the baby a ro mantic middle name," said Mrs. Stubb, "Well, I guess not," interposed her stern spouse; "when he gets big enough he'il think he can write poetry and we'll have to support him."

Similarity. Jewsharp George-I suppose after yer rolled around in de street an' got They are hanging men and women full of mud de lady in the wayside cut tage thought yer had been intoxicated. Cinder Charlie-Not at all. I told her I had been rid n' in a racin' auto-Filled Graveyards.

lerground trolley cars in New York. Penn-That is nothing new. The trolley cars have been carrying people underground ever since they were invented. In the Far West. "Why was that botelkeeper so angry

Stubb-They will soon have the un-

with the advance agent of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin?' queried the tourist in Eagle "Why, the galoot only wanted to let two members of the company put up

thar," responded Amber Pete. "But two members were better than "No; these two members were the

Nothing to Say.

"Ol say, Mulligan, pwhat koind av s foreigner is that fillow peddling rugs?" "He's a Turk, me bye." "Well, I talked to him for tin min utes awn niver a word hos he spoken." "Bedad, maybe he's phwat they call in 'unspeakable Turk.' "

On His Knees He Swore. "Did you say Mr. Spooner swore all sorts of things on his bended knees

last night?" "Yes. There was an upturned tack on the carpet just where he kneeled."



"They've formed the 'soap trust."

"Well, it won't hurt us." Innocent Tommy Mr. Callow-What a funny little hole in the sofa! It looks like some one had been boring.

Tommy-Maybe you did it, Mr. Calbrow: Mr. Callow-I?

Tommy-Yes. I heard sister say you were if bore. In Chicago. "So they fined the little man \$100 for endangering human life?" "Yes, and the other one was fined \$25 for almost causing the death of three

"How was it be got off so easily?" "Oh, he's a chauffeur."

Careful of Her Candy. "Now, dear," sald mamma to little with a box of candy, "you must ask one of your little playmates to share it with you."

"Well," rejoined Edna, after a ment's serious thought, "I'll ask Mabel, 'cause candy makes her tooths hurt an' she can't eat much."

"I hear your father is ill," said a neighbor to 3-year-old Nettie. "What "Him's dot a doctor," replied the lit-

Not So Bud Off.

Strength Needed. "I don't see why officers in the army should be required to be strong. They don't have to do any lifting." "No, but they have to carry so many medals."

Reassuring. She-Let us stop dancing. My hair coming down. He-Never mind. I'll pick it up. Awfully Old.

"How old is your grandfather?" asked a visitor of small Willie. "I don't know," replied Willie, "but here ever since I can remember."

Allee Sames White Man A city employe tells the story of an officeholder whe was one of a party that attended the funeral of a Chinaman on a recent Sunday. He took a great deal of interest in the queer service at the grave, and noticed that, among other things, a roasted duck with them. was left there by the departing m urn-

Calling one of the "Chinks" aside, he "Why do you leave that duck on the grave? Do you think the dead man will come out and eat it?"

"Yeppee," replied the Boxer sympathizer; "alle samee as le whitee deadee man come outee and smellee flowers!" -Spare Moments.

"You're too early with that bill." "Why, your sign reads: 'All bills paid on the 10th." "Yes; but that refers to the tenth

ret!"-Atlanta Constitution. In an argument the long-winded man succeeds either in convincing his opponent or in making him tired.

month, my friend, and the year is new

==OLD **FAVORITES**

******** The Wearing of the Green.

on Irish ground. Saint Patrick's day no more we'll keep. his colors can't be seen, For there's a cruel law against the wear-

ing of the green.
met with Napper Tandy, and he took Flour and Feed, etc. me by the hand,
And he said, "How's poor old Ireland, and how does she stand?" She's the most distressful country that ever yet was seen,

the wearing of the green. Then since the color we must wear England's cruel red, Sure Ireland's sons will ne'er forget the blood that they have shed,

You may take the shamrock from your hat, and cast it on the sod, But 'twill take root and flourish there, the' underfoot 'tis trod. When law can stop the blades of grass from growing as they grow, when the leaves in summer time their verdure dare not show, Then I will change the color that I wear

m my caubeen, But till that day, please God, I'll stick to at last our color should be tern from Ireland's beart, sons with shame and sorrow from their dear old isle will part;

I've heard a whisper of a country that lies beyond the sea, Where rich and poor stand equal light of freedom's day. O, Erin! must we leave you driven by tyrent's hand? Must we ask a mother's blessing from

strange and distant land? Where the cruel cross of England shall nevermore be seen, where, please God, we'll live and die still wearing of the green. The Old Armchair.

I love it, I love it! and who shall dare To chide me for loving that old arm I've treasured it long as a sainted prize, I've bedewed it with my tears, I've embalmed it with my sighs; Tis bound by a thousand bands to my heart; Not a tie will break, not a link will start;

Would know the spell? A mother sat

therel

And a sacred thing is that old arm chair. In childhood's hour I lingered near The hallowed seat with listening ear; And gentle words that mother would give To fit me to die, and teach me to live; She told me that shame would never

my guide; She taught me to lisp my earliest prayer As I knelt beside that old arm chair, sat and watched her many a day,

When her eye grew dim, and her locks

were gray; and I almost worshiped her when she And turned from her Bible to bless her Years rolled on, but the last one sped,

fled! I learnt how much the heart can bear, When I saw her die in her old arm chair.

'Tis past, 'tis past! but I gaze on it now With quivering breath and throbbing Twas there she sursed me, 'twas there

she died, And memory flows with lava tide. Say it is folly, and deem me weak. Whilst scalding drops start down my cheeks: But I leve it, I love it, and cannot tear My soul from a mother's old arm chair.

-Eliza Cook. Triumphant in One Field. That a girl cannot throw a stone, daive a nail or spin a top as successfully as a boy is pardoned, by a writer in the Washington Post, because she Edna, who had just been presented can accomplish one marvelous feat which, he declares, no man or boy can

> ever equal. There is one thing no man could ever accomplish, even if he were a noted contortionist, and that is buttoning a waist that has the buttons sewed on the back!

A man doesn't live who could button a shirt up the back without going mad. I have watched my wife, and every time she accomplishes this feat of buttoning her walst in the back the feeling comes over me that, after all, compared with women, men are a lot Huntington of impatient and worthless beings. Why, I can't button it standing behind her with both hands free. I tried one evening, when we were in a hurry. I Huntington won't say that there were a million buttons, each about as big as a pinhead, but there were a good many of

them. "Look here," said I, "let me fasten that dress," and I began. In five minutes I had buttoned three buttons, and my wife remarked that I was not making much progress, and in two minutes she had fastened every one of them. A woman's arms must be put in he must be awful eld; he's been around very free in their sockets to permit of her reaching back that way, and slipping those tiny buttons into the buttonboles without ever getting red in the face or trying to kick the cat or doing anything like that.

Women may not be deft in a few

little things that there's no occasion

for them to be deft in, but for patience

and self-control men cannot compete No Dividend, No Salary. The directors in German companies get no salaries unless the annual dividend exceeds four per cent., and the limit they may receive is \$6,000 a year. The law forbids the manager of a company being a member of its board. Detailed statement must be printed for

meeting. Women in Dublin University. Women, it is reported, a about to be admitted to graduate at Lublin Uni-

stockholders prior to a stockholders'

Letters Are Reversed. In north Wales the Weish word for 'now" is "rwan." In south Wales it is 'rwan" spelt backwards-viz. "nawe." After a man passes fifty, nothing in the show line is very good

***** GEO. P. CROWELL

DEALER IN

Dry Goods, Groceries, O, Paddy dear, and did you hear the news that's going round?
The shamrock is forbid by law to grow Boots and Shoes, Hardware,

This old-established house will continue to pay cash for all its goods; it pays no rent; it employs a clerk, but does not have to divide with a partner. All dividends are made with customers in the way of reasonable prices.

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70 HOURS PORTLAND TO CHICAGO No Change of Cars. Quickest Time.

OCEAN AND RIVER SCHEDULE

8:00 p.m.	All sailing dates subject to change For San Francisco— Sail every 5 days	5:00 p. m.
Daily Ex. Sunday 8:90 p. m. Saturday 10:00 p. m.	Columbia filter Steamers. To Astoria and Way Landings.	5:00 p. m. Ex. Sunday
6:45 s.m. Mon., Wed. and Fri.	Willametie Rivar, Salem, Indepen- dence, Corvallis and way landings.	3:30 p. m. Tues., Thu., Bas.
7:00 a.m. Tues., Thur. and Sat.	Yambill fileer. Oregon City, Dayton and way landings.	4:30 p. m. Non., Wed. and Fri.
Lv. Riparia 4:05 a. m. Daily except	Saake River. Riparia to Lewiston	Ly. Lewiston 5:00 a. m. Daily except

A. L. CRAIG, General Passenger Agent, Portland) Or

A. M. HOAR, Agent, Hood River.