MRS. FORRESTER.

And she had loved him dearly, he knew

his kisses on her lips, or looked lovingly

into his face with those awest brown

eyes. He felt maddened by his thoughts,

by the recollection of what was, and what

CHAPTER VII.

a servant brought in a note to the mas-

ter. It was from Winifred Eyre, and

"You will perhaps guess that only very

As Errol read the note an imprecation

burst from his lips that made both his

"Why, Erroll" exclaimed Mr. Le Mar-

Mr. Hastings recovered himself ain

friends look up suddenly.

chant, "what is the matter?"

ways the most troublesome."

"What do you know about him?"

'ud demean herself to such as him."

and Mr. Hastings rose and went to join

his friends on the terrace.

The following morning there was a low

tap at the door, and Hawkins, the game-

this afternoon, at three o'clock. I have

At half-past three Mr. Fenner rang at

the door of Hazell Court. It was opened

immediately, and he was escorted through

the grand hall, along a corridor, and up

room. Errol was sitting at his writing

table when Fenner entered. He merely

liked to throw himself with a swagger

into one of the chairs, but he did not

dare. There was something in Errol's

look, and something in his own servile

fear of rank, that made him afraid to

Presently Mr. Hastings looked up and

"I have sent for you to tell you that

I object to the way in which you have

"And suppose," he remarked, insolent

Fenner started convulsively, he turned

And then all of a sudden he recovered

himself, and looked at the man who had

"ERROL HASTINGS.

to speak to you on important business.

"Hazell Court."

to marry Miss Eyre?"

"Well, sir, I can't say as I know much,

harrying.

urgent need induces me to hold commu-

half mad with crushing despair.

read as follows:

Champion!" Mr. Hastings said, scarcely

CHAPTER VI. Most of the guests had left Hazell believing he heard aright.

Court; and only Lord Harold Erskine and "My mother was his daughter!" and with a proud, passionate gesture, Winifourth day after the ball, and Mr. Hast- the gate. He felt as if brain, heart and are wrong, you can correct me. The lngs was alone that evening. At seven limb were paralyzed by what he had just gamekeeper, White, had a very pretty o'clock he strolled toward the woods. He heard. told himself he hoped he should not meet Miss Eyre; it would be so awkward, so that accounted for the breeding which unpleasant; and yet he went in the direchad so puzzled him, and there was in tion that she always took on her return truth no reason why he should not make through the woods he could no longer cealed it from him all the while. Lady you in the lanes. Is it not so?" conceal from himself the delight he expe- Grace Farquhar must have known itenced at seeing her again.

all his servants, and overyone who lived speak.

Winifred appeared unconscious of him in the neighborhood; and yet some "You rienced at seeing her again.

until she came close to the gate, and then strange fatality had conspired to keep she looked up with an air of cool indifbred woman in Europe. Errol did not late now. He knew her pride; he knew would pass alone through the Holton ference that might have belitted the bestopen the gate, but put his hand across to that if he had the crowns and the wealth woods, you hid yours her. She affected not to see it. "Miss of India to offer her, she would reject and waited for him." Eyre," he said, "will you not even take my hand?"
"No, I thank you," answered Winifred,

coldly; "I do not choose to be known one day and unnoticed the next." "What do you mean, Miss Eyre? I do

not understand you." "I mean this, Mr. Hastings; we have met several times, and I was foolish enough to imagine that it was on equal terms until you reminded me by passing me unnoticed with your high-born friends, that you were the lord of the manor, and

I only a farmer's daughter." "Miss Eyre," he said, quickly, "It is impossible you should attribute motives so false and mean to me."
"Why impossible?" Winifred asked. "I

know nothing of you, Mr. Hastings," Her self-command in this speech was wonderful, for her heart was fluttering tumultuously, as a woman's heart always does when she is saying a bitter thing to heard by Mr. Fenner, an intentional spy. the man she loves. There was silence for a moment, and then she said quietly: "Will you let me pass, Mr. Hastings?"

"Then I must retrace my steps," Wini-

fred said, looking at his defiantly, He seized her hand. "You shall not go until you tell me

why you are so bitter and angry with me "I am not angry or bitter," she quickly replied, forcing back the rebellious tears.

"Only what?" "Do not torture me, Mr. Hastings" exclaimed Winifred. "It is cruel, unmanly of you. Let me go! I will not tell you." "But you shall tell me!" he said, still keeping hold of her hand, and there was

a dangerous light in his eyes that made A letter from a refractory tenant." her half afraid of him. "I do not wish to tell you-you force me to it!" she cried.

"I will not stir from here except you tell me." Winifred's voice was half choked with excitement as she answered: "Inen

it. I hate you! You have been cruel, inconsiderate, unjust to me." er per said Errol.

"Yes, you. You tried to make a simple, inexperienced, country girl care for you, with your refinement and fascinations; and when you succeeded you despised her for her folly, and turned away from her contemptible simplicity to the woman who, from her birth and station, was worthy of your real love."

hereabouts?" "Winifred! Miss Eyre!" exclaimed Errol, "how can you have mistaken me from here, up at Chalk Farm." so? Do you imagine there is anyone in the world but yourself for whom I care?" "Yes, for your betrothed, Miss Chambut I have heard more lately being in pion, Mr. Hastings." conjunction with Miss Eyre.

"I am neither betrothed to Miss Champlon nor yet to any other woman," he

exclaimed, quickly. "Do not attempt to deceive me any further," Winifred said, with a flush of an-"Your relations with Miss Champion can scarcely be doubtful, after your opening the ball with her before all your grand friends."

"Miss Eyre," he said, gravely, "will you accept my solemn assurance that I have not asked Miss Champion to be my wife, and that I have no intention of doing so? There is only one woman in the world that I love, and I love her with all the passion of my soul. Because she is so "Sand Hawk dear to me, I am going to leave my country, and the home for which I have longed, and I am going to be a wanderer again on the face of the earth."

"You are going away?" cried Winifred. in a tremulous voice.

Yes, I am going away from country, home and friends, because, being near her, I cannot control my passionate longing for her; I cannot tear my thoughts from her, or bring myself to look with ing note to Fenner; love or admiration on any other woman." The gate was open now, and Mr. Hastings had taken Winifred in his arms. "My darling," he whispered, "do you

know who that woman is?" Winifred was confused, surprised, ashamed, and yet withal a tumultuous joy overshadowed her whole being. Then this fairy tale was true, after all, and this splendid, gallant knight was at her

feet in all truth and sincerity.

She raised her beautiful, shy brown eyes to his, and he bent down and kissed her so fondly, so tenderly, that she could no longer doubt his truth. And then there was a silence, a long silence, for the spell of the day dream seemed too take a liberty.

sweet to be broken by words.

"Miss Eyre!" he said finally, "I cannot marry you. I dare not ask your forgiveness, but you must listen to me for one moment. The first to me for one moment. The first time I saw you I loved you, and every that you will discontinue it." time that we have met since I have loved Tom Fenner felt be was getting very ou more and more, until at last I almost felt as if existence without you was imfelt as if existence without you was im-possible. I resolved to leave England— iy, "that I say I shan't, what then?"
"Very well," said Mr. Hastings, quietbe removed from the temptation of seeing ly, "then I will order my horse, and go or hearing of you. But to-day, when I round to Mr. Lennox, and tell him you saw you coming toward me, all my are the scoundrel who shot Tom White, strength falled me. Do you know that the gamekeeper, three years ago in the for centuries back my race have suffer. Hotton woods." ed for one-rash vow? Time after time hopes to it, and I dared not be the first to break it by marrying one who, though as soon as he could speak, "don't do and stopped. Then the convicts climb. my equal, nay, my superior in all else, that!" was beneath me in rank. I must go away.

I must forget you." himself, and looked at the man who had "Beneath you?" cried Winifred, with confronted him with an air of dogged deflashing, indignant eyes-"beneath you, flance, Mr. Hastings? You deemed Flora Cham- "I didn't know what you meant at the "The granddaughter of Sir Howard know anything about Tom White's affair ing three or four times a day, -- family had a fewer? --

moment; but his eyes were fixed on Fen-ner's face. The miserable coward took courage from his opponent's silence, and tried to force a sneer.

"I suppose you thought to trump up some lie against me," he continued; "but a fine gentleman's word isn't quite enough In these days to transport an honest

"No," acquiesced Errol, quietly; "it wants proof."

"Yes," echoed Fenner, "It wants proof." "Shall I give it first to you or the magstrates?" asked Mr. Hastings, coolly. "I know nothing about it; it's a trump-ed-up lie. I defy you!" cried the farmer

savagely. Mr. Hastings kept his temper admira bly; he did not even raise his voice. "Stop a moment," he said. "I have something to tell you; if any of my details Sir Howard's granddaughter! Then

Fenner started uneasily. "You promised to marry her," proceeded Errol, coldly. "She appealed to you to from the cottage, and at the very hour he knew she should pass. When Erroi saw Winifred coming along slowly and sadly Fenner's teeth chattered, but he ddi not

"You told no one of your meeting, sealed his happiness to know. It was too tism. One day when you knew White woods, you hid yourself, with your gun,

The wretch was brought to bay at last, through the information which Hawkins that, or she would never have suffered had imparted to Errol. "Have mercy on me, sir!" he gasped,

almost inarticulately. "I'll do anything you tell me." "Sit down on that chair, then," said might have been. And he turned his Mr. Hastings, sternly, "and copy what steps homeward, not lingeringly, not is on that piece of paper."

Fenner walked trembling to the table, hopefully, as he had come, but swiftly, and sat down. His hand shook so that he could scarcely hold the pen that was thrust into it. He leaned back for a moment, wiped the cold sweat from his The next evening just as Errol Hastings and his friends had finished dinner brow, and began:

"I apologize to you, Miss Eyre, for the anxiety and annoyance I have caused you, and I solemnly swear never again from this time to molest or injure you in any way, either by word or deed, "THOMAS FENNER."

nication with you after-after what passyou before you go," said Errol, in a the New York Sun. quick, rasping tone of contempt. "The whom a short time since I refused to marwisest thing you can do is to be off from ry. He came to me this afternoon, and these parts as soon as you can settle your fusal to become his wife he will publish affairs. I am not the only person who tana ranch by Frances Parker, a real ly, "you shall not pass until you have the story to the neighborhood. I ask of knows the cowardly assassin of poor ranch girl. She is a daughter of Dr. you to find some means of action that will White, and as long as any trace of you Dayton Parker, of Detroit, 22 years is left you are at his mercy and mine. old, and has lived on her father's insure the silence of this man, and protect me from a marriage which I dread more than death. Mr. Fenner insists on my strain myself from kicking you out of the answer being given in three days. If you have one impulse of generosity left, you house!"

EXCITING TIMES.

What Would an Engineer De in Case of a Collision. In the St. Nicholas Cleveland Moffett tells many good stories about the locomotive engineer and his experiences. I asked if an engineer plans ahead

"I beg your pardon," he said, smHing; "I was rather annoyed at the moment. what he will do in a collision. It seem ed reasonable that a man always un-"Ah!" said Arthur Le Marchant, with a smiling glance at the envelope which der such menace would have settled lay on the table; "lady tenants are alhis mind on some prospective action. All the evening Mr. Hastings seemed But they laughed at the idea, and deabsent and unusually silent, and when clared that an engineer can no more the two other men went out for a stroll on the terrace he did not join them. tell how he will act in an emergency than the ordinary citizen can say what "Excuse me for half au hour," he said. he would do in a fire, or how he would "Lady Rose's Daughter" is an interest-"I have some business to transact, and meet a burglar. One engineer would ing subject of current comment. Miss will follow you." jump, another would stick to his throt- Jeannette L. Gilder, the well-known When they were gone he rang the bell tle, and the chances of being killed literary agent and editor of the Critic, "Send Letsom to me at once," and a were as good one way as the other. minute afterward the old servant came "Letsome," said Mr. Hastings, "do you

business to skating ahead. "Yes, sir," answered Letsom. "There's The mention of a burglar led one of a farmer of that name lives two miles the newcomers to tell of William Pow- Times. Miss Gilder asserts that "there ell's adventure with some Sing Sing is no doubt that Mrs. Humphry Ward convicts. Powell was the oldest engi- is the best paid of living novelists."

neer on the New York Central. On one occasion four or five convicts It was outwitted the guards by dropping from Hawkins as told me; he was that angry one night because he heard as Fenner a trestle upon the tender of a moving locomotive, and the first thing the enwas a-courtin' Miss Eyre. 'I'll spoil his aport, if I hear any more, says he; but glneer knew he was set upon by a I'm not afraid that a lady like Miss Eyre band of desperate men, who covered band of desperate men, who covered

him and his fireman with revolvers. "What did Hawkins mean when he said "Out you go now, quick," said the he'd spoil Fenner's sport if he wanted convicts; "we'll run this engine our-

"I don't know, I'm sure, sir; but he segmed quite mad about it, and talked The engine was No. 105. Powell's The pedigree of the chair is unques-like as if he knew something bad about pride and pet, and he could not bear tionably authentic, since its history to have unregenerate hands laid upon can be traced right from the time of Fenner. I thought perhaps it was only talk, though, because he sets such a deal her, so he spoke up very politely: "Let me run her for you, gentlemen; I'll go "Send Hawkins to my room at ten

wherever you say." o'clock to morrow," said Mr. Hastings; "I want to ask him about the partridges;" They agreed to this, and some distance down the line left the engine and departed into the woods. "And the joke of it was," concluded the narrator, "that the revolvers of those convicts keeper, entered Mr. Hastings' room. A had were made of wood painted black, long conversation followed, as a result and couldn't shoot any more than the of which Mr. Hastings sent the followend of a broom! It was a big bluff they had played, but it worked." "Sir-Be good enough to call upon me

"Wasn't any bluff when Denny Cassin got held up at Sing Sing," said another engineer. "Convicts had revolvers all right that trip, and Denny threw up his hands same as any man would. It was right at the Sing Sing station, and three of 'em jumped into the cab all of a sudden, and told Denny some steps into Mr. Hastings' private to open her up, and he did-indeed! Then they told him to jump, and he "Winifred," he said, passionately, "look looked up and continued his letter. Tom looked up and continued his letter. Tom jump, and he jumped; but first he manpump herself full of water and stop before she'd gone far. That was Denny's great scheme, and he walked along, laughing to think how mad those convicts would be.

"It turned out, though, that Denny spoiled a nice trap they'd laid up at Tarrytown to catch those fellows when they got there. You see, the telegraph operator wired up the line that a runaway locomotive was coming with three escaped convincts on her, and the plump over a twelve-foot stone embankment down into the Hudson River. That's what would have happened "unless you register you cannot vote." to those convicts if Denny had left his tank-valve alone, but, of course, 89 got they got the following answer: so water-logged long before she reachthey have sacrificed their love, their sahen white and trembled in every limb. ed Tarrytown; she just kicked out her kind in 1872 I did register, and later the large woman."—Washington Post.

> never caught," The Greeks, after exercising, always



J. T. Trowbridge's "My Own Story will be printed in book form next autumn, and is sure to be one of the "books of the year."

A tourists' edition of George Wharton James' "In and Around the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River in Arizona" is announced by Little, Brown & Co.

D. Appleton & Co. will publish in

New York a posthumous novel called "Twixt God and Mammon," by Tirebuck Young, a writer of great promise. A memoir by Hall Caine will preface the book. A large part of the so-called literature of our time is composed of ashes.

It is dead when it is made; it is with-

out warmth and without beauty; and mountains of it could not influence one normally-constituted human life. Charles Egbert Craddock joins the fraternity of historical novelists this year with "The Spectre of Power," a story of the French and English strug-

gles early in the eighteenth century for the possession of the Mississippi Prof. Goldwin Smith is bringing out through the American Unitarian Association a small but significant book called "The Founder of Christendom," which is remarkable as a clear, con-

cise and masterful presentation of the

character and mission of the Founder

of Christianity. A short time ago 25 cents a word was considered a fabulous price for a publisher to pay a writer. That was when Mr. Kipling was at the height of his vogue. Now we have the strange case of Dr. Conan Dayle, who is to receive nearly \$1 a word for a number of short stories. Is it any wonder "I have just one word of caution to give that everybody is writing books, asks

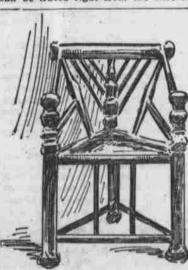
The C. M. Clark Company has in preparation a novel of life on a Mon-And now, you spying, murderous hound, ranch among the Bear Paws Mounbegone, while I still have power to re- tains all her life. Her writing is said to have the Western dash that might

be expected of such a girl. Mrs. Sarah Cowell Le Moyne, the well-known actress, is the possessor of some rare copies of first editions, among which are authors' presentation copies given to her while she was in England. Among these are several of Tennyson's works and one or two of Browning's. Bret Harte and Walt Whitman also contributed to this interesting collection. Thoroughly appreclative of the best in literature, these works have been kept in perfect condition and are highly treasured.

The amount of money Mrs. Humphry Ward received from Harper's surmises that Mrs. Ward could have The only thing a man wouldn't do is received no less than \$25,000 for the reverse his engine, for that would serial rights; to this Miss Gilder adds know anyone of the name of Fenner make the driver slip, and set the whole the royalties on the sales of the book. which are estimated to be something over \$150,000, says the New York But the publishers are reticent as to the figures in the case.

RELIC OF SHAKESPEARE IS SOLD FOR A HIGH PRICE

An interesting Shakspearean relic recently sold in London was the armchair made from the wood of the mul berry tree planted by Shakspeare in New Palace garden, Stratford-on-Avon. The pedigree of the chair is unques-



A SHAKESPEAREAN BELIC.

the famous tree being cut down to the down to standing on their feet, all of present day. It formerly occupied an which this woman had tortured the lit-Stratford. When the proprietor died, cause of sending the whole car into in 1845, it passed into the possession roars of laughter. With the woman, ter's niece, by whom it was for some on to a strap, the little man tried to get of his daughter, then to that daughrelic was sold for \$750.

A Wise Voter. According to the Indianapolis News, have your seat.'

"In response to your notice of this and stopped. Then the convicts climb one hundred dollars and sent to juil. ed down and skipped away. Two of You will excuse me if I decline to re-

'em got caught afterward, but one they peat this experience. "Susan B. Anthony." What has become of the old fashion-

MANY ATTRACTIONS FOR POLITICIANS IN POSITION OF UNITED STATES SENATOR. GEO. P. CROWEL

J. INGALLS, of Kansas, once stated that the office of United States Senator was the most attractive post under the government-the supreme prize of American politics-the Presidency not excepted. Mr. . Ingalis was not the only man who held that opinion. In the clonkroom of the Senate a few days ago the reasons why the office of Senator was such a desirable position were subject of an animated discussion between

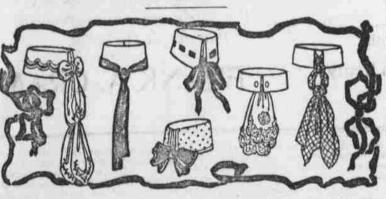
"One of the reasons that the office is so much sought after," said a Western Senator, "is that its comparative fixity of tenure gives service in the upper branch of Congress a powerful charm for men of ambition. Its desirability may be inferred from the action of many of the Legislatures in the last few months which have had Senators to elect. Within the last few Hardware, weeks Platt, of New York; Fairbanks, of Indiana; Spooner, of Wisconsin; Teller, of Colorado: Platt, of Connecticut, and Allison, of Iowa, were reelected for the term beginning this year,

"The only instance known of a man resigning his seat in the Senate to enter the House was that furnished by Henry Clay. The relative attractiveness of the two branches of Congress has radically changed since that time, however, and there are several reasons why the post of a Senator is far more

desirable than that of a Representative, although the salary is no greater. "The post of Senator carries with it a social prestige which is wanting in that of a Representative. The term is much longer, the chamber is smaller, and, therefore, each of its members is able to command a greater share of the country's attention than falls to the lot of the average Representative. In addition to this the scope of the Senate's activity because of its power over treaties and Presidential nominations is broader than that of the house; it has been able to usurp, through its power of amendment, the pre rogative primarily belonging to the House of originating revenue bills, and the freedom of debate which it enjoys gives a chance for all of its members to assert themselves. Perhaps this is one of the reasons why lawyers of the first rank, like Senator Daniel, of Virginia, and Spooner, of Wisconsin, enjoying a lucrative practice in their respective States, have been willing to give up their large private income to accept a seat in the Senate, which pays but a small fraction of the money they could undoubtedly earn on the

"It may also account for the fact that men of the very highest talent and reputation have been anxious to accept Senatorial honors in cases where their private income is sufficient to place them above the ordinary struggles of life."-Louisville Courier-Journal.

A MINGLING OF DELICATE AND AUSTERE EFFECTS IN THE HIGH TURN-OVER COLLARS.



A mingling of delicate and austere effects shows in the new high turnover linen collars which are ornamented with embroidered or woven-in dots in white or color and a single or double row of hemstitching about the edges. Other linen turnover collars come in uncompromising plainness. Some of the models have a perpendicular buttonhole near the edge of each flap in front. Through these buttonholes a link clasp is slipped. Low rolling Byron collars are popular for sporting costumes, as they permit perfect freedom for the throat and at the same time have a neat, trim appearance. A linen collar which has attained popularity in Paris is a stiff, cierical band, fastening with two studs at the back. The scarf is tied about the base of the collar. The tie which is, as a rule, worn with the stiff linen collar is the long scarf of soft slik crape or the new linen gauze. Long scrafs are the prevailing necktles. There are, indeed, comparatively few stiff mannish ties to wear with linen collars. Even ascots are softly crossed or the ends merely looped over each other. The Windsor tie, with its loose, free bow or soft knot, is a favorite.

NO RACE SUICIDE IN THIS FAMILY.



MR. AND MRS. OSCAR WEBER AND CHILDREN,

Oscar Weber, of Atlantic City, proves his belief in the "Rooseveltan the ory" by striving to pound out a living as a cabinet maker for a family of thirteen children, ten of whom are boys. By strict attention to detail and indomitable ambition Weber has succeeded in giving all of them educational advantages and none of them has gone to bed hungry. The oldest child has reached the advanced age of 25, and the youngest is half past three, Weber was born in Saxony and his wife is a Bohemian, but neither of them is worrying on that account. In fact they are both well satisfied with the institutions of their adopted country. The accompanying picture of the family is a chip shy, as one child was away from home when the camera was trained on the group.

No Street Car Scats for Her. all for her treatment of a poor, timid mously large. little man who failed to resign his seat to her, a space that she could not have occupied to save her life, and she knew it; but some women, in order to make men occupying seats feel uncomfortsble, will do anything from smothering them with their aggressive bundles tle man with, and she finally was the standing in front of him and swinging bee enough for every one to hear, she said, trouble without trying to help him.

with complete satisfaction and in a tone calculated to freeze anything: 'Oh, I The Democrats of Rochester, N. Y., insist that you keep your seat, sir. I eager to get out their full strength at have stood for ten squares, and I guess train-dispatcher at Tarrytown just set a recent election, sent word to S. B. I can stand the rest of the way,' and the switch so the locomotive would sail Anthony, 17 Madison street, marked he was fairly shoved back into his seat. "Democrat" in the pool book, just be Very soon he tried to get up again. 'I fore the last day of registration, that explained to you, sir, that I am perfectly able to stand, and would not

"'But,' cried the little man, 'I want to get off,' and everybody laughed but

Stockings.

How many readers are familiar with the history and origin of the most common articles they daily use? We eat, drink, wear without thinking believe it, and looks further. whence or wherefore. Stockings were Mr. Hastings? You deemed Flora Chamline a worthy bride, and am I not equally minute," he said, pale to the lips; "I annointed their bodies with perfumed the granddaughter of Sir Howard?" thought it was something else. I don't oll, sometimes performing this anoint.

The didn't know what you meant at the annointed their bodies with perfumed the celiar to thought it was something else. I don't oll, sometimes performing this anoint.

The didn't know what you meant at the annointed their bodies with perfumed their bodies with perfumed the celiar to thought it was something else. I don't oll, sometimes performing this anoint. ings found in the rulns of Pompell | come across the word "lova"

They were considered more ornamenta "Lots of funny things happen right than useful. In the colder climate of long on these cars," said a conductor northern Europe they became a neces on the Fourteenth street line to a pas- sity, and the manufacture of them be senger, one day last week. "See the came a recognized employment in the large woman standing inside?" he continued, using his index finger. "Well, fened chiefly of cloth. In the reign of she boarded my car at the Treasury, Edward II, they assumed a resem and unless somebody leaves the car blance of those now wern. At the I'm of the opinion she'll be standing courts of Spain and Italy they were when we reach Mount Pleasant, and fashloned of slik and were made enor

> Lessons from the Ree. The bee teaches us to be industrious. No bee ever shirks his work. He teaches us to be loyal and ober! ent. Bees obey and love the queen who rules them.

> They teach us to be fond of ou homes. No bee leaves his home except for a time if he can help it. They teach us to be clean. Nothing can be cleaner than the home of the

They show much sympathy or kind time exhibited in Sheffield public mu- up, and, as the large woman thought, fellow feeling for each other in disseum, Weston Park. At the sale this to offer her his seat at last. Quite loud tress, and will never leave a friend in

They are very early risers. They delight in fresh air. They are very peaceful, and seldom quarrel or fight among themselves.

The Manitoba potato crop amqunted to 3,459,325 bushels and the root crop to 3,230,995 bushels. There are 1,824 thrashing outfits in the province.

Indiana Men Are Tallest. The, men of Indiana are taller than those of any other State or nation in the world. This is shown by army records.

says, in the first days of their engagement; and after a while he begins to

"You are too good for me," a woman

Oldest Established House in the valley

DEALER IN

Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes, Flour and Feed, etc.

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

Lumber

Wood, Posts, Etc.

Davenport Bros. Lumber Co.

Have opened an office in Hood River. Call and get prices and leave orders. which will be promptly filled.

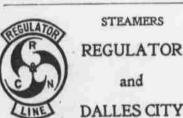
THE GLACIER

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THE GLACIER prints all the local news fit to print.

When you see it in THE GLACIER you may know that others see it.



Between Portland and The Dalles daily except Sunday. Daily round trip to Cascade Locks, affording the visitors a fine opportunity to view the scenery.

Leaves The Dalles 7 a. m.; arrive at Portland 4 p. m. Leave Portland 7 a. m.; arrive at The Dalles 5 p. m. Leave Hood River, down, 8:30 a. m. Arrive Hood River, up, 3:30 p. m. H. C. CAMPBELL,

General Manager.



DEPART	Portiand, Or.	WARIAM
Chicago Portland Special 9:20 a. m. via Huntington.	Salt Lake, Denver, Ft. Worth, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago and East.	4:30 p. m.
Af'antic Express \$:15 p.m. via Suntington.	St. Paul Fast Mail.	10 :30 a. m.
St. Paul Fast Mail 6:70 p. m. via Spokane	Atlantic Express.	7:35 s. m.

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OCEAN AND RIVER SCHEDULE

\$50 p.m.	All sailing dates subject to change For San Francisco— Sail every 5 days	5:00 p. m.
Daily Ex. Sunday 8:50 p. m. Saturday 10:00 p. m.	Columbia River Steamers. To Astoria and Way Landings.	5:00 p. m. Ex. Sunday
6:85 s.m. Mon., Wed. and Fri.	Willamatic River. Balem, Independence, Corvallis and way landings.	3:30 p. m. Tues., Thu., Sat.
7:00 s. m. Tues. Thur. and fiat.	Yambili Steer. Oregon City, Dayton and way landings.	4:30 p. m. Mon., Wed. and Fri.
Lv. Riparia 4:06 a. m. Daily except Saturday	Snake filter. Riparia to Lewiston	Lv. Le wiston 6:30 a. m. Daily except Friday.

A. L. CRAIG,

General Passenger Agent, Portland, Or. A. N. HOAR, Agent, Bood River.