

ONLY A FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

By
MRS. FORRESTER.

CHAPTER XV.—(Continued.)

Within a few weeks of the close of the season a very beautiful Frenchwoman came to London, and was received at once into the best society. Her story was a strange one, and one that excited a great deal of interest. She had been married at fifteen to a Russian prince, and many years older than herself, and of dissolute character. At first he had loved her passionately, then, as he found it impossible to overcome her coldness and indifference, he had come to dislike and treat her with harshness. He had taken her away to Russia very young, very friendly, and intensely unhappy. She had neglected her, and she had two children, but all her love seemed bound up in them. Then they died; the cold of Russia killed them, and she almost died of grief.

The physician at St. Petersburg insisted that she should return at once to Paris. "It is the only way to save her life," he said to her husband. So after three years' weary absence, she returned to her birthplace, and there, after a time, she recovered. At the French court she was greatly admired and sought for. A young man of high rank conceived a wild passion for her. He was so handsome, so distinguished, no one believed she could resist the devotion he constantly and so openly offered her. It could scarcely be affirmed that she was utterly unmoved by his passion, but all the world said that she never gave him any undue encouragement. Still, Prince Zelkoff became jealous. One evening the princess dropped her bouquet; Monsieur de Ligny picked it up, bowed over it, and returned it to her. Prince Zelkoff chose to imagine the accident was arranged, and that de Ligny had taken the opportunity of concealing a note among the flowers. He snatched the bouquet violently from his wife's hands. In her surprise she made some resistance; he grasped her arms and pressed the sharp-pointed diamond bracelet unmercifully into the flesh. A little jet of blood spurted forth. The enraged de Ligny beheld it, and in a moment Prince Zelkoff lay stunned and bleeding on the ground. A crowd closed round them at once; with some difficulty the angry men were separated, but, of course, only blood spilt, with out such a stain. A meeting was arranged; the second made the customary formal attempts at a reconciliation without success.

Valerie de Zelkoff knew well enough what the end of such a quarrel must naturally be. She knew her husband's fierce, indomitable temper, and she guessed the rage that had filled de Ligny's heart at seeing her treated with violence and indignity. Her heart was torn—in a very truth she cared more for the handsome accomplished man who loved her so desperately, than for her dissolute, gray-haired, indifferent husband. But her religion had taught her faithfully the duty of sacrificing everything to right.

The morning of the duel arrived, no one was on the ground but the seconds, and the doctor and his assistant. The doctor stood near de Ligny. Prince Zelkoff was known as a deadly shot. One, two, three, two flashes, two reports, a wild shriek, and a fall. And yet neither of the duellists was harmed or scathed. At the moment of firing the doctor's assistant had flung himself in front of the prince, had turned up the hand which held his pistol, and received de Ligny's shot through his shoulder. De Ligny, the seconds, and the doctor rushed toward him; the prince, who had just raised his head, and recognized Valerie de Zelkoff, his wife. The doctor explained it. He was an old friend of the family; she had gone to him and besought him to allow her to be present at the duel, urging that she believed herself unable to prevent it, and after much hesitation he had yielded. The wound was not a serious one; many a woman would have been glad to purchase the reputation for heroism that came undesired to Valerie de Zelkoff at so small a price of pain.

The action was then over. French, and as such intensely appreciated by all Paris. It was a crown of glory to her husband, and flattered his vanity to a degree that made him love her again in the olden days. Great as the triumph was to Zelkoff, was the defeat to de Ligny. His amour propre could not recover from such a terrible blow; he had been prepared to risk his life to a well-known deadly shot to avenge an insult on the woman he loved, and she had received his bullet in her own tender flesh to save the husband who had so grossly wronged her. He went away still the affair had blown over, and they returned to Paris with a very young, fair wife, who had been taken from a convent to marry him. She adored him; he was cold and indifferent to her; nay, he almost hated her when, six months later, Prince Zelkoff died of a fever, and the beautiful Valerie was left a widow at twenty-two. She passed a year in seclusion, then she again went into society, and, as has been said, came to London a few weeks before the close of the season. She was staying in the house of Lady Dora Annesly, Mr. Hastings' cousin, and her greatest friend.

Mr. Hastings saw a great deal of the beautiful Frenchwoman, and admired her exceedingly. She was not like any Frenchwoman he had met before, she did not talk much, or gesticulate, or seem to desire admiration. She was pale, large-eyed, essentially spirituelle. The chief fascination she possessed for him was the low, musical tone of her voice.

"I wish you would come more often to us, Errol," his cousin said; "we see so little of you. I am so anxious that Madame Zelkoff's visit to us should be a pleasant one, and she always seems happier, brighter, when you are there."

"You do me too much honor," Mr. Hastings said, mockingly.

"It is no empty compliment, indeed, Errol," returned Lady Dora. "I am sure she likes you much better than any one else who comes here. You ought to feel flattered; the Princess de Zelkoff's coldness and indifference to men's attention has almost become a proverb in Paris. I am surprised you do not prefer a high-bred, graceful woman of the world, to an unrefined, simple country girl like Miss Errol. You see I have discovered your secret."

"Some men are foolish enough to prefer innocence in women to a knowledge of the world, Dora," Mr. Hastings answered coldly.

"Some men are foolish enough for anything," returned Lady Dora, pettishly.

CHAPTER XVI.

More than once Sir Howard Champion had met his granddaughter, Winifred

Errol, in society. He had spoken very little, and the result of his quiet scrutiny was that he felt unforgotten pleased with her. She was graceful, natural and ladylike, and possessed a certain frankness of manner which could not fall to his liking and admiration. One day he called on Lady Grace Fitzgibbon. She and Winifred were sitting alone together in the drawing room.

"My dear," he said to Winifred, "we must not be strangers any longer. My other granddaughters are coming to stay with me in Hampshire after the season is over, and I want Lady Grace to spare you. You will not refuse?"

"I think you would like to go, dear, would you not?" Lady Grace said, quickly.

Winifred answered a little hesitatingly in the affirmative. She would rather not have gone; but she could not bear to seem stubborn, or as if she bore malice to the London season over the park deserted, the handsome carriages gone from the streets. Winifred was staying at Hurst Manor with all her cousins, Flora and Reginald Champion, and Laura and Ada Fordyce, Lady Valentin's daughters. She had met the two latter constantly in town, and been on speaking terms with them; but nothing more. The elder was rather plain, but aristocratic looking, and very proud. Ada, the younger, was pretty, good-tempered and unpretending. She took to Winifred at once, and soon became very fond of her; her sister joined with Flora in being disdainful and cold to the farmer's daughter. There were two or three young men, friends of Reginald's, staying in the house, and Mr. Maxwell, to whom Miss Champion was now formally engaged.

"I have news for you, Laura," said Reginald one day, entering the room in which were his sisters and cousins; "indeed, news for you all. Hastings is not going to Norway in his yacht, but is coming down to the Court, and has invited several people with him, so we shall all be alleviated a little, I hope, in this dull hole. Lady Dora Annesly is to play hostess, so there is sure to be plenty of fun."

Some days after Lady Dora Annesly arrived at the Court with her husband, a young, good-tempered man, very fond of her, and not in the least inclined to be jealous.

There had been a very decided flirtation between Mr. Hastings and Lady Dora some years ago, before she was married or engaged; they sometimes revived it even now. He let her have her own way in the matter of coming to stay at the Court, and inviting guests and turning the old house upside down for private theatricals, and in return she was very bright and kind to him and consulted his pleasure in every possible way.

Lady Dora made all her plans and Errol carried them out. He called on Mrs. Champion, gave her some hints about the tableaux and a desire for her cooperation. She responded immediately by calling on Lady Dora, and two days afterward Dora appeared at Hurst Manor. The ladies, especially the young ones, were charmed with her, she was so bright, so fascinating.

There were great many calls, conversations, hints, proposals and suggestions, and finally everything was arranged precisely as the mistress of the ceremonies had intended it should be. Then, of course, there were rehearsals at the Court; lunches, dinner parties, all manner of preparations for getting the young people together to perfect their parts. Scenery and dresses came down from London. Mr. Hastings spared neither trouble nor expense, and the Court ballroom was transformed into an elegant theatre. All the country round was invited; there were to be two hundred guests.

Winifred's heart beat fast for the first time she visited Hazell Court. She remembered how in the olden days that stately gray mansion into which she had become an inmate had been the scene of her childish dreams with all the romance which she had read of or fancied. Afterward it had been dearer still as the home of the man who had been to her a hero, a demigod. The time came to her when she had been the simple farmer's daughter, so proud, so happy to be noticed by the handsome master of Hazell Court. How her heart had sunk within her as she saw him paying court to the beautiful, aristocratic woman who seemed then so far above her; and how little she had dreamed of the advent of a time when she should be a more honored, more longed-for guest than they?

Mr. Hastings came out to meet the party of ladies who had ridden over to the Court. He went up to Winifred first, and took her in his strong arms and lifted her from the saddle.

"Welcome!" he whispered; "this is a time I have often longed for."

One day she had ridden over to the Court to rehearse with Lady Dora. Mr. Hastings came in from a drive and found his cousin alone in the morning room. "Pray, don't come in, Errol," she exclaimed; "I must not be interrupted, or Winifred will be ready first."

"Is Miss Errol here, then?" he asked.

"Yes—in the picture gallery, I think. She said she could study her part best there."

Mr. Hastings left the room and turned his steps in the direction of the picture gallery. It was an intensely hot afternoon, and all the doors were thrown wide open. He looked into the long, uncarpeted room, and saw there a new picture in a new frame. He stood and gazed at it longer and with deeper feelings than he had ever gazed at any other picture there; it was the only one he cared for or desired ardently. Framed in the dark oak of the window setting was a like, graceful figure, half reclined, and a fair, upturned face. Errol half feared to break the spell that he stood watching. Presently impatience overcame the fascination. He went toward her, and the noise of his footsteps aroused her.

"Were you studying or thinking, Miss Errol?" he asked.

ANOTHER INTERNATIONAL EPISODE

Betty Rawlins had a bank account, and a huge one at that. But Betty had a greater fortune in her face, for she was as pretty as a spring beauty, and though she was perverse and pouty when she wanted to be she was ordinarily as sweet as a violet.

Betty lived in the summer time at Lowland Glen, not many miles removed from Fort Sherman, a big game preserve with enough young officers on duty to fill the ranks of the sword and shoulder the King-Jorgensen. Betty loved the military—what girl doesn't?—and if the truth be told Betty's heart was set on marrying into the saddle; but she had made up her mind secretly that he couldn't think of looking at anything less than a colonel, and when she thought of it she sighed, for the colonels in Uncle Sam's regiments were all so dreadfully old, and Betty was only 19, sweet mid you.

There was young Roy Lanyard stationed at Fort Sherman. He was mighty good looking, Betty admitted this to herself, and it wouldn't be a bit hard to love him, but Roy was not a captain, and nothing but a colonel would do. Captain Lanyard, to get into the middle of things at once, was just as desperately in love with Betty as a young soldier just old enough to know his own mind could be. He didn't care a rap about Betty's bank account; in fact, he never gave it a thought. It was just Betty herself that he wanted, but he didn't dare say so.

Now Betty had another failing, not uncommon among American girls not old enough thoroughly to understand the world, and that was a firm belief that the ideal condition in married life would be that which would come from a husband who was a combination of

"I reject you!" he was going over before the better impulse, surging quickly into her heart, moved her to call him back, crying: "I did not mean it!"

She felt then she had thrown away her life, her own happiness, and she crouched down by the window uttering great, gasping sobs of remorse and anguish.

From that time Mr. Hastings' manner to her was changed. He was courteous but in no wise different in his behavior toward her than the other ladies who visited the Court. And when she thought of it he no longer cared for her, her love for him revived ten-fold and she almost broke her heart for him.

WHY NEW BREAD IS HURTFUL.

Bakery Products Fresh from the Oven Are Not Well Masticated. It is a commonly accepted opinion that new bread is hurtful to people generally because of the gases it contains.

A well-known writer disputes this and claims that bread fresh from the oven is no more injurious than that which is stale, provided it is masticated as thoroughly. He says stale bread when broken between the teeth resolves itself into gritty particles, which, if they are not softened with saliva, would be next to impossible to swallow, consequently man thoroughly masticates stale bread, and in doing so impregnates it with saliva, which partially digests and adapts it to the alimentary tract.

But new bread, being soft and plastic, is more apt to be swallowed without mastication, or, in other words, bolted. It is in this act, he thinks, that the injury exists and not in the character of the bread. Hot rolls would be just as digestible as stale ones if they were properly masticated. He refers to this connection to the dog as a biological lesson.

This animal bolt meat, but cats bread because the mouth parts are able to do little toward the digestion of meat beyond reducing it to a convenient form for swallowing. He, however, seems to overlook the fact that the dog's teeth are ill constructed for chewing, and that is the most likely reason for his expeditious bolting of meat.

Another curious fact which he calls attention to is that stale bread is not more dry than new. This is shown by submitting stale bread for a short time to a high temperature. Under such conditions it became soft and plastic, retaining its newness, and this despite the fact that some moisture must be driven off in the operation. He thinks this is explainable on the supposition that in new bread there is free water present, but that in stale bread, while it is still there, it is in a state of true chemical combination. In general, he concludes, it is a sound physiological morsel to thoroughly masticate every morsel of food before swallowing it.

Any Excuse in a Storm. "Only a few weeks ago," said a man who collects for a big business house in the city, "I had to call on a delinquent. He was a man of standing. I made bold to venture that he was something of a right hand in a sling.

"Why," he began, "do you know I am very sorry, but I've had an accident to my hand, and here he made a great show of his wounded member, and 'I haven't been able to sign any checks lately.'"

"Now, of course," the collector continued, "I get all kinds of excuses from all kinds of people. Some say they are very busy, some say they are temporarily pinched and condescendingly plead for mercy, but if any one had advanced any such excuse as a wounded hand I'd have taken it as a bit of irony—I had not heard the man and seen from his face that he expected that the excuse would be good. Well, it was good. There was not enough of me left to ask him if that hand had held him up for three months from making payments. At any rate, it detained him three weeks more."—Boston Herald.

Goos Shabby Himself. "They say he makes little more than a bare living for himself."

"No wonder. Look at the clothes his wife has."—Philadelphia Bulletin.



CAPT. ROY LANYARD LOOKED ON AND WAS MISERABLE.

was strangely silent on the subject of field service, and Betty put it down to a brave man's reticence when it came to speaking of his own acts on the field of battle. Betty might not have liked it had she known that when she was looking up the colonel's regiment he was making inquiries in certain financial circles about the extent of her bank account. The report seemed to please him, and he proceeded to make her wait while the sun shone, and it was a particularly cloudless month at Lowland Glen.

Betty knew with a girl's intuition that an offer was not far away. She felt a pang, however, every time she saw Captain Lanyard and saw how miserable he looked, though he tried to put a brave face on the matter. If the truth be told, Betty cried a little in the privacy of her room when she looked at the glorious old flag flapping in the sun in the flagstaff peak in the fort beyond, and sighed and sighed again.

One day Lawyer Coke, who looked after Betty Rawlins' estate, heard from a close friend that a certain Englishman had been inquiring about Betty's financial standing. "Fortune hunter—if not a fraud," said old Coke to himself, and then, as luck would have it, he happened to pick up a copy of the Broad Arrow, the journal of the United Services of Great Britain. Lawyer Coke looked at it. His eyes fell on a paragraph and he chuckled. He folded the paper up, put it in his pocket and took the first train for Lowland Glen. He marked the paragraph in the paper and put it where he knew Betty would be sure to pick it up, and from the nature of the publication he knew she would be sure to read it from start to finish.

Betty Rawlins felt that the hour was coming when she would have to answer a question put to her by Colonel Reginald Southcott. She was thinking of this when she picked up the paper, for she had heard of it. She read it eagerly. The date of the paper was three months back. The marked paragraph caught her eye. She read this:

"General Powell-Baden inspected the Royal Yorkshire Regiment last Thursday. It was the first training day of this militia organization for a year. The new men were in poor trim, and Colonel Reginald Southcott, who has seen no foreign service and very little at home, had hard work to give commands and to sit his horse properly. The regiment will need overhaul to bring it up to even militia standards."

The paper dropped from Betty's fingers. "Militarism; never saw a day's real service; couldn't sit on his horse," and then Betty gasped. Her thoughts turned to another paragraph that she had read in an American journal. It told how one Captain Roy Lanyard had received the Congressional medal of honor for personal gallantry in the saving of the life of a comrade under fierce fire in the Philippine Islands.

Betty knew that night at the ball at the hotel that Colonel Reginald Southcott was seeking her out, but she avoided him. Captain Roy Lanyard met her and she smiled on him, and there was a look in her eyes that made the young soldier's heart leap. "Won't you go for a walk with me?" he said. "Yes," she answered softly.

As they passed down the hotel steps the moonlight fell full upon them, and Lawyer Coke, who was standing on the veranda, and being a bit of a wag, he turned to a friend who had been watching the course of events for a month past and said: "Alas! Poor Yorkshire!"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Tale of a Grateful Moose. The moose and elk liberated in the Adirondacks by the State of New York and William C. Whitney during the last two years have played rather odd pranks in the gardens of the natives and with loads of hay in transit, but it cannot be said that they are ungrateful animals, says a New York Times writer. The home of the moose this winter has been in the vicinity of the Brown's Tract ponds, and there on Saturday evening the crew of a freight train on the Racquetts Lake railroad discovered a cow moose in distress. The animal had been walking along the shore of a pond and broke through the ice and plunged about in the hole for some time, unable to help itself.

According to the story told by a trainman, he and his companions looked on with varying emotions, but finally summoning their courage, they went to the animal's assistance and got it out of the water with the aid of boards. Instead of taking to the woods after its rescue the moose followed the train about as a pet dog might, ate all of their luncheon that they could spare, warmed itself by the side of the locomotive, got in the way of the train and refused to go even when the train was compelled to move away. Its gratitude was evident.

The elk and moose with which it is hoped to restock the Adirondacks have taken good care of themselves during the winter. The killing of a young bull moose near Newcomb has aroused public feeling considerably.

Humanity and Policy. "Skinner was finding fault because the fire engine horses are driven so recklessly fast."

"Will bet if his house was on fire he'd favor driving them a good deal faster."

"No, he wouldn't. He's got that old shell of his insured for twice its value."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A woman usually follows fashions in dressing her hair till the second baby comes, when she hasn't time to experiment and clings to the style prevalent then till her death.

A man's strength develops when he has something to do; not when he is idle.

PLEA FOR THE BRIDEGROOM.

He as Well as the Bride Is Deserving of Consideration.

Rhapsodies on the bride are bountiful. The dear creature, of course, is worthy of all the good things said about her. She is the loveliest, sweetest, most charming and altogether most delightful thing that ever came down the pike or the central aisle of the church. Her very presence is a benediction and a suggestion of the spiced isles, and her dresses—ah, they are dreams! If you don't believe it just get into the company of any of her girl friends; you won't have the trouble of asking about it. "The bride is—it." She is always "top of column next to reading matter," which being interpreted means that she gets choice position, where she and her beauty attract attention if it were not given freely, gladly and voluntarily. She deserves, and has, the admiration of all creation.

And yet we make bold to put in a little plea on behalf of the bridegroom, that he is not forgotten. Ordinarily he cuts mighty little figure in the proceedings. He is regarded rather in the light of a piece of the stage settings, or a foil to show off the radiant beauty of the bride-elect. That he is a very necessary adjunct to the function which brings the bride all blushing into the public eye will be admitted. But who notices how he is dressed? Not even the bride herself. She and the others have a hazy picture of a man with something black on his body and something white on his hands, and some of the spectators may observe a scared look on his face. But that is about all. Nobody says, "Wasn't he handsome?" "How perfectly his costume sets off his splendid figure!" "Wasn't he just too sweet for anything?" Comments and compliments of this kind are reserved for the bride. The bridegroom doesn't get them. And, to tell the truth, he is glad of it. He is well content for "her" to be the recipient of all the attentions while he stands meekly in the background. It's less embarrassing and less bothersome.

It is after the wedding and in the home life that the bridegroom shows up big, if he is of the right sort, and most of them are. It is when the honeymoon has waned that he proves to the bride the wisdom of her choice. It is when he takes off his coat and hustles hard at work all day and is tender, loving and true under the evening lamp that he demonstrates he is not the clothing dummy that he appeared to be during the wedding ceremony. It may be that the world will never notice it. No mention of the fact will be found in the society columns and the neighborhood gossip will be nothing to say about it. But when she has made her a happy home he will understand and appreciate the fact, if she is of the right sort, most of them are, and will bless the day that brought to her her bridegroom. They are both good people; may they live long and prosper.—Chicago Chronicle.

It is after the wedding and in the home life that the bridegroom shows up big, if he is of the right sort, and most of them are. It is when the honeymoon has waned that he proves to the bride the wisdom of her choice. It is when he takes off his coat and hustles hard at work all day and is tender, loving and true under the evening lamp that he demonstrates he is not the clothing dummy that he appeared to be during the wedding ceremony. It may be that the world will never notice it. No mention of the fact will be found in the society columns and the neighborhood gossip will be nothing to say about it. But when she has made her a happy home he will understand and appreciate the fact, if she is of the right sort, most of them are, and will bless the day that brought to her her bridegroom. They are both good people; may they live long and prosper.—Chicago Chronicle.

It is after the wedding and in the home life that the bridegroom shows up big, if he is of the right sort, and most of them are. It is when the honeymoon has waned that he proves to the bride the wisdom of her choice. It is when he takes off his coat and hustles hard at work all day and is tender, loving and true under the evening lamp that he demonstrates he is not the clothing dummy that he appeared to be during the wedding ceremony. It may be that the world will never notice it. No mention of the fact will be found in the society columns and the neighborhood gossip will be nothing to say about it. But when she has made her a happy home he will understand and appreciate the fact, if she is of the right sort, most of them are, and will bless the day that brought to her her bridegroom. They are both good people; may they live long and prosper.—Chicago Chronicle.

It is after the wedding and in the home life that the bridegroom shows up big, if he is of the right sort, and most of them are. It is when the honeymoon has waned that he proves to the bride the wisdom of her choice. It is when he takes off his coat and hustles hard at work all day and is tender, loving and true under the evening lamp that he demonstrates he is not the clothing dummy that he appeared to be during the wedding ceremony. It may be that the world will never notice it. No mention of the fact will be found in the society columns and the neighborhood gossip will be nothing to say about it. But when she has made her a happy home he will understand and appreciate the fact, if she is of the right sort, most of them are, and will bless the day that brought to her her bridegroom. They are both good people; may they live long and prosper.—Chicago Chronicle.

It is after the wedding and in the home life that the bridegroom shows up big, if he is of the right sort, and most of them are. It is when the honeymoon has waned that he proves to the bride the wisdom of her choice. It is when he takes off his coat and hustles hard at work all day and is tender, loving and true under the evening lamp that he demonstrates he is not the clothing dummy that he appeared to be during the wedding ceremony. It may be that the world will never notice it. No mention of the fact will be found in the society columns and the neighborhood gossip will be nothing to say about it. But when she has made her a happy home he will understand and appreciate the fact, if she is of the right sort, most of them are, and will bless the day that brought to her her bridegroom. They are both good people; may they live long and prosper.—Chicago Chronicle.

It is after the wedding and in the home life that the bridegroom shows up big, if he is of the right sort, and most of them are. It is when the honeymoon has waned that he proves to the bride the wisdom of her choice. It is when he takes off his coat and hustles hard at work all day and is tender, loving and true under the evening lamp that he demonstrates he is not the clothing dummy that he appeared to be during the wedding ceremony. It may be that the world will never notice it. No mention of the fact will be found in the society columns and the neighborhood gossip will be nothing to say about it. But when she has made her a happy home he will understand and appreciate the fact, if she is of the right sort, most of them are, and will bless the day that brought to her her bridegroom. They are both good people; may they live long and prosper.—Chicago Chronicle.

It is after the wedding and in the home life that the bridegroom shows up big, if he is of the right sort, and most of them are. It is when the honeymoon has waned that he proves to the bride the wisdom of her choice. It is when he takes off his coat and hustles hard at work all day and is tender, loving and true under the evening lamp that he demonstrates he is not the clothing dummy that he appeared to be during the wedding ceremony. It may be that the world will never notice it. No mention of the fact will be found in the society columns and the neighborhood gossip will be nothing to say about it. But when she has made her a happy home he will understand and appreciate the fact, if she is of the right sort, most of them are, and will bless the day that brought to her her bridegroom. They are both good people; may they live long and prosper.—Chicago Chronicle.

It is after the wedding and in the home life that the bridegroom shows up big, if he is of the right sort, and most of them are. It is when the honeymoon has waned that he proves to the bride the wisdom of her choice. It is when he takes off his coat and hustles hard at work all day and is tender, loving and true under the evening lamp that he demonstrates he is not the clothing dummy that he appeared to be during the wedding ceremony. It may be that the world will never notice it. No mention of the fact will be found in the society columns and the neighborhood gossip will be nothing to say about it. But when she has made her a happy home he will understand and appreciate the fact, if she is of the right sort, most of them are, and will bless the day that brought to her her bridegroom. They are both good people; may they live long and prosper.—Chicago Chronicle.

It is after the wedding and in the home life that the bridegroom shows up big, if he is of the right sort, and most of them are. It is when the honeymoon has waned that he proves to the bride the wisdom of her choice. It is when he takes off his coat and hustles hard at work all day and is tender, loving and true under the evening lamp that he demonstrates he is not the clothing dummy that he appeared to be during the wedding ceremony. It may be that the world will never notice it. No mention of the fact will be found in the society columns and the neighborhood gossip will be nothing to say about it. But when she has made her a happy home he will understand and appreciate the fact, if she is of the right sort, most of them are, and will bless the day that brought to her her bridegroom. They are both good people; may they live long and prosper.—Chicago Chronicle.

It is after the wedding and in the home life that the bridegroom shows up big, if he is of the right sort, and most of them are. It is when the honeymoon has waned that he proves to the bride the wisdom of her choice. It is when he takes off his coat and hustles hard at work all day and is tender, loving and true under the evening lamp that he demonstrates he is not the clothing dummy that he appeared to be during the wedding ceremony. It may be that the world will never notice it. No mention of the fact will be found in the society columns and the neighborhood gossip will be nothing to say about it. But when she has made her a happy home he will understand and appreciate the fact, if she is of the right sort, most of them are, and will bless the day that brought to her her bridegroom. They are both good people; may they live long and prosper.—Chicago Chronicle.

It is after the wedding and in the home life that the bridegroom shows up big, if he is of the right sort, and most of them are. It is when the honeymoon has waned that he proves to the bride the wisdom of her choice. It is when he takes off his coat and hustles hard at work all day and is tender, loving and true under the evening lamp that he demonstrates he is not the clothing dummy that he appeared to be during the wedding ceremony. It may be that the world will never notice it. No mention of the fact will be found in the society columns and the neighborhood gossip will be nothing to say about it. But when she has made her a happy home he will understand and appreciate the fact, if she is of the right sort, most of them are, and will bless the day that brought to her her bridegroom. They are both good people; may they live long and prosper.—Chicago Chronicle.

It is after the wedding and in the home life that the bridegroom shows up big, if he is of the right sort, and most of them are. It is when the honeymoon has waned that he proves to the bride the wisdom of her choice. It is when he takes off his coat and hustles hard at work all day and is tender, loving and true under the evening lamp that he demonstrates he is not the clothing dummy that he appeared to be during the wedding ceremony. It may be that the world will never notice it. No mention of the fact will be found in the society columns and the neighborhood gossip will be nothing to say about it. But when she has made her a happy home he will understand and appreciate the fact, if she is of the right sort, most of them are, and will bless the day that brought to her her bridegroom. They are both good people; may they live long and prosper.—Chicago Chronicle.

It is after the wedding and in the home life that the bridegroom shows up big, if he is of the right sort, and most of them are. It is when the honeymoon has waned that he proves to the bride the wisdom of her choice. It is when he takes off his coat and hustles hard at work all day and is tender, loving and true under the evening lamp that he demonstrates he is not the clothing dummy that he appeared to be during the wedding ceremony. It may be that the world will never notice it. No mention of the fact will be found in the society columns and the neighborhood gossip will be nothing to say about it. But when she has made her a happy home he will understand and appreciate the fact, if she is of the right sort, most of them are, and will bless the day that brought to her her bridegroom. They are both good people; may they live long and prosper.—Chicago Chronicle.

It is after the wedding and in the home life that the bridegroom shows up big, if he is of the right sort, and most of them are. It is when the honeymoon has waned that he proves to the bride the wisdom of her choice. It is when he takes off his coat and hustles hard at work all day and is tender, loving and true under the evening lamp that he demonstrates he is not the clothing dummy that he appeared to be during the wedding ceremony. It may be that the world will never notice it. No mention of the fact will be found in the society columns and the neighborhood gossip will be nothing to say about it. But when she has made her a happy home he will understand and appreciate the fact, if she is of the right sort, most of them are, and will bless the day that brought to her her bridegroom. They are both good people; may they live long and prosper.—Chicago Chronicle.

It is after the wedding and in the home life that the bridegroom shows up big, if he is of the right sort, and most of them are. It is when the honeymoon has waned that he proves to the bride the wisdom of her choice. It is when he takes off his coat and hustles hard at work all day and is tender, loving and true under the evening lamp that he demonstrates he is not the clothing dummy that he appeared to be during the wedding ceremony. It may be that the world will never notice it. No mention of the fact will be found in the society columns and the neighborhood gossip will be nothing to say about it. But when she has made her a happy home he will understand and appreciate the fact, if she is of the right sort, most of them are, and will bless the day that brought to her her bridegroom. They are both good people; may they live long and prosper.—Chicago Chronicle.

GEO. P. CROWELL,

(Successor to E. L. Smith, Oldest Established House in the valley.)

DEALER IN

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

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.

Lumber

Wood, Posts, Etc.

Davenport Bros. Lumber Co.

Have opened an office in H... Call and get prices and... which will be promptly...

THE GLACIER

Published Every Thursday \$1.50

Advertising columns, per line, 25 cents... a line... The Glac... news...

Further experience of the storms of dust is told by the Atlantic mail steamship Borneo, which is reaching Tantrif, ran through a terrific sandstorm for thirty hours.

The record of voracity became right to a stout recently caught at Penning