TRUE STORY

OF THE SOUTH OF FRANCE

Rose Lamonte blushed slightly, as she

"He said that you should never come

The good marquis was standing on the

terrace steps as they went up.
"Good morning, my child," he said, kindly to Rose. "Out so early with your

"Yes, monsieur; and they are very fine

"Yes, indeed. And you have brought

a rare supply of them. But, after all,

you will carry back more than you bring.

Your walk has done you good, I see;" and he smilingly stroked her damask

Coloring still more deeply, our heroine,

disappeared within the entrance of the

The young count related to his uncle

"The rascal!" he said, indignantly, as

"It is to be supposed that her father

"O, undoubtedly-undoubtedly, Louis.

and every one of them loves little Rose

"And a peculiar one, from your descrip-

"Precisely. He lives a peasant's life

and wears a peasant's garb, and yet he

can assume-ay, and he does, at times,

of his position is belied by the spirit and demeanor of the man. He is uncommuni-

all others; to his child, he is the tender

"He came into the neighborhood son

twelve or thirteen years ago, and settled

remote from every other habitation. His

Rose, was dead. Rose berself was then

a little creature of, perhaps, three or four

years. A peasant he may be by birth

but I cannot treat him like one. I con-

fess, he perplexes me."
"I do not marvel at it. What a mys

tery the man must be! I have the great-

"That you will doubtless do, sooner

think, that you will obtain communica-

tion with him. But here comes our Rose

And, as he spoke, the young girl ap-

"Uncle," said Louis, "I must go back

with ker, to see her safely to the end of

her way. She may meet that insolent

"You are right, my dear boy-you are

Louis could not help observing how

much more beautiful, if possible looked Rose this morning, than when he had

"How pretty she is!" thought the count

A brief walk it was from the chateau to

"How soor we are here!" he said. "I

think the d'stance must have been esti-

mated incorrectly. I think we have been

hardly half an hour in coming. Is your

He was not there. Louis did not go

"What a pleasant little place this is!"

just here in the sunshine in the doorway.

said he. "Rose, I should like to take a

in, but stood an instant by the door and

father at "ome, Rose?"

looked about him.

at work."

right," returned the marquis.

est curiosity to behold him."

peared at the door.

fellow again."

painter's art.

"You interest me, uncle, How long

est, most affectionate of parents.'

have you known this man?"

She smiled.

ones. See!"

the sweetest of roses.

strongly evinced sympathy.

will resent his insolence."

much!" she said, gratefully, as he ad CHAPTER IV .- (Continued.) Rose was very proud of her flowers, vanced towards her.

Ind she loved them, too. This morning "And I am very glad that I happened and she loved them, too. This morning she had brought the first of the rare she had brought the first of the rare to be near," he returned, with a frank white roses which had opened in the smile, "to chastise the insolent fellow. warm sunshine on her favorite tree. She was continuing her way, when a shadow he?" "A worthless cousin of mine, mon fell across the sunlit path, and startled her. Raising her head, she beheld her sieur," replied Rose, "who has undercousin Gasparde.

"Good morning, Mademoiselle Rose," Carelessly and briefly she returned his salutation, and was hurrying on to escape from his unwelcome presence, when

he laid his hand on her arm. "Stop a moment, Cousin Rose; I want to ask you a question. I came over to But he has never been so daring before." the cottage a moment ago, and found neither your father nor yourself at home. What did he say?" asked the young I wanted to see him on business. I count. caught sight of you coming along the road here, and so hurried on to overtake you to ask you where he is."

"He is at the house of neighbor Antoine, I believe," answered Rose, coldly; "at least, he said he was going there. But "at least, he said he was going there. But let me go, if you please, Gasparde," and she slipped her arm away from his hand, whose lightest touch was disagreeable seen me? I only completed the journey to her—"let me go; I am in a great hurry.

I am going to the chateau."

I am going to the chateau."
"O, are you?" he said, coldly; "then I will accompany you as far as neigrbor Antoine's, where I may meet your father. One always likes company on so lonely a road as this."

He walked on by her side, whistling some gay air from time to time; but he did not speak again for a long while. Rose was in dread lest the subject of discussion which had arisen between them the night before should be renewed. But he kept on, whistling and meditating by turns, without recurring to it; and hoping, as they went on, that he did not mean to trouble her with it again, she began to feel somewhat relieved. At length, however, he stopped whist-ling and glanced down at his compan-

"They say the Count d'Artois has arrived at the chateau," he remarked. Rose was silent, though she saw some

rejoinder was expected. "I suppose there will be gay doings there now," he went on, seeing that she did not mean to speak; "for the count is a gay man, and not a very good one, either," he added, maliciously, though glad you gave him a suitable correction. he knew nothing whatever of the count's That fellow marry Rose!" character. "People tell that he is a

Yet Rose was silent, though her cheeks grew hotter. It was nothing to her what He is a stern man, that Hugh Lamonte, character the gentleman might bear; and will teach Gasparde his business affor was she not almost an utter stranger | ter this. He is a strange, stern man, sito him? But she had seen him, and con- lent and reserved, and almost a hermit, ceived a good opinion of him, and she as one might say. He seldom leaves was ashamed and indignant at Gas- home; works in his little garden, and tills parde's mischlevous, ill-natured remarks. the thrifty patch of soil adjoining it from

Report says, too," continued Gas- morning till night, or cuts in the forest parde, "that he is about to marry his the wood which is to serve for his win beautiful cousin, Mademoiselle Helen. ter's fuel, and often a load to carry to The contract was made years ago. What the town on market days, with the pro-do you think of all that, Cousin Rose?" duce from his land, as may not be requir-

"I think you are very wicked and very disagreeable," she answered plainly, "in pulling other people's characters to houses, are kindly disposed toward him, pieces, and a gossip who meddles with other people's affairs. Fie on you, Gas- He is apart from them-a distant charac-I am ashamed of you;" and she

"Hard words-hard words, Mademoiselle," said Gasparde, speaking in a careless tone, and biting his lips to conceal the vexation caused by her sharp reproof; "but coming from such pretty lips, I never could take them for earnest in the the bearing of a very king. The herollity world. Do you know, Cousin Rose, I have heard it said that a woman ever treats worst the man she best likes; so I take your hard handling for so many compliments, and feel quite flattered by

Rose grew a little paler; but she neither looked at nor answered him. And still she hurried on, glad that she was so near the end of her walk, for she had almost in the place where he dwells at present. reached the ascent to the chateau.

"Well, cousin," said Gasparde, "I hope you have thought better of the offer ed from some remarks made by him or which I made to you last night," "No, nor ever shall," she answered, resolutely, though with a slight tremulous-

"That is a great pity; for I am resolv-

ed to have you, at all events, my dear, so you need not be shy. And now, there is another question still, Rose. I suppose you haven't seen this rascally young count of whom we have been lates, though it will be with difficulty, I There was a sneer in his tone. His

evil glance, in a sidelong direction, scan- of the wilderness." ned the young girl's countenance. "O, you won't tell, eh?" he said. "I suppose if I should ask a closer question,

I might get you to talk. Was he at the cottage last night, or this morning?"
"I will not tell you," she uttered, trem-bling in every limb with fear and indignation. And she attempted to spring up the path; but he seized her hand and

evented her.
"Not so fast, my dear. I must keep
"Not so fast, my dear. I must keep
Listen, now. 1 "Not so fast, my dear. I mus. Those you a little longer. Listen, now. I know he was there, although you have as if he had suddenly come upon some lovely picture touched with the warmest lovely picture to th tracks of a horse's feet and a gentle-man's boots are in the soil outside, the latter belonging to the count, I am pretty sure. I have his measure. But he won't come there again, mind that! Now,

my pretty cousin, you may give me a nor the innate grace of her manner; for Rose Lamonte possessed quick and deliterror and disgust, as he held her hand. "O, you won't give me one, will you? cate perceptions, a refined love of the beautiful, and a mind cultivated to a de-

"Must you? There are two words to gree extremely unusual in one of her stathat bargain, my man?" tion, yet scarcely surprising in her. For It was a light form that sprang out of both her father and Mademoiselle Monthe thicket by the wayside; a resolute tauban had taken pains to improve a natvoice that uttered these words; a graceful arm with iron force that laid the raswith the care bestowed upon it; and cal, at one stroke, prostrate on the earth. Louis was more deeply gratified than he And Gasparde, lying at the feet of his could express, on recognizing this mental assailant, was almost insane with rage.

He had seen that form, heard that voice, felt the weight of that arm, to his cost

A brief walk it was from the chateau to the cottage. So, at least, it seemed to the count. He smiled as they reached

And Count Louis stood there quietly, as Gasparde rose again to his feet, shak-ing his elenched hand with muttered the door. menaces, and seemingly inclined to return the attack.

"Come, you want some more, my fine fellow, I think," said the gentleman. "If that is the case, I can finish you as well now as any time. You deserve a sound threshing, and I am quite willing to administer it. Are you ready to receive it?" The man gave a vengeful glance, anand, turning, walked rapidly down the sketch of it, some day, with you sitting

ascent, without uttering a word.

"Adieu, my littie friend." He wouched "Adieu, monsieur. You have been very

good to come so far with me."
"It was a pleasure." He smiled, turned away, and was gone, And Rose, after a moment's thought-ful glance at his receding figure, went in, and prepared her father's dinner against

mind that! You will keep away from Rose in the future. She detests you, and your language and conduct of this morning fully justify her in so doing. I warn

"I will have no insolence, Gasparde,

the day, was obliged to pause on the thing quietly." Why, he was over-bold, Rose! Who is taken to annoy me occasionally of late. I hope his well-deserved punishment will teach him better manners for the fu-

"I hope so; but it will be best to be ware of him now. You must keep, as much as possible, out of his way. it will be near the last time, to give you orders. I must clear my hands of this "I think I heard him mention me, Rose.

which he received them.

fairs under my management. You will Davis gave a wee smile of conciliato the cottage again."
"Ah, yes; I heard it; I remember now. length, as he looked up once more—"go; her eye glasses, it was time to smile. it is sufficient-the lesson which I hear the count has taught you this morning; otherwise, you would receive from me to say. "But, my dear, you see how now something more serious than the re- it affects me."

ty Rose, of whom you are so fealous!

(To be continued.) LONG-DISTANCE SIGN TALK.

cheek, to which the exercise, and a little excitement together, had indeed brought moke Pillars and Fiery Arrows Were Indian Metho is of Commun cation. Talking by smoke was one of the with laughing eyes, ran up the steps, and means of communication upon the American plains in the early days of travel. This kind of talk soon became intelligible to the traveler, so that he the incident which had occurred during understood the significance of the his morning's ramble. The good marquis listened with interested attention, and spires of smoke which he sometimes saw rising from a distant ridge or bill, and answered in kind from a different he heard of Gasparde's rudeness. "I am direction. It was the signal talk of the Indians across miles of intervening country, and was used in rallying the warriors for an attack, or in warning them of a retreat when that seemed

> necessary. The Indian had a way of sending up the smoke in rings and puffs, knowing Spring he had taken possession with noticed and understood to be a signal, dream, driving to and from his place and not the smoke from some ordinary camp-fire.

The rings were made by covering the enemies; yet he seems disinclined to court | The column of ascending smoke rings the friendship of any, though the few said to every Indian within a circle of out, there is an enemy near."

A writer in the Chicago Tribune ex-"Camp at this place."

To one who has traveled upon the shooting up and falling, perhaps taking very high collars, but as yet had made cative, distant, almost haughty, toward a direction diagonal to the line of vi- no especial sign of matrimonial in-

If he was an old-timer he might in- a rather serious mien and good looking. Walt!" terpret the signals, and know that one a fascinating combination. fire-arrow-an arrow prepared by treatfor us." Two arrows shot up into the and hustling mixture of noise and Then he went to work. air at once meant, "We shall attack." ability. Three at once said, "We attack now." | phone as well at night as by day.

ATCHISON GLOBE LIGHTS.

Comments on Everyday Matters by an Original Gentus. the back of her head.

desire in trying to cover up the past. respectful. What would you do?" We have noticed that the mosquito that sings soprano is always more laughling. fierce and hungry than those that sing tenor or bass.

coloring and most perfect grace of the getting up a church entertainment. There isn't much said in a marriage but bang so that I can't read. Nice after our Fancy." service, but almost everything the man girl, you understand, only terribly

"and she is only sixteen."

And it was not her face alone that was thus charming, as he shortly found, his conscience reminds him that he promised not to do at the wedding. You might as well say that an old man should select only withered, over-ripe

spare rooms rented.

The older women speak of a girl of seventeen as being a mere child but when a married man considers her as ing complacently. "Enough!" be nothing but a prattling babe, and kisses thought. "So the old lady is the peckher as such, what a howl is raised being kind, eh? I shouldn't have suscause he kissed a grown young woman! pected it." When a girl gets married all her women kin busy themselves with her wedding outfit, and see that she has correspondence. She never has time for sardines in a box instantly restored the proper number of skirts, etc., with these bousehold matters; hates such them to order and prevented a panic, the proper amount of trimming on things, anyway, and we don't care to they naturally feeling that if at such every article. But does anyone go have ber do that sort of work," went a time, with a line of battle ship on with the groun to buy his wedding on Davis, pleasantly. "Lucretia tried her beam ends clean paint work was of clothes? Does his mother or sister to break her in, but no. I overheard pick out a ruffled pajama, and does any them and had to smile. Said the girl:

Why Lucretia Went Home

*

you. You know my character; beware ing the Evening Banner over his knees maid," he whispered knowingly.

display of his usual bravado, the bitter severity of Hugh's words, and, in these quiet; that's what I bought it for. len silence, which indicated the spirit is and what do I get? I hire a farmer to run the place; I give you money you belong, among your fellows. I shall I'm not considered a bit. Next Sum-

"I've done my best," returned Corhave a rare sweep of it, when I get at- get Lucretia Woods, I say."

abdicate, monsieur, in my favor. Excel- tion. When his unusually meek better half allowed that metallic note to creep "Go," said Hugh Lamonte, coldly, at into her soft voice and pinched on "Of course, of course," he made haste luxuries."

proof I have given you. Go!" And he turned and went into the cottage, shut- went on Mrs. Herron, taking advant- ed a triffe ting the door behind him.

"Oh, I will pay you finely—won't I, monsieur?" muttered Gasparde, between ery bit I can out of Lucretia. She his clenched teeth, and making a menacing motion towards the direction. "And the count, too. I have a reckoning with the count to t both of you, a long one. Never fear but and wants her to come home. Nothing I will pay it well; and then for my pret- but my entreaties induced the girl to help us out. I wish she wouldn't treat matters so lightly, though. She doesn't mind anything and-"

But Mr. Herron bad wisely resumed the perusal of his paper, while the clatter of dishes in the nearby kitchen and the hearty strains of song in accompaniment beset his abused ears. Then help one another, boys,

Do it with a will, sang Lucretia, and it was plainly evident that the vocalist was doing things

with a will. Twenty years before Davis Herron. then a clerk in the savings bank at Riverton, had decided that his dream of repose lay in a tiny farm two miles from the village. This idea had never left him. Now the village was a large and flourishing town, and he was treasurer of the bank with a good salary, and the savings of years. The his wife and daughter, to enjoy his of business with the air of a landed

proprietor. Alas! the dream at times was of fire with a blanket for a moment, then suddenly removing the blanket and allowing the smoke to ascend, when the spot was this little farm of a few do you think of all that, Cousin Rose?" duce from his land, as may not be required to ascend, when the ed for his own use. He has, I think, no are was instantly covered up again. the brook singing through the meadow neighbors about him, among the farm perhaps twenty or thirty miles; "Look They all loved it. Davis, Cornelia, and even Fancy, their only and much spoil-A writer in the Chicago Tribune ex-plains that three smokes built close to-twenty-one, whose particular admirer. gether meant danger. One smoke sim- Albert Melton, suddenly developed an not unmeledious outburst: ply said, "Attention." Two meant, inordinate interest in farm affairs and a taste for the exercise of walking. Albert was a comparatively new star plains the usefulness of this long-dis- on the Herron horizon, but a bright tance telephone becomes at once ap one, being a young man of industry parent. Sometimes at night the trav- and prospects. So he was made weleler saw flery lines crossing the sky. come and appear d with regul r ty and

> Sympathizing desply with the agriing the head of the shaft with gun- cultural wors of the now arous d Her- the floor when he reached her. A curse powder and fine bark-meant the same ron, he also lent a kindly ear to the broke from his lips as he snatched a as the column of smoke puffs, namely, domestic snarls which began with the dipper of water and pushed the plump "An enemy is near." Two fire-arrows almost immediate departure of the old figure face upward. The deadly palmeant "Danger." Three arrows said, and tried Bridget, to be succeeded by lor could not hide its beauty and re-"This danger is great." Several ar- two incompentents, and at present fined lines. "Poor little girl!" he rows said, "The enemy are too many ending in the toils of Lucretia, a late breathed, brokenly. "Poor little girl!"

> "Melton," Davis had said confident- der as he left her in the care of the Thus the untutored savage could tele- ly, "I'd rather run a bank than a two women, who seemed not to know farm. I declare I would. Of course I what to do. know all about it, have studied those "It may be that I won't be back!" depends upon conditions. When we mountain to see her father." need rain, it shines; when we need Two hours later a farm wagor The longer a woman has been mar- sun, it rains. I instruct my farmer, drove hastily into the Herron yard. ried the smaller the knot of hair on be disagrees; I command him, he tells Out jumped a big man, grizzled and me to go run the bank. Says things of respectable attire. Young people long to uncover the fu- will come up when they get ready. An ture, but in a few years they lose this excellent man and laborious, but not

> "I'd let him alone," replied Abert, Many a man is charged with unkind- pleasant reposeful evening, and my his spouse three months after this epness to his wife because she has wife says, 'Oh! dear, this has been isode. "But then the Woods are exworked herself into a haggard state a hard day.' That lan't pleasant, and cellent stock, if they are poor. I had a

> wants to do for the balance of his life noisy. I'm a nervous man, Melton. "He was not at all suitable. A very What would you advise?" "I'd let them alone," said Albert We have heard it said lately that an again. "You'll get some noise whereold man should kiss only old women. ever you go. One would think, though. Housewife. with three women, household affairs in so small an establishment might be cleared up by night and give you

cantaloupes, or little old apples that a chance to read in peace." The woman who owns a silk petticoat is the object of some envy, but the a splendid housekeeper; that is she lays out work finely and keeps the girls envy that stays by one all day, and sits right at it. Can't do much herself. She go of the fore sheet alone saved the on one's pillow at night, is felt only for is sort of mild but keeps pecking at ship from going down with 1,100 souls out in this bit of a Summer home there

is nothing to do." Melton looked at him as he sat smok-

"Fancy feeds her birds and has her music, besides much reading and some The count looked after him an instant, and then joined Rose, who, with blended fear and interest, had watched this brief inhale the fragrance of the mignonette in its hox on the window ledge, and then

ANGETY! Bangety! Bang! If you don't.' Let him marry the cook, he ran a hotel; but this was only his Dry Goods, Groceries, "That mop again!" grouned then, said Fancy. Pretty good answer, avocation. His vocation was that of Davis Herron, fixing his wife wasn't it?" Herron chuckled and half a horse thief. His hotel was only a with an irritable eye as he sat back winked at his companion. "Guess side issue. He was the leader of a Boots and Shoes, despairingly in his easy chair, spread- there's no danger of her being an old gang of men who picked up other peo-

"Yes, he said he saw you. I hope than two months ago, and probably business soon. I am getting sick of it."

"Getting sick of it, is he?" muttered the fellow to himself. "Good! I shall stay out here. We are fortunate to and that it will be cooler." She smiled his death he broke into barns in search up at him. "How is your business?" of horses. she asked brightly.

"I heard father say that he believed



"THAT MOP AGAIN!" GROANED DAVIS HERRON.

ness man some day," she murmured. clattering in the kitchen became unpleasantly audible. Then from an upper window quav-

ered a complaining voice, "Lucretia!" "Did you sweep the dining room?" "Yes'm."

"Have you dusted the books and cleaned the silver?" "No'm, haven't had time yet. "Well, do it before night, won't

picked over." The loud, cheerful voice had a tired ring. Presently, after a hush, something appeared to have been let loose in the rear of the house. A great clanging of pans and shoving of chairs, then a

"Never give up when trials come, Never grow sad and blue-' "Oh! my, but I'm most dead with the heat!" interpolated. "And never sit down with a tear and

a frown, But pad-Thump! Silence. "Sat down, I guess," exclaimed terest. For the rest of him, he was of rancy, Laughing. "Why? What! a rather serious mien and good looking. Walt!" But Melton had torn around

the corner. The girl was in a dead faint upon

Her brown eyes were big with won

subjects for years, and yet everything he said shorply. "I am going up the

"I've come for my darter," he an nounced, and his facial expression forebade contradiction.

"Funny that young Melton should be "But it's my farm. Well, then I hear people say they are going to be a long and mysteriously worded artidrive out the afternoon for rest and a married," observed Davis Herron to the girl we have now doesn't do a thing notion at one time that Albert was "Oh! no," replied Cornelia, sternly,

ordinary person and no manners whatever. Why, he has never called here since Lucretia went home." - The

A Life-Saving Order.

ship Delaware came near foundering ward Commodore Thomas W. Wyman, with difficult climbing succeeded in reaching the quarter deck, where, snatching the trumpet from the officer in charge, his first order, given in a voice heard distinctly fore and aft. was "Keep clear of the paint work!" This command to hundreds of human paramount importance their condition could not be a serious ope.

Silence is an excellent remady for

RUFUS YOUNG

thief who died at the Rutland coun-

A Man Who Passed His Life in Stealing Horses. The career of Rufus Young, the horse

ty jail yesterday, says the Rutland Herald, is typical enough to be more than a curiosity. It is no sporadic case. Years ago in New York State But the other went home early that hardly be said that Young had a pas. Hardware, of arousing me by a repetition of this."

Hugh Lamonte, at sunset, had been standing at his door, and Gasparde, returning to his home beyond the forest from the village, where he had passed

In the Evening Banner over his knees in the sunset of the sunse It was a warm Saturday afternoon two years of his life in prison as a path leading past the cottage, to receive the husband gave a disapproving when he walked up the path between penalty for plying his trade. He simthe stern reprimend of the former. He grunt. "Pity!" he remarked audibly, the rose bushes and espied the fair ply had a propensity for taking horses feared Hugh; he could not escape, by a "I bought this farm to have a little Miss Herron cosily settled in the ham. wherever found. He probably never time to pay cash for all its goods; it mock. Her greeting was dreamily ef- tried to break into a jewelry store pays no rent; it employs a cierk, but circumstances, his last resort was a sul- I come out of town to rest my nerves, fusive. Albert suspected a recent nap." nor a bank, nor was he ever known "Get a chair and sit down by me," to hold up a lonely traveler or to All dividends are made with customers she invited. "This is the coolest place adroitly "touch a man's leather for his in the way of reasonable prices. "Do not come hither again. Keep where for help; I do everything I can, and I could find. Where have you been?" money." Young was after horses, and "Oh! busy, and it's hot to tramp over, he wanted to sell them, too, the mobe there to-night, at the rendezvous. And mer-" his high bald head shook warn- I told your father I would come to- ment he captured one. He finished a twenty-two year term in prison less

> We would say that Young was men-"Good. I'm gaining but it's slow tally sick. We do not think that he was work. I have to figure pretty close, amenable to religious instruction. So Nowadays, it costs a lot to live and far as horses are concerned, he had have many comforts, not to speak of no sense of right and wrong. He was beyond the influence of prayer or mor-The girl in the hammock looked al tuition. He needed a doctor rather thoughtfully away across the warm than a minister. Why should he not meadows. Her delicate eyebrows lift- have been placed in a hospital for incurables rather than in a prison? Scientists tell us that the criminal impulse runs in families. Young's disease, if we may so term it, may have been a case of atavism, a revival or recrudescence of a criminal disposition that could be traced back to his ancestors. In that event the person to which will be promptly filled. punish would be Young's great-grandfather, perhaps, and not him. He need ed medical treatment and care. We wonder whether the world will so develop in wisdom on these matters that the insane criminals will be eventually separated from the vicious and placed where they cannot harm the commu

> > **Our Schools Must** Be Sanitary

The modern school is nothing if not "Some day I hope to be," he replied, sanitary. It has sanitary plumbing and there was a 1 ng pause, in which a sanitary ventilation, sanitary play grounds, and sanitary blackboards. And its sanitary anxiety for its pupils is beyond all praise. Here is a dialogue of the period, the speakers, of course, being teacher and scholar: "Tommy, have you been vaccinate

patent antiseptic dinner pail?"

"Yes, ma'am." "Have you your own sanitary slaterag and disinfected drinking cup?"

"Yes, ma'am." "Do you wear a camphor bag round your throat, a collapsible life belt, and insulated rubber heels for crossing the

trolley line?" "All of these." "Have you a pasteurized certificate of baptism?"

"Yes, ma'am." "And a life insurance, non forfei;able policy against the encroachments of old age?"

"Yes, ma'am." "Then you may hang your cap or the insulated peg set opposite your distinguishing number, climb into your seat, and proceed to learn along san-itary lines."—Selected.

Actually Retired. Joseph Jefferson is sensitive on the subject of his retirement from the stage. To suggest farewells is to make him nervous and to receive a reply outwardly pleasant, but tinged with sharpness. But one reporter did succeed in getting ahead of him. The New York Times says that th veteran actor, during a tour in the South, found one morning in the paper cle, hinting at his retirement. He made a complaint to the managing editor, who at once called in the reporter and asked him where he got the story "The city editor told me to see Mr

Jefferson," said the young man, "and ask him if he was going to retire. "Well, did you see him?" "No, sir. I sent up my card to his room, and it was returned to me with these words written on it: 'Mr. Jeffer-

son has retired." Then, goes the story, the actor who sleeps twenty years a night in Rip Van Many years ago the American war- Winkle took the reporter out and bought him a five-dollar hat.

Nothing displeases Dr. R. Ogden Doremus more than indistinct speaking. He rarely fails to show his dis-'em. We have two in the Winter, but on board. The first lieutenant, after approval of it. While lecturing at the city college recently, having occasion to ask a question of a student, he received a mumbled reply. "H'm, h'm, h'm; h'm, h'm," mimick-

ed the lrate professor. "Can't you speak so I can hear you? If you've anything to say, speak out and don't The answer was a trifle disconcert-

ing. "I said," replied the student. "that I did not hear your question." Some people have such a disagreeable memory that they can remind you

of things you did a thousand years

There are few things in this world more irritating than a woman with a cooling voice.

[Successor to E. L. Smith, Oldest Established House in the valley.]

DEALER IN

does not have to divide with a partner.

Lumber

Wood, Posts, Etc.

Davenport Bros. Lumber Co.

Have opened an office in Hood River. Call and get prices and leave orders,

THE GLACIER

Published Every Thursday \$1.50 A YEAR.

Advertising, 50 cents per inch, single column, per month; one-half inch or less, 25 cents. Reading notices, 5 cents THE GLACIER prints all the local ews fit to print.

When you see it in THE GLACIER

you may know that others see it. REGULATOR LINE PORTLAND AND THE DALLES ROUTE

All Way Landings. STEAMERS "BAILEY GATZERT" "DALLES CITY"
"REGULATOR" "METLAKO" Connecting at Lyle, Wash., with

Columbia River & Northern Railway Co.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Have you had your vermiform appendix removed?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Do you use sterilized milk?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Is your home connected with the city sewer?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Have you shed all your milk teeth?"

"Have you a certificate of inoculation for the croup, chicken-pox, sand measles?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Is your lumch put up in Dr. Koch's patent antiseptic dinner pail?"

"Oldinica River & Northern Rahway Co.

For For For For For Rahway Co.

For For For For Rahway Co.

For For For For For Rahway Co.

Steamers leave Portland daily (except Sunday) 7.80 a m. for Goldendale, arrives The Dalles 6:15 a.

In connects with this steamer for Portland, arriving For Inday) 7:30 a m. Steamer Metlako plving between Cascade Locks daily (except Sunday) 6 a. m., arrives The Dalles 11:30 a. m. Leaves The Dalles 3 p. m., arrives Cascade Locks daily (except Sunday) 6 a. m., arrives The Dalles 11:30 a. m. Leaves The Dalles 12:30 a. m. Thesdays Thursdays and Saturdays: leaves The Dalles 7 a. m. Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. Round trip tickers between these points 50 cents. Good on Steamer "Bailey Gatzert" only affording an excellent opportunity to view the magnificent scenery of the Columbia river.

Excellent Walls Yere Portland daily (except Sunday) 7 at M. In Justina Portland St. I

ofumbia river. Excellent meals served on all steamers. Fine accommodations for teams and wagons.

For detailed information of rates, berth reservations, connections, etc., write or call on nearest agent,

Gen. office, Portland, Or. Manager. Beele & Morse Agents, Hood River, Or.



Portland, Or. ARRIVE Salt Lake, Denver, Ft. Worth, Omaha, 4:30 p. m. Kaness City, St. Louis, Chicago and Atlantic St. Paul Fast Mail. Huntington Atlantic Express.

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

OCEAN AND RIVER SCHEDULE

\$ 500 p.m.	All sailing dates subject to change For San Francisco- Sail every 5 days	5;00 p. m.
Daily Ex. Sunday 8:00 p. m. Eaturday 10:00 p. m.	Columbia River Steamers. To Astoria and Way Landings.	5.00 p. m. Ex. Sunday
6:45 a.m. Mon., Wed. and Fri.	Willamette River. Salem, Independence, Corvallis and way landings.	3:30 p. m. Tues., Thu., Set.
7:00 a. m. Tues., Thur. and Sat.	Yambili fiver. Oregon City, Dayton and way landings.	4:30 p. m. Mon., Wed. and Fri.
Lv. Riparia 4:05 a. m. Daily except Saturday	Snake Siver. Riparia to Lewiston	Lv. Lewiston 8:90 s. m. Daily except Friday.

A. L. CRAIG. General Passenger Agent, Portland, Or . N. HOAR, Agent, Hood River.