

The Contrabandist; OR One Life's Secret!

A TRUE STORY OF THE SOUTH OF FRANCE

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)
A few days after the first visit of Robin, he came again to the cottage. This time he announced to Hugh and Rose that he had obtained work at the farm of Antoine Lebrun, the first place at which he had applied. It is needless to say that both were glad to hear of his good fortune.
It was at sunset when Robin came. He had come immediately to finishing his day's work, and Hugh invited him to stay with them an hour or two. This invitation Robin was nothing loth to accept; for it was given with a degree of cordiality that was rare with Hugh; and whether the beauty and shy grace of young Rose had any influence in Robin's decision to remain, we leave others to judge. At all events, when he had stayed perhaps two hours, and was taking his departure, Hugh invited him to repeat the visit. And Robin answered, quietly, "You are very good, monsieur, and I confess that I am only too glad to come; for I am somewhat strange yet among the work-people on the farm, and being in a new place, it makes me rather lonely. And I feel more acquainted with you, perhaps, because this was the first place at which I sought for work. I shall be pleased to come, monsieur, and then, it may be, if I come early enough, that mademoiselle," glancing towards Rose, "will show me her garden, of which I hear you speak."
Hugh promised that this should be the case. And Robin departed.
On the third day, in the middle of the afternoon, Robin appeared. Hugh was surprised at seeing him so much earlier than usual, since the usual hour for leaving work was at sunset. But Robin said that Antoine Lebrun had allowed him to come earlier, because he had done more work on the two preceding days than any other of the men. And he had wished to see mademoiselle's garden in full daylight.
So Robin was conducted to the garden, and here, although he praised its beauty, yet he also found ample space for improvement, and volunteered, if Hugh was willing, to come down and work in it occasionally.
As there appeared to be no serious objection to such a proceeding, the arrangement was made; and nearly every afternoon, thenceforth, Robin came half an hour before sunset, and with spade, rake, scissor and pruning knife, busied himself in the garden, making such alterations for the better and training the favorite flowers of Rose so skillfully that they became even finer and more abundant than they had been in the earlier part of the season, when they seemed to want no addition to their beauty.
And while Robin worked among the flower beds, Rose sat at the garden door, with her sewing or embroidery, or, perhaps, a book; for Robin, who was pleased to find, as was of fond of books as herself, and many a pleasant half-hour was passed thus by them. Robin had no father, no mother, no sisters, nor a home, such as others had, and he told them that this seemed like home to him. He always hastened to the cottage as soon as he was released from work and had eaten his supper, and not unfrequently remained a part of the evening with them. These visits were pleasant ones. Robin enjoyed them, and Rose always liked to see him coming; while Hugh Lamonte, though he said little on the subject now, seemed to regard him as a welcome visitor. The steamer "Dallies City" in his evident liking for the young man, being usually, as he was, of a mood so unsocial; but she could not but admit that for one so handsome, so amiable and kind-hearted as Robin, to win the friendship of those about him, was not at all strange, and, therefore, it was not surprising that as every one else seemed to like him so well, that her father should be also attracted towards him.

CHAPTER VIII.
There was a knock for admittance at the cottage door. Hugh Lamonte started uneasily from his chair. Every knock—every approaching footstep, of late, he imagined to be that of the Marquis of Montauban; for a time of restitution was made, and it was to cost him dear. He hastily crossed the room, and flung the door wide open. Rose, seated by the casement with her sewing, trembled and turned pale; for the newcomer was Gasparde.
"Good afternoon, uncle," said the rogue, frankly.
"How, Gasparde?" uttered Hugh, in increased astonishment, and without noticing the salutation—"how come you here?"
"I have come," answered the man quietly, assuming an expression of the deepest seriousness, "to ask your pardon, and that of mademoiselle Rose, for my old behavior; and I honestly hope you will forgive me."
Hugh looked at him, half incredulously, and with a searching glance he stepped back a pace, but made no answer. Gasparde advanced upon the movement, and stopped just within the door, so that he now beheld Rose. Apprehension and an-



ROBIN, THE GARDENER.

Gasparde was plainly expressed on her countenance as she beheld him. He looked as unrepentant as ever, though his words were certainly very fair.
"Good afternoon, Cousin Rose," he said, with gravity; and noticing the indication of her disposition towards him in her countenance, he hastened to add, with an air of penitence and sorrow: "O, I see, Rose, that you have not forgotten how I used to annoy you. I know I do not deserve that you should; but I confess I had hoped you would overlook it by this time; for I am sincerely sorry for my impertinence."
The young girl made no reply at first, the suddenness of all this astonished her. Hugh Lamonte stood silently regarding him with a half-angry, half-perplexed air. He doubted whether to put faith in the fair declaration of Gasparde.
"Cousin Rose," said the latter again, deprecatingly, "I promise you that I will never behave so impertinently again. I wish you would try to forget my insolence, and forgive me."
"Since you are sincerely repentant," Gasparde, she said, "I will endeavor to do both." And then she resumed her work.
"And you also, sir?" said Gasparde, turning to Hugh.
"The less said about that the better," returned Hugh, dryly; "but you may be grateful to Rose for forgiving you, which is more than you merit. And now, if you wish to say anything to me, you must come into the garden, for I am going there." And picking up his tools, he went out, without saying another word.
Gasparde followed, with downcast eyes and humbled manner; and Rose, truly confident in his sincerity, was almost sorry that her father treated him so ungraciously. She had some curiosity to know what could be his business with her father; but that was impossible. They remained in the garden for some time—perhaps half an hour; then both re-entered, Hugh saying to his companion:
"Well—well, come again to-morrow, and, meanwhile, I will think about it."
"That will do," returned Gasparde. And as he crossed the room to the opposite door, he nodded to Rose, saying, respectfully: "Good morning, cousin."
"Good morning, Gasparde," she responded, as he went out.
When Hugh had shut the door and come back into the room, Rose could not but see that he was more thoughtful and gloomy than before. All day he preserved the same moody air; and Rose was unhappy, alike in being unable to divine the cause of his increased perplexity and trouble, or to alleviate it. He had not yet made any allusion to the object of the Marquis's recent visit; but she knew that he was thinking of it continually. She knew, however, that she should only say to him by seeming to notice his mysterious dejection, and so she became silent.
In the afternoon, Robin came as usual, after his day's work was done, and Rose even persuaded herself that he, too, seemed somewhat serious. He went out into the garden with her father, and thence to the field; and she could see them standing there, as if talking together, for a long

time. They did not work as usual. At length, however, they left their post and came slowly up through the garden. They were conversing still.
"What is it about, I wonder?" asked the young girl, mentally.
The two entered. Robin did not speak; but Hugh advanced straight to Rose.
"Rose," he said, gently, "there is our good neighbor Robin, who wishes to marry you. What do you say to it?"
"Wishes to marry me?" iterated the young girl, faltering and blushing.
"Exactly. Is it not sufficiently plain?" Rose was silent, her eyes cast down to the floor, and her fair cheek reddening still deeper. The tears fast gathered in her eyes. Robin wished to marry her. Hugh turned away, and, with folded arms, paced the room. Robin came to her side.
"Dear Rose," he said, softly, taking her hand, "your father has told you what I have asked him. It is true that I wish to marry you, if you are willing. I did not think you disliked me. Will you show me that you do not?"
She did not answer, but sat with her eyes still cast down, and her hand in his.
"I know, dear Rose," he said, again, "that I am asking a great deal. I came here only a few weeks ago, and I was a stranger. I came seeking for work, and found it. I am poor, and have yet no home of my own, but that I trust to have some day. I love you, Rose, and I ask you if you will promise to marry me when I am rich enough to buy a little farm of my own."
"But—my father?" she hesitated, raising her eyes sorrowfully, as she thought of his loneliness. "No—no; I cannot leave him."
"Rose," said Hugh, turning to her, "the future is not in your hands. Do not think of me. If you love Robin sufficiently well to marry him, answer him at once. All will be well."
"Then I will marry you, Robin," she said in a low tone.
"You will forget that I am poor, and a stranger?"
"I do not need to forget it," was her answer. And her glance of timid, affectionate confidence was raised to his.
He bent forward with a thrill of ineffable delight, and pressed his lips to those of the blushing girl.
"And you will never break your promise, though you should meet with trial and temptation and danger?"
"No, never—never, Robin; but why do you fear—and?"
"I cannot tell you, Rose. But it will be a long time before we can marry, perhaps; for I will not ask you to share my lot with me until I have risen higher—far higher than I am now. And no one knows what may happen in that time. It will be a long time," he continued, after a while; "but I shall be patient; for I want to rise to something better than I am now. Rose, you are too good to marry a farmer, or a gardener. For your sake, I shall strive to render myself something higher than either."
"You need not be better than you are, Robin," said the girl, gently.
"But I mean to become more worthy of you, nevertheless," was his rejoinder. And now Hugh Lamonte turned to them.
"Since this is done," he said, "I give you both my blessing. Rose, my child, and he laid his hand solemnly on her fair head, "be true to Robin until he comes to claim you, and you will be rewarded."
There was a moment of deep silence. The young lover bent down, and tenderly kissed his betrothed bride, whose gentle eyes the tears stole down.
And through the opposite casement glared and gleamed a pair of fiendish eyes upon that little group. The brigand and lover, Gasparde, had heard every word witnessed every look and action within. They did not see him; they did not hear the bitter curses hissed through his shut teeth, nor mark the clenched hand that menaced them.
(To be continued.)

A School Romance

HADDEUS BENT principal of the Diogenes High School in the far south side of Chicago left the train at Gower Hill Station Wis., where a teacher's summer school was in progress.
Prof. Bent—had sat in a college chair in his day—was 40 years old. His hair was a trifle gray, his eyes were kindly and his shoulders a bit stooped. He was going to the summer school to hear the natural history lectures of Audubon Burroughs Wood, and to get a bit of nature first hand from the fields.
At the big boarding house by the brook with the great trees at its back, Thaddeus Bent met half a dozen teachers whom he knew and half a hundred whom he didn't know. The assistant principal of the Diogenes was there, and had been there for a month. She felt bound to do her duty by her chief. She introduced him right and left. Then she put on her thinking cap.
"He won't care much for those trivial creatures just out of the normal," she said to herself. "He'll want some one to pair off with. Now, there's Theodosia Desmond, principal of the Plato school, way up on Chicago's north side. She's just his opposite, but opposites get along well, so here goes." And the assistant principal introduced Principal Thaddeus Bent to Principal Desmond. Prof. Bent found himself in the company of Miss Desmond on the veranda, the second morning after his arrival. Theodosia was a little creature, with a trim figure, a rather positive manner and a plump nose on which rested a pair of glasses. Theodosia was 35, and admitted it when it was necessary.
"What's your hobby, Prof. Bent?" she asked. "Every one of us has a hobby, or we wouldn't be here."
"Well, I confess, Miss Desmond, to a weakness for natural history. I like frogs, snakes, snails, turtles, water bugs and the rest."
"Horror, all of them. Excuse me, but I thought you were above creeping things. I haven't a bit of sympathy with you or with them. The proper study of mankind is man—and man's attributes, let me add. I study mental philosophy. It's the only thing worth studying. We don't get along at all well. Thank goodness, I am above the earth a little bit. The brain and the understanding—these be noble themes. Snakes and toads, oh, how can you?"
"Well, I trust I am a little above the creepers and hoppers at times. There are the birds and the trees; they appeal to me."
"All of a kind; man's and woman's mentality is the thing for me. I've heard forty of Prof. Searcher's lectures on 'Mind' already, and I'm going to hear the other forty. Some of the other teachers have fallen away. They are not true blue, though they made much pretense at the start. Can't I introduce you to Prof. Searcher? He'll convert you."
"Pray forgive me, but I've heard Searcher and I found him a bore, but I'll go if you'll take me."
Theodosia made a bit. She was past even such a remote hint at gallantry as this, she had thought.
"No, I won't take you," she said, "but you may come if you will. Go well up to the front. Prof. Searcher does not speak any too clearly, and I sit up there—I mean you can hear better up there."
There were excursions into the woods and fields arranged by the teachers assembled at Gower Hill. Prof. Bent took the tramps, and through the urging assistant principal, Theodosia Desmond occasionally went along. This student of man amused Prof. Bent, and despite her antagonisms she attracted him a little.
On one of the excursions he found himself alone with her in a woodland path. Each had books. "What have you there, Prof. Bent?" asked Miss Desmond.
"I have P. H. Gosse, a man too little read now, and Burroughs, and White of Selborne. They are full of frogs and snakes and foxes and birds."
Theodosia Desmond tossed her head and her plump nose became as near pert as her 35 years would admit.
"Trash, every bit of it," she said. "There's nothing human about it."
"Surely there's human interest in the lives of the frogs and in the loves of the birds."
"Loves of the birds! I thought you were beyond sentiment, Prof. Bent. Well, there, I did not mean to be rude. Here I have John Locke's 'Human Understanding.' He would not touch sentiment with a pole."
"Seems to me I've heard that Locke once wrote a book on how to bring up children properly."
Theodosia Desmond blushed furiously. "So he did, but I've not read it. I see how it is; we can't agree, and I would not read one of your authors if the reading would make me superintendent of schools. I'll stick to Locke and Kant, and you can keep on reading about the earthworms."
Nevertheless, they went walking together again, and when they separated,

love's garland.
Fancies for thought—so let me lay them here,
Gently; you must not waken. Take your rest;
There on your heart—pure thoughts devoid of fear,
Sweet, they are best.
Roses, for love—kissing your lips they lie
Groomed by the dew from out the heavens above,
Dear, roses wither, but they cannot die—
Roses for love.
Rosemary, for memories—wreathed around your brow,
Saddest of flowers—and yet they cannot be
Wholly of sorrow. So I twine them now
For memory.
Rue—see I close it in your little hand.
Keep it—that when you waken you may bless
In your pure heart one who did understand
Life's bitterness.
—New York News.

for the summer there was just a suspicion of lingering over the farewell. "Better read White and Burroughs, Miss Desmond," said Prof. Bent.
"You couldn't hire me to. Suppose you try Locke?"
The professor shook his head and they parted.
Two weeks later Thaddeus Bent walked into the Crear Library and wrote an order for a book. He took the volume and started for a table. He turned out to avoid a pillar and ran plump into a little woman from the other side. She uttered a smothered exclamation and dropped a book.
Thaddeus Bent stooped, picked the book up, looked deliberately at the title, and with a bow, handed it to Theodosia Desmond, who was standing with heightened color and flashing eyes looking at him.
"How dare you look to see what I am reading?" she said.
"I thought I recognized the cover as that of an old friend," said the professor, coolly. "They always bind Burroughs' works nicely. The book I'm about to read is snuff color. Do you know the author, Theodosia?"
"He turned the book back to her and she read, 'Huma's Understanding.'"
"Don't you think, Theodosia, that the court will not hear this case. It will, however, be tried by the bailiff, who will find a verdict in accordance with the facts and the law. In the meantime," he added, impressively, "the court will go outside, bend a rope and pick out a good tree."—New York Times.

Personal Prejudice.
According to Senator Bailey, of Texas, there was in that State a judge who had been robbed of a horse and before whom the thief, when apprehended, was brought for trial. His honor eyed the prisoner with deep satisfaction for a minute or so, and then delivered himself of the following:
"Owing to a personal prejudice, the court will not hear this case. It will, however, be tried by the bailiff, who will find a verdict in accordance with the facts and the law. In the meantime," he added, impressively, "the court will go outside, bend a rope and pick out a good tree."—New York Times.

May Be Evicted.
The Belgian authorities in Africa have threatened the American Presbyterian with forcible eviction unless they vacate their station on the Kamai river, and other missionaries have been expelled from Juana, because of the activity of Protestant missionaries in exposing the horrors of the awful barbarities for which Belgian authorities are responsible.

New Zealand Meats.
New Zealand sold abroad last year \$11,500,000 worth of meats, of which \$2,125,000 was in beef, \$9,000,000 in mutton and \$500,000 in frozen rabbits.
Much sympathy is expressed when a lame horse is driven on the streets. Many a man is driven hard when he is lame.
Some men who act the beg all their lives haven't anything to show for it except the ill-will of their neighbors.

VACATION IS OVER.



the shipments from Portland and San Francisco.
No specific reason has been given for wheat shortage in Japan and none really may exist. Nevertheless, Japan is buying an enormous amount of flour, which gives force to the murmurings of war between the East and the Mikado. It is known, too, that Japan is drawing upon China for American flour.
Owing to the warm, damp climate of China in summer flour does not keep well. It is unsafe to carry very large stocks. Hongkong, usually the great depot for American flour shipped to China, has her warehouses full, but these also are emptying to Japan.
While Japan and China grow wheat, their production is infinitesimal as compared with the demands for flour from their millions of population.

JAPAN AFTER OUR FLOUR.
Shipments to the Orient Exceed All Previous Records.
The more or less strained relations between Japan and Russia, with the prospective shortage of the wheat crop of the island kingdom, is resulting in a commercial benefit to the United States, in that Japan is buying an unusual amount of American flour at this time, says the Seattle Post-Intelligencer. Never before at this season of the year have the flour shipments been so heavy. The State of Washington is supplying the bulk of flour shipped to Japan from the ports of Puget Sound.
During one month no less than 90,000 barrels were consigned to the principal cities of the Mikado's country from Seattle by the vessels of the Nippon Yusen Kaisha line alone. Proportionately as much went by the Tacoma and Vancouver lines, to say nothing of

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GROUP OF MILLIONAIRES WHO WERE TRIED FOR MANSLAUGHTER.



The trial of eleven men charged before the Supreme Court of New Jersey with manslaughter, has been a notable one in that nearly all are millionaires. It was alleged by the State that they were responsible for the disaster which blotted out the lives of nine children in Newark last Feb. 19.
Seven of the men are directors of the New Jersey Street Railroad and the other four are leading officials of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Road.
The disaster was one of the most grievous grade-crossing horrors that ever happened in the East. A street car loaded with children on the way to school was struck by a Lackawanna fast train. Nine boys and girls were ground to death, horribly mutilating the most of them, while a score more were injured and crippled for life.
Ten years and \$1,000 fine is the extreme penalty in New Jersey for manslaughter. The particular crime of which they were charged is the killing of Ernestine Miller, aged 14.
The trial had proceeded but three days, when the trial judges instructed the jury to bring in verdicts of not guilty, holding that the millionaires were not criminally responsible.

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