The Contrabandist; OR One Life's Secret!

A TRUE STORY OF THE SOUTH OF FRANCE

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

The next day Robin came again.

"Rose," he said, "I saw, yesterday, going away from here, when I was coming down, a man whom I think I have seen before. Do you know who it was?"

"You mean, I think, Gasparde, my cousin. But hush!—here he comes."

And at that moment the individual designated entered the cottage door. He made a civil obeisance to Rose and the young man, and accosting Hugh, requested, in a low tone, to speak with him alone.

The two retired, as before, to the garden. There a somewhat lengthy conference was held, during which time Rose and Robin were conversing together indoors, and Gasparde's name was not infrequently mentioned in the course of their dialogue. The young man seemed to be somewhat interested in him, and asked several questions concerning him, by which he gathered the knowledge that Gasparde had some time very deeply offended both Rose and her father; but he also heard of his having come the previous day to make apologies for so doing.

And, meanwhile, Hugh ended the colloquy between himself and Gasparde in the garden, when they prepared to re-enter the house. The countenance of the former was gloomier and darker than ever.

"Captain," said the man, "I don't remember having seen that person in the kitchen before. I suppose you won't think it impertinent if I ask you who he is?"

"He is to become the husband of Rose," returned Hugh. "His name is Robin Marron." And he glanced closely at the countenance of his companion to detect some signal of his feelings at this announcement. But all was undisturbed ed there.

"So Rose is to be married?" said Gasparde. "Well, he will make her an excellent husband, I hope; and I wish her much happiness, with all my heart. I suppose, monsieur, you have not forgotten the time when I wished so earnestly to marry Rose myself—have you? But," he continued, "I am going to be married to another young girl, at some distance from here, shortly."

And the lie was believed. They went in, and Gasparde remained a short time longer, affecting an air of the most perfect friendliness towards Robin. And when he took his departure, to return to the village, Robin accompanied him. They went along the road talking together of one thing and another in a careless way, speaking on a great many subjects, and dwelling on none long, till they came to a little grove, past which the road ran, about half way between the cottage and the village.

"A pleasant place yonder," observed Robin, nodding his head towards it.

"Yes—yes; pleasant enough," responded Gasparde; "but I dare say there are pleasanter places."

"Just so, my friend," rejoined the young man; "you are right. And those that have more agreeable associations, as well. For instance, if a man had been shot there by an unseen enemy, the place wouldn't be quite so attractive as many another."

He glanced casually at the face of his companion as he said it; but beneath the careless tone and manner was a meaning, and in that glance he read, like lightning, the expression of Gasparde's face. It was one of sudden, startled uneasiness. The man looked quickly up at him, without answer. The effect was satisfactory. Robin went on:

"I had a master formerly, who was, one day, wounded in the manner which I have described, and in that very wood which we have passed."

"And he told you about it?" said Gasparde, watching Robin closely.

"You are right. He told me about it."

"Did he guess who fired at him?"

"I suppose so. Though he kept it to himself. He said he meant to punish the rogue when he could catch him."

"Who was your master, if I may ask?"

"The Compte d'Artois. You may have heard of him possibly. But I must bid you adieu, my friend; for here I am at the farm."

"Adieu," returned Gasparde; and he continued his route, muttering, "I have you now, my master! You think I am cowed—do you? Ah! wait—only wait! You are taking a great deal of trouble to win my pretty cousin; but I shall have her yet! Only time—time. I will let you just grasp the prize, and then tear it from you. The later my vengeance, the sweeter it will be!"

It was sunset again, and our pretty heroine, Rose Lamonte, was returning from the Chateau Montauban, whither she had gone early in the afternoon to see Mademoiselle Montauban, who, she was told by her father, wished to speak with her on a matter of importance. With a light and happy heart, Rose had gone to meet the lady, and, three or four hours afterwards, was returning home, with tears in her eyes, and a step very different from that usual with her. Walking slowly along, wrapped in sorrowful meditation, she was suddenly aroused by the voice of Robin pronouncing her name. He was just going down to the cottage.

"Why, what ails you, my Rose?" he asked, tenderly. "You are weeping! Why is this?"

"O, Robin, my father is going away!" was her sad answer.

"Going away? Ah, how sorry I am for you, dear child! But how soon is he going, and where will he go to?"

"I do not know. He did not tell me; Mademoiselle Helen told me, and she knew nothing further than what I have just said to you. But I am afraid it will be very soon." And the tears chased each other over her fair cheeks.

"Why did he not acquaint you with this fact, Rose?"

"Indeed, I do not know. Perhaps he had not the courage. Poor papa! And besides, the Marquis and Mademoiselle Montauban are to keep me at the chateau until he returns; that was why she wished me to come up this afternoon, to tell me of this, and so he left it all for her to tell."

"I knew you were going to stay at the chateau, Rose, but not that your father was going away. I learned it from him last week," said Robin.

"You did? and you did not let me know?"

"He preferred that I should not then. But do not weep, dear Rose!" said the young man, soothingly; "he will return, and, perhaps, will remain away but a short time. And it will be pleasant for you to be at the chateau a little while, only I am afraid you will forget me—will you not?"

"Ah, how can you think so?" asked his companion, in a tone of gentle reproach. "You know, Robin, that I could not forget you!"

"I will not go in to-night, I think, dear Rose. You will have a great deal to say to your father, and you will be better alone. To-morrow I will come. You will know then, I dare say, on what day he is going, and can tell me. I should like to hear." He bent down and kissed her. There was sympathy and tenderness in his glance and caress.

She went in. Her father, standing in the opposite doorway, looking out into the garden, turned quickly and beheld her. He held out his arms.

"Well, you know now," he said, with sorrowful gentleness, as she came up to meet his sad embrace—"you know now, Rose?"

"Yes, father—I know; you are going away. But it will not be long before I shall see you again? You will come home soon?"

"I do not know; do not ask me, I entreat, Rose!" He spoke with the desperate energy of sorrow.

"But where are you going, and how soon, papa?"

"I cannot tell you where I am going. But it may be to Nantes or Bordeaux. And I am going in two days."

"In two days?—so soon! O, papa!"

She sat down, poor little Rose, and covering her face with her hands, wept sadly. Hugh paced the floor with folded arms, and despair on his dark countenance.

"O!" he murmured, with fierce grief, "has not my revenge turned upon me?"

The next evening Robin came. He seemed more serious than usual, and heard of the arrangements for the departure of Hugh in silence. At length he said: "You are going, then, the day after to-morrow?"

"Yes, and Rose will go to the chateau to-morrow evening. The marquis and his daughter are coming for her."

"Yes, Robin," she said; "to-morrow evening I shall be gone."

Robin sat down by her, and tok her hand in his.

"Rose," he said, "do you not think this makes me as sorrowful as you can be? What shall I do when you are here no longer? I cannot see you in your new home as I have seen you here. I cannot come there in my rude dress, though, one day, I mean to make myself worthy to enter even that proud place; There is nothing for me to do but to go away."

"Ah, Robin," uttered Rose, with tearful eyes, "do not go! What shall I do with no one left?"

"Do not weep, mignonne!" entreated the young man, sadly; "can you not see it is for the best? I cannot stay here without meeting you daily, as of old. And we may not meet now you are to dwell at the chateau. We both would be more unhappy should I stay. If I go away I may gain some situation where I may obtain wealth, and rise gradually to a position worthy to come back and win you. Now, Rose, tell me I may go."

"Go, then, if it must be so," she responded, striving to check the fast flowing tears. "But I shall be so lonely!"

"Let me go to-morrow morning, Rose. I cannot bear to see you go away—to wait till you are gone."

And thus it was.

CHAPTER IX.

It was not without a sigh of regret that Helen Montauban observed the pain which she was forced to inflict on one who loved deeply and truly. Francis Egerton had inspired her with a sentiment of the most earnest esteem; but the knowledge of the depth of his regard for her had almost decided her, at first, to break off an intimacy which, on his part, claimed something more than the name of friendship. This, however, seemed too harsh a measure. She could not persuade herself to go so far. She liked him sincerely; her regard for him was too real—too deep, to permit her thus absolutely to relinquish the occasional society of Lord Egerton; while she trusted to cure him, in time, of the passion, which she felt too well, from a consciousness of her own preference in a different quarter, she should never be able to return.

Since his arrival just after Rose had become an inmate of the Chateau Montauban, she had begun to feel that she had a means of assistance at hand. She did not pause for time to define any plan, or to say to herself, in so many words, that such and such an ultimate issue had been guessed at, or hoped for, by her; but she appropriated the means presented to her, and trusted that they would succeed.

Meeting, on the very first evening of his arrival at the chateau, with a repulse, gentle, though firm, from Helen—a disappointment to hopes long, yet doubtfully, cherished; and feeling that the dejection and unhappiness which he felt would, if observed, draw upon him the attention of those about him, he endeavored to conceal all evidence of his feelings under a calm exterior, and to evince as much interest in affairs about him as was possible.

He found himself thrown daily into the society of Rose Lamonte, often by chance, oftener by Helen's own agency. He admired her beauty—her innocence and grace, had a charm for him. Helen Montauban knew it. He first merely acknowledged, and was sensible of her presence; then he sought it. Rose confessed to Helen her admiration of him, and seemed to evince a pleasure in his society. It was plain that she did not dislike him; and Helen, although she had many doubts at first, changed them finally for most agreeable yet secret speculations on the future, little dreaming that Francis Egerton was yet true to her, or that Rose Lamonte's thoughts, even in his presence, turned and dwelt fondly, though sadly, on the memory of her humble, yet unforgotten, lover.

Meanwhile, Mademoiselle Montauban thought often and anxiously of her cousin; for Louis had not written once since his departure from the chateau, and two months had now elapsed, and nearly the third, since that time. Her father also mentioned him frequently, and expressed his perplexity at his silence, and no less at his prolonged absence. Many an hour, at nightfall, Helen knelt sadly at her casement, with her glance sorrowfully fixed on the road below that wound through the valley and beyond the hills—the road over which he had passed on the morning when he left her.

"When will he traverse it again?" she asked herself. "When, kneeling here, at my sad post, in the twilight or the dawn, shall I behold him returning?"

One afternoon, being oppressed with a slight headache, she had thrown herself upon her couch to dispel it, if possible, by slumber. Suddenly her uncle's step, light and quick, came through the gallery, and immediately Jessie herself entered the chamber, bearing a light. Her face was suggestive of something pleasant. She came on tiptoe to the bedside.

"O, I am awake, Jessie," said Helen; "but I have slept a great while."

"Yes, mademoiselle—a long time; but I hope your headache has quite left you now; for monsieur le compte, your cousin, mademoiselle, Monsieur d'Artois—"

"Jessie, is he here?" asked Helen, quietly, as she rose.

"Yes, mademoiselle, he has just come."

She entered her dressing room, and hastened to bathe her face and head and re-arrange her hair. But she trembled from head to foot. She descended the stairs just in time to meet Louis himself. He it was, but paler and thinner than usual. He came forward with an exclamation of pleasure.

"Helen, my dear cousin!" he cried, warmly embracing her.

Her cheek burnt—her heart beat rapidly, as he pressed his lips to hers. She could not speak at first.

"My own fair Helen, and so lovely as ever!—yes, a million times lovelier!" he said, smilingly, as he gently turned her face so that the glow of the pendant lamp above them fell full upon it. "But you do not speak, cousin. And yet I know you welcome me."

"Indeed, I welcome you, Louis, most warmly. But you are pale—you have been ill."

"I have been ill—yes; but not long or seriously; and as soon as I recovered, I came hither."

He pressed her hand in his with kindly affection, as he released her. She turned and entered the saloon. Her father stood by the hearth, and the guests were grouped about it, chatting together, as she came in. She was greeted with unanimous exclamations of pleasure, and drawn into their circle. There were inquiries on all sides concerning her late indisposition, and infinite rejoicings at the arrival of Louis. In the midst of the conversation Louis re-entered.

"My dear uncle, I cannot express the pleasure it gives me to find myself here once more," he said, "and particularly in the midst of such excellent company."

In a little while the evening repast was spread and they gathered about the board, a congenial party enough, as it went; afterward they repaired, by the invitation of the marquis, to the library, where they passed the remainder of the evening. Rose and Francis Egerton, who, of late, had occasionally sung together, were prevailed upon by the marquis and his guests to do so now. Both had fine voices and excellent taste, and their united melody poured forth in one sweet, harmonious strain, that could not fail to please. Louis, standing behind the seat of Mademoiselle Montauban, regarded Rose and her companion with a quiet but closely observant glance.

"Is not Rose a little nightingale?" softly whispered Helen, looking up at him.

"A sweeter one never sang. By-the-by, my dear cousin, when did she come here?"

"Something more than a month ago. She is prettier than ever; do you not think so?"

"Decidedly. Francis seems tacitly to agree with us, too, it appears to me. Is he not very attentive to her? And yet, he does not look quite happy to-night. What ails him, I wonder?"

(To be continued.)

SUCTION OF A FAST TRAIN.

Cautious People Will Avoid the Wake of a Flying Express.

There is hardly any person, young or old, who does not like to see a fast railroad train go by. There is a fascination in the rush and roar, the engine represents so much resistless strength, and it is all such a triumph of man's skill that it never fails to evoke wonder and admiration. Yet there is danger in a moving train, and everyone should know enough to keep at a respectful distance while admiring this marvel.

"The theory that a moving train carries along with it an envelope of air is very interesting," says an engineer. "I first had my attention attracted to the subject by a curious incident that happened several years ago at a crossing near Birmingham, Ala., where trains pass twice a day at a speed of about forty miles an hour. The tracks are seven feet apart, and there would seem to be ample room to stand between them in safety between two trains. One day a terrier dog belonging to a section boss was asleep in the middle space, and woke up just as the trains closed in from each side. There was a barrel on the ground near by, and the dog in his fright jumped on top of it. That probably brought him into one of the rushing envelopes of air. At any rate, he was whirled off his feet and thrown clear to the roof of the opposite car, where he was subsequently found, jammed against a ventilator chimney, with no injury except a broken leg. How in the world he ever made such a journey and escaped alive is a mystery, unless his fall was deadened by a cushion of air.

"Apropos of atmospheric pressure, it is a well-known fact that there is a 'vortex space,' or 'zone of suction,' directly behind any rapidly moving train, and its presence accounts for a grotesque happening that took place some time ago on the Southern Pacific. While the California-bound express was going through Western Arizona at a clipping gait a passenger who was on the verge of lunacy rushed out to the rear platform, climbed on a rail and jumped off. He was wearing a very long linen duster, and a muscular tourist who happened to be on the platform at the time grabbed it by the tails as it sailed by and yelled for help. When some of the others ran to his assistance they found the lunatic stretched straight out in the air behind the platform, safely anchored by his duster, which had turned inside out and caught him at the shoulders. The muscular gentleman was hanging on for dear life, but had it not been for the fact that the would-be suicide was virtually sustained and carried along by the suction of the vortex something would certainly have given way. They reeled the man in like a kite, and he promised to be good. We have very little knowledge at present of the atmospheric conditions that surround a moving train. A fuller knowledge of them may lead to the solution of some baffling problems in traction."

Art in the Proper Direction.

Agent—Don't you want an enlarged photograph of yourself?

Stout Gentleman—Enlarged! What for?

Agent—That's so. But—say—let us make you one three sizes smaller.

A Dilemma.

Mrs. Von Blumer—I don't know what we shall do about that cook.

Von Blumer—What's the matter now?

"She threatens to stay."—Life.

LET US ALL LAUGH.

JOKES FROM THE PENS OF VARIOUS HUMORISTS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that Are Cheerful to Old or Young—Funny Selections that You Will Enjoy.

Miss Ascum—Did you really attend her wedding?

Miss Wryvell—Oh, yes, indeed! And I enjoyed myself immensely.

Miss Ascum—Did you, really?

Miss Wryvell—Her gown didn't fit her at all, and I heard several people say she looked a perfect fright.

Her Only Comment.

"Nevertheless, my dear," said the masculine portion of the combine, "there are a number of men in the world who are my mental inferiors."

"John," rejoined the wife of his bosom as she looked him square in the eye, "you were always a confirmed cynic."

Prepared.

He—If I should kiss you, what would you do?

She—I never meet a contingency till it happens.

He—But if it should happen?

She—I'd meet it face to face.

Sure to Pop.

"Where are you going, Jason?" queried the citizen of Kentucky.

"Goin' down to Matilda Lee's to pop the question," replied the lank youth.

"But you have your gun."

"Yes; if I find Brace Bradley's ahead of me I'll pop him."

Pa's Wisdom.

Little Willie—What are dividends, pa?

Pa—Dividends, my son, are what the stockholders get after the directors appropriate their share.

True Love.

The Count—So you really believe that Lord Poorman's marriage with the American heiress was the result of a love match.

The Duke—Of course it was. At first he insisted on half a million, but finally agreed to accept four hundred and ninety-five thousand.

Realistic Story.

"Have you reviewed that new book entitled "The Editor's Purse?" asked the critic's other half.

"I merely glanced at it," replied the masculine end of the sketch. "There's nothing in it."

Useful Insects.

The old colored parson gazed at the swarming mosquitoes with a sigh.

"Yes," he mused, "dem dah mosquitoes am smahteh den I is. Dey kin keep de congregation awake en I can't."

Well Managed.

Bess—What makes you so subdued and queer?

Tom—I guess you'd be subdued, too, if you had a mother and father, four sisters, two grandmothers and two grandfathers to boss you.

Feminine Charity.

Edyth—I wonder if Dolly Swift is really as bad as she is painted?

Mayme—I don't see how she can be. She certainly does paint dreadfully."

Uninterrupted Chicago Bliss.

"What of my future?" asked the fair maid.

"You will never know what grief or sorrow is," answered the fortune teller.

"And—will I marry?" queried the fair one, anxiously.

"Sure," replied the visionary prophetess. "Four times."

Friendly Suggestion.

Biggs—I'm proud of my family tree.

Diggs—You ought to whitewash it.

Biggs—Whitewash it! What for?

Diggs—To keep the insects off.

Her Test.

Little Effie—Do you love me very much, mamma?

Mamma (a widow)—Yes, my darling.

Effie—Then why don't you marry the man at the candy store?

Marital Amenities.

"Hateful thing!" she cried in the midst of their spat. "I was a silly goose when I married you."

"Perhaps so," replied the great brute; "at any rate, you were no chicken."—Philadelphia Press.

Land of Bliss.

She—What is your idea of Utopia?

He—It is probably a place where all the inhabitants are engaged but never marry.

Not Superstitious.

Miles—Mrs. Catchem has just been divorced from her fifth husband.

Giles—Is that so?

Miles—Yes; and, strange to say, each time she was led to the altar on a Friday.

Giles—Well, I suppose she will keep it up until she has acquired her thirteenth victory, just to see if that will break her run of tough luck.

Undoubtedly.

"Who," asked the originator of fool questions, "according to your notion, is the most popular woman in the United States?"

"The blonde lady whose face adorns the $20 gold piece," replied the old bachelor.

Usual Finish.

Evalyn—And did he pine away and die after you refused to marry him?

Imogene—No; the ungrateful wretch married miserably well.

Hopeless Case.

Tomdix—Have you learned to make the repairs on your automobile?

Bojax—No; and I'm afraid I never shall.

Tomdix—Why not?

Bojax—I haven't a bit of mechanical genius. Honestly, I don't believe I could invent a washing machine.

They Surely Will.

Young Microbe—And so we are parasites, and are killing the man we are in?

Old Microbe—That's the case, exactly.

"And you say he has summoned the doctors?"

"Yes."

"What will the doctors do?"

"Can't tell yet, but I am sure of one thing; they will call us hard names."

Quite Another Matter.

"Before I give you my answer," said the fluffy-haired summer girl, "I would like to know if you are in a position to keep me in the style to which I have always been accustomed?"

"If the styles don't change too often I am," replied the wise youth. "Otherwise the odds are in favor of my going broke."

Indestructible.

"This is the first bread I ever made," remarked the young wife.

"Well," rejoined the optimistic husband, "there's nothing like starting with a solid foundation."

Delicate Thrust.

Miss Olde—Harry said he'd like us to be married in a balloon. He's fond of freak marriages.

Miss Rose—But why go to the trouble of going up in a balloon?

True to Her Sex.

Mr. Newpop—Why, our baby talked when it was five months old.

Mr. Oldwed—No wonder; it's a girl baby.

As Compared.

She—Young Addleton is rather slow, isn't he?

He—Yes; he's as slow as a woman walking along the street reading a letter.

Knew the Pattern.

Landlord—I'll have to request you to pay in advance, Mr. Shortleigh.

Shortleigh—Why, ain't my trunk good for a week's board?

Landlady—No; it looks like one of those emotional trunks.

Shortleigh—Emotional?

Landlady—Yes; one that is easily moved.

In the Right Place.

Askitt—By the way, what became of young Chillington who graduated with our class in '98? Cold, calculating sort of fellow, you remember?

Knowitt—Yes, I remember; and he's the same cold, calculating chap now that he was then. He's got a job as bill clerk with an ice company.

Out at First.

"Sir," began the young man, "I came to ask your daughter's hand in marriage. I feel that I am not worthy of her, but——"

"Young man," interrupted the stern parent, "I fully agree with you on that point and there is nothing further to be said on the subject. Good evening, sir."

Her View and His.

Mrs. Naggs—Man's superiority over woman is all in his mind.

Naggs—Not all of it, my dear. Part of it is due to his physical strength.

Too Much Work.

Mrs. Starvem—There doesn't seem to be any pleasing you, Mr. Sharpe. You say you don't like steak for supper.

Mr. Sharpe—No, ma'am; you see, I have to use my arms so much at my work during the day that they're very tired when I get home at night.

The Coming Trouble.

"Hello, Laura, is that you?"

"Yes."

"This is George. Say, I can't get anything to eat downtown here to-day. The hotels and restaurants are all closed on account of the strike. Have a good dinner ready for me when I come home."

"I can't do it, George. The girl says all the grocery stores and meat markets out here are closed on account of the strike."

"Well, cook up a pudding or something of that kind."

"Can't do that, either. No milk to-day. The milkmen are all on a strike."

"Well, Great Scott! Can't you send one of the children in with a luncheon of bread and molasses?"

"No. Johnny says there are no trains or street cars running. But, say, maybe I can—"

"Well, go on. Maybe you can what?"

But there was no response.

Everybody at the telephone office had gone on a strike.

Harmony is one of the things the matrimonial trust fails to monopolize.

QUEER STORIES

Maine's seacoast in a straight line is 225 miles, while following the ins and outs it is 2,486 miles. Between Kittery Point and Quoddy head there are fifty-four lighthouses.

A Lewiston (Me.) woman sat up for her husband till one o'clock the other night, intending to discuss with him the sinfulness of his goings on. Finally she gave it up and went up stairs only to find him in bed and fast asleep there for many hours. He hadn't been out at all.

Most of us are born with about the same mental capacity. The size of the brain does not differ very widely among men. In most men the brain, including the network of the nervous system, weighs between three and four pounds; and instance after instance is recorded of men of splendid mentality whose brains were under the average weight.

Thirty years ago there were twenty-nine street railroads in Massachusetts, to-day—or, rather, two years ago, for the 1901 report is the latest at hand—there were 119 companies. This number has increased since that time. The capital invested for the two periods contrasted was $7,203,539 and $99,611,185. In the earlier year they transported 43,557,036 passengers, in the later 483,526,935. There was 204 miles of rail in 1873, 2,309 in 1901.

It is now known that smallpox germs are communicated through the air as well as by contact. The smallpox hospital boats anchored in the Thames have produced a regular epidemic in Essex, yet the shore is nearly half a mile away and there has been no communication. In districts over which the wind has blown from the hospital boats twelve per cent of the inhabitants have been attacked, while in the other direction the cases have been less than one per cent.

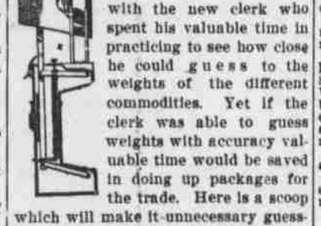
The stroller through the markets of San Francisco will find the Western representative of the New York weakfish—a huge creature ranging from eighty to one hundred pounds—and will be told that a similar fish is caught in the Gulf of California weighing two hundred pounds. In the Italian quarter of this city will be seen the octopus, or devil-fish, hung up for sale, a terrible array of arms or tentacles; not the little creature a foot or two across, common in the East, but a veritable monster with a radial spread of perhaps twelve or fourteen feet. Along the upper coast these animals have been found with a radial spread of twenty-five feet—well named the spider of the sea. Along the coast will be seen a bass which often tips the scales at five hundred pounds; and at Monterey has been taken a mackerel weighing nine hundred pounds—suggestive that even fishes grow large in Western waters.

AUTOMATIC WEIGHING SCOOP.

Guessing somewhere near the weight of a pound of sugar, rice, coffee, tea, etc., is not very difficult to the grocer who has had years of experience in putting up these commodities, but he would be apt to find fault with the new clerk who spent his valuable time in practicing to see how close he could guess to the weights of the different commodities. Yet if the clerk was able to guess weights with accuracy valuable time would be saved in doing up packages for the trade. Here is a scoop which will make it unnecessary guessing, however, as it will automatically gauge the quantity and discharge any surplus over the amount required. In the picture the handle portion of the scoop has been cut away to expose the working mechanism by which the scale feature is operated. The commodity is shoveled up in the reservoir at the top, just as would be done with an ordinary scoop. The reservoir being suspended by a spring supported vertical bar, the weight is immediately indicated by its depression and the corresponding movement of the hand on the dial in the face of the handle. By setting the spring-pressed pawl in one of the notches on the front supporting bar of the scoop the weight is transferred to the rear bars, which slide on the reservoir and open a gate through which the commodity flows until the required quantity only remains. As the weight is gradually reduced by the outflow of the coffee, rice or other goods, the scoop rises and the gate closes automatically.

William Maxwell, of Pittsburg, is the patentee.

Progress in the Fine Arts.



Fond Mother—What does Henry say in his letter, paw?

Fond Father—He sez that if he had my whiskers on his head he could get onto the football team this fall."

A True Portrait.

The widow was taking her first look at the bust of her beloved husband. The clay was still damp. "Pray examine it well, madam," said the sculptor. "If there is anything wrong I can alter it."

The widow looked at it with a mixture of sorrow and satisfaction.

"It is just like him," she said, "a perfect portrait—his large nose—the sign of goodness." Here she burst into tears. "He was so good! Make the nose a little larger!"

We suppose that when a woman lifts off her hair and takes out her teeth, contractors call it "removing the false work."

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.

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Advertising, 50 cents per inch, single column, per month; one-half inch or less, 25 cents. Reading notices, 5 cents a line each insertion.

THE GLACIER prints all the local news fit to print.

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PORTLAND AND THE DALLES ROUTE

All Way Landings.

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"BAILEY GATZERT" "DALLES CITY"
"REGULATOR" "METLAKO"

Connecting at Lyle, Wash., with

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FOR

Wahkiacus, Daly, Centerville, Goldendale and all Klickitat Valley points.

Steamers leave Portland daily (except Sunday) 7 a. m., connecting with C. R. & N. trains at Lyle 5:15 p. m. for Goldendale, arrives The Dalles 6:30 p. m.

Steamer leaves The Dalles daily (except Sunday) 7:30 a. m.

C. R. & N. trains leaving Goldendale 6:15 a. m. connects with this steamer for Portland, arriving Portland 6 p. m.

The steamers Dalles City and Bailey Gatzert leave Portland 7 a. m. Tuesdays Thursdays and Saturdays; leaves The Dalles 7 a. m. Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. Round trip tickets between these points 50 cents. Good on steamers "Bailey Gatzert" and "Dalles City" only, affording an excellent opportunity to view the magnificent scenery of the Columbia river.

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OREGON SHORT LINE AND UNION PACIFIC

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Chicago Portland Special 8:20 a. m. via Huntington.	Salt Lake, Denver, Ft. Worth, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago and East.	4:30 p. m.
Atlantic Express 8:15 p. m. via Huntington.	St. Paul Fast Mail.	10:30 a. m.
St. Paul Fast Mail 6:00 p. m. via Spokane	Atlantic Express.	7:35 a. m.

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Daily Ex. Sunday 8:00 p. m. Saturday 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.	2:30 p. m. Tues., Thu., Sat.
7:00 a. m. Tues., Thur. and Sat.	Yamhill River. Oregon City, Dayton and way landings.	4:30 p. m. Mon., Wed. and Fri.
Lv. Riparia 4:00 a. m. Daily except Saturday	Snake River. Riparia to Lewiston	Lv. Lewiston 8:00 a. m. Daily except Friday.

A. L. CRAIG,

General Passenger Agent, Portland, Or.

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