

The Contrabandist;

OR

One Life's Secret!

A TRUE STORY OF THE SOUTH OF FRANCE

CHAPTER XIV.

"I shall see Robin this morning," was the first thought of Rose, as she sprang from her couch at dawn, and her heart beat faster, and her cheeks flushed with a deeper red, and her eyes sparkled with happy excitement as she saw before her mirror. The blue-eyed Finette was in raptures.

Rose had hardly thought, during the absence of Robin, that she could be so deeply excited by the news of his anticipated return; but she was too overjoyed to remain quiet a single moment. At breakfast, it was impossible for her to eat; and the remarks everywhere made concerning the sudden improvement in her appearance, as well as on her sudden and contradictory change of appetite, increased the tinge of crimson that already glowed in her young cheek.

One thing detracted from her otherwise perfect happiness. Louis had scarcely seen him the night before, after leaving the library, and then he had been unusually quiet, communing with himself during the entire evening; and he was absent this morning. She longed to see him—to hear him speak, that she might know he was not offended with her; for she remembered the interview between them; and might not the abruptness—the violence, perhaps, of her manner, unconscious though it was, have wounded him? Yes; despite the assurance of that silent parting. How her pulse quickened at the remembrance of his embrace! She could but sigh.

"I wonder at what time I shall see Robin?" soliloquized the young girl. "Will monsieur le marquis call me into the library, I wonder? Or will he meet me in the garden? Or will he come to the people? Where is Robin?" was her next restless inquiry—an inquiry which she had started a thousand times, and as a matter of course, in vain, since the previous evening; and when he saw him so often of late?"

Her queries were interrupted by observing suddenly that the marquis was about to leave the apartment.

"Ah, he has not said a word to me!" meditated Rose. "He cannot know. Will he not come back and speak—only three words? Will he not even look at me, that I may understand that I may know whether Robin is coming soon?"

But he neither spoke, turned nor gave her a single glance. Yet there was some thing in his evident care, which betrayed in his countenance the sympathy he felt with Rose. He went out. The Count de Clairville talked, aside, with his wife, Helen Montauban, at a distant window, sat calmly at her embroidery. Lord Egerton bent over her, and spoke, from time to time, some words, which, if their effect had been noted, might have been seen, ever and anon, to be followed by a deeper mantling of color in the fair cheek of the lady, though she seemed pleased, either. Among the young man toyed and trifled with the gorgeous silks that lay in a tangled mass of rainbow bloom in the tiny basket by Helen's side; and then his glance rested on her face with an expression difficult to be defined, though at times it was clearly one of unhappiness and disappointment.

But Rose, albeit she glanced toward the pair more than once, hardly took note of these things. She could only think of the marquis, of Robin, and of the anticipated meeting. She was so happy, so easy. From one employment to another she turned, without being able to settle her attention undividedly upon any individual thing. Suddenly mademoiselle called, gently:

"Rose, come hither a moment!"

The young girl advanced towards the window.

"You wish to speak with me, Helen?" she asked.

"I have been telling Lord Egerton of some favorite books of which are in the library," returned mademoiselle Montauban, carelessly. "Will you have the goodness, Rose, to help him find them? He will tell you their titles."

"Ouel Helen!" murmured Francis Egerton, reproachfully, as he glanced at her quiet face before turning away.

"Not so, my lord," she answered, in the same tone, without lifting her eyes from the book. "At that instant a domestic entered, and coming directly to Rose, informed her that monsieur le marquis desired to see her immediately in the library."

The young girl's heart bounded violently.

"I am going now," she answered; and yet she paused.

Francis Egerton glanced back at Helen, with an air, half of triumph, half of sorrow, which said plainly, "You are your usual artifice to repel me away, you nothing. Why will you persist in this conduct—this treatment of me?"

Mademoiselle Montauban saw the look, and read it easily; but she never once changed countenance, and her eyes were instantly fixed on her embroidery again. Lord Egerton turned to Rose:

"You are going, mademoiselle?"

"Yes—now." She gathered courage; she would not look up in her companion's face, but hastily proceeded to meet the marquis.

Francis accompanied her as far as the library door, and then leaving her, returned directly to Helen.

But Rose, even though her hand rested upon the fastening of the door, had, at first, scarcely the courage to pass in. She hesitated and trembled, but finally, laughing at herself for a little coward, she quietly entered. The marquis stood at the further end of the apartment, in company with a gentleman—a stranger, and both had their faces turned from the door. They had not heard her come in. She paused an instant longer, and looked about her. No other person was in the room. Robin, then, was not here. She had half expected, she hardly knew why, to see him at that moment, and she sighed. The marquis still continued his conversation with the stranger. This person, who was richly yet plainly attired in a suit of deep black, with a velvet cloak of sable velvet drooping from his shoulders, held in one hand a pen and a small portfolio of papers; the other rested on the table beside him, supporting him, as he leaned forward towards the marquis. Suddenly the latter, crossed by some movement of Rose, turned and beheld her, and immediately, after whispering a single word to his companion, advanced to meet the young girl. There was an arch smile on his countenance as he bent down to kiss her.

"Rose, my pet," he said, simply, "you are Robin; go and meet him. And be sprang to a side door that opened on a staircase leading to the gallery above. This way, Rose. Our mischievous friend, I strongly suspect, knows all about this business of ours, and is inclined to tease me a little."

And the door closed behind Rose just

as the summons of the count was heard at the opposite entrance.

It required some hours of retirement and silence in the solitude of her own chamber to restore to Rose anything like her usual tranquility. The excitement of the last four-and-twenty hours had their effect on her, and every nerve was thrilling to the tension produced by it. Quiet was impossible; so she fastened her door, and walked the floor to work off in some degree the restless agitation she felt. When she had succeeded in wearing herself with the exercise she sat down, and leaning back among the cushions, laughing and resolutely shut her eyes, with the determination to sleep. This was a difficult matter, however. Her mind was not quite composed yet. Rose, after she had bathed her face, had her hair re-arranged and made some alterations in her dress and descended to the saloon.

Louis was gone to the village. The marquis and his friend, Count Frederic, walking together on the terrace, were engaged in conversation. The Countess Marie, in one corner, read quietly from a favorite book. Helen Montauban worked at her embroidery and wore a brighter and better pleased expression than in the morning; for Francis Egerton was away. She beckoned Rose immediately to her side.

"Truant! where have you been?" she said, smiling, as she made the young girl sit by her and stroked her bright hair.

"In my chamber, Helen," answered Rose, laying her pretty head against the shoulder of her companion, with happy and loving confidence.

"A penance of solitude and reflection, my fair sister? What sin have you committed?"

"No sin—no penance was mine. I was restless. I went to become calm and quiet."

"And succeeded, I think. But what ails you, Rose? What is in your eyes—your face? Some reflex from underlying emotions—glad emotions. You have had good news?"

"No—yes! Ah, do not ask me—at least, not now!" laughed the young girl. "Come to my chamber to-night—will you, Helen? Or, I will come to yours; it does not matter which; and then I will tell you what I cannot—broadly tell you now, here, in this broad daylight, with eyes and ears all about us. Yes—ah, yes, Helen! I am glad!"

She laid her face on Helen's breast and clasped her arms about her. A strange expression flitted for a moment over the countenance of Mademoiselle Montauban. It filled her dark eyes with a glance of quick and searching meaning, as they rested fixedly on Rose. But it was only for an instant; for Rose lifted her head again, and those sweeping, jetty eyelashes veiled every gleam of the awakened spirit.

(To be continued.)

IT WAS THE WRONG JESSIE.

Dilemma of a Young Man Who Centred in a Girl in the Dark.

Thomas Schureman, who lives on Holly avenue, in West Indianapolis, a few weeks ago, made a bad loan, and, in lieu of the money, he was overwhelmed with the borrower's gratitude and a magic lantern. The gratitude, thought Schureman, was without practical value, but the magic lantern might be pressed into service. The machine was set up and a number of private exhibitions were given, attended by Mr. Schureman, the operator, and Mr. Schureman's dog, Bill.

A state of perfection was reached in the course of time, and, the other night, a number of friends were invited to the private exhibition of the collection of slides. Unfortunately for the host, he invited a man who was engaged to the woman he could not appear on time, but the girl took her chair at the hour set. The seat at her side was reserved for the young man.

Half the performance was over when Schureman's assistant at the door was interrupted in his observation of the pictures by the appearance of the invited young man. "Where's Miss Heustic sitting?" he asked.

As well as the darkness would permit—and it might be said that the room was as dark as could be—the usher directed the new arrival to the seat reserved for him.

"Here," said Mr. Schureman, bringing the picture into focus, "we find real Japan—Japan unadorned by contact with the Western world of commerce, far from the—"

Just then a girl sitting three chairs from the front felt her hand pinched, and saw vaguely a young man take his seat at her side.

"Great Scott! Jessie!" said the voice in her ear, emerging from the blackness. "I've had a most dreadful time finding this seat in the dark. That fellow at the door said it was no use; that people coming in late ought to sit wherever they could. I told him I had to sit by you, and that I was going to sit there or break up the meeting. He wasn't on, you see. Gee! Oh, Jessie, I'm so glad I found you. You don't know—"

"For generations this imposing impersonation of the god has watched over its thousands of worshippers. India—India, the land of mystery, philosophy, and age—has at last found the germ of progress buried in its breast."

"You are not wearing my ring? What does this mean? Have you taken it off? Have you ceased to—"

"Sh! Keep still! I want to listen."

"From the California shores we can already discern the smoke of our great factories. We get a breath of the energy of our crowded streets; we feel the rush and jostle of our enterprise—"

"Isn't that pretty?" whispered the girl.

"What do I care for that, when you— Oh, Jessie, mine?"

"What nation stronger; where the flag more honored, more revered than our own Stars and Stripes?"

And as the lights flared up to a violent brilliancy, the young man discovered why he had missed Jessie's ring. It was another girl.

The crowd.

"I have written an article on 'How to Live on \$2.50 a Week,'" he explained to the editor.

"Well," said the editor, "you had better write the sequel to it."

"I do not understand."

"Why, 'How to Get the Two-fifty.'"—Baltimore American.

A Courageous Job.

Colonel Bragg—I've fought and bled for my country; I've—

Alex. Smart—Yes, but did you ever help your wife hang pictures?—Ohio State Journal.

EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

Menacing Niagara Falls.

THE disturbing announcement is made by the Commissioners of the New York State Preservation of Niagara that the operation of power companies and the construction of commercial and drainage canals threaten to diminish the total overflow at the Falls to a serious extent.

The Commissioners characterize the danger as not merely theoretical, but measurable and substantial. The American power companies remove from the Niagara River nearly 8,000,000 gallons of water a minute, or 6 per cent of the total flow over the Falls. The diversion of the water of the Great Lakes from their natural outlet, the St. Lawrence system, by the Chicago drainage canal, which is to remove from Lake Michigan 600,000 cubic feet of water a minute, by the projected canal from Lake Michigan to the Mississippi and across Wisconsin, and by numerous Canadian canal and water power projects under construction or in contemplation, must contribute importantly to the impairment of the Falls. The Commissioners regret that the New York Legislature and the Canadian Government have granted the right to withdraw a large volume of water from the Falls. The Canadian authorities are criticized for allowing the companies to erect unsightly constructions in Victoria Park, in full view of the American and Canadian reservations.

The Commissioners say that, aside from its educational and aesthetic importance, the Niagara Falls reservation is a valuable asset of the State. It has been a profitable investment, and has afforded a practical demonstration in this country of a principle long acknowledged in European cities and countries, that the preservation of the beautiful, picturesque and the historic pays.

It is too late to prevent the partial despoliation of the Falls by companies whose rights have vested. The destruction of the great natural curiosity by the artificial construction of the water supply may be remote, but its extinction is evidently regarded as something more than a possibility by the Commissioners.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Commerce and Wedock.

AMONG the great enterprises of the year besides the railway in the Uganda in Africa to the sources of the Nile, is Scotland's great canal which will save hundreds of miles of carriage, and will cost \$50,000,000.

This new ship canal will extend from the Firth of Forth on the east of Scotland to the Clyde on the west coast. The canal will tunnel the Highlands near Loch Lomond.

When this canal is completed vessels and steamers will cut through the island instead of going around England or Ireland. The sailing distance from the Clyde to ports on the east of Scotland will be reduced 529 miles, while from other connections the saving will be all the way from 150 to 487 miles. This canal will cost as much as the Nicaraguan canal.

The more the world is cut up territorially the more fertile it will be, industrially and social. Every internal or external improvement that makes trade more economic and commerce more swift is an agent of peace and of good will in being an agent of industrial promotion.

The cheaper a barrel of flour is landed in the pantry, other things being equal, the more mouths, big and little, will there be to consume bread.

President Eliot should not overlook the intimate relation there is between cheap wealth and early marriages and between economic civilization and the productivity of the race.

Every new facility in commerce and trade, every godsend given to traffic is godsend to population, quality as well as quantity considered. As wealth is cheap, men and women are dear.—Boston Journal.

Back to the Land.

IT is sometimes forgotten that all the world's wealth must come out of the ground. There is not an article of food, of dress, of luxury, not a ship or a cannon, not a book, nor a newspaper, nor a printing press, not a cottage nor a palace, not even the money that we use in commerce which is not drawn from the earth, and the magnet that draws forth the material and shapes it is human intelligence. If the land of Ireland is deficient in coal and metallic ores, it has still the germs of other fruitfulness only needing strenuous cultivation. If attention is given to chemistry and natural science by the farmers of the country and by those who should actively promote the scientific education of the farmers' sons, the world may see before a second generation has passed a complete regeneration of Ireland, fitting it to compete with success in the struggle for prosperity with all other lands.—Irish Times.

The World's Railways.

THE archivist for Eisenbahnwesen shows that in the first year of the present century the world for the first time exceeded 500,000 miles of railway. At the end of 1901 the world's total mileage was 507,515 miles. At present it is about 532,500 miles. At the end of 1901 the distribution was: Europe, 180,708 miles; Asia, 41,814; Africa, 14,187; North America, 228,503; South America, 28,654; Australia, 15,649. India is the chief contributor to Asia's mileage, though Russia's railroad enterprises are sensa-

Loneliness.

THE most hideous state imaginable is that of solitude. Man is made for company, to act with others, in his interests, his amusements, and all features of his life.

In this country success is measured usually by money, and in this country the loneliest of men, with one possible exception, is the richest of men.

He sits high up on his pile of money, and there are few friends, or none, near him.

He is so high up on his pile of gold that he cannot tell a true friend from a false one. And it is hard for him to believe that he has any real friend. He looks down and across the country to the miserable tramp plodding with his bundle and his sore feet along the dusty road; he almost feels that he envies that miserable creature, vaguely speculating about his next meal.

He imagines the human failure to be free from care, and therefore happy. He envies him his good digestion, his good appetite, his sound sleep, and the fact that he is not surrounded by hypocritical pretensions.

The tramp looks up at the thousand-time millionaire with the same feelings of envy.

He thinks what he would do if he had all that money. He plans, as he trudges along, all sorts of banquets, all sorts of revenges on those who have ill-treated him, all sorts of rewards for the small kindnesses he may have received.—New York Journal.

SAM PATCH, THE JUMPER.

Man Who Made Famous Leap Lies in Unmarked Grave.

The lettering upon a rough pine slab erected in the little cemetery at Charlotte by Steve Marshall, an old lake captain, away back in the '30s, after the body of the ill-fated jumper had been taken from the Geneva river and buried in the village cemetery without ceremony of any kind, was as follows:

"Sam Patch—Such is Fame."

This board stood at the head of Patch's grave until the semi-centennial celebration in Rochester, N. Y. Then profane hands were laid upon it. The roughly hewn slab was exhibited. After the celebration it was not replaced. It was either lost or seized upon by some relic hunter who cherished it in secret.

Since Marshall's hand raised that slab no one has ever taken the trouble to mark the grave in any way, says the Rochester Post-Express. Old residents of Charlotte knew of the location by two old stumps, but within the last two years these have rotted away. The grave is now unmarked. Wild blackberry bushes are matted over the spot.

The fame of Sam Patch, such as it was, has probably penetrated farther than that of any other person who ever made Rochester his abiding place. The exploits of Sam were seized upon and embodied in a book of nursery rhymes, which will be remembered by many, although long out of print. The rhyme was mere doggerel. Many will remember Sam's reputed first jump, as described in the book. It was from the chicken house roof at his home, and Sam landed plump on the back of a goose. The mother of Sam was said to have been greatly grieved over the damage to the goose, but joyful over the escape of her son. Here are two lines from this "poem":

"Come to me, my pride, my joy,
"Goose for dinner," cried the boy."

In the mind's eye of the uninformed he has been pictured as an athlete of imposing height and proportions, keen of eye and steady of nerve. Historians of unquestioned veracity aver that Sam was short and fat and not afraid of fagons of any size. In the age in which he lived he was regarded as "diffident." He would now be termed a "hobo" and legally a "vagrant." His home was no more in Rochester than elsewhere, but he claimed the Flower City as his own. After the death glorious he gained a standing he never attained in life.

Patch's reputation, or notoriety, was not all gained in Rochester. He made a jump at Paterson, N. J., and later jumped into the Niagara river from a ledge of rock projecting from the bank at a point more than half the

Height of the Cataract.

He is said to have had a habit, pronounced when he was in his cups, of saying: "Some things can be done as well as others." He followed out this idea in his jumping, and it cost him his life.

On Nov. 8, 1829, accompanied by a tame bear, Sam jumped from a ledge into the Geneva river, a height of ninety-six feet. Both came out alive. Sam longed for greater heights of fame, and distributed handbills announcing that on Nov. 13 he would leap from a scaffold to the precipice. The scaffold was built twenty feet higher than the brink of the falls. An immense crowd gathered to witness the leap. Sam prepared for the occasion with liberal potatoes. He mounted the scaffold and harangued the crowd with all of the drunken gravity of which he was capable. He felt himself in need of a stimulant, and he took one. He then gave a run and "took off." His body did not fall feet first, but made a half turn. He struck the water with a force of 4,000 pounds, as figured by a local statistician at the time. He did not rise. The crowd waited until dark and then went home. This was the last of Sam Patch in Rochester. The body was subsequently discovered in the river at Charlotte and given burial.

Could Not Be Deceived.

An Englishman traveling in Russia furnishes the following incidents to a London paper—an incident which he personally witnessed and which he says "shows better than volumes of description the customs and social conditions of Russian peasants": "At a railway station the train is the point of starting. As usual in Russia, the bell rings three times before departure, to warn the passengers to take their seats. At the first ring the chief conductor, seated on the platform a group of peasants standing humbly and cautiously together, says very politely to them: 'Gentlemen, the first signal is given, please take your places.'

One of the peasants, turning to his comrades, says: 'Dimitri, Ivan, Steven, do you hear? The master tells us to enter the train.' 'Oh, you stupid,' says another. 'Are you a gentleman? You heard him say gentlemen? He invites the gentry.' There is a second ring of the bell. The conductor calls, hurriedly and angrily: 'Please, gentlemen, take your seats; you hear the second signal.'

The same peasant says to the others: 'It is for us. We must take our seats; the train will start.' 'You are' says his companion. 'Do you think you are called a gentleman? Were you ever a gentleman?' The third ring of the bell is heard. The conductor, losing his temper and hurling the peasants forward, cries:

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