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 loss of appetite, increased the tinge of crimson that already glowed in her young cheek.

One thing detracted from her otherwise perfect happiness. Louis had ex-cused himself from appearing. She had scarcely seen him the night before, after leaving the library, and then he had been unusually quiet, communing with him-self 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 tenderness of that silent parting. How her pulse quickened at the remembrance of his embrace! She could but sigh.

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 the meeting take place here, among all these peo-ple? Where is Robin?" was her next restless inquiry—an inquiry which she had started a thousand times, and as a matter of course, in valu, since the previous evening; "and where is it that monsleur le marquis hus seen him so often of

Her queries were interrupted by observto leave the spartment.

"Ah, he has not said a word to me!" meditated Rose. "He tantalizes me. Will love. Look up and speak to me. Let me he not come back and speak—only three words? Will he not even look at me. heart that Robin won." 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 ed tears and smiles. her a single giance. Yet there was some-thing, despite his evident care, which be-I understand it all. But you deceived trayed 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 and called the counters of the counters and it all. But you deceived me most cruelly!" she said.

"And almost broke my own heart, Rose, as well as your own. Ah, if you window and called the counters of the counters and it all. But you deceived me most cruelly!" she said. window, sat calmly at her embroidery. forgive me!" Lord Egerton bent over her, and spoke, from time to time, some words, which, if of probation was passed. The unhappibeen seen, ever and anon, to be followed in its duration, was terminated now, by a deeper mantling of color in the fair Louis d'Artols had perfected his scheme. man toyed and trifled with the gorgeous he loved were nobly equalled by her silks that lay in a tangled mass of rainbow bloom in the tiny basket by Helen's er ambition, nor pride, nor cupidity, had the course of time, and, the other night, side; and then his glance rested on her face with an expression difficult to be defined, though at times it was clearly one to the humble lover who had won her fined, though at times it was clearly one of unhappiness and disappointment.

But Rose, albeit she glanced towards of these things. She could only think tenderness. of the marquis, of Robin, and of the anticipated meeting. She was restless-uneasy. From one employment to another she turned, without being able to settle ed and you are answerable for his disapher 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 his which are in the library," returned Mademoiselle Mou-tauban, carelessly. "Will you have the kindness, Rose, to help him find them?

He will tell you their titles."
"Cruel 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. 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 violent-

"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 see your unkind artifice to repel me avails | Helenyou nothing. Why will you persist in this conduct—this treatment of me?"

instantly fixed on her embroidery again. Lord Egerton turned to Rose: "You are going, mademoiselle?"

She gathered courage: she would not look up in her companion's face, but hastily proceeded to meet the

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 nietly entered. The marquis stood at the former. 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 this 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 short cloak of sable velvet drooping from his shoulhe leaned forward towards the marquis.

Suddenly the latter, aroused by some movement of Rose, turned and beheld her, and immediately, after whispering a sinsmile on his countenance as he bent down

"Rose, my pet," he said, simply, "yon-der is Robin; go and meet him." And he passed her directly, leaving the apartment and closing the door behind him.
"That Robin?" Rose, in her astonishOF FRANCE

quis, she had looked for Robin of the sparkled with happy excitement as she head, and shaded his face from the sun; and before her mirror. The blue-eyed no peasant's garb, or peasant's air; and yet—it was Robin!

"Why does he not speak?" said the young girl, tremblingly to herself, But suddenly the gentleman raised his hand, passed it across his brow, and held it there for an instant; then, laying aside the writing materials which he held, turned and advanced to meet her.

A low, glad cry escaped the lips of Rose on beholding that face-Robin's face, and then she was silent-she turned pale. What was this change which she beheld as he came nearer? what countenance was it? Did she indeed behold Robin himself, or- The cloak dropp. d

from his shoulders. "Robin-Louis!" she uttered, quivering with emotion.

"Well, which is it?" With the same light, beaming, sunshiny smile that she had met every day for the last two weeks -with the familiar voice and air that blended in one two characters hitherto distinct, he came forward, and taking her hands into the gentle yet firm clasp of his own, while he drew her to his breast, repeated: "Which is it, Rose? Doubting and believing, too? Tell me my name, mignonne!

"Ah, Louis-Louis, tell me what this means?" she cried, in an imploring tone. "Then you declare that I am Louis?" he said, laughingly; "but see-see how audacious he has grown!" And the young man, with daring tenderness, pressed his lips to hers. "Which is it now, Rose?" "It is-Robin-it is Louis; either, and -both. I cannot tell. I am bewildered!" She covered her face with her hands.

"My Rose-my little, faithful, noble-hearted darling!" Louis murmured, lov-ingly, and with the softest emotion in his tones, as he led her to a seat. "My gening suddenly that the marquis was about to leave the spartment. ed-nobly conquered! You are victorious,

She did look up. The sweet face, tinged with red lest blushes, sparkled with blend-

"You deceived me, Louis. I see it now

their effect had been noted, might have ness to which each had been subjected, cheek of the lady, though she scarcely and tested it fully, to his own satisfac seemed pleased, either. Anon the young tion. The outward charms of the woman to the humble lover who had won her first affection.

"Rose, do you love me? will you take the pair more than once, hardly took note | Louis now?" asked the count, with arch

"How can I take Louis? I am prom ised to Robin," returned she, gravely. "I came here to meet Robin; he has vanishpearance. I refused Louis last night." "Nay, then-I will become a gardener again, for your sake, love. I will put on my peasant's dress once more and take my spade, and toil in the garden from morning till night; while you sit, as you used to sit, just by the cottage door and

sing to me while you sew. What a pretty cottage girl you were, Rose! I believe I loved you the first time we met." "And I thought---

"Ah, what, Rose?" "That you loved Helen," she answered blushing "Helen, thou little mouse, what pu that thought into thy pretty head?"
"It came there, Louis; I do not know

well how. I suspect the idea was a very natural one. She is so beautiful!" "My pet, Helen must never hear you acknowledge that little piece of innocent audacity. Helen? Ah, she would smile with amusement at the mere mention of such a thing! She would not marry me Rose. I do like her very dearly. likes me, also, quite as well, I believe;

but I should as soon contemplate an alliance with a queen as with her.' "You make me smile, Louis. How mod est you are! You mean to say that

"I mean to say, Rose, that my proud and lovely cousin will be content to re-Mademoiselle Montauban saw the look, main unwedded all her days rather than and read it easily; but she never once | wed with so humble a personage as my | knowchanged countenance, and her eyes were self. She is a dear cousin, Rose; but I think that, secretly, she is ambitious. personation of the god has watched Francis Egerton loves her, I am sure; but do you not see that she treats him

coldly? "I thought it was so," said Rose, in a half-musing tone. "Aud, speaking of that same Francis Egerton, do you know, Rose, that I came

evening of my return hither? He was Have you ceased tocontinually near you. He seemed chain-ed to your side." "And you to that of Helen, do you re member?" archiv asked Rose, "Probably

the latter circumstance was the cause of He laughed. "Perhaps; but I think, if he had never seen Helen, he would have been your

captive. How would you have treated im, petite?-as you treated me night? Yes."

"I believe it. How fortunate he in! l endured agony last evening, Rose!" His tone was sad as he said it.

"Agony, Louis?" "Lest I should gain the very boon I seemed so earnestly to crave. But you ered why he had missed Jessie's ring. ders, held in one hand a pen and a small were true to Robin. I was more than portfolio of papers; the other rested on satisfied with the result of my trial. And the table beside him, supporting him, as then, what joy filled my breast, with the ringing echo of that sorrowful, yet firm

denial of my suit! It was music to me."
"Why, Louis-Louis! Where are you,
my boy?" shouted the rich, clear, merry gle word to his companion, advanced to voice of the Count de Clairville, from the meet the young girl. There was an arch | terrace; and the next moment they heard his step approaching the library.

"Let me go, Louis," she said.
"Away, then, my bird!" And he sprang to a side door that opened on a staircase leading to the gallery above. "This way, Rose. Our mischlerous friend, I strongly ment, sould neither speak nor move, suspect, knows all about this business of "That Robin?" was her inward query, ours, and is inclined to tease me a little."

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

It required some hours of retiremen 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. Quie 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 wearying herself with the exercise she sat down and leaning back among the cushions laughingly 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

Marie, in one corner, read quietly from a favorite book. Helen Montauban of the Great Lakes from their natural outlet, the St. Lawworked at her embroidery and rence system, by the Chicago drainage canal, which is to wore a brighter and better pleased ex-Rose immediately to her side.

"Truant! where have you been?" she

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

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

your face? Some reflex from underlying the picturesque and the historic pays." emotions-glad emotions. You have had

good news?" not now!" laughed the young girl. "Come to my chamber to night—will you, Helen? or, I will come to yours; it does not mat-I cannot-dare not 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 Mademolselle 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 Courted

a Giri in the Dark. Thomas Schureman, who lives on Holly avenue, in West Indianapolis, a and a magic lantern. The gratitude, thought Schureman, was without prac- with the same feelings of envy. tical value, but the magic lantern chine was set up and a number of priby Mr. Schureman, the operator, and received.-New York Journal, Mr. Schureman's dog, Blix.

A state of perfection was reached in public exhibition of the collection of slides. Unfortunately for the bost, he invited a man who was engaged to a girl. The man could not appear on time, but the girl took her chair at the

served for the young man. Schureman's assistant at the door was interrupted in his observation of the pictures by the appearance of the belated young man. "Where's Miss Heustle 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," sald Mr. Schureman, bringing the picture into focus, "we find real Japan-Japan unsullied 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 "For generations this imposing imover its thousands of worshipers 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 near being jealous of him on the first does this mean? Have you taken it off?

"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 enterpri-" "Isn't that pretty?" whispered the

"What do I care for that, when vou--- Oh, Jessie, mine!" "What land is greater than this? What nation stronger; where the fing

more honored, more revered than our own Stars and Stripes?" And as the lights flared up to a violin accompaniment, the young man discov-It was another girl.

The requel. "I have written an article on 'How to Live on \$2.50 a Week," be explained to the editor. "Well," said the editor, "you had bet ter 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 ble for my country, sir; I've-Alex. Smart-Yes, but did you ever For, forgetting the warning of the mar- And the door closed behind Rose just State Journal.



OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS Dry Goods, Groceries,

Menacing Niagara Falls. HE disturbing announcement is made by the

Commissioners of the New York State Preservation of Niagara that the operation of power ompanies and the construction of commercial and drainage canals threaten to diminish the total overflow at the Falls to a serious extent. sioners characterize the danger as not merely Louis was gone to the village. The theoretical, but measurable and substantial. The Amerimarquis and his friend, Count Frederic, can power companies remove from the Niagara River walking together on the terrace, were car nearly 8,000,000 gallons of water a minute, or 6 per cent of gaged in conversation. The Countess the total flow over the Falls. The diversion of the water Marie, in one corner, read quietly from

pression than in the morning; for Fran-cis Egerton was away. She beckened Mississippi across Wisconsin, and by numerous Canadian canal and water power projects under construction or in said, smilingly, as she made the young ment of the Falls. The Commissioners regret that the girl sit by her and stroked her bright New York Legislature and the Canadian Government have contemplation, must contribute importantly to the impair-"In my chamber, Helen," answered granted the right to withdraw a large volume of water Rose, laying her pretty head against the from the Falls. The Canadian authorities are criticized for shoulder of her companion, with happy allowing the companies to erect unsightly constructions in Victoria Park, in full view of the American and Canadian

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 "And succeeded, I think. But what this country of a principle long acknowledged in European alls you, Rose? What is in your eyes- cities and countries, that the preservation of the beautiful

It is too late to prevent the partial despollment of the Falls by companies whose rights have vested. The de-"No-yes! Ah, do not ask me at least, struction of the great natural curiosity by the artificial exhaustion of the water supply may be remote, but its extinction is evidently regarded as something more than a ter which; and then I will tell you what possibility by the Commissioners.-Philadelphia Ledger.

Loneliness.

HE most bideous 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 en, 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 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 and between economic civilization and the productivity of almost feels that he envies that miserable creature, vague-

ly speculating about his next meal. He imagines the human failure to be free from care, few weeks ago, made a bad loan, and, and therefore happy. He envies him his good digestion, in lieu of the money, he was over- his good appetite, his sound sleep, and the fact that he is

whelmed with the borrower's gratitude not surrounded by hypocritical pretensions The tramp looks up at the thousand-time millionaire

He thinks what he would do if he had all that money. might be pressed into service. The ma- He plans, as he trudges along, all sorts of banquets, all sorts of revenges on those who have ill-treated him, all vate exhibitions were given, attended sorts of rewards for the small kindnesses he may have

The World's Railways.



HE archiv fur Eisenbahnwesen shows that in

Half the performance was over when mileage, though Russia's railroad enterprises are sensa- Times.

tional and attract more attention. British India, according to the Railroad Gazette, had 25,373 miles at the end of 1901, while Russian Asia, including the Chinese setzures. Hardware, had only 7,323 miles. Even in the past four years India has built more than Asiatic Russia. Strategic railways to Flour and Feed, etc. meet supposed Russian schemes account for part of India's mileage.

Of European countries the German Empire leads in mileage, with 32,753 miles; but it is followed closely by Russia, with 31,945, and the latter will doubtless soon take the lead. Great Britain makes but a modest show in the list under its own name, having but 22,100 miles in Eu rope; but it has more railroad in India than in Europe, hatwo-thirds of the railroads in Africa, and with those of its olonies in America and Australia counts up an aggregate of 91,845 miles, which may be compared with the mileage of 210,000 in the United States at the present date. North America has more railroad than Europe and Asia together; the two Americas, more than all the rest of the world. The aggregate of capital invested in rallroads the world over is \$36,850,000,000-a tidy sum to be invested in any one thing in seventy-five years. The wealth the rallroads have created or developed many times exceeds this vast amount. The rapid development and utilization of the resources of a country are made possible only by a network of railroads.-Baltimore Sun.

Commerce and Wed ock.

MONG the great enterprises of the year be sides the railway in the Uganda in Africa to the sources of the Nile, is Scotland's great Davenport Bros. cans! 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 Nica

raguan canal. The more the world is cut up territorially the more fertile it will be, industrially and social. Every internaor 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 the race.

Every new facility in commerce and trade, every god speed given to traffe is godspeed to population, quality as well as quantity considered. As wealth is cheap, men and women are dear.-Boston Journal.

Back to the Land.



'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 which is not drawn from the earth, and the

magnet that draws forth the material and shapes it is the first year of the present century the world for the first time exceeded 500,000 miles of rail-way. At the end of 1901 the world's total way, and natural science by the farmers leave 707.515. the first year of the present century the world | coal and metallic ores, it has still the germs of other fruitmileage was 507,515 miles. At present it is of the country and by those who should actively promote about 532,500 miles. At the end of 1901 the distribution was: Europe, 180,708 miles; Asia, 41,814; Africa, may see before a second generation has passed a complete hour set. The seat at her side was re- 14,187; North America, 226,503; South America, 28,654; regeneration of Ireland, fitting it to compete with success Australia, 15,649. India is the chief contributor to Asia's in the struggle for prosperity with all other lands.-Irish

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, tame bear, Sam jumped from a ledge after the body of the ill-fated jumper into the Genesee river, a height of had been taken from the Genesee river and buried in the village cemetery Sam longed for greater heights of 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 higher than the brink of the falls. celebration in Rochester, N. Y. Then An immense crowd gathered to witprofane hands were laid upon it. The ness the leap. Sam prepared for 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 and he took one. He then gave a pounds' weight of sliver. Before that slab no one has ever taken the trouble run and "took off." His body did not time books were kept in chests and to mark the grave in any way, says fall feet first, but made a half turn, not in a room styled a library. At the Rochester Post-Express. Old resi- He struck the water with a force of the end of the seventeenth century dents 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 Patch in Rochester. The body was works of fiction among the people of over the spot.

The fame of Sam Patch, such as it at Charlotte and given burial. was, has probably penetrated farther than that of any other person who ever made Rochester his abiding place. The exploits of Sam were selzed upon and embodied in a book of nursery rhymes, which will be remembered by unny, although long out of print. The thyme 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 the damage to the goose, but joyful 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 | places." has been pictured as an athlete of imposing height and proportions, keen comrades, says: "Dimitri, Ivan, of eye and steady of nerve. Historians of unquestioned veracity aver that us to enter the train." "Oh, you stu-Sam was short and fat and not afraid pid," says another. "Are you a genof flagons of any size. In the age in tleman? You heard him say 'gentlewhich he lived he was regarded as men.' He invited the gentry." "shiftless." He would now be termed is a second ring of the bell. The con- tractive to soldiers who have never a "hobo" and legally a "vagrant." His ductor calls, hurriedly and angrily: home was no more in Rochester than "Please, gentlemen, take your seats; the seas to see what dreams may come elsewhere, but he claimed the Flower City as his own. After the death glorious" he gained a standing he

never attained in life. a jump at Paterson, N. J., and later you ever a gentleman?" The third jumped into the Niagara river from ring of the bell is heard. The help your wife hang pictures?-Ohio a ledge of rock projecting from the conductor, losing his temper and hust-

height of the cataract. He is said to "Idlots! Pigs! Beasts! Do you hear have had a habit, pronounced when or not? Be off and take your seats!" 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 ninety-six feet. Both came out alive. fame, and distributed handbills announcing that on Nov. 13 he would leap from a scaffold at the precipice. The scaffold was built twenty feet tistician at the time. He did not rise.

Could Not Be Deceived. An Englishman traveling in Russia furnishes the following incidents to Botho, a bookseller, in 1740. Birming a London paper-an lucident which he ham obtained its first circulating if personally witnessed and which he brary in 1751. The next step was the says "shows better than volumes of free library, Manchester possessing description the customs and social con- the first, in 1850, being quickly fol ditions of Russian peasants": "At a lowed by Liverpool, Birmingham and railway station the train is on the other large towns. point of starting. As usual in Russia, the bell rings three times before deof a goose. The mother of Sam was parture, to warn the passengers to take said to have been greatly grieved over their seats. At the first ring the chief conductor, seeing on the platform a over the escape of her son. Here are group of peasants standing humbly and cautiously together, says very politely to them: "Gentlemen, the first music lesson from you because you signal is given, please take your

One of the peasants, turning to his Steven, do you hear? The master tells There you hear the second signal."

The same peasant says to the oth- Oriental possessions have become, but ers: "It is for us. We must take our also those who have been there some seats; the train will start." "You ass!" time already are eager to remain. bank at a point more than half the ling the peasants forward, cries: looking for thorns to sit on.

take our seats."

Old Public Libraries. Though it is the popular idea that public libraries are of modern origin, there is proof that the Anglo-Saxon kings of England were disposed to erect them, and works were brought from Ireland, where sciences had been much earlier cultivated than in Great Britain, says the Chicago News, But the invasion of the Normans stopped the spread of libraries, and the first in England after the conquest was es occasion with liberal potations. He tablished at Oxford, in Durham (now mounted the scaffold and harangued Trinity) College, in the thirteenth centhe crowd with all of the drunken tury by Richard de Bury, who purgravity of which he was capable. He chased from thirty to forty volumes felt himself in need of a stimulant, of the "Abbot of St. Albans for fifty 4,000 pounds, as figured by a local sta- there were only six public libraries in Great Britain. The first circulating li-The crowd waited until dark and then brary was founded by Allan Ramsay. went home. That was the last of Sam in 1725, whence he diffused plays and subsequently discovered in the river Edinburgh. So successful were Ramsny's efforts that it is said that within seventy years nearly every town and large village possessed a library The first in London was started by

Cautious Mamma. "If your daughter keeps practicing

she will become an accomplished must clan," said the teacher. "I don't care for that," said Mrs. Cumrox. "We are having Muriel take were recommended as the most expensive teacher in the city. If she learns to play too well some people who don't know us might think she makes her

living that way."-Washington Star.

Like Philippine Service. Experience seems to be proving says the San Francisco Bulletin, that not only is the Philippine service atbeen there, and are anxious to cross in the land of adventure that our

Patch's reputation, or notoriety, was says his companion. "Do you think what a happy world this would be not all gained in Rochester. He made you are called a gentleman? Were if people couldn't borrow trouble without putting up collateral security.

Pessimists are people who go around

GEO. P. CROWEL

DEALER IN

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

Boots and Shoes,

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.

Lumber Co.

Have opened an office in Hood River. Call and get prices and leave orders, which will be promptly filled.

THE GLACIER

Published Every Thursday \$1.50 A YEAR.

column, per month; one-half inch or ess, 25 cents. Reading notices, 5 cents line each insertion THE GLACIER prints all the local ews fit to print. When you see it in THE GLACIER

on may know that others see it.

Advertising, 50 cents per inch, single



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.

FOR Wahkiacus, Daly, Centerville, Goldendale and all Kilckitat Valley points. day) 7:30 a. m. C. R. & N. trains leaving Goldendale 6:15 a.

by those who should actively promote ation of the farmers' sons, the world econd generation has passed a complete land, fitting it to compete with success prosperity with all other lands.—Irish eave Fortland 7 a. m. Tuesdays Thursdays and Saturdays; laws The Dalles 7 a. m. Mondaya, Wednesdays and Fridays. Round trip tiokets between these points 50 cents. Good on steamers "Balley Gatzert" and "Dalles City" only, afferding an excellent meals served on all steamers. Fine accommedations for teams and wagons. For detailed information of rates, berth reservations, connections, etc., write or call on hearest agent.

"Dimitri, Ivan, hurry up. We must take our seats."

"Excellent meals served on all steamers. Fine accommedations for teams and wagons. For detailed information of rates, berth reservations, connections, etc., write or call on hearest agent.

G.R. & N. trains leaving Goldendale 6:15 a. m. connects with this steamer for Portland, arriving Portland 6 p. m. connects with this steamer for Portland, arriving Portland 6 p. m. connects with this steamer for Portland, arriving Portland 6 p. m. connects with this steamer for Portland, arriving Portland 6 p. m. connects with this steamer for Portland, arriving Portland 6 p. m. connects with this steamer for Portland, arriving Portland 6 p. m. connects with this steamer for Portland, arriving Portland 6 p. m. connects with this steamer for Portland, arriving Portland 6 p. m. connects with this steamer for Portland, arriving Portland 6 p. m. connects with this steamer for Portland, arriving Portland 6 p. m. The steamers Dalles City and Palles City only, afferding an excellent meals served on all steamers. Fine accommedations for teams and wagons.

For detailed information of rates, berth reservations, connections, etc., write or call on the province of the portland for many province of the portland for means a province of the province of the portland for means a province of the portland for means a province of the portland for means a province of the portland for means



Lake, Denver, Worth, Omaba, 4:30 p. m. Cansas City, S. Louis, Chicago and Huntington. St. Paul Fast Mail. 10 :80 a. m. Atlantic Express. St. Paul Fast Mail 6:70 p. m. Spokane

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

OCEAN AND RIVER SCHEDULE

FROM PORTLAND. All sailing dates 5:00 p. m. For San Francisco-Sail every 5 days. To Astoria and Way Landings. Salem, Indepen-dence, Corvallis and way landings 4:30 p. m. Mon., Wed. and Fri. regon City, Dayton and way landings. Snake fiver.

Riperia to Lewiston Daily except Friday. Lv. Riparia 4:06 a. m.

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