

CHAPTER XIX .- (Continued.) "Be quiet, my child," he said. "He will They left the broken vehicle, the pros-trate horses that struggled and kicked in "No-no! he will not-he will vain attempts to free themselves from come?" she cried, with feeble grief. have not seen him this long time. and the storm pursued with all possible thought we were to be married. It was haste the road to the chateau. There was no shelter near. The light form of Rose was as nothing in the strong arms fixed on him. "I don't know why I am of the marquis. Rapidly he bore het lying here," she murmured, sadly, look-along, keeping the folds of his clouk ing about her, "I ought to be ready to meet him when he comes. But I am so well wrapped about her.

"We are almost at the village," said weak-so tired! I believe I have been we are simulat in the index, as the supported his companion with a lover's tenderness that strange journey! I don't think it ever met now with no repulse. For Helen Montauban knew nothing of And so weary, weary! Ah, Louis,

it. She was saying to herself, "Is Rose dead? Has she escaped me? Am I to be spared my work at last?" She listen-ed for a sigh-a groan, from the lips of

that inanimate figure that was borne be the brilliant eyes; but still, though exfore her. No sound was heard from hausted by her constant ravings, and them. Already, a strange fever of joy though her cheeks burned more hotly, and mingled with the shivering excitement, the awe, the horror, which Helen Mon-tauban had felt. She never heeded the rain that poured over her in sheeted tor- of Louis, and begged him to see how her rents; the wild winds raged in vain for feet were torn and bleeding with the long her now; they were unheard. She only and weary way she came, and then she longed for light-light, to behold that would moan that he never would come-

childish countenance-to know the truth. "never, never, never," But so near were they to the farm And that wild, mournful wall might houses now that no delay was made; the have drawn tears from a stone; but Helen first one was entered, and Rose placed Montauban was more than a stone. upon a couch, while the farmers' wives The doctor went out, leaving Helen crowded about, with earaest kindness Montauban there to bathe the heated and sympathy, to render assistance. But forehead of the sick girl, and offer water at the sight of that pale, quiet face, those to those parched lips. And she said, closed eyelids and colorless lips, they looking down upon the stricken form be-were silent; and some whispered among fore her, "She is in my power!"

themselves, "She is dead!" while others. With scarce a hope, yet seeking still for one, worked over the lifeless form. And that M. Mery had but a slight hope of without stood the marquis and the Count Rose's recovery. It must be, No turnde Clairville and Francis Egerton by the ing back, or flinching, or hesitating, for fire in the great farm klitchen, in dread, that desperate nature now! That hope silence and suspense.

Helen Montauban and the countess had was hers to see to it. Pouring out the laid, and rough yet comfortable garments and anon, her hand involuntarily clutchwere offered them to replace their own dripping ones. The countess was already making this welcome and really neces-might terminate fatally in a few days, sarry change; but Helen Montauban, and spare her the work for which she thrusting them from her, pressed to the was prepared. But in case it were not couch.

"Stand aside!" she said to the woman. And she knelt down there to look at that who knew of such; few-almost no tests pallid face, round which the dripping that could detect its presence. To Helen chestnut curis were lying in shining masses. Once those white lips partedreddened.

"See-see! she lives-she breathes!" nt. tered one of the women, in an eager, tremnlous tone, subdued almost to a whisner-"the lives" whisper-"she lives!"

"It is a lie!" muttered Helen Montauban, between those beautiful shut teeth. A moment elapsed. The women gathered, with glad, excited, hopeful eyes, nounced safe was only slowly and faintly about the couch-those poor, simple, honest-hearted peasant women, praying for that young life, whose slender thread one footstep was muffled. All day she had among them would so giadly have seen slept, and the exhaustion produced by broken. And fiercely watched that one, her violent and protracted delirium was with a burning glance, a heart that stood all but still. It was no ile! seemed like the rest of a living form. For

all but still. It was no lie! Slowly those lovely eyes unclosed, and rested upon the glad, smiling faces gath-ceived, or the slightest motion of that feebly beating heart. Yet had the phy-ognition in them at first; but presently,

"Let us carry him out into another

"Let us carry him out into another room-quick" he said, excitedly. Together they bore him to an adjoining apartment, and there commenced the application of restoratives. But some moments elapsed ere he betrayed signs of returning consciousness. Then he reviv-ed slowly, and for some time gazed fixed ly upon the face of M. Mery. Then a low mone meaned his line. THE PASSING YEAR. Across the shadows of the night There come to my expectant ear The twelve deep notes that tell the fight Of yet another pisseling year. Its limits reached, its work is done, Its record senied and seen by none Except God's own all-ascing eye. moan escaped his lips.

"Gustave, I have seen my brother!" he uttered. "Your brother?" echoed M. Mery, in astonished excitement. "It is true! It is Henri who lies there

-my brother Henri. Let me go to him." "My dear friend, be calm, I command

er apartment. They advanced towards the couch; there was a different sight there now. From the height of delirium Hugh Lamonte was suddenly sinking into

a stupor. His eyes were almost closed. Only faint, unintelligible murmurs broke from his lips at times. He did not see them approach. The cure and M. Mery cast glances at each other. The marguis omprehended them. "You think he is dying, then?" he ask-ed. "Ah, save him, Gustave! We were

enemies once-he and I. Let him live, that we may once more embrace one anotherl

"Be calm, my dear friend," entreated the physician again, "and listen to the truth. No power on earth can save him now; he is sinking fast. But maintain your energies; he may revive before death, with the possession of his full rea-

"Ah, Henri!" murmured the marquis, with indescribable emotion-"my brother! that I should recognize you thus, after all these years! See-see, Gustave!" and he lifted the matted hair from the temples of the unconscious man-"see where I struck him once! I knew the mark. Our father told me he would bear it to the grave-that scar."

"How," said M. Mery, in a low voice 'can this be your brother?-this man who, for twelve years, has dwelt within half a league of you, and who has only been known as a peasant?"

"Ah, I recognize him but too well!" answered the marquis, sadly; "it is he-I know him now through the disguise that has served him so long. And did you not hear his words? He said I stole Guidette from him. Alas! it is but too true, though I was innocent of wrong. Henri-my brother-speak to me! say that we are friends once more!"

Engerly he leaned over the couch, with his eyes fixed upon the sick man's face; but he was not recognized. There was no intelligence in that dying glance.

Hugh-or Henri, rather, awakened from the dull stupor. But it was only the sudden and fitful flare of the expirso, then- It was a poison, subtle and ing flame of life. He lay, for an instant, sure as death itself. Few were there glancing about the apartment; then look ing upwards, he encountered the regards of the good cure, who stood by the couch Montauban had been given a knowledge of this poison in by-gone years, and she had guarded that knowledge like gold. in silence.

"Monsieur le cure, I recognize you," h

said. "I am dying-is it not so?" "It is true," answered the good man, mournfully. "But there is yet time for confession and repentance. It was midnight. All over the chateau, "Confession-repentance! You know, there was deep and heartfelt rejoicing;

then, that I have a confession to makebut it was subdued in its manifestations, sins to repent of? for the life that had so lately been pro "It is a work which every dying man

has to do, my friend." fluttering up from the edge of the grave; The marquis advanced towards the

"Henri, my brother!" he uttered, in sorowful tones.

"Ha! you know me, then? I have betrayed myself at last-the brother who swore vengeance on the husband of Guidette?" He raised himself, with main strength, upon his arm, and fiercely regarded the marquis.

THE PASSING YEAR.

Ah, mei those years, those vanished years, In memory, but beyoud recall. How filed with foolts doobts and fears, How stathed with an and blotted all What can we ask of thee but grace To make these failures of the past The beacon lights by which to trace Our way to thee, O Christ, at last!

-my brother Henri. Let me go to him." "My dear friend, be calm, I command you," urged the physician, gently. "I am calm: but I must go instantly. If he should die-ah, save him, I entreat yon." Wcak and trembling as he was, he much them says thim to recenter the oth-

So pass the years in solemin state Beyond our ken; we count the sun; They come and go, we watch and wait Until our own set time shall come. God of the years, from out whose hand, With all car precious gifts, they come, Give us the grace to understand, And make them helps to lead us home! --Christian Work.

Pander Shaker AN OLD MAN'S FIRST CHRISTMAS BY HOPE DARING.

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told how she had grown tired of spend-ing her vacations at the school. "You know, grandna, that if is dread-

"You know, grandpa, that it is dread- in them. For this child's sake he would ful to have no one of your very own to learn to know and do his duty. he glad with, and I've come to spend "It will be our first Christmas to Christman with you."

The girl was so sure that her grand-father was glad to see her that he could "Yes, little girl. It wil father was glad to see her that he could "Yes, little girl. It will really be my not tell her she was unwelcome. An hour first, my very first, Christmas."-Home later they sat at dinner. The old man Monthly, looked across to where the girl's golden

head gleamed in the lamp. She chatted gayly. When they rose from the table she went with him to the

study. Sitting on a stool, she told him of her school life.

"I am happy there, graudpa, but I will be glad when school is finished. Then I can keep house for you. It has been so kind in you to do without me so I could be educated."

He made no response. They parted without the words being said that would and Florence back to school. Mr. Bentley resolved to say them at breakfast the next morning. There he found himself onfronted by that smiling face, and was obliged to hold his pence. Florence stayed. Simpson, the maid,

018 and the man all delighted to serve her. A few simple changes were made in the dreary old house. Mr. Bentley chose some new furniture. He ordered that good fires should be kept up and bade Simpson see that the table was well sprend

Gilbert Bentley was powerless. Flor-ence would think the best of him. She would think that he loved her and was

Y ES, I will do it. It's the only war I can be sure of making a fair profit mext year. My workmen must under-stand that I run the mill to put money in my own pocket? There was an ugly frown on Glibert Bentley's brow as he sait in his shabby little study, communing with himself. He was a small, stooping man of 05, with searching blue eyes, and a cold, forbid-ding expression. "The do it at once. One week from to-morrow I'll announce a cut of ten per

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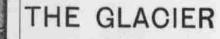
The Lord of the flat under the flat under the feast was a child in Bethlehem, and He atill loves little child dren as He did

ddren as He dia when, in the strength of His manhood, He took them in His arms and blessed them. If there were po-children in our world to receive and enjoy, the advent

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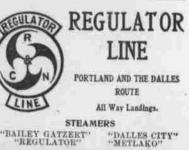
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gether." Florence said dreamily, her

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to question, but enjoya-these reflect

countess, who bent over her, she sighed for certainty upon her awakening, faintly, and putting her hand to her head, whispered, "O, yes; I remember-I re-member now!"

joining chamber she removed the satustituted for them the apparel sent from the chateau by a domestic: then proceeding to the kitchen, joined her father and that Rose had revived. The head of the madness. The one way remained. marquis was bowed, his face buried in his hands. The emotion of gratitude he feit at the bringing back of that young Ife almost overcame him. life almost overcame him.

The night passed and morning broke, clear and still above the earth, where so lately all had been commotion. The voice of the tempest had died away in silence. Not a morsel of food had passed his lips that day. Since dawn he had Broad and fair the sunlight shone above the pleasant valley. They bore Rose with gentleness and care back to the cha-She was quite ill, almost unable teau. to move a limb from weakness. The in-juries that others had escaped, she had received; and from being so long exposed passed on and Rose awoke-safel to the storm, there was every reason to believe that serious consequences would

ensue And the apprehension was justified,

During the day her indisposition increased, and at night, feveriah and delirious, brilliancy in those soft eyes, and a scorching flush upon her beautiful cheek. It was pitiful to hear her wandering words, nul listen to the incoherent in words, and listen to the incoherent minglings of sorrow and joy, in her wild delirium. once, and then turned away with streaming eyes from the room, to seclude him-self in the library, where he passed the marquis. night in watchings. The Count Frederic and Francis Egerton remained till dawn Every domestic in the in the saloon. chateau kept vigil during those long and mournful hours; for not an eye could close in slumber, Helen Montauban and the countess had their post in that sick chamber, beside the couch of the sick girl, who recognized neither of them. All night long she raved, and the flush burn-ed strong and steady on her check, and the lightning's flash was not more brilliant than the fire scintillating from those dark eyes.

thus overtaxed."

and quiet tones, "hut I anticipate no un-pleasant results from our adventure of ban, I know you-I know you?" he utpleasant results from our adventure of list night; and you must be conscions that, even if such were not the case, I should find it impossible to sleep now. I where is Guidette?--where is she? You bidden her from mel You have will tell you of your lost daughter--of Marguerite!" he gasped. "Of Marguerite! Speak- speak, Hen-

He sat down by the bed, leaned his blo head on his hand and fixed a thoughtful and sorrowful glance upon the feverish

Tears stood in the physician's eyes. He laid his gentle hand, with its cool touch, on that burning forchesd.

meeting the anxious glance of the good him with a too delicious hope that hung Then had the evil desire of Helen Mon-

will end; and I am wandering all alone.

must never become a stronger one!

tauban grown to an intensity that was fiendish. Watching, "with her haggard Watching, "with her haggard nember now!" Helen Montauban was gone. In an ad-Helen Montauban was gone. In an ad-tace and gleaming eyes, beside that couch, she had fixed her serpent gaze uprated garments she had worn, and sub- on the almost lifeless being who lay there. looking with cruel and terrible eagerness for the sign of death to set itself upon that young sufferer's brow. Yet it came his companious, who had just learned not, and her eagerness grew almost into She would make that sleep a lasting one! But there was another watcher there,

but it was for the angel of life-not that of death; and he stirred not from that his lips that day. Since dawn he had been there. And Helen Montauban, in her fierce desperation at her own inability to accomplish the work so long medi-tated upon, was almost insane. Still he watched there; never for an instant was I wedded her, thinking her free. But his vigilance relaxed. And the bours she was a curse to me. Ah, Henri, if you

CHAPTER XX.

It was nearly morning when the cure came to the chateau to request an interview with the marquis. He told him that Hugh Lamonte was at the village inn and dying. The marquis, astonished and and the physician, M. Mery, satisfied The marquis looked upon her en place in his patient's case, left her in the care of Mademoiselle Montauban

In a few moments the party arrived at the auberge. Maurice met them with a nominous countenance.

"How is he-is there any change?" asked the cure, anxiously.

"None, monsieur," answered the man, "He raves still; but he talks of some guilty deed to be atomed for-some secret to be confessed. I can make nothing sat-

iant than the fire scintillating from those lark eyes. Slowly the leaden night hours waxed ward washed not more bril-shove, where lay the dying man. The shove, with the well. Give her my blessing, if shove, where lay the dying man. The shove, where lay the dying man. The shove, with the well, have been a wretch; but shove all. I have been a wretch; but shove all. I have been a wretch; but

vil consequences, if your nerves continue hus overtaxed." "You precious grandpa!" Again her "Your pardon," returned Helen, in cold and quiet tones, "but I anticipate no un-bleasant results from our adventure of ban, I know you-I know you?" but I anticipate no un-bleasant results from our adventure of

"Ah-well?" sighed the good old man; "if you are fully determined on this, it must be so; and I trust all will be well." You stole her from me! I will have your

He sank back, exhausted, with white lips, "Look-look," monsieur!" uttered the

and sorrowful glance upon the reversal countenance turned towards him on the pillow. Rose looked at him with her wild, bright, pitcons gare. wild, bright, pitcons gare. b b "noter". Mery, the marquis is

And even as he spoke, the heavy fall of

"Ah, Henri, forgive me!" cried the grief-stricken man. ्रम्

"Never!" shouted Henri, madly. have been revenged on you; I have brought sorrow and darkness to your hearthstone, and I am satisfied! For the sake of your child-the angel who has smiled upon a wretched life, and touched an evil heart with her innocence-for her sake I will atone, at this last hour, for the misery I have caused you. You shall be happy once more; but I will not for-give you for the wrong done to me-never-no, never!" And raising his clenched hand to heaven, he sealed the declaration with a fearful oath. Then he sank down, exhausted. A shudder ran through

every form within that chamber. "Henri," cried the marquis, throwing himself on his knees beside the couch, "recall those words, I conjure you! Listen to me. I knew not of the wrong I had done you, till it was too late. Guidette deceived me; she never told me that you loved her-that she was betrothed to you! desired revenge, she was the fittest in strument!

The dying man's eyes were fixed earnestly on his brother's face.

"Say it once more-once more!" he panted, eagerly; "tell me again that you were innocent-that you knew not of our betrothal-that ahe deceived you, and was false to me!"

"It is true. Listen, Henri; I swear it!" His face was pale; the tears streamed from his eyes; his clasped hands, uplifted, trembled.

"Then pardon me, Armande, for the stillon made any difference with the signstice I have done you." njustice I have done you."

The marquis clasped that wasted hand upon it. "Henri, I have nothing to forgive. We have both been unhappy," he uttered. "Nay-you do not know the misery I have caused you. But I repeat. It shall be confessed." His voice grew weaker. "Where is Rase?" he asked. "She is at the chatean. tenderly within his own. His tears fell leaned back, staring from a window. He persist in talking as if Christmas meant

"Where is Rase?" he asked. "She is at the chateau. She has been ill; but, thanks be to heaven, she is re-covering!" answered the marquis, earn-

estly.

shows all a nave been a wretch; but hey's god. He had begun life a poor boy and had worked his way upward, un-old sideboard was a basket of oranges and pale green grapte of the the green grapte of the and pale green grapte green grapte green grapte of the anave green fire, still wept and prayed in silence. The doctor came to the bedside. "You need rest, mademoiselle," he said: "eannot I prevail upon you to retire and match a few hours' repose while I watch here? The fatigue and exposure of last night; though no present ill effects are felt from them, may be productive of evil consequences, if your nerves continue evil consequences, if your nerves continue evil consequences, if your nerves continue the outcast—the robber? Who calls him-evil consequences, if your nerves continue the outcast—the robber? Who calls himwas rapidly failing. A moment, and he resumed, turning once more his fast-ob-

> ril" cried the marquis, in verrible agitation; "tell me-I divine it-confess, I im-plore you! He cannot tell it-he is dying! O, for a moment longer!" he said, "Hen-ri, tell me; breathe bot one word; what

lips moved. "Armande, hear!" were the slow, pain

cent on all wages. One week-that will Then they must remember the little chil-

be the twenty-fifth. Why, that will be dren. Christmas, and the men must have a Christmas Eve came. Mr. Bentley

holiday, Christmas! As if that old super-had shumefacedly ordered Simpson to stitlon made any difference with the provide a "regular Christmas dinner." He had never made a Christmas gift in The frown on his brow deepened. He his life, but now-well, Florence would

the winter would mean very little profit, himself; others must do the same.

resumed, turning once more his fast-ob-scoring cyces to his brother's face. "It will tell you of your lust daughter-of Margmerits" he mand a sweet voice cried: "It is a wonderful position you hold-so much wealth and so many people whom

and a sweet voice cried: "Grandpa, are yon here?" Before Mr. Bentley could speak, Simp-son, his old English housekeeper, enter-ed. In one hand she held aloft a lighted have been doing alone." lamp, thus showing Gilbert Bentley his unexpected visitor. She was a slender girl of sixteen, a dimpled, blonde face and ""

She was at his side, both arms round his neck, and her lips uplifted for his nounced his greed and selfishness. On kiss. As in a dream he listened as she the morrow his workmen should receive.

of it at all, and we would all be happier at Christmas if we were to learn of them. Then would the Christmas burden, of

> The Porto Rican Christmas. Christmas in Porto Rico is a church

festival of much importance and the cele bration of it is made up chiefly of re-

ligious ceremonies intended to commemorate the principal events in the life of ops, was tinged with a rosy glow. Gilbert Bentley had spent ten years idle, but on the following morning the bestlow of His birth of Chalters in bration of His birth at Christmas time the feast days follow one another in rapid succession. Indeed, it may justly

an end until Easter.

Sudden and Surprising. "What do you most desire for Christnas, Miss Mabel?" "Oh, George, this is so sudden.""

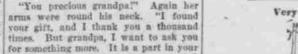
Foolish Resolutions.

het towel, Nora, darlint?

Pat-Because they always ring it out

Norn-Whoy?

He



In those two words the old man re

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"Wh-what do you mean?" "Why, of course, I want you!" The New Year's rows that Perkins made To keep will prove a strain. Is vowed to shave himself this year And use not words profane.

