aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa

ORAPTER XXVIII. It was the old position—and yet with a grave difference. It was the old line of argument cropping up afresh in Sarah now.

Eastbell's mind, with no Reuben Culwick

"Well, an hour or two afterward she at hand to laugh down her logic-with Reuben Culwick's power to laugh it down, perhaps, wonderfully diminished.

John had told of Reuben going to find

in one thing; that she, Sarah Eastbell, could not aid to the happiness of Reuben Culwick's life. She could only add to the expenses!—she could only keep him poor. If she stood apart now, perhaps he would marry Mary Holland, and be master of his father's house again, just ast he father had wished from the first.

She had no right to blad him to his.

She had no right to blad him to his.

She had no right to bind him to his long engagement, to shackle his energies. When they were in the York road Reuto keep him from "bettering" himself—now that she felt herself as poor—morally, if not legally as poor—as when he Tots has been a companion for her while It was a very quiet morning at one of those strange Sunday services; those who came to pray were not disturbed by those who came to scoff; but the evening was bolisterous and stormy, and made up for Lucy Jennings 2224.

"You are trembling—you are afraid," said Lucy Jennings to her companion; "will you turn back now?"

"Why?" "There will be but little religion there to-night," said Lucy, "and you are not a atrong woman.'

"I was not thinking of the crowd-or the service," answered Barah. "Of what then?" was the sharp in-"Of all I shall say to Rouben present ly. It's very wrong, I know, Lucy, but you must not blame me for thinking of him so much. I can't belp it," she said

plaintlyely. plaintively.

They passed under the arch, where the service commenced, and was interrupted—where the old uproar went on, and the police were tolerably busy for an hour and a half. The service eams to an end; the stormy elements subsided; men, women and children went their various ways, and Lucy Jennings and Barah Eastbell came out together, and confronted Reuben Culwick, who was

waiting for them.
"You have come back then!" cried Sarah in her first delight at seeing him, in her new forgetfulness of all that she had resolved upon.

"Yes—it was no use stopping longer in Worcester, Sarah. Well, Lucy?" "Well," answered Lucy in her old

"I congratulate you on your sermon. but I wish the surroundings had been more orthodox, and the congregation less quarrelsome; for some of these days—" Lucy was gone. She had suddenly "doubled," and disappeared down one of the dark turnings, and Sarah and Reu-ben were left looking at each other. Barah Eastbell took his arm and sigh-

This might be for the last time that ould tell? She had made up her mind now, and the sooner the truth was told him the better. He gave her the oppor-tunity to speak at once, and her impuldesperately. "I saw Miss Holland this morning-I

gave her the will—and you are as poor as old Job, girl!" he said.

"Indeed!" was his quiet answer. "That you and I are not fit for each other. Oh, Reuben," she cried, "I am quite certain of it now!"

human lives after her own purposeless way, choosing for others a path ahead that no human being out of Bedlam could that no bundar of the best and a young and provided that to do with it?"

ashes right and left like a violent Vesuvius. Come, is not Lucy Jennings at in's visit this morning," said Mary.

"And you are here," replied Sarah

I have been seeing the necesalty for it-'Ay, through Lucy's spectacles."

"You would lose money by coming to e," said Sarah mournfully. "Nonsense! I have begun to money again."

"Ah, Reuben, let us understand each other at last; don't ask me to say anything, do anything, but end this ural position between us. I am unhap-

"Because of this engagement?"

"You are afraid of poverty with me?" "I am afraid of making you poorer than you are—of keeping you toor all your life," said Sarah.
"He should have saught pardon of his "He should have sought pardon of his "If this is to be our last meeting, or

last parting, Sarsh," he said quick-"let it be marred by no harsh reminiscence. We are going to say good-by. We have discovered that bousekeeping expenses will shipwreck us; that I shall grow in time a big brute, to whom no econd-consin's devotion will bring comfort. But we need not quarrel over the answeerd Sarah, "the best of

There was something in his manner that she hardly fathomed. She had been more prepared for an angry outburst than for this easy-going style of acqui-

"for you, who would have married a poor study and great care, render this testaman, will not let me marry a poor wom-ment complete again?" an in my turn. You want all the self-sacrifice on one side, Sarah; and even my good luck with my pen is turned into word between these two blundering relations to remain poor."
tives, who do not know their own minds She held the open purse over the fire. We will spare each other between this and the fragments fell from it into the and the York rond. We will wait till red coals. Reuben and Sarah started for-Miss Holland gives us her opinion on the | ward to arrest her hand, but it was too

"Miss Holland!" vried Sarah Eastbell. "What do you mean?" "Miss Holland is in the York Road

apartments. She came from Worcester widow; "I told your father so when he with me this afternoon."

"No. I went to see her, to tell her "He had wronged your father in some building could the news of her prosperity, and to offer manner which we cannot even guess at of d,500 feet.

her my congratulations, after which I

turned up at the railway station, and in common politeness I could but offer her my escort back to town. She was very anxious to see you, she said."

"Ah! she said so," answered his sec-

Mary Holland at Worcester. Lucq had predicted evil would come of it, and Sarah was wretched.

She must give him up—she must not remain that weight upon his life, that clog upon his industry, which she had always thought she was, when her love ter to have ended all in a storm of words always thought she was, when her love ter to have ended all in a storm of words always thought she was, when her love ter to have ended all in a storm of words and term in the wrace and unnatben loved her, she hoped still—she did ural silence which followed. Sarah had not put faith in those strange suspicions no idea that she was a jealous woman of Lucy Jennings—but Lucy was right until then, for Lucy had not made her in one thing; that she, Sarah Eastbell, jealous last night—only roused in her could not add to the happiness of Ren.

Lucy Jennings read the signs of it in the noisy crowd about the door, and compressed her lips and held her breath at the strong language which echoed from the strong language which echoed from the strong language which echoed from the strong round her her lap, with her child's arms cound-her neck, and her little head under the escort of two policemen, who were walting for them.

"You are trembling—you are straid."

Mary! "echoed Sarah Elastbell.

They went upstairs into the front room on the first floor, where sat by the first head the unselfish woman, holding out her hands to them.

"It is a fair picture on which the curtification is rung down—on perfect confidence for the first time in her childish recollections." "It is her child then!" said Sarah in a

low whisper.

"I sue in a dream," murmured Sarah, "But you are very close to the wak-ing," added her cousin Reuben.

CHAPTER XXIX.

There was another inmate of the room which Reuben and his cousin had enter-ed. Lucy Jennings was standing on the hearth rug with her hands clasped to-gether, and her grave white face turned toward mother and child. She had reach-ed home before them, having a better knowledge of the shortest cut to York Road than Reuben had. Mary looked round as the cousins came

in together, and a sad smile flickered on a face grown careworn with anxiety. She self. did not raise her head from that of her child as Reuben and Sarah advanced, and Reuben said:

"Mrs. Peterson, I have brought an old friend to shake hands with you—to express her regrets for al that past distrust which she has had, as well as I." Sarah had only heard the first two

"Mrs. Peterson!" she exclaimed

"Then you—you—"
"I was Edward Peterson's wife," she
added wearily and sadly—"yes."
"But not in the plot against you,
Sarah," said Reuben; "fighting for you
Sarah," said Reuben; "righting to me to in the first instance-writing to me to come to the rescue—kept forever in doubt concerning you—held down at last to silence by the awful threat of her child's death-

gave her the will—and you are as poor as old Job, girl!" he said.

"Yes, Reuben; I have been waiting for this poverty to tell you that you must not share it with me."

"Indeed!" was his gulet answer.

"Indeed!" was his gulet answer. even for an hour after my husband's

"Edward Peterson is dead!" exclaim- to become an artist with the bones. "Because Lucy Jennings—charming Lucyl—has been at her old work, reckoning after her old style, fashioning out had plotted against her—he would have land ached and longed way down deep ed Sarah Eastbell. killed her rather than let her escape without a ransom—but she did not he grudge him his life. And it left Mary young and pretty widow, too-but what kids of my day centered on the bones'

"Ah! you cannot understand that," said Mary, "you who will love your husband all your life. But my love was crushed out quickly, and only my duty took me to his bedside—my regret for bones. I'd devote hours to scrap-the last mistake which brought about his ing them when I had sawed them into death, and his last act of vengeance." "His last act of vengeance!" repeated Sarab.

"Half an hour after Mr. Culwick had left me, my husband changed suddenly; he wholly realized, and for the first time, that there was no hope for him in world, and-what did he do?" she added vided with bones, to drive the older

God," added Lucy Jennings "He tore the last will of Sumon Culwick into a hundred pieces, lest I should claim my right to riches by it," answer-

ed Mary; "he cursed me, and left me "But I have all the fragments," added Mary, opening a purse heaped to the clasp with small pieces of paper; "see there they are.

Sarah glanced at them, but did not speak. "It would be a specimen of patchwork in this town who never scraped a set of an for this easy-going style of acqui-cence.
"It is hardly justice," he continued, pute the will, Sarah, if I, by patient

"No," answered Surah Eastbell.
"In my husband's lifetime I dared not make him rich; and now, in memory of weapon against me. But," he allded, much kindness, of old trust-of new conwill not quarrel. Never an augry fidence, may I say?-I have the courage

"You should not have done this, Mary," cried Renben.
"It was not a just will," answered the

minstrel men."

-but which he owned himself. You told me that," said Reuben.
"He was strange that day. It might

have been the raving of a madman."
"As that," said Lucy, pointing to the fire, "was the act of a madwoman." fire, "was the act of a madwoman.
"I think not," answered Mary confidently: "it is an act of justice to the man dently: "it is an act of justice to the man who entitled to his father's money, and who will marry this brave young lady in pos-

"She has given me up," said Reuben dryly; but Mary turned from one to an-other and read no doubt or distress on either face. Here were two lives in the sunshine at last.
"I believe it was always Simon Cul-

wick's wish that Reuben should have this money," continued Mary; "he did not know of my marriage, and I dared not tell him for my home's sake, and so we went on from one complication to another. There were only two wills; the first left all to his sister, the second to me—and the second I could not, and did not care to prove. The answer to the riddle came round in the way I thought it might do, if I were watchful and re-served-for I knew in what high esti-

almost together.
"You two are not likely to forget me, or my little daughter here—to shut me from your friendship—to help me in the world, should I want help."
"Help!" echoed Reuben; "why, it is all

"But you?" said Sarah and Reuben

"You can't prove that," said Mary em-phatically, "and I would prefer to be de-sendent on your bounty. I will not be too roud to ask for a pension, when my little girl grows up and tires of her moth-

tain is rung down—on perfect confidence, favorably, an and true affection and prosperity—on the new comilife opening out before these three with total awards. no shadows on the scenes beyond. Reu-ben and Sarah will live happily forever afterward—as young couples always should in books—and Mary and her daughter will be their faithful friends sud loving companions to the end of life.

In the red glow of the sunset of our story, stands poor Lucy Jennings—grave and stony as the Libyan sphiny—commenting but little upon the happiness about her, and yet feeling that it reaches to her heart and wakes her more like. to her heart, and makes her more like

Reuben's brother-in-law, one Thomas Eastbell, will not visit Worcestershire again, and Reuben's wife will not learn for years of his disappearance in the Australian bush-where we can afford to let the last of our villains hide him-

In the bright early morning, gazing from the window of her room at the fair landscape beyond, with the silvery laughter of little children ringing upward from the lawn, and with her husband's arm linked within her own, Second-cousin Sarah will talk no longer of Sedge Hill being an unlikely house. being an unlucky house. (The end.)

PLAYING WITH THE BONES.

Diversion of the Boys of a Generation Ago Is Now Almost Forgottes. Few boys of the present day can "play the bones" as skillfully as did the youth of thirty or forty years ago. The diversion is confined almost exelleving in your safety clusively to the end men in the minstrel through it all, and striving once more for you and against her husband when she feared his treachery had deceived her." shows. "There was a fellow who had "And he was true to his word," Mary said an old-timer the other day. "He added with a sigh, "for the first time in was the first bone soloist I've heard in his life. It is a long story; spare me a good many years. Even the minstrel dice against the exercise of authority for a few days the history of a school shows don't pay much attention to the girl's secret marriage, a bitter repentance, bones nowadays and I guess that the a husband's desertion, a long up-hill fight to forget a past that had become terrible and full of humiliation. I did not has savages for ever having listened to know then that Bessie lived, and was one the music of the bones. The things

"I can remember when every small boy in the country had a mad passion plotted against ber—he would have land ached and longed way down deep end and we used to practice with the bones for hours at a stretch. I used to wait for my mother to get a rib roast and the good woman would hardly have the meat off those ribs before I'd have 'em out in the back yard sawing and hammering away at 'em and tinkering them into shape to be used shape and then I'd place them where the summer sun would hit them for about a week to thoroughly dry them.

"Then they'd be ready for use and I'd proceed, along with all the rest this of the kids in the neighborhood profolks crazy with the horrible noise There's a whole lot of science in manip ulating the bones properly. I used to practice about half a day at a stretch with the right-hand bones and then I'd round out the rest of the day getting the hang of the left-hand bones and I've seen strong men be compelled to take to their beds from nervous collapse after spending a week in the neighborhood infested by a bunch of small boys getting the hang of the bones. Things are not like they used to be. I'll bet there are thousands of young fellows who are of age right bones when they were youngsters and whe never indulged in the exalted

> Expeditious. She-When I rang you up at the club to-day it didn't take any time for the one who attends the telephone to get

> dream of one day becoming celebrated

He-Well, you told him you were my wife, didn't you? She-No, I told him I was not your wife.-New York Herald.

With the modern steel framing a building can with safety be carried to "With you! You went to escort her tell him that never in all my life should its base. Thus an ordinary business building could be aroused to a height seven and a haif times the diameter of

APERS THE PEOPL

HUMANITY'S DEBT TO THE UNITED STATES.



By John W. Poster, Ex-Secretary of State. By its steady championship of a freer commerce and of most elevated States has brought about an almost complete change in the practice of nations. There still remain to be incorporated into international law one of ers of our government and steadily advocated up to this day-the exemption

sen in time of war. JOHN W. FOSTER. As our country from its earliest history led the nations of the earth in creating a more elevated system of international law, so also it has been the most active in adjusting international controversies and the bones become more brittle in nature, rendering fracture preserving peace by means of treaties of arbitration. The a more likely accident in the old person than in his youngfirst treaty negotiated after the organization of our govern- er neighbor. Strong and dense as bone may be, it is still ment under the constitution—the Jay trenty of 1794 with subject to the universal law which decrees that life and Great Britain-marked a distinct advance in the practice living things have each their "little day." of nations and sought to amellorate the harshness of war

and to establish more clearly neutral rights. The only instance in our history where fraud and corruption have been established against an arbitration tribunal was that with Venezuela under the treaty of 1808. Soon after the adjournment of the commission charges of irregularity and fraud on the part of its members were made at Washington by the Venezuelan Government, and an investigation established to the satisfaction of Congress the fact that a corrupt arrangement had been made be tween the American commission, the umpire (a Venezue lan, the United States minister in Venezuela and his rela "The future, for you and Tots, you laus, the United States minister in Venezuela and his rein-will leave to Sarah and me," said Reu-tive, the leading attorney before the commission, by which a large part of each claim represented by the attorney and allowed by the commission was to be divided between the persons named. After considerable delay in securing legislation a new commission was organized, which reviewed the work of its predecessor. Of the twenty-four cases allowed by the first commission only nine were passed on favorably, and three old cases rejected were allowed by the new commission, representing more than half of the

INTERESTING FACIS ABOUT "DRY BONES."

With bone is usually associated the idea of dryness-not merely in a physical sense, but in an intellectual sense as well. The medical student who has to acquire a knowledge of the bony framework has been said to travel in the "valley of dry bones," and as the osseous belongings we may see in our museums are certainly of the desiccated order of things, the familiar epithet seems justifiable enough. Yet bone, which may appear uninteresting to the casual observer, presents us with a singularly interesting history, not merely in respect of its structure but likewise in conection with its growth

and development. Bone is not all phosphate. This is its mineral side. giving is a strength and solidity which is more than equal and in building new ones, but in making some reciprocal to that of good solid oak. The other side of its composition we find to be represented by gelatine. This last is preference to the products of the Philippines over those of the animal basis of bone. When the cook bolls bones it is Java, Borneo, Sumatra and other Oriental countries. The for the sake of obtaining the gelatine, and we know that Philippine Islands have only been scratched, so to speak, the boiled bone has a whitened aspect different from that and out of the 68,000,000 acres of agricultural lands the of the natural structure, because its mineral constituents Philippine commission states that only about 5,000,000 alone are left. If we wished to reverse the process and to acres have been indifferently farmed, while from my own remove the mineral matter of our bone, leaving the gela- observations in the islands I should say that not more than tine, we should place it in a solution of some weak acid. one-third of the land occupied by farms are now being This last would ent away and dissolve the living material, cultivated.

TSI AN A REMARKABLE WOMAN. For Forty Years the Ruling Spirit of

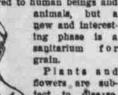
The reported death of the Empress

rected attention to the extraordinary career of a woman who for more than forty years has been the ruling spirit of the Chinese Empire, although for more than 4,000 years the native prejuby the fair sex had been but twice overcome. Had she been a descendant of Confucius, or the Ming dynasty. which preceded the present reigning family, or a high-born Manchu, her rise to autocratic power would have been more intelligible. As a matter of fact, she began life under grave disabilities, being of humble origin, though her parents are said to have been Manchus. Adopted by a Manchu family of considerable means, she was trained in the accomplishments which the Chinese prize in women, but her intellect owed nothing to the influence of an invigorative education. She got her opportunity when she became a member of the household of the Empe ror Hien Fung, who reigned from 1850 to 1861. She had no son by him, but, strange to say, she commended herself so strongly to the Empress Dowager. the mother of Tung Che, the next soveregin, that during his long minority the two women ruled conjointly, as Empresses of the East and of the West. On Tung Che's death, they raised to the throne his infant cousin, who still ostensibly reigns under the name of Kwang Su. Since the death wholesome than wheat which has not vision points of the railways of all of her feminine co-regent in 1881, Tsi been subjected to this process. Con-An has been the real mistress of China, except during a brief interval, and kept in perfect health for several when Kwang Su, having attained his years. majority, was permitted temporarily to rule, and showed an inclination to reorganize the Chinese system of education on Western principles. The innovation was quickly stopped by a palace revolution, and during the last few years Kwang Su has been merely a figurehead, the Empress Tsi An having

nese officials, but also by all the treaty powers, as regent.-Harper's Weekly. GRAIN AS A PATIENT.

been recognized not only by all Chi-

The Diseased Cereal Is Sent to a Hos-Most of us are familiar with hospitals and retreats where life and health



Plants and ject to disease,

alone has been estimated at some eighteen million dollars, it becomes im-

wet weather.

but would leave the gelatine untouched. Then we should meet the interesting spectacle of seeing the formerly hard. Boots and Shoes, dense bone becoming as elastic as possible, so flexible indeed that we might tie it in a knot. It is when poor little principles of conduct in war, the United children, badly fed for the most part, do not receive a Hardware,

sufficient supply of phosphates that they develop bone deformities that are piteous to behold. An argument, this, of powerful kind, that all mothers should be instructed in Flour and Feed, etc. the principles of physiology, in so far, at least, as the the principles announced by the found | proper feeding of their children is concerned. If we could lift all the living matter out of a layer of

bone it would present us with the appearance of an anifrom seizure of private property on the mated spider's web. A bone lives in all its parts, and is neither the dead nor the dry thing which popular notions credit it to ba. But bones grow old as does every bodily possession of ours. They lose their elasticity, as it were, in old age. The gelatine diminishes, and with this change

THE COUNTRY VERSUS THE CITY BOY.

By John H. Finley, of Rew York. The chances of the city born boy are greater than those of the country born. If you knew about the life of the country boy, how he has to sleep in an unheated room in winter with the temperature degrees below zero and in the sum mer time work in the fields in the sun from ten to fourteen bours a day, you would probably see that the city boy has an immense advantage.

They tell you that the hard work of the cour try boy makes him a splendid man physically. Of the coun try boys I knew full one-half are under the sod they plowed or are old men in the village streets at the age of 40. I believe that the best man is developed through association and struggle, and not in the country solitude.

The farmer's boy is caught in the endless circle where he raises corn in an endless chain of anxiety, but the city boy of New York has the history of the world, as a lesson, and the voices of the greatest men within the reach of his ears rather than the cricket and the country night sounds. There are dirty streets and dark rooms in the city, but they are illuminated by ambition, and even these dirty streets are as dear in after years as the country is to the successful farmer's boys.-American Boy.

JAPAN'S RELATION TO THE PHILIPPINES.

By Baron Kancko, of Japan. Japan is a small country with a large population, and if we can manufacture for sale there and in China the things necessary for Oriental life we will become an exceedingly prosperous nation, for our land has reached the limit of agricultural production. The question with us is, Can the Philippine Islands produce a sufficient quantity of those raw materials to warrant us not only in increasing the capacity of our mills arrangements with the United States which would give a

BIT STOTAL ENVISION

old girl to his knee and in his most for her if we gave it her name. Edith winning tones asked her name. She Thompson was my wife's dearest put her finger in her mouth and said friend on earth and she insisted on be nothing.

the fond father. The little one, without removing the were thankful it wasn't, but we called finger, said something that sounded it Barker by way of a compromise." like a quotation in Sanskrit. "What?" elaculated the visitor.

the father.

put all that on the child?" first one, you know, and there was no to tell the truth." end of fuss naming it. Of course, my and I naturally didn't want to slight moments' thoughtful slience. my own mother. And Aunt Jael Simpson took a great notion to the kid and ly.-Chicago Dally News.

valescent wheat has been stored away

When the wheat ill unto death arrives, a nurse places it in a bath of pure water, where it is brushed and scoured in machines made for the purpose until the grains are highly polished and in good shape for the mill. It is then placed upon a bed made of screening and subjected to a samming process, first of hot and then of cold water, until it is perfectly dry.

Again the grain is subjected to another cleaning process, after which it is ready to be returned to the owner, with the guarantee that it is thoroughly cured. Strange to say, when it is weighed it seems to have lost nothing, and being all grain and no chaff may be restored to human beings and it weighs three or four pounds heavier animals, but a to the bushel.

Russia's Ratiway Schools. The railway schools of Russia are among the most interesting of all maed at Port Arthur, Ontario, the farm- inent ministers of affairs to this coun- giving of all fruit are grapes ers may send their grain to be treated try to examine the workings of the and carefully nursed. After passing ranway branches of the Young Men's out of the care of the experts the Christian Association for the immedi-seems to be pretty smooth.

The visitor called the little 4-year- | we thought she might do something ing its god-mother-the baby's, I mean. "Tell the gentleman, darling," said Uncle Barker was dead set on its being a boy and called Hezekiah. We

"I hope they were all pleased." "Well, no, they were not," said the "She says its Mary Jane Edith Bar- fond parent. "Aunt Jael was miffed ker Maud Jael Jackson," interpreted because her name was strung on last and all the rest of them didn't like it "Great Peter," exclaimed the visit- because their names were mixed up "What on earth possessed you to with the others. Uncle Barker thought 'Hezzle' would have been a neat and "Well," said the father, "it wasn't appropriate diminutive. There was a altogether my fault, but it was the good deal of unpleasantness about it,

"What's the other little toddler wife's mother wanted it named for her called?" asked the guest, after a few "Sarah," replied the father, prompt-

grain is said to be cleaner and more ate introduction of the service at di-Russia.-Harper's Weekly.

> A Persian Poet's Wit. The following amusing story is told regarding the Shah's relations with his poet laureate. On one occasion the Shah read to him one of his own poems and asked for his opinion: "Even if I deserve your majesty's

> anger," said the candid poet, "I must say that it is anything but poetry." The Shah, feeling insulted, cried out to those who waited on him: "Take this ass to the stable." After a little while, becoming calm-

> er, he tried the poet once more, this time with a fresh set of verses. When he had finished reading the poet started to go away. "Where are you going?" asked the Shah

"To the stable, your majesty," was the reply of the poet. This time the Shak enjoyed the joku and the poet was forgiven.

Hygienists all agree in telling us tions. When the great Siberian Rall- that we do not eat nearly enough fruit, flowers are sub- way is completed it will form a prac- which is infinitely more productive of tical westward continuation of the bealth and beauty than sweetmeats and as the loss of American trunk lines, connected by in- and pastry. Ripe apples are especially crops throughout ternational ferries in the form of gl- healthy, and children may eat them WHEAT NURSE. the United States gantic steamship lines. It was the without danger. Some doctors say construction of the wonderful Siberian that an apple at bedtime produces rallway which largely liberalized all sleep. Pears are more tasty than apperative that an effort should be made Russia and turned its attention to the ples, but not so healthy unless cooked to save the diseased grain. Very education of children. At the latest Prunes have medicinal qualities which often farmers lose the whole crop be report Russia was teaching 6,000 chil- cannot be denied. They are better cause of being compelled to harvest in dren of railway men all branches of cooked, however. Apricots are also modern railway construction and oper- more healthy cooked than raw. Peach-To the new hospital, which is locat- ation. Russia recently sent two em- es are very good, but the most health

The way of some traffagrees

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All sailing dates Ex. Sunda 8:50 p.m. Saturday 18:50 p. ms 5:00 p. m. Landings. alem, Indepen-dance, Corvallis and way landings Yambill Blver. regon City, Dayton and way landings

A. L. CRAIG, General Passenger Agent, Portland, Ge T. J. KINNAIRD, Agent, Hood River.