

A TROUBLESOME LADY.

CHAPTER VI.

When the train in which Doctor John was returning to Denver suddenly stopped at a place where there was only the small brown house of a switchman, the doctor looked out of the window with relief. He thought it very hard that on his first trip across the plains in so many years there should be only stupid people in the car, not a congenial soul to talk with and to compare the present times with the old. Doctor John had crossed the plains in an ox-wagon, and he would so have liked to discuss that voyage with some pioneer or newcomer eager to hear about it. He supposed there was an accident; there had been two stops already about that hot box. A little crowd passed the window carrying something—he could not see what, for those standing around. He craned his neck, his professional instincts aroused.

A worried-looking woman in the door of the brown house seemed to be denying the sufferer entrance with animated gestures and angry shake of her frowzy head. Three white-haired little children hung to her skirts, and she pointed to them in proof of her assertions. Doctor John half rose as the conductor came in the car.

"Is there a doctor here?" the man said, eagerly. "There's a woman very sick; just taken from the day-coach. That hag out there wouldn't hardly give her shelter."

"What seems to be the matter?" asked Doctor John, briskly.

The conductor hesitated: "Well, sir, she's a young woman, but I think she's married."

The ladies in the car took up their books in disgust. An elderly, portly man in front of Doctor John buried himself behind his newspaper: Doctor John knew him to be a physician.

"I'm a doctor," said Doctor John, gathering up his belongings. "I shall be glad to see what I can do."

"You may be detained over a train," hesitated the official; "and she's evidently poor,—hasn't any baggage."

"I am, fortunately, able to attend to the suffering without having my pay dangled before my eyes to spur me on," growled Doctor John, passing the lady readers with looks of disgust, "Not one of 'em offered even a shawl: and the sick creature I suppose is destitute."

He pushed through the crowd gathered about the house, and dispersed them with very vigorous English. A pleasant-faced young man handed him a roll of bills.

"I collected that in our Pullman. We're not all so heartless as you say."

"So that's you, Jimmy Watson," smiled the doctor. "I ask your pardon; before this I thought you were just a ducio. I shall tell your mother there is hope for you."

"Thanks," laughed the younger man. "There's twenty-five dollars. I suppose, though, your fees will gobble it all up."

"To the last cent, Jimmy: that's why I got off the car. He shut the door smartly in the face of the crowd, and, finding the switchman's wife in the small hall, said, "I suppose you call yourself a Christian woman, ma'am."

"There hain't no meeting-house in this forsaken country not for forty mile, jest plains," she said, sourly, "and, having a family of my own, I aint obliged, if my man do work on the railroad, to take into my house strangers with complaints as may be catching."

"Well, this is, I take it," grinned the doctor, "to your sex."

She smiled a little grimly, and took up her youngest child in a motherly sort of way that pleased the keen observer.

"You've got a kind heart; your tongue runs away with you, that's all. And now do your best with the sick woman. I have plenty of money to pay you."

"I—I put her in my bed," said the woman, shyly. "She's a pretty little thing, and is clean out of her head, but she hain't no wedding ring."

"Well, she is punished now, poor girl, for her share in the wrong-doing, without you and me saying anything."

"All aboard!" sounded outside. As the train rattled away, Doctor John went softly to the little room where the emigrant woman lay unconscious of this world, so nearly on the threshold of the next.

In the chill gray early dawn Doctor John came into the kitchen, where Jonas Macon, the switchman, sat over the fire: he had been forced to sleep in his chair the long night after a day's work. The hospitality of the poor often means personal deprivation.

"Is she goin' to live?" asked the man.

"I hope so. The baby is a fine boy."

"Both on 'em better dead, if what wife thinks of her is true," sighed the man. "As for the boy, if he must grow up and work as I've done, never gittin' no further, he won't thank you for a savin' of him."

"He may turn out a great man some day; and then" said Dr. John, half to himself,—she is not a common or uneducated woman, the mother,—he may be the better for the story of his birth, strive to rise the higher for it."

"Likely not he won't. Them 'sylum children don't amount to much in general. Takes a mighty smart man to come out of the mud."

"Your wife has done nobly by her," said the doctor. "She has the best heart."

"She is kind," muttered the man, "an' she have stood about everythin' a woman can stan'. I'll get my own breakfast. You tell her to turn in an' sleep with the kids awhile."

The doctor went back to his patient, and Mrs. Macon brought the little flannel bundle out by the stove. Later the children were wild about it. Did the train leave the baby? were they going to have it always? and could they see in the windows of the trains, as they passed, lots of baby faces looking out for mothers to take them?

At night Mrs. Macon woke the doctor who was taking a nap on the children's bed.

"I think, sir," she said, worriedly, "the little lady is gone out of her head. She's feeling round in the bedclothes for a dog, and calling one pitiful-like."

"I have been a blind fool!" cried the doctor. "I felt all the time I'd ought to know her." He ran to the sick-room, and, luckily, had some quieting medicine in his case. The sufferer, however, resisted long, as she slept sighed, and one tiny hand felt around nervously, while the other, clinched hard in the sheet, resisted all pressure to open it.

The next morning the white-haired children were very quiet; they played a long way from the house, and towards evening Doctor John kept them by him in the kitchen, telling stories. To this day the youngest one looks in vain for a baby to come by train that shall be his own property, an illusion created by the doctor's stories.

"She's asleep," said Mrs. Macon, coming out, "and here's a little purse I found in her pocket. I couldn't get it before, for, loony as she's been all day, she watched me if I went near her things."

A shabby little purse, containing only a five-dollar bill and a card—Craig Oliver's, with his office address.

"I didn't need this to tell me," said the doctor. "She is a married woman all right, Mrs. Macon: her name is Minny de Restaud, and her people are well-to-do. How she came here I haven't the faintest idea; she disappeared last fall, and her aunt has searched all over the country for her."

In the morning when the doctor went to see his patient he found her conscious, looking with ineffable disdain on the red-faced bundle beside her.

"You're the kind doctor who stayed off the train on account of me," she said, faintly. "You were ever so good, but I'd much rather have just died. She" (with a weak glance at Mrs. Macon) "told me about you."

"Most women would be pleased with that nice little baby."

"Would they?" indifferently. "It has black eyes, and is so ugly. Besides, it has no sense. My dog knew everything."

"Tut! tut!" scolded the doctor: "that is not pretty talk."

"You act like my old-maid aunt."

"Weren't your dog's eyes black too, Mrs. Minny?"

"How did you find my name?" she cried piteously. "And you can't call me that for some one I love dearly has that name for me?"

"You said it while out of your head," said Doctor John, calmly. "Now go to sleep."

"But I've got lots of things I must attend to about him," looking at the baby curiously. "You see, having him makes me different. I feel I must do things for him I don't want to tell."

"To-night will do."

"I might die."

"You are not in the slightest danger, nor is the boy; and, though you have had your own way a long time,—possibly too long,—you must mind now."

She obediently closed her eyes, and in the late afternoon when Doctor John returned greeted him with a radiant smile.

"I'm quite sure I am going to die," she said, happily, "and you don't know how glad I am. Now I want you to write out, legally all about the child and me, how I came here. His name is to be Francois—French for Francis, you know—de Restaud, after his grandfather, who is a general in France. His father's name is Henri de Restaud. My name which is funny is Minerva Patten de Restaud, and my old aunt Hannah Patten in Newcastle, Maine, has my marriage certificate and all my other papers. She took them away when she visited me up in the valley of the Troublesome. She was afraid my husband might take them from me and say we were not married if he wanted to go back to his people in Paris. I never wanted to see any of them; no member of the family was enough" (with the ghost of a smile): "but the baby has made me see things differently. The family are very rich, and there is only one heir, Henri's older brother's son. Henri said he was sickly, his mother's family being consumptive. That little boy may grow up a man, and he would hate me because I had not looked after his interests. Of course it will seem strange to people in France that I was here without anybody, and that is why I want you and the Macons to witness a legal paper telling all about it."

"I have half a mind to send to Denver for a lawyer," said Doctor John. "If the little boy's claims should ever be disputed, and they might, you know,—it would be best to have everything right. Besides, the French people are great for documentary evidence, certificates of births, and such things."

"I suppose you had better," she sighed, lying back on her pillow, "but I hate any more people to know, I've had such a long peaceful time, I am sorry to have to go back to quarrelling."

"Mrs. Minny, before you go to sleep I will tell you something, but you must not ask a question, for you have talked enough. I know all about you. I was Craig Oliver's guest last fall, and I have seen and talked to your aunt Hannah: so you need not think me a stranger, but an old friend, eager to serve you."

She caught his hand with her frail little one and turned her face away without speaking. He sat by her until she slept, and he felt, as Oliver had done, that she was a woman child, not a woman, and doubly dear by that clinging helplessness.

A week had Mrs. Minny been sick at the switchman's house when Doctor John telegraphed to Oliver to send a lawyer to the station. He also added, "If Hannah Patten is in Denver, send her along." He had telegraphed to Newcastle and found she was not there.

When by special order the train stopped at the lonely brown house, Doctor John was on the watch. He went daily to the track for papers, having established communication with different conductors. He had received no answer to his message sent the day before, and he surmised that Oliver, with his usual attention to business, had sent a lawyer directly the message was received. The station was only a night and part of a day's ride from Denver. To his surprise and dismay, Oliver himself stepped down from the train, turned, and assisted a tall lady to descend, a lady much burdened with parcels and carrying a large basket.

There was no chance to speak until the train was gone; then Miss Patten said, calmly,—

"Where is she?"

The doctor pointed to the house. "I must tell her first," he said, in a whisper: "she is still very weak, and the surprise might upset her. Where did you come from?"

"Boston. I've traced her, but went on to Denver instead, and was in Mr. Oliver's office when the telegram came. Him being a lawyer, I persuaded him to come too."

While she spoke, the basket in her hand tilted up and down, and a mysterious white came out of it. Mrs. Minny, wide awake, was being entertained by the white-headed trio; they were discussing whether they would rather have a baby or a dog to play with; they decided in favor of the latter, for they had never had a canine friend, while there was a new baby every year or so. In fact, the oldest girl had a care-worn look on account of her duties as nurse. In the door of the house appeared a white-headed child who called out shrilly,—

"Lady wants to know what's squeaking out here."

"Says she's going to get up and see, if Doctor A-corns don't come and tell her," shrieked a second white-head.

Miss Patten opened the basket, and a fluffy mass of disapproval bounced out, spun around, and made a vicious dash at Miss Patten's ankles, while she stood a statue of patient endurance.

"I'm used to it. He hates the basket," she said, shaking him off. "I can't blame him, for I've fetched him clear from Boston."

"Says she just knows it's her dog," yelled the third white-head; and the doctor, with various insane ejaculations, coaxed the dog to the house. Luckily, Mrs. Macon removed the infant; for, with a wild bark, Skye leaped on the bed, kissed his mistress' wan face, her hands, uttering joyful little barks, and then, remembering early days, curled himself in a little round head at her feet, looking at her with affectionate eyes.

"Put the baby down and see if he'll growl!" commanded Mrs. Minny.

"You heartless thing!" scolded Doctor John.

Mrs. Macon gingerly laid the baby on the bed. Skye sat up all interest and amazement, then with depressed demeanor slunk to his feet and scuttled over the side of the bed out of the room. How Mrs. Minny laughed! Miss Patten heard her.

"It's many long days since I could laugh," she said, grimly.

"She is only a child," said Oliver. He wished he had not come: he should have sent his clerk.

"Is Aunt Hannah out there?" asked Minny, softly.

"Yes. She brought the dog."

"Is she very, very angry with me?" piteously. "I did not want to be caught and made to go home. I want to tell her though, if she worried, how sorry I am."

"She can come if you will be quiet and let her do the talking," cautioned Dr. John.

"I'll be good," she answered eagerly.

"You know I do everything you tell me to. What will she think of him?"—with a look of pride at the red-faced bundle. "After that she can never call me frivolous again. Why, she's quite a young thing in experience beside me. Wasn't she good to bring my dog?"

Aunt Hannah meant to be severe and cold, perhaps to speak her mind a little; she had not forgiven the long anxious months; but the sight of the girl lying there white and frail, the baby in her arms, softened the stern old face, and with a sob she knelt down and gathered both to her breast.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Man's Senses Are Keener Than Woman's

Thoughtful and observant persons do not need a demonstration that the senses are less keen in woman than in man.

Their own experience has revealed that natural law; but, since we are not all thoughtful or observant, the experiments of Prof. Nichols and Brown are welcome.

These American physiologists have begun to experiment with the sense of smell.

They took four substances most strongly odoriferous—essence of clove, of garlic, of lemon and prussic acid.

Each of these they diluted with pure water in a growing proportion, filling a set of bottles at every degree of the scale, until the last set represented one part of the test substance to 2,000,000 parts of water.

Then they shuffled the bottles, so to speak, and called in forty-four men and thirty-eight women, chosen from the various ranks of life, all young and healthy.

These representatives of either sex were instructed to rearrange the bottles, guided by the sense of smell, putting each set of tinctures by itself, garlic with garlic, lemon with lemon, etc.

To put results shortly, the women were not in it. None of them could trace prussic acid beyond the dilution of 20,000 parts to 1, while most of the men traced it up to 100,000 parts.

Three of the latter actually passed the extreme limit, identifying prussic acid at a single part in 2,000,000.

Beyond 100,000 parts, all the women failed to recognize the essence of lemon; all the men detected it at 250,000.

This proportion represents their average superiority all around.

The Oldest Kind of a Climate.

He was from Michigan, and he was proud of it. In fact, he was too proud of it. So proud that it proved to be all his talk. If anybody spoke of fine wheat, good fruit, heavy timber, pretty women, extremes of temperature, wet weather, dry weather, or anything else, it was just that way in Michigan, only a little more so.

One day he talked his favorite theme till all his listeners were wearied and disgusted. Finally Uncle Ben Wilson, who had been listening patiently for the last half hour to a discussion on the merits of Michigan pork, looked up and asked slowly:

"Gits purty cold up there in the Winter time, don't it?"

"You bet it does," said the Michigan-bler. "Why, I've seen it so cold that—"

"Yes, I've heern so," broke in Uncle Ben. "They say 'at when a man goes out to call hogs there, in the Winter time, his vice freezes up agin in the trees.'"

This was evidently news to the fellow, for he opened his eyes and stared, while Uncle Ben went on:

"Yes, an' when the Spring thaw sets in, every tree in the neighborhood goes to callin' hogs to beat the world."

The crowd roared, while some of the younger boys yelled, "Let the fellow from Michigan treat."

But the "fellow from Michigan" had bolted.—[Arkansas Traveler.

This great truth struck his receptive mind

With a dull and sickening thud, That a man may look up and see bright stars,

Or turn his gaze down and see mud.

TRACE OF THE DOMINION.

The Showing of the Annual Statement.

An Important and Interesting Document That Should be Perused and Digested by All.

The Trade and Navigation Returns have just been issued and handed to the press. The Returns show that the value of the imports last year amounted to \$129,074,268, and of exports to \$118,564,352. The value of our aggregate trade reached a total of \$247,638,620. This is \$6,269,177 in excess of the aggregate trade of the previous year. The values of the respective divisions of our foreign trade were in 1892 and 1893 as follows:

	1892.	1893.
Exports of Canadian produce.....	\$99,338,913	\$105,798,257
Exports of foreign produce.....	14,624,462	12,763,035
Imports.....	\$113,963,375	\$118,564,352
Aggregate trade.....	\$247,638,620	\$247,638,620

There was, therefore, in 1893, as compared with the previous year, an increase in exports of home produce of \$6,459,344; in imports of \$1,668,200, and a decrease in exports of foreign produce of \$1,858,367.

The imports for home consumption in 1893 amounted to \$121,705,030, as against \$116,978,943 in the preceding year, an increase of \$4,726,087. The total imports have been exceeded but once since confederation, viz., in 1883; while those for home consumption have been exceeded three times, in 1883, 1874 and 1873.

The duty collected from customs last year amounted to \$21,161,711, an increase of \$611,199 over the preceding year. There was an advance in the values per head of the estimated population, of both imports and exports, as well as of the aggregate trade. The value per head of imports last year was \$26.01; of exports \$23.89. The duties collected averaged \$4.26 per head.

COUNTRIES TRADED WITH.

The increase in the imports of \$1,668,200 is made up by increased trade with 26 countries, counteracted by a diminution in trade with 22 countries. The largest falling off is with Germany, consequent upon the excessive importation of sugar from that country in 1892, \$2,128,128 worth of that article being imported, as against only \$226,432 in 1893; otherwise the general trade with Germany is maintained.

The other decreases of any magnitude were in imports from Japan, Newfoundland and the British East Indies, from which latter country sugar again was the cause of the decline. The large increases were in imports from Great Britain and the United States, the increase in free goods from the latter country having been upwards of \$6,000,000. The total value of imports from the United States was \$65,061,968, an increase of \$1,092,931; from Great Britain \$43,310,377, increase \$1,665,438; France \$2,847,998, increase \$397,893; British West Indies \$1,166,008, increase \$124,621; Dutch East Indies \$414,474, increase \$196,770. Of the increases in the trade over \$100,000 are to be noticed in the Spanish possessions, Holland, Venezuela and British Africa.

The increase in the exports of Canadian produce, amounting to \$6,459,344, occurred principally in shipments to Great Britain, United States, Newfoundland, Belgium and Argentina, the increased exports to the United States and the Argentine Republic consisting very largely of forest products, those to Belgium of breadstuffs, while the unusually large quantities of supplies sent to Newfoundland in consequence of the disastrous fire at St. John's in 1892, contributed materially to the increase in exports to that island.

The increases in our export trade with Great Britain amounted to \$1,367,314 in products of the forest, and of \$2,983,969 in animals and their products, while there were decreases of \$438,534 and \$659,734 in products of the mine and fisheries respectively. The net total increase amounted to \$3,460,551. In consequence of reduced shipments of fish and agricultural products, principally potatoes, the exports to the Spanish West Indies declined over \$300,000, while a diminished demand from Holland for breadstuffs accounts for the reduction in the exports to that country by upwards of \$210,000.

COMPARATIVE STATEMENT.

The following table shows the condition of our trade in 1893 and 1892 with the principal countries with which Canada does business.

	1892.	1893.
Great Britain.....	\$107,391,070	\$108,551,618
United States.....	108,981,978	102,977,064
Germany.....	4,534,431	6,314,099
Spanish West Indies.....	3,676,627	4,288,223
Newfoundland.....	3,216,913	2,675,770
France.....	3,111,112	2,816,741
British West Indies.....	3,103,233	2,838,687
Spanish possessions.....	2,291,481	1,919,945
In Pacific ocean.....	1,531,861	1,917,087
China.....	1,279,103	1,385,013
Dutch East Indies.....	1,041,214	444,174
Holland.....	1,279,745	572,591
Hong Kong.....	682,276	852,296
British Guiana.....	625,705	620,284
Australasia.....	571,325	728,613
Brazil.....	548,479	592,912
Italy.....	501,431	487,115

On the basis of goods imported and entered for consumption and of goods exported, being the produce of Canada, the following is the summary statement of Canadian trade:

	Per Cent.
Great Britain.....	44.69
United States.....	42.05
France.....	1.26
Germany.....	1.93
Other European countries.....	1.49
British West Indies.....	1.31
Other West Indies.....	1.64
Newfoundland.....	1.34
Other British possessions.....	0.99
Other foreign countries.....	3.44

Comparing these percentages with previous years the trade with Britain is higher than for many years past, while that with the United States shows a falling off of about 2 1/2 per cent.

Comparing the total export of 1893 with previous years, it is noticeable that there was an increase of \$2,276,397 which was all in articles of Canadian production, the decline in foreign goods having amounted to \$4,179,935.

CARRYING TRADE.

The carrying trade of Canada is of much importance, but in the absence of any general system of obtaining particulars, it is not possible to do full justice to the figures.

At present the only direct information obtainable is that furnished at the port of Montreal of merchandise received from the United States and transhipped at that port, either to the States or to other countries. The value of this trade in 1893 amounted to \$9,313,904, a decrease of \$1,958,558. The articles exported consisted principally of animal and agricultural products. Seventy-seven per cent. of the total value consisted of exports from the United States via Canada, to Great Britain; the remainder going either to the United States or Newfoundland.

SHIPPING RETURNS.

During the past year 27,547 vessels entered and cleared at Canadian ports, as against 30,961 in 1892 and 31,321 in 1891. The total tonnage, however, was but slightly less than that of 1892, which was the highest in the history of the Dominion. Last year's tonnage was 10,608,611. The tonnage of the British vessels last year amounted to 3,780,915, and of Canadian, 2,189,925. Undoubtedly there is a growing tendency towards the construction of larger vessels. The total tonnage of vessels arrived at and departed from Canadian ports on inland waters amounted to 7,930,923, the number of vessels being 35,634, an increase of 1,300 vessels.

The total coasting trade of Canada last year amounted to a tonnage of 24,579,123. Of this large total Ontario is credited with 9,829,834 tons, the largest in her history, Quebec and Nova Scotia, half a million each, the figures respectively being, 4,433,796 and 4,390,852. New Brunswick totalled 1,083,134, British Columbia 3,630,833, and P. E. Island 1,198,638.

The number and tonnage of sea-going vessels entered and cleared at the principal ports of the Dominion are as follows:

	Tons.
Montreal.....	1,880,539
Halifax.....	1,338,896
Victoria.....	1,217,352
St. John, N.B.....	1,126,238
Quebec.....	98,399
Nanaimo.....	788,052
Vancouver.....	579,101
Yarmouth.....	571,351
Sydney.....	225,211
St. Andrews, N.B.....	214,832
N. Sydney.....	147,717
Chatham, N.B.....	137,401
Windsor, N.S.....	116,364
Charlottetown.....	85,533

There was an increase of 85 in the number of vessels built last year, but a decrease in the tonnage of 5,800 tons. The average selling price has declined from \$37 per ton in 1893 to about \$11.50 per ton in 1893. The actual number of vessels built in Canada was 313, and of Canadian vessels sold, 42.

A ROUGH TIME.

The French Liner La Bourgoine Arrives at New York Covered with Ice.

A New York special says:—The steamship La Bourgoine arrived to-day from Havre. The latter part of the voyage was finished in zero weather and the effect was apparent as the big liner steamed up the bay to her pier. She looked exactly as might the mythical ice ship. The purser said, regarding a big wave which struck the vessel Friday night last, and came near carrying overboard the first officer, M. Bicot, and a seaman named Norman: "It was intensely cold at the time. Moderate weather had prevailed up to Friday last, when a strong gale set in from the north-west, which increased in violence after dark. A heavy head sea was soon raised, and the vessel pitched badly. About a half hour before midnight the first officer was standing on the bridge and the seaman was on duty at his side. Suddenly a huge wave was seen bearing down on her starboard bow, raising high above the vessel's rail. It broke with the roar of a man-of-war's broadside and dashed over the forward portion of the ship. The men had not sufficient time to seek shelter, and the officer threw his arms around the telegraph indicator. The mountain of water rushed over the bridge with such force that it broke the stanchion supporting the instrument to which the officer was clinging, carrying them across the bridge against the port house with great violence. The seaman