## **· 新春春等等等等等等等等等等等。** the Fowler's

Gladdy's strange shrinking and ter

off, simply because he had ceased to

bestow the faintest attention to he

"I might be a cow or wax doll for

"Oh, well, you can't expect to have

dry-as-dust scientific fellows in your

train, my dear," said Gervis mildly,

"You must be content with ordinary

men, such as your humble servant, for

slaves. I don't suppose Andsell, poor

old chap, knows a pretty face from

"I'm not so sure about that," skep-

tically said the bride. "Why, I should

not be surprised if he has a wife of

"Not he," carelessly said Gervis

"He's a woman-hater, I should im-

agine. His bride is science, to which

he seems to have given himself up

body and soul. You should see his

diggings, Gladdy! Never saw such a

collection of weird and extraordinary

inventions in my life. He took me

there last evening, and you don't see

me going again to such a creepy place.

Why, he has got his coffin, all spick

of which the crazy old chap hangs his

hat. There, my dear, I ought not to

"Look here, I am going to take you

to the ice carnival tonight, and tomor-

row we start for old England. And-

did I tell you, Gladdy? Andsell has

suddenly made up his mind to go with

us. There's something-some elixir-

to be got only in London from some old

wizard of an east end chemist, and

Andsell must have it to complete

some marvelous scientific invention

he means to patent. So I've asked him

down to Temple-Dene to spend Christ-

mas. We owe him some little atten-

tion for all he did for us that awful

That evening, however, Gervis Tem-

pleton went to the ice carnival alone.

Gladdy, when quite ready to start out

with him, was seized with an unac-

"You've taken cold," said Gervis

practically, "that's what it is. Now,

you just stay quietly at home and cos-

set yourself up, or we shall have to

Gladdy, thankful enough of the rest

and quiet, lay back in a low chair in

the private sitting room the Temple-

tons had secured. Her eyes were hid-

den under their soft, white lids; but

Gladdy was not asleep. Strange visions

and stranger thoughts were whirling

through her brain; and her small

hands lay limply in her lap, their wax-

en whiteness intensified by the violet

It was not of her own simple past,

nor yet of the wonderful happiness

that had come to her so lately that

Giaddy was dreaming. Instead, dark,

fantastic shapes and visions came and

went, succeeded by grim forebodings.

the night of the fire in the snow shed.

had drooped strangely. It was as if

the springs of life within her were

broken. The shock might or might

not have done the mischief; but it

was there nevertheless. As she lay

back with closed eyes and whitened

cheeks there was a distinct change on

So thought somebody who had come,

stepping softly over the thick, rich car-

pet, close to the little figure reclining

in the low chair-so softly that Glad-

dy did not open her blue eyes. Indeed

the white lids closed down tightly over

them, perhaps because a hand with

long, thin fingers was waving slowly to

In a few seconds Gladdy was in

deep, motionless sleep, and standing

looking down upon her out of his dark,

unfathomable eyes, was Paul Andsell,

who, on hearing from the black waiter

that Mr. Templeton had gone out to

the ice carnival, stepped upstairs to

Bending close down until his lips

neared her pink ear, Paul, in a mon-

otonous voice, recited a sort of state

ment. He spoke in carefully measured

tones, as if anxious that not the

merest syllable should be slurred over

The room was still and quiet, and

Gladdy slept on tranquilly, while Paul

looked round him for something he

Reaching over, he drew towards him

a Japanese screen, and fixed it partly

between the sleeping girl and a little

table, on which were writing materi-

als. Then he spread out a blank sheet

of white paper, and then lifted first a

pen, then a pencil from the writing

"No," he muttered, "I've something

pay his respects to Mrs. Templeton.

the round young face.

and fro in front of them.

Never a strong girl, Gladdy, since

countable chill and trembling.

remain behind tomorrow."

satin of her evening gown.

Gladdy had gone quite white.

have told you that!"

night of the fire."

his own here in Montreal!"

chance rested upon her.

plain one."

PPER V. (Continued.) Gervis spoke, with a gertain ros of the scientist had entirely wor of stiffness, He had undoubtought his young wife and won ber wealth; but, apart from dainty person. His eyes never by any act, he was determined to make loyal and devoted husband. Alburt him that money and the all the notice your fine philosopher d name of wife should be roughly gives to me!" the girl-bride said. sketed together.

nd did you know my wife, then, Has Fairweather?" Gervis asked, a silence, while the two stood and eyed the limitless expanse of waste around them, with its onadaries of forest-covered, bear-inested bills.

or I never saw her until last night the car. She is very young, and as to be a high-strung nature. Is hat so?" Paul waited for an an-

think she is." Gervis slightly esitated. In truth, though he would have confessed it, Gladdy's nature was as yet an unknown country to

Very imaginative, and given to alnate fits of depression and galety?" Paul went on. Then he hastily added: Lask your pardon. You see, it is part of my trade to analyze human charac-I am always doing it—sometimes | and span and ready for occupation, in unconsciously. I dare say you think one corner, and in the hall, instead of me an ill-conditioned Goth, and I hard- a hatstand, he has actually got a skeleby venture to request an introduction ton, braced up with iron, on the arms to Mrs. Templeton."

Paul Ansdell turned his face toward Gervis, and there was a new expression in it. The old sneer had died out, or had been smoothed carefully away. His dark, deep eyes looked straight into the Englishman's face, and there was a certain wistfulness in them,

There made up my mind already out you we all have," quickly said neat Gervis, holding out his hand in all simplicity to the other. "We own our lives to you, and each one of us would esteem it an honor to call you

There was a hearty British ring in the words that spoke for their genu-

You are very good," quietly observthe scientist. But the sneer had and into his eyes once more, and he curned the conversation abruptly to the situation in which the trainful of human beings found themselves.

"If you had not been in such a hurry to get back to England I could have own you some pretty sport yonder." ta pointed to the rocky fastnesses in he distance. The falling snow had ed, and overhead was a brilliant ine. A stiff wind had got up, howlng and swirling the snow into deep

Bears, I suppose?" said Gervis. Just what I should have liked ifwell, under other circumstances. I dare you could tell one some yarns bout the grizziles yonder?"

Paul Andsell nodded briefly, and the wo men turned to retrace their steps

the little prairie station. The you live in Montreal, then? Is

your home?" have no home," was the brief re-I suppose I am what you

all a cosmopolitan—one who makes a at in every one of the world's great But here we are back at the frie station. The weather's clear E. so I suppose our people will start a their way."

in the station and round the cars here was a stir of excitement, and were getting aboard the train. re is my wife! She is standing he window of the car!" wie caught sight of a little figure

a pale green and gold brocade teaown, trimmed with yellow lace.
It was Gladdy, and her small pink white face, with its pointed chin,

now bent toward them as she gazownward at the two men. was waving a little white hand come to her husband; but when e caught sight of his companion her

blanched, and she shrank back the window, at which Paul Ansfrowned at once. Two minutes however, he was bowing before as Gervis introduced him.

Ve had a folly good tramp, Glader. Ansdell and I, over the hard It has made me as hungry as and, if it had not been for nall ladyship, I shouldn't have back. I'd have gone after the o in the mountain, yonder; but n you that next year I shall come to pot a bear or two, and leave at Temple Dene." Gervis laid a y hand on the slight little shoul

looked up timidly, and, to prise, Mr. Andsell had taken ockethook crammed with snap which he proceeded to show ain to Gervis, taking no fur-

stranger wished to restore bride's confidence, he could evised a better mode of do-

better still!" And from his waistcoat of the day Gladd pocket he drew a stylographic pen, which he gently placed between the thumb and finger of the little limp hand of the girl. 'awake, Gladdy!"

The girl stirred uneasily. Write down word for word what u heard me say a few mintues ago." This time Paul's voice had in it a note of command, almost of menace; and instantly Gladdy set up straight, with the pen held firmly in her fingers.

not see the shoot of blank paper, then he gently guided her hand around the edge of the acreen and placed it upon "Write!" he said, harshly, and Gind-

dy obeyed. But from her position she could not see what she was writing.

Presently, as Paul's dark eyes intently watched the motionless pen in the slim, small fingers, it moved. Gladdy was writing something carefully, and in a slow, painstaking manner, much as a child under the eye of a master would do.

And while she wrote Paul watched her breathlessly. On, on the pen traveled over the sheet.

Glady's handwriting was small and upright and unlovely, the handwriting of the up-to-date girl of today. Paul's breath grew labored as he watched the pen moving. He could have dashed off the sentence in half the time: but then between Gladdy and himself there was at least a quarter of a century in age. At last the end of the page was reached, and the stylographic pen dropped from the limp, white fingers.

"Sign it! Sign your full name!" The command came in breathless syllables, as though the speaker was greatly excited.

The pen was instantly lifted.

There was just room for the brief signature-Gladys Templeton. Then, with a low sigh of exhaustion, the girl slipped backward into her chair, and Paul Andsell, after carefully blotting the sheet of paper, folded it and placed it in his pocketbook.

witnesses, and the thing's done! But that's an easy matter in Montreal."

As silently as he came Paul Andsell departed. Down the wide staircase he sped, and out into the clear, white stillness of the starry night, his dark eyes blazing with a strange, triumphant light.

"Is it you, Paul? You have come home?"

A sweet, vibrating voice called out gently as his latchkey opened the door of the little suite of rooms or flat which he called home in the gay city of Montreal.

"Yes, I have come, Diana; and I have good news-rare, good news for

A large, golden haired woman, with a milk-white skin, came out of one of the rooms opening into the hall, where the skeleton loomed quaint and hideous. She was Paul Andsell's wife. Gladdy had been right in her sur-

mise; but Mrs. Andsell was not happy wife, to judge by her dejected, limp appearance.

Years ago when Paul first saw Diana standing in front of the little New England homestead that nestled under the great maple trees, he had thought her the prettiest girl this world held. The poor, shabby, little house was dignified by the morning glories that climbed all over it, purple and pink and white, making a dainty background for the girl's fairness. It was a picture that stirred the man's imagination rather than his heart.

Already vast possibilities were looming for the scientific explorer. Here, in this vision of womanly fairness, he saw a valuable assistant for his enter-

But Paul Andsell had made great strides since the days when his masterful will took Diana from her simple home, and from her first love, to make her his wife and his tool. No longer for him did the humble provincial exhibitions of his mesmeric skill and his power over the minds of others suffice. Higher flights were today his aim, and more than one abtruse work on hypnotism bore his name on its title page.

(To be continued.) LACK REPOSE.

Fault an English Professor Finds with

Professor Eustace H. Miles, formerly lecturer at Cambridge university. England, and the head authority on athletics in that institution, contributes to the Saturday Evening Post a leading article on the "Fallacies About Training." In the course of it he writes: "A serious evil in the modera training system is the constant tensdion of the nerves and muscles. Cambridge I used to watch my athletic pupils and none of them seemed to have acquired the power of repose. They were always on the stretch. When the time came near for instance. for the university boat race or the foots ball match, the tension reached an extreme and the men seemed quite unable to be at their ease. It is strange that while the trainers perpetually teach them how to exercise, they never teach them to rest. The whole of nature seems to work on the principle of alterations; first work, then rest. We see it in day and night; in breathing out and breathing in. I need not give other instances, many of which can be found in one of Emerson's essays. What I wish to insist on here is that while we teach men to exert themselves and to strive and to tie themselves up into knots, we seldom or never teach them to relax themselves. to be at rest and to undo their nerves and muscles. It is Americans especially who need to relax, to smooth themselves out, and, for example, to let their arms and hands hang limp and heavy. If the business man were to with the exception of Bryan has probgive up only three minutes each day to ably delivered more speeches for silver "Gladdy," he whispered distinctly- standing with his knees bent, and with his arms hanging down quite loose and limp and with a contented smile on his face, and with his mind empty as possible, the difference in his state of feeling during the day would be almost

The Eiffel tower, Paris, 1,000 feet

QUEER CHINESE WAYS.

Justice as obtained in the Chinese

courts is a farce. A case occurred

while the writer was in China in which

a Chinese judge, sitting with an Eng-

lish magistrate, declared that he was

obliged to give judgment against the

evidence or he should lose his appointment! The criminal law of China provides that an offender can only be punished if he confesses his guilt, and if he is tardy in conforming to this condition he is compelled to confession by a series of tortures of the most painful and awful character. Superstition is rife from end to end of the land and leads to cruelty and brutality of the worst description. The system of "squeeze" and extortion which exists throughout the east is found in so aggravated a form in China that it stifles enterprise and prevents expansion of trade and leaves the masses of the people barely with the necessaries of life. while their superiors in position become wealthy by corrupt accumulation. This system of "squeeze," of course, applies to the question of railway construction. One of the most intelligent Chinamen the writer met in Shanghai offered him a concession for a railway from Pekin to Chingkiang, the foremost condition being that the sum of £120,000 in cash should be paid to a leading government official at the cutting of the first sod. As a further illustration it may be pointed out that out of the 13 railway concessions already supposed to be granted (extend-"I must get the names of a couple of | ing about 3,600 miles) not one has as yet been commenced. Capital punishment prevails to an extent few people have any idea of in this country. An important Russian official the writer met on his way from Pekin stated that one of his countrymen had been murdered in Manchuria by a Chinaman. They wished to punish him in such a way and at such a place as would convey the strongest warning to others, but they found that it would be useless to execute him in his native town, as no less than 2,000 persons had ended their lives in this way in the previous 12 months!-Emerson Bainbridge, M P., in the Contemporary Review.

THE APRON FAD.

A Pinafore Boom Raging in Dame Fashjon's Realm.

There is a rage just now among fashionable ladies for the wearing of aprons as an adjunct to a toilet. It is a fad, however, for ladies to make aprons instead of lace or linen embroidery. The origin of the fad is traced to Lady Cornwallis-West, who, as Lady Randolph Churchill, had one to nurse the sick and wounded soldiers on the hospital ship Maine. Her individual outfit of aprons for nursing use is said to have created the style, from the fact that they had a peculiar attractiveness for the heroes. Here, though we have no sick soldiers to charm to health, the apron has taken bold as an indispensable finish to a breakfast gown. Hostesses and guests come to the dining table with these dainty plastrons of silk, swiss, linen or lace, elaborately wrought. To have this fashion correct the apron must be home made. Historic wardrobes support designs for these. For instance, there is the simple Colonial Dame's apron of pink and white checkered gingham; another is the facsimile of the Marguerite apron worn by Calve in "Faust,," and another is a Marie Antoinette copy. Drawn work of embroidery is the most general ornamentation for the present

DAVIS' SUCCESSOR.

The vacancy in the United States senate created by the death of Cushman K. Davis of Minnesota, has been filled by the appointment of Charles A. Towne, the silver-tongued, silver-lined and silver-coated ex-congressman who was the Populist candidate for vicepresident and who withdrew after the nomination of Adlai E. Stevenson by

CHARLES A. Democrats. Mr. Towne is well equipped for senatorial service, having become familiar with Washington life during his service in the Fifty-fourth congress. Silver had no more ardent champion than the lawyer-editor from Minnesota and his devotion to the white metal cost him a re-election. He left the Republican party in 1896, and than any other man. He is a Michigan man by birth but has lived in Minnesota a dozen years. His service in the senate will not be long, as the legislature which meets this month will elect a Republican to succeed him. Towne's appointment is from the governor and is only temporary.

Edgar Bretun, the youngest son of the famous German naturalist, is dead at the age of 65. With him the famlly has become extinct.

Is a solid vestibuled train from Chiengo to St. Augustine every Wedne day and flaturday via the "Big Four" route. The entire train runs through solid from Chicago to St. Augustine Absolutely no change of cars for either passengers or baggage. First train Wednesday, Jan. 16, 1901, with through dining cars, through Pullman sleepers, through observation cars, and through baggage cars. Leaves Central station 12th street and Park Row, Chicago, 1 noon, arrive St. Augustine 8:30 next

For particulars call on your local agent, or address J. C. Tucker, General Northern Agent, Big Four Route, Chicago.

To Sow No More Wild Oats. A New Jerseyite with a wife who is a church member and holds orthodox views wanted to see the sights of New York. He took a trip and saw them. but when he finally reached home he found his wife had left. Now she has consented to return, but only after forcing him to issue a public document in which he announces to all whom it may concern that he will never smoke. drink or swear again and will be at home at 10 o'clock each night.

What Do the Children Drink? Don't give them tea or coffee. Have you tried the new food drink called GRAIN-O? It is delicious and nourishing, and takes the place of coffee. The more Grain-O you give the children the more health you distribute through their systems. Grain-O is made of pure grains, and when properly prepared tastes like the choice grades of coffee, but costs about 1/4 as much. All grocers sell it. 15e and 25c.

How It Looked. Stockton-Have a cigar! I had box of these sent me for Christmas. Dobson-H'm! Anonymous, I suppose -Puck.

Lane's Family Medicine. Moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Acts gently on the liver and kidneys. Cures sick headache. Price 25 and 50c.

A big fortune awaits the inventor of a sewing machine that will collect rents, repair family breaches and m.nd bad manners.

Brown paper under the carpet makes the carpet wear well.

At a meeting of the shareholders of the Highland Railway at Inverness, the other day, it was announced that the receipts for the year did not warrant the paying of a dividend. Lack of tourist travel, owing to the war and bad weather, was blamed for lack of profits. There was some talk to the effect that large corporations were going to buy up the line and run fast through trains to the south, either by Edinburgh or by Glasgow, but nothing definite was decided upon.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucus lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever nine cases out of ten are caused by catarra, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the muous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that canno be cured by Hall's Catarra Cure. Send for Sirculars, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Q. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hali's Family Pills are the best.

The New Year Harper's is notable on account of the quality as well as the quantity of its matter. Woodrow Wilson begins his notable historical work, "Colonies and Nations," illustrated by Howard Pyle. Gilbert Parker begins a new novel, "The Right of Way," and Booth Tarkington offers the first instalment of his historical novel, "Cherry." Poultney Bigelow's "My Japan," is a remarkable work, and W. W. Jacobs and Henry B. Fuller and August T. Brady contribute excellent short stories. The love letters of Victor Hugo are concluded, and Mr. Howell's Easy Chair department is delight-

"We had shortcake for tea," said a little girl to a playmate. "So did we," replied the other. "We had company and the cake was so short it didn't go round."

The beneficial results of Garfield Tea upon the system are apparent after a few days 'use: THE COMPLEXION IS CLEARED FOR THE BLOOD HAS BEEN PURIFIED.

Five justices of the supreme court of the United States chew tobacco, while all of them use the weed in some form.

## lam so Glad you are well. Dear Sister."



This picture tells its own story of sisterly affection. The older girl. just budding into womanhood, has suffered greatly with those irregularities and menstrual difficulties which sap the life of so many young women.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound can always be relied upon to restore health to women who thus suffer. It is a sovereign cure for the worst forms of female complaints,-that bearing-down feeling, weak back, falling and displacement of the womb, inflammation of the ovaries, and all troubles of the uterus or womb. It dissolves and expels tumors from the uterus in the early stage of development and checks any tendency to cancerous humors, subdues excitability, nervous prostration, and tones up the entire female system.

Could anything prove more clearly the efflelency of Mrs. Pinkham's Medicine than the following strong statement of Grace Stansbury?

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM :- I was a sufferer from female weakness for about a year and a half. I have tried doctors and patent medicines, but nothing helped me. I underwent the horrors of local treatment, but reseived no benefit. My ailment was pronounced ulceration of the womb suffered from intense pains in the womb and



ovaries, and the backache was dreadful. I had leucorrhoea in its worst form. Finally, I graw so weak I had to keep my bed. The pains were so hard as to almost cause spasms. When I could endure the pains no longer. I was given morphine My memory grew short and I gave up all hope e getting well. Thus I dragged along. To please my sister I wrote to Mrs. Pinkham for advice. Her answer came, but meantime I was taken worse and was under the doctor's care for a while. "After reading Mrs. Pinkham's letter .. I com cluded to try her medicine. After taking two

bottles I felt much better; but after using at bottles I was cured. All of my friends think my ours almost miraculous. I thank you very muc GRACE S. STANSBURY for your timely advice and wish you prosperity in your noble work, for surely it is a blessing to broken-down women. I have full and complete faith in the Lydia B. Pinkham Vegetable Compound."—Grace B. Stansbury, Herington, Kansas.