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By Louise Bedford.

CHAPTER XIII.

faintest sign of encouragement from her to declare himself, brought undoubted consolation for the effort it had cost her to renounce the old love; but Janetta drooped and pined for some tidings of the man who had taken her heart by storm and held it fast-Harry Merivale.

She saw his arrival in England recorded in the daily paper. Later on she noticed that his valuable services in the late campaign were to be rewarded by a high appointment in the crime in a linen draper's assistant, and war office.

"Janetta," said Clarice, one day in June, "are you going to wear black clothes for the rest of your days? It's more than a year since your brother short-flung word of command and the died."

"I'll go into colors again, if you like," answered Janetta, obedient to Clarice's faintest wish, "Come up with me to London tomorrow and you shall choose my dresses for me."

"I'm afraid you must go alone, Janetta, because-because Sir Robert has telegraphed to say that he will be here and I must be at home to receive him."

ice's eyes fell before the questioning deathly pale and cried aloud that he glance. "Is it that you have given him | might be allowed to dismount. leave to come, Clarice?"

"Well, yes." Clarice admitted, half reluctantly. "He loves me as I believe never woman was loved before-a million times more than I'm worth loving -and I'm going to marry him. And I've got it into my head that I wish you to mark the occasion by dropping your black frock. So go to London and come back in the prettiest dress you can buy."

"Oh, my dear, my dear!" cried Janetta, between laughter and tears, "how happy you have made me-how happy you will make the man who marries you! I'm so glad, so glad, that I feel as if I could sob my heart out for very joy."

That day Clarice wrote a short note of the regiment. to Harry Merivale asking him to come down on the following afternon and spend the night at Sea Grange.

"Surely it is time we met again," she wrote. She said nothing of her invitation to Janetta; but asked her to be sure and return to Northeliff by a certain train she named in the afternoon.

"And you are to come back in that new frock, Janetta. Sir Robert will

be here, remember." So it came to pass that, on that June afternoon. Janetta stood on the platform of London station, prepared to return to Northcliff. She was dressed in a pale gray costume, with soft frills about her throat, and a large gray bat with drooping feathers, and stood by the door of her carriage, unconscious of the many glances of admiration that were cast at her as the passengers hurried by.

She was thinking of her first journey to Northeliff, only sixteen months ago, and feeling that a lifetime seemed to have passed since then.

"Good evening, Miss Howard. Shall we travel together?" said a voice behind her. And, turning, she found herself face to face with the man of her dreams,

It was impossible to keep the tumultuous joy that his presence brought with it out of her greeting.

A fabulously large tip to the guard insured their privacy; and Harry could not repress a little triumphant laugh as the train steamed out of the station.

Then for the first time Janetta trusted herself to look steadily at him He was bronzed with exposure to sun and weather; he was thinner,too; perhaps not so strictly handsome as when he had gone away, but the face had gained much in nobility.

"You knew I should come, Janetta You were certain that, when it seemed right and fitting, I should come?" "I was not quite sure," Janetta fal-

tered.

"Then you ought to have been, my darling, my darling!" said Harry, drawing nearer. "I can't be mistaken. Janetta. Love like mine have its echo in your heart."

"Yes," said Janetta, simply. And the next instant Harry's arms closed round her.

"Oh, what will Clarice say?" cried Janetta, when the train drew up at Northcliff an hour or so later.

"She is here to speak for herself," said Harry, jumping on the platform, "and Drake is with her." (The End.)

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WHITE FEATHER

There is no need to mention the name of his regiment here. That is secret that belongs to the army alone. Suffice it to say that his comrades are proud of his name.

He should never have entered the army at all, much less a hard riding cavalry regiment, which had a reputa- her. tion to sustain by a yearly tribute of broken necks and collar benes.

His proper vocation was that of a linen draper's assistant, and he had filled that occupation very satisfactorfly till one evil day he had fallen in toward her. love with a girl, a silly, shallow girl. at woom no practical man or boy

would have taken a second look. He adored her, and she adored soldiers. In their walks abroad she would

秦秦承承承承张宗宗帝帝帝秦秦帝秦帝张宗宗帝李秦秦 direct his steps toward the Horse To Clarice, the consciousness of a guards or Wellington barracks, that new lover, who waited only for the she might gaze in admiration at the fine, strapping soldiers who were to be seen there, and every time she pinched his arm and exclaimed: "Oh, Jack, look at that lovely soldier!" his heart gave him a pang at the thought that he was only a draper's assistant, with nothing in common with the military but the handling of red cloth! He was a dreamer by nature, and falling in love did not lessen his weakness in this direction. Dreaming is pardonable in a poet, but an unpardonable as he stood at his counter his mind was far away from his work. Instead of listening to the "Forward!" of the shopwalker he could only hear the blare of the bugles that sounded through his dreams; wherefore it was

seconds a position it had taken six years of hard, unremitting labor to attain. Then he enlisted. He gained his title on his first display in the riding school, where, after a short ride on the neck of the riding Janetta looked up quickly, and Clar- master's pet buck jumper, he turned

not long before he came into conflict

with his practical chief. A few sharp

words passed. He threw up in three

The horse at once gratified his desire by throwing him on to the tan, where he lay trembling in every limb, much to the diversion of a couple of rough riders who were standing by. They were quick to inform their respective squadrons, and his former occupation being known, he was promptly christened White Feather.

In those dark days it was the joy of the more hardy recruits to take him aside solemnly and request the service of three pence three farthings worth of white feathers. Any morsel of down or fluff that might float into the barracks was promptly captured and presented to him with due ceremonies by Trumpeter Pipes, the low comedian

The older men forebore to join in with these somewhat tiring repetitions of a stale joke. They remembered their own experiences in the riding school and recognized that White Feather was a quiet and inoffensive fellow, devoid of the impudence and bad manners peculiar to recruits and respectful and helpful to his seniors.

The sergeant instructor, too, after a time took a fancy to his timid recruit. and took extra trouble to teach him how to keep his heels out, his hands down and his head up.

"I've made smart cavalrymen out o' bigger duffers than you," he used to remark encouragingly as he flicked worshiper of a goddess of clay. White Feather's horse into a canter "and I'll make a rider o' you, or I'll break your neck!" White Feather's neck remained unbroken, so it is to be presumed that the aurgeaut instructor fulfilled his word.

Presently he began to lose the hangdog look of suppressed terror with which he had been accustomed to enter the riding school and to acquire the easy swagger of a cavalryman. His chest, contracted by long hours at the training. Fresh air and much exer cise helped White Feather's development, which had been sadly retarted by the heavy, gas-laden atmosphere in which he had lived. His nerves acquired tone, and he learned to take a tumble now and then as a matter of course and to fire his carbine without shutting his eyes and blanching at the explosion of the cartridge.

"Blow me, if he isn't going to shape Into a man at last!" quoth the ser geant instructor.

Then a great blow fell upon him, He received one morning a letter from the girl to tell him that she had given him up in favor of a shopwalker who had expectations of being set up in business by his father. She admitted that she had adored soldiers and that she had caused him to enter the army for her sake. But she had omitted to state that the soldiers she adored were soldiers who possessed the queen's com-

mission and who wore stars instead of

a worsted stripe.

If poor White Feather was a physical coward, he was a moral hero. There is no chance of a display of feeling in a barrack room, so, like the Spartan boy of old, he hugged his trouble to him, slipping the cheap little engagement ring with which he had sealed his troth into his pocket without a sign beyond the twitching of his white lips. Then he lit his pipe with the letter, not out of contempt, but because there is little privacy accorded in the correspondence that comes to the parrack room, and a private soldier is not provided with a desk wherein to keep his faded flowers and other sentimental

tokens of the past. The blow was a very heavy one, for White Feather was without the worldly knowledge that should have told him long since that he had fixed his affections upon a vulgar, selfish and brainless firt, and he still believed in

For her sake he had learned to overcome his physical cowardice. He had dreamed of a possible commission in dress an inscription in the Polish lanthe dim future and had rejoiced in the recently acquired promotion as a step

For her sake, too, he received the news cheerfully when the word passed through the barracks that the regiment was ordered to South Africa to

by nature a coward, but for the memory of her he swore an oath to himself to do his duty without sparing himself in the coming fight.

"Look 'ere, old chap, we ain't going to call you White Feather no more!" said Trumpeter Pipes as they lay to gether behind the shelter of a large bowlder, against the face of which the Boer bullets were pattering like a heavy rain.

In full sight of the whole army their squadron had crossed the Boer front amid a hall of bullets which had

brought twenty men to earth. White Feather's horse had been shot under him, and, at the risk of his life, he had carried the wounded trumpeter into the shelter of the bowlders. He was unburt, but trembled in every limb from fear and great exertion.

From between two bowlders ha peeped out and saw, amid the bodies of men and horses that littered the plain, a wounded man crawling on his hands and knees amid a spatter of bullets that were kicking puffs of dust from the dry earth all around him. It was his captain.

White Feather watched him for a moment; then he saw him stoop and lie down on his side despairingly. He could crawl no more.

"I will, for her sake!" he murmured between his clenched teeth, and, rising from the shelter of the rock, he faced the hail of death that pattered to the

earth around him. As he walked into the open a fair.t cheer reached his ears from the British troops half a mile behind him. The Royal artillery backed him with a shricking flight of shrapnel, which whistled for a moment overhead, then burst over the Boer lines a quarter of a mile away in a shower of bullets that for a moment queiled the storm around

He reached the wounded man, lifted him on his back and returned step by step to where Trumpeter Pipes lay hid-

The trumpeter gave him a faint Bravo!" as he staggered and fell with his burden into the kindly shelter of

That was White Feather's reward. On a distant hill the British commander shut his field glasses with a

"Tell the general to keep down the fire on the right there and get those men in from behind those bowlders," he said to his aid, "and bring me that man's name. If he is alive, tell him that I saw it all, and that I'm going to recommend him for the cross. Never saw a finer show of finer discipline in my life!" added the commander to himself as his aid galloped off.

White Feather's eyes glistened as he received the messages and heard the cheer that swept along the lines as he | must come forth. was carried in.

"Perhaps I shall get that comm's tion after all," he said to himself; "then she will think more of me."

. . . Perhaps it was just as well that he died five minutes later-this faithful

STORMS ON HAIKAL

Tempertuous Times on One of Siberia's

tirest Inland Nova. The part of the Siberian railroad that will skirt the southern shores Lake Baikal has not yet-been built. It involves difficult engineering, and the railroad authorities decided, for a few years, to use ice-breaking steamers, tie harges to them, load them with pascounter developed under healthy sengers and freight cars and thus ferry on the mountain, no man on the sea, trains across the lake. But now they have come to the conclusion to build the line around the foot of the lake as soon as they can, for they are having no end of trouble with stormy and foggy Baikal. The lake is sixty-five miles wide and it is no joke for the passengers to be penned in their cars on the barges for twenty to forty hours at a time, as has happened now and then within the last year. On these ocasions a storm on the lake or a heavy fog has made it impossible to reach port on the farther side. Anyone knowing the conditions of travel on his lake might expect such accidents. There is no good port and one cannot be made without spending a fortune A while ago sailing vessels were the only means of transport, and they sometimes took over a fortnight in crossing the lake, beating up and down and waiting for a chance to get to the landing while storms were raging for days and days. Millions of Russians seem to have an erroncous idea of Baikal. It is the largest fresh water lake in Asia, but the Russians do not hesitate to call it the largest in the world. In fact, the lake is thus ranked in come of the geographies used in Russian schools. The compilers of these ext books would seem never to have heard of our great lakes and those of central Africa.- New York Sun.

Clinging to Potish Language.

The Poles who inhabit the province of Posen, a part of the former kingdom of Poland, wish to maintain the public use of their language, but the authorities do not approve of their desire. Hitherto those Poles ignorant of the German tongue addressed letters and parcels to their friends in their own language. This has now been strictly forbidden. The chief postmaster for the district of Posen has given orders to all postoffices and postal agencies in his district that no mail shall in future be accepted, forwarded or delivered which bears as its adguage. By way of explanation he adds that the postal service is not merely a public servant, but has also national and educational functions to perform. -Wolfgang Volts, in Chicago Record.

meet the Boers. He knew that he was | York amounts to more than \$13,600,600,

RESURRECTION OF THE RE-DEEMER SUNDAY'S SUBJECT

Now In Christ Riven from the Drac and Bocome the First Fruits of Thom That Slopt"-First Book Corinthians, Chapter Twenty-Five, Twentieth Verse

(Copyright, 1901, by Louis Klopsch, N. Y.) Washington, April 7 .-- The great Christian festival celebrated in all the churches is the theme of Dr. Talmage's discourse; I Corinthians xv. 20, "Now is Christ risen from the dead and becore the first fruits of them that slept."

On this glorious Easter morning, amid the music and the flowers, give you Christian salutation. This morning, Russian meeting Russian on the streets of St. Petersburg hails him with the salutation, "Christ is risen!" and is answered by his friend in salutation, "He is risen indeed!" In some parts of England and Ireland to this very day there is the superstition that on Easter morning the sun dances in the heavens. And well may we forgive such a superstition, which illustrates the fact that the natural world seems to sympathize with the spiritual.

Hail, Easter morning! Flowers! Flowers! All of them a-voice, all of them a-torgue, all of them full speech to-day. I bend over one of the lilies, and I hear it say, "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin, yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." I bend over a rose and it seems to whisper, "I am the defaced it. Take the most exquisite to weep, never more to part, never rose of Sharon." And then I stand statue that was ever made by an artist more to die. and listen. From all sides there comes the chorus of flowers, saying, "If God so clothed the grass of the field which | and there and then stand it out in the to-day is and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more

clothe you, O ye of little faith?" Flowers! Flowers! Braid them into the bride's hair. Flowers! Flowers! Strew them over the graves of the dead, sweet prophecy of the resurrection. Flowers! Flowers! Twist them into a garland for my Lord Jesus on Easter morning, and "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost ; as it was in the beginning, is now and ever chall be." The women came to the Saviour's tomb, and they dropped spices all around the tomb, and those spices were the seed that began to grow, and from them came all the flowers of this Easter morn. The two angels robed in white took hold of the stope at the Saviour's tomb, and they hurled it with such force down the hill that it crushed in the door of the world's sepulchre and the stark and the dead

The World's Great Conquerors. If I should come to you and ask you Caesar, Philip, Napoleon I. Ah, you have forgotten to mention the name of a greater conqueror than all these rode on a black horse across Waterloo and Chalons and Atlanta, the bloody hoofs crushing the hearts of nations. It is the conqueror Death. He carries a black flag and he takes no prisoners. pheres and fills it with the carcasses of nations. Fifty times would the body! world have been depopulated had not God kept making new generations. Fifty times the world would have swung lifeless through the air—no man . These bodies are wasting away. Somean abandoned ship plowing through immensity. Again and again has be done this work with all generations. He is a monarch as well as a conqueror; his palace a sepulcher; his fountains the falling tears of a world. Blessed be God! In the light of this Easter morning I see the prophecy that his scepter shall be broken, and his palace shall be demolished. The hour is coming when all who are in their graves shall come forth. Christ risen, we shall rise. Jesus, "the first

fruits of them that slept." Now, around this doctrine of the res urrection there are a great many mysteries. You come to me and say, If the bodies of the dead are to be raised. how is this and how is that? And you ask me a thousand questions I am incompetent to answer. But there are a great many things you believe that you are not able to explain. You would be a very foolish man to say. "I don't believe anything I can't understand." Why, putting down one kind of flower seed, comes there up this flower of this color? Why, putting down another flower seed, comes there up a flower of this color? One flower white, another flower gellow, another flower crimson. Why the difference when the seeds look to be very much alike-are very much alike? Explain these things. Explain that wart on me questions about the resurrection I cannot answer. I will ask you a thousand questions about everyday life you cannot answer.

Mignificance of a Great Found. You have noticed, I suppose, in reading the story of the resur ection that almost every account of the Bible gives the idea that the characteristic of that day will be a great sound. I do not the mausoleum where silence has to take any recreation or to rest

ies; we gave them to you in corruption; surrender them now in incor- will never grow ruption." Hundreds of spirits hover- resurrection day! ing about the fields of Gettysburg, for | saids this poor body of sin and there the bodies are buried. A hundred thousand spirits coming to Greenwood, for there the bodies are buried, waiting for the reunion of body and

All along the sea route from New York to Liverpool, at every few miles where a steamer went down, departed spirits coming back, hovering over the wave. There is where the City of Boston perished. Found at last. There is where the President perished. Steamer found at last. There is where the Central America went down. Spirits hovering, hundreds of spirits, hovering waiting for the remion of body and soul. Out on the prairie a spirit alights. There is where a traveler died in the snow. Crash goes Westminster abbey, and the poets and the orators come forth; wonderful mingling of good and bad. Crash go the pyramids of Egypt, and the monarchs come forth.

The Immerial Body.

"But," you say, "if this doctrine of the resurrection is true, as prefigured by this Easter morning, can you tell us something about the resurrected body?" I can, "here are mysteries about that, but I shall tell you three or four things in regard to the resurrected body that are beyond guessing and beyond mistake. In the first place, I remark in regard

to your resurrected body, it will be a

glorious body. The body we have now

is a mere skeleton of what it would and chip it here and chip it there with storms of a hundred years, and the beauty would be gone. Well, the human body has been chipped and battered and bruised and damaged with physical defects of other generations coming down from generation to generation, we inheriting the infelicities of past generations. But in the morning of the resurrection the body will be adorped and beautified according to the original model. And there is no such difference between a gymnast and an emaciated wretch in a lazaretto as there will be a difference between our bodies as they are now and our resurrected forms. There you will see the perfect eye after the waters of death have washed out the stains of tears and study. There you will see the perfect hand after the knots of toll have been untied from the knuckles. There you will see the form erect and elastic after the burdens have gone off the shoulder-the very life of God in the body. In this world the most impressive thing, the most expressive thing, for the names of the great conquerors is the human face, but that face is veilof the world you would say Alexander. ed with the griefs of a thousand years. But in the recurrection morn that veil will be taken away from the face, and the noonday sun is dull and dim and -a cruel, a ghastly conqueror. He stupid compared with the outflaming glories of the countenances of the saved. When those faces of the righteous, those resurrected faces, turn toward the gate, or look up toward the throne, it will be like the dawning of He digs a trench across the hemis- a new morning on the bosom of everlasting day. O giorious, resurrected

But I remark, also, in regard to that body which you are to get in the resurrection, it will be an important body. body has said that as soon as we begin to live we begin to die. Unless we keep putting the fuel into the furnace the furnace dies out. The blow vessels are canals taking the breadstuffs to all parts of the system. We must be reconstructed hour by hour, day by day. Sickness and death are at all times trying to get their pry under the tenement or to push us off the embankment of the grave. But, blessed he God, in the resurrection we will get a body immortal. No malaria in the air. no cough, no neuralgic twinge, no rheumatic pang, no fluttering of the heart, no shortness of breath, no ambulance, no dispensary, no hospital, no invalid's chair, no spectacles to improve the dim vision, but health, immortal health! O ye who have aches and pains indescribable this morning. ye who are never well, ye who are lacerated with physical distress, let me tell you of the resurrected body, free from all disease. Immortal! Immortal!

In Heaven. Plenty of occupation in heaven. suppose Broadway. New York, in the busiest season of the year at noonday is not so busy as heaven is all the time. Grand projects of mercy for other worlds. Victories to be celebrated. The downfall of despotism on earth to be announced. Great songs to be learned and sung. Great expeditions on the finger. Explain the difference why which God shall send forth his childthe oak leaf is different from the leaf ren. Plenty to do, but no fatigue, If you of the hickory. Tell me how the Lord, are seated under the trees of life, it Almighty can turn the charlot of his will not be to rest, but to talk over omnipotence on a rose leaf. You ask with some old comrade old times-the battles where you fought shoulder to

Sometimes in this world we feel w would like to have such a body that. There is so much work to be done for Christ, there are so many tears to be wiped away, there are so many burdens to life, there is so much to be achieved for Christ, we some times wish that from the first of Jans know that it will be very loud, but any to the last of December we could know it will be very penetrating. In | toil on without stopping to aleep or reigned a thousand years that voice even to take food-that we could toll must penetrate. In the coral cave of right on without stopping a moment the deep that voice must penetrate. In our work of commending Christ and Millions of spirits will come through beaven to all the people. But we all the gates of eternity, and they will get tired. It is a characteristic of the came to the tombs of the earth, and human body in this condition; we must The interest bill of the city of New . 4 80 will cay, "Give us back our bod- get fired. In it not a glorious though

it into the tomb if at the shall have a body that never That is a splendid resurthat we have all sung:

So Jesus slept. God's dying Son Passed through the grave and b ed the bed. Rest here, blest saint till from his

throne The morning breaks to pierce the shade.

The Riven Savion O blessed resurrection! Speak out. sweet flowers, beautiful flowers! White you tell of a risen Christ tell of the

righteous who shall rise. May God fill

you this morning with anticipation? I heard of a father and son who among others were shipwrecked at sea. The father and son climbed into the rigging. The father held on, but the son after awhile lost his hold on the rigging and was dashed down. The father supposed he had gone hopelessly under the wave. The next day the father was brought ashore from the rigging in an exhausted state and laid on a bed in a fisherman's hut, and after many hours had passed he came to consciousness and saw lying beside him on the same bed his boy. Oh, my friends, what a glorious thing it will be if we wake up at last to find our loved ones beside us, coming up from the same plot in the graveyard, coming up in the same morning light-the father and son alive forever, all the have been if sin had not marred and loved ones alive forever, never more

May the God of peace that brought a chisel and batter and bruise it here again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant make you perfect in every good work, to do his will, and let the associations of this morning transport the storms of thousands of years—the our thoughts to the grander assemblage before the throne. The one hundred and forty and four thousand and the "great multitude that no man can. number," some of our best friends among them, we after awhile to join the multitude. Glorious anticipations

> Blest are the saints beloved of God: Washed are their robes in Jesus' blood. Brighter than angels, lo, they shine, Their wonders splendid and sublime.

> My soul anticipates the day, Would stretch her wings and soar AWAY To aid the song, the palm to bear,

And bow, the chief of sinners, there, CURIOUS IDEAS OF CHINESE.

Bellef That Men Should Not Rob Age

imain of Milk. A curious system of philosophy regarding eating is evolved by some persons, but the queerest "anti-pronunciamento in some time is that published in the Loa Chow Herald regarding the use by man of animal's milk. The erudite Chinese who edit this journal of the twentieth century publish a proclamation which says: "Man should not rob animals of their own proper food; and, of all animals, the cow is the most valuable to man. The sellers of milk blacken their souls for gain; but those who drink milk do so in the foolish belief that it is good for them. Before taking any medicine, we should carefully investigate its properties, and who does so with milk? Milk is the natural food for baber and of young animals; but when adults drink it, do they not thereby endanger the life of the suckling calf, and arouse bitter resentment in the souls of the calf and its mother? Beasts have not the power of speech, and so cannot tell men that by drinking cow's milk they will become like quadrupeds. I men must have a strengthening draught, there are a thousand better things than milk, so why sleet that? Besides, the term of life is foreordained and it cannot be prolonged by drinking milk. Everyone who reads this warning is especially enjoined to abstain from milk in the future. Children whose parents will not allow them to drink milk will not be atunted in growth, but they will have their lives prolonged and be immune in epidemics. So it is proclaimed in the Hall of

Fun and Pather of Sing Sing. Of all griefs, probably those are the hardest to bear which, while real and serious to the people who suffer them are of a kind to excite unsympathetia smiles in everybody eise. So it is no wonder that the residents of Sing Sing are eager to change the pictureaque name of their village. They know perfectly well that to the outside world Sing Sing means a big prison, and they have wearled of the jests to which the identification of the title and the institution exposes them. So they want to say that they live in Ossining instead of in Sing Sing, and the desire is natural enough. But, unfortunately, fi is also funny and possibly it would be wiser to endure their present ill than to bring their sensitiveness to general attention by taking action for relief And how long would it be, moreo before the prison association fastens itself upon Ossining? What Sing Sing wants to do is to grow so big that I can win recognition for itself. Then is no other cure for its wees, but cultivation of a philosophical indiference will do much to mitigate the as it will for most other woon. York Times.

Good Counsel."

It is the opinion of experts that ening of China and Stherin will