The Wedding Eve;

Or, Married to a Fairy.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—(Continued).

I broke into my capital and paid off every farthing. I sold my yacht, my house, my furniture, and dismissed the servants with wages instead of notice. Not a soul would I see, and I felt deeply grateful to Madge for leaving me alone in my bitter disgrace and shame. All the world of artists and journalists were babbling over the "smash-up at Adrian Hervey's. His pretty little wife has ruined him, and bolted abroad with some other fellow." No doubt our wretched story formed the basis of some highly amusing and unveracious club-stories. But I heard none of these things, for I admitted no human being into my presence but my man of business and Wrenshaw, and neither of them ever mentioned my wife's name.

All through this time of tension, of sleepless nights, of heartache, and fasting, of days of vain looking and bitter regret, of drudgery over figures and accounts and cruel humiliation, the refrain of a song beat through my throbbing head:

"My heart, in need of rest,
No longer hopes nor gathers;
Without will, without power,
Farther to go or fly;
Take me home to thy breast,
Oh, valley of my fathers,
For one hour of repose
Before lonely I die."

When all was over, and with honor tarnished and name disgraced, crippled in fortune and stricken in heart, I found myself alone with Wrenshaw, I turned to the faithful old servant and told him my plans.

"I must leave London and all these people," I said, "and go somewhere where no one knows me, or I shall go mad. I can't paint—it may be that I shall never paint again. My day is over. But if you'll have the patience to put up with me, I know a lonely old house half-way up a hill that rises from the marshes which stretch to the sea. There, you and I, Wrenshaw, can live in quiet for a time at least, until the wounds are a little less raw. Will you come?"

"Anywhere with you, sir."

And so, on a bleak November day, Wrenshaw and I became inmates of the old French House at Lythinge, on the steep sloping moorland above the marshes and the sea.

CHAPTER XXIX.

All through that bitter winter Wrenshaw and I lived our hermit life under the vast red-tiled roof, colored gold with lichen, and hung about with ivy, of the old house above the marshes.

About our little garden enclosure, walled in by fragments of what was once a Roman stronghold, the Kentish sheep strayed, bleating in the driving snow, and huddled together for warmth against the massive fragments of the ancient stonework.

Down below us in the marsh villages, lights twinkled out at night, and high above, on the crest of the cliff, the windows of the square-towered church gleamed red on Sunday evenings. Our supplies of food were brought by hand, for there was no road across the strip of rugged moorland to where the ancient, half-timbered house stood in complete solitude, and far from any other dwelling-place. I had taken the house for a year at an exceedingly low rental, as the owner was only too glad to have it occupied at any time of the year but the summer.

All day long, whatever the weather might be, I took long walks by the sea. I could not paint. The light was bad through an exceptionally severe winter. But had the skies been azure, and the sunshine that of Italy, it would have been the same. I could not paint. I had lost all incentive to work. Money was of no value to me, and as for fame—the sooner my name was forgotten the better I should be pleased.

The "Rose and Crown" had changed hands, the Nokeses having failed to make it pay. Consequently I ran no risk of meeting any one who would recognize me and remember Lilith. I took the house in the name of "Mr. Wrenshaw," and, apart from this precaution, it is improbable that any one would have known me, for, during the days that elapsed after I first learned that Lilith had left me, my hair had grown as gray as that of a man of fifty.

In the evening, I would come in "dog-tired," and would sit in front of the wide, old-fashioned fireplace, watching the burning logs, and brooding over my lost Lilith, who had vanished from my life like the marsh fairy I had called her.

Wrenshaw enjoyed the solitude. He mistrusted his own sex, and hated nearly all women. Madge was his one weak spot, and I soon discovered that he occasionally wrote to her. About me, of course. She had had too much delicacy to write to me direct, but I knew that she would sympathize. Only I did not want to hear of her sympathy. I wanted to wear my sorrow alone.

Winter broke at last into a stormy spring, and a furious March came in, swathed in driving snow. One bitterly cold day I had spent searching with the shepherds for lost lambs among the snow, and had come home late, tired out and numb with cold, to eat a little food, and then sit and doze and dream before the fire.

Wrenshaw had gone to bed—he kept military hours—but late into the night I sat, tempted by the warmth and too drowsy after a long and fatiguing day in the biting cold to rouse myself and go to bed. In the comatose state into which I had fallen, I lived again through the scenes I had that day witnessed, and searched again with the shepherds by murky daylight under a leaden sky, and afterwards by lamplight, which cast a red stain over the gleaming snow, for the missing sheep, beneath the feathery downfall that pricked our faces.

But in my confused fancies it seemed to me that it was Lilith for whom we were seeking, and an agony of apprehension possessed me as I beheld the deep drifts by the wayside.

The night wore on and still the same ideas pursued me. Lilith was lost—Lilith was calling me. The hallucination grew so strong that I seemed actually to hear her plaintive voice above the snow and sleet on the window-panes:

"Dick! Dick!"

Once I even sprang up in my chair, and threw open the lattice-paned window. A rush of snowflakes was driven into the room, and the cold air seemed to clear my brain and convince me of my folly. Never before had I so strongly realized my utter loneliness. My very soul seemed to cry out for my wife in forgiveness and in pity for with the instinct of love I knew that she was in trouble, and that she needed my help.

In the morning so I decided, I would go back to town, and leave no stone unturned to find her. So long as she was happy with the man she had preferred to me, so long would she forget my very existence. But should sorrow or ill-health come upon her, I felt sure she would creep back to me to tell me her troubles, just as she used to do when I first met her here at Lythinge nearly four years ago.

But in the morning it was Lilith who came to me. I found her lying huddled within the porch over my door-step, like the lost lambs on the hillside, half dead with cold and exposure, wrapped in a woolen shawl, with icicles in her yellow hair.

My heart almost snapped in two with pity as I lifted her and carried her into the warm dining-room, and wound hot blankets about her frozen limbs, and kissed her poor blue lips, and chafed her stiffened fingers. Wrenshaw helped me loyally without a word, and I believe he was almost as glad as I when, after hours of care and watching and fighting with death, I felt her quiver in my arms, and saw her eyes open and fix themselves upon my face, vacantly at first, but presently with the saddest little half smile of recognition flickering in them.

"I knew you would be here at the French House," she whispered feebly. "And I knew you would be kind to me, whatever anybody said. And I wouldn't have bothered you, Dicky dear, but I've come home to die."

CHAPTER XXX.

"I can't die yet. I have so much to tell you."

Lilith said this as she lay that night propped up by pillows on the couch by the fire.

A doctor had been sent for from Cranling—for I could not bear that the wise old doctor from Sandhythe should see the tragedy he had sought to avert—and had pronounced the patient to be dying from the results of overstrain, shock, and exposure acting on a delicate constitution. Heart and nerves had broken down, the lungs were seriously affected, and the doctor held out no hope of recovery.

I wanted no second physician's opinion. Death was written in Lilith's face, in her hollow eyes and sunken mouth, in the yellowish, waxen tint of her skin, and the terrible emaciation of her form.

"I haven't had enough to eat just lately, and I have been so cold sometimes without a fire," she said. "I haven't had you to look after me, Dicky. But it hasn't been the cold or hunger, though they were hard enough to bear—it's been here," and she pressed her thin little hands against her heart—"that's where the aching has been, and that's what has killed me. Oh, I know I am dying—I knew it two days ago, and I was dreadfully frightened at first. And then I thought if I could only come to you, and beg your pardon, and get you to forgive me, I might get forgiven—somewhere else."

Her head fell back on my arm, and she stared for a moment wistfully into the fire.

"You must not talk of forgiveness," I whispered; "I have nothing but love for you in my heart—there is no room there for any other feeling. Lie still and rest, dear; don't try to tell me anything. You have come back to me—that is all I want to know."

She put up her hand to my face, and stroked it with a little caressing gesture I remembered well—remembered with a stab of infinite pain.

"It is very good of you, Dicky, to be so nice to me and to ask no questions. But I must tell you some things, so that you may understand."

Her voice was very thin and weak. Constantly I had to make her stop in her rapid, whispering talk to take some restorative, and to softly wipe her damp forehead and to lift from off it the clustering hair which looked, in its glossy abundance, pathetically full of life and vigor against her wasted cheeks.

"I know I have been very wicked," she began again after a pause, "and I have treated you dreadfully. But somehow things have been all wrong from the beginning. When you determined to make a lady of me, and sent me to Morland House, I was miserable. You see, the girls quizzed me and stared at me, and I wasn't used to their fine-lady ways. And I couldn't bear being shut in and kept a prisoner. And then I was very, very fond of you; you don't quite know how fond I was, I think. It would have been all right and I'd have been quite good, if you'd promised to marry me when I came out of school. But when I knew you were going to marry Lady Madge, I felt sort of desperate to think I'd have to put up with two years of that school, and then perhaps end in being a nursemaid or a governess, after all. And then—I met him!"

She paused and turned her eyes from me to the fire again. A faint blush crept slowly over her pale cheeks, and deepened as she went on speaking:

"He fell in love with me as soon as he saw me, he said. Not in your romantic, adoring way, but in the way girls like me like. He'd make me slip out and meet him and he'd snatch me up in his arms and kiss me so that he hurt me, and swear and go on, saying he'd kill himself or me if I didn't run away with him. And—and I was dull and miserable and you never came—and three months after I'd gone to Morland House I stole off and married him."

"You married him!"

"Yes, I have my lines—I have never parted from them. Often, after I was with you, I'd take them out on the sly, and look at them, and tell myself I belonged really to him, only he didn't want me any more. And then I'd cry my eyes out nearly, and you would find me and wonder what had upset me, and be very kind, and make me forget him. And he did love me just at first, and he hated you because I was so fond of you, and would tell me how well you were enjoying yourself among your grand relations, and making Lady Margaret laugh at me. He was so handsome and so masterful—and he said if I didn't go away with him, you would get married and get tired of keeping me, and I should have to become a servant after all. I was afraid of him at first, but then—then I got to love him, and one morning I ran away from school and was married to him in St. Peter's Church at Bristol. And at first I was very happy. Afterward, when you got rich, and he wanted to get rid of me and to get hold of your money through me, he swore it wasn't a real marriage, and that he had a wife already. I don't know if that's true. After he and I were married, he went and saw Mrs. Morland, and she was dreadfully angry at first, until they arranged between them that while he and I lived together about the country, you should be deceived, so that you might send the money for my education all the same. Mrs. Morland had half, and we had the other hundred. She was dreadfully in debt, and we had no money at all but what I made by dancing."

"By dancing?"

"Oh, yes! I worked awfully hard, and for three months we joined a little fit-up theatrical company of singers and dancers. And in Lymhurst, at a hall where I was dancing, Lady Margaret saw me and told me afterward how beautiful I danced. And she saw my husband, too."

"Your husband!"

"Yes, yes!" she answered fretfully, turning her head from side to side. "Lady Margaret's got such sharp eyes, and she caught a glimpse of him somehow. She knew me again in a minute when she came to see us in Kensington. I can't understand why she didn't let on to you—but I suppose she thought I wasn't really married before, and that what was done couldn't be undone. Oh, Dicky, why didn't you marry her and save all this dreadful worry?"

"Don't tell me any more!" I groaned. "You are breaking my heart, Lilith. How could I know? Why did you not tell me the truth? You loved me as a child, and I thought you must grow to love me again."

She shook her head.

"Not as you want me to," she said. "If you had been the first—but by the time I met you again that day in Regent Street, he had made me so fond of him and so afraid of him I had no feeling left for any one else. We were dreadfully poor then. I had been dancing at a hall just outside London, and I had come up to try and get a West End engagement. That night, after you'd left me at Mrs. Jackson's, I crept out to let him know what had happened——"

"You told me you drove to the studio—"

"His studio," she whispered; "one a friend had lent him. Then he told me I might go out with you if I brought him thirty pounds the next day——"

"What an infernal villain! Lilith, you must tell me his name."

She sat up on the couch and clung to me, coughing and crying.

"It is nobody you know or ever heard of!" she protested again and again. "He was an artist at Bristol, and saw me out walking with the school. He is wonderfully clever, but he doesn't like working. And he's very well-educated, and was always telling me how ignorant I was. And sometimes, when he'd been drinking a little too much, he would strike me and even knock me down. But I loved him always, even after I saw he got tired of me. And," she murmured with a little sob, "I love him now!"

She stared into the fire and was silent. I had passed beyond self-suffering in the intensity of my pity for her. Otherwise, it would have cut me to the heart that now, as she lay dying, all her thoughts, all her regrets, were for the cowardly and contemptible ruffian who had brutally ill-treated her and had sold her to another man.

"I couldn't bear marrying you," she went on, suddenly rousing herself. "You know I couldn't. I begged and prayed him to let me off, and ran away to London, as you know. And Mrs. Morland thought it was dreadful, even though he said our marriage was not a real one. Afterward, I was always teasing him to take me back, for, although you were so kind to me, I felt he was my husband, and not you. But he would hardly ever see me, and always wanted money, money, nothing but money. Then at last I heard that he had fallen in love with some one else, and was going to marry her. And I felt quite mad-like, and that I must go back to him, whatever happened.

"So I left you and went to him. But he would not see me. And the woman he was with took away my jewels and money, which I offered her to get to see him, and laughed at me, and told me that now I had left you and could send no more money, he hated me as much as he loved her. And then I got very, very ill. And they sent me back to London. And I tried to find you, but you were gone and the house was sold. And I went back to the old cheap lodgings he and I used to have, and persuaded the landlady to take me in. I think she meant to be kind, and she gave a little food now and then. And I lived in a room by myself until I felt sure I was dying. Then suddenly I thought of what you said one day—that if a man wanted to hide from the world, he would come to the French House at Lythinge. So I came here. But I dared not knock at the door lest you might be too angry. And I was weak and faint and so tired, and I grew sleepy with cold outside your door. Then at last you found me in the morning. But it was silly of me not to knock, for I might have known you would be kind."

She died in my arms at daybreak, falling asleep with a little sigh like a child tired out—this woman who had never loved me, and who had never even been my wife.

And I buried my heart and my youth and all my hopes in this world with her in the churchyard on the cliff over the marshes, just where she had told me she wanted to lie, years ago.

In her purse we found a sealed envelope in which was the certificate of marriage between "Lilith Saxon, aged sixteen, and Nicholas Wray, aged thirty-five."

"Every fatalist knows that saving a man's life is the best way to turn him into a dangerous enemy."

Wray's words, uttered on the day when I came between him and starvation or suicide, rang in my ears during the journey I undertook, intent upon taking the life I had saved.

Killing him was too good for him, but he had murdered Lilith, and I could not let him live.

In Venice I met the man face to face at last. In the vast dining-hall of a dilapidated palace, he and the black-haired woman were presiding at a boisterous supper-party. Handsome, loose-lipped women, silly youths, and older men with sinister faces, drank and sang and shouted—and in the midst of them Wray lifted his eyes and saw me in the doorway, waiting for him.

I was glad to take him thus, while he was enjoying life after his fashion, and I waited quietly while, with his old trick of posing, he drew his tall figure to its full height and drank to my health, "the health of an old friend I have been expecting for some time," before excusing himself to his guests and joining me at the door.

Not a word did we exchange until I had followed him into his room on the floor above, and locked the door that we might be secure from interruption.

Then I took a case of pistols from the pocket of my overcoat, and laid them on the table.

"I know everything," I said. "For your injuries against me I do not care. You are such a pitiful hound as to be beneath my personal vengeance. But for the infamous wickedness of your treatment of Lilith, whose death lies at your door, I will kill you if I can."

"You are right from your point of view," he said, fingering the pistols, "and as I don't mean to kill you, you will probably kill me. You have always had the devil's own luck! The odd part of it is, though I envy you, I can't dislike you. I am nearly forty—old before my time, and heartily sick of everything—you have taken care of yourself and been a good boy; yet you look as though the gilt was off life's gingerbread for you too. But we are both of us, saint and sinner, much too good to quarrel over a woman. Hervey, they're not worth it. Harpies or drudges, handsome tiger-cats, like that woman downstairs, or little soulless toys, like Lilith—"

"If you speak her name I will shoot you before you can defend youree!"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"As you please. Life has no more charm for me. As an artist, I have lost all inspiration, and now that funds are no longer coming in, the game isn't worth playing. But whether you shoot me or not, I must remind you that I warned you from the beginning what the end would be. When I took that girl you didn't want her, and she was miserable where she was. By the time I had got tired of her you were mad about her, and after all you married the woman you wanted, which is something surely. Once you had got her, I never encouraged her to come after me. The mistake was taking that type of girl seriously."

"I will not listen while you insult the dead," I said. "I will count up to six and then—fire."

"As you please!"

But on the third count Wray turned his pistol against himself, and so saved me the task of ridding the world of a villain.

All this happened nearly two years ago, and the "long, long grass to keep one warm in winter and cool in summer" is waving over Lilith's grave in Lythinge churchyard.

For fifteen months I watched the changing seasons over the marshes, hugging my sorrow and living upon memories. Then I fell unaccountably ill, and the wiseacres of Lythinge said it was marsh-fever and ague, the two local maladies—it was all one to me what they called it, for I had no wish to live.

But Wrenshaw, whose devotion was only equaled by his obstinacy, telegraphed to town one day, unknown to me, and that same night I was carried off, willy-nilly, across the patch of moorland to a carriage waiting in the cart-track, and so turned by back upon the French House and its memories forever.

At the coaching inn by the crossroads, where I had stayed on my first visit to Lythinge, Madge had left her mother and suite installed, the Diamond Queen, in the worst of tempers, audibly wondering what her daughter could see in "that lantern-jawed cousin of hers," and why he "couldn't be left to die if he wanted to"?

She wonders thus still, and indeed I wonder too. I wonder at Madge's tenderness, her tact, her infinite patience, and I wonder most of all at my own cold-heartedness, and at the absence from my heart of any trace of the passionate devotion such a woman deserves.

She urges me to paint, and takes her old interest in my work; but my hand seems to have lost its cunning.

Only to-day I owned as much to her.

"I am a failure, dear," I said, "a gray-haired failure! You were always impatient of failures. Years ago, you urged me to make a name that you might be known as a great artist's wife, and not as 'the rich Lady Margaret's husband.' A broken career, a broken life, is all I have left to offer you."

She slipped down on her knees beside me where I sat at my easel, and laid her hands upon my shoulders. Tears streamed from her eyes, but a lovely light was shining in them.

"Why, you will be marrying an old maid," she cried, "who waited until she was nearly thirty because she could not get the man she wanted, the man she had waited for and loved for fifteen years. Oh, Adrian, my love, haven't I been a failure, too?"

THE END.

DANIEL GUGGENHEIM.

A Business Man Says His Word Is Better Than His Bond.

Daniel Guggenheim, the head of the great American exploration and development organization, whose operations stretch from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from Alaska to Chili, and into the heart of the African Congo, is a man with a kindly smile and a gentle manner who deals with millions as most men venture with dollars. The story of the Guggenheim family has been told elsewhere, and it reads like one of the fancies of the Arabian Nights.

Daniel Guggenheim, for all his kindly, human demeanor, for all his courtesy and gentleness, is a strong man. Much of his power lies in his vivid imagination and in his broad sympathy for humanity. He is the type that will lead men, but never drive them. There is no trouble with labor in any Guggenheim property in any portion of the land. Daniel Guggenheim says:

"The business ethics are those of the community in which the business exists," he says. "The stream rises no higher than its source unless it is forced higher. American business is far better than it was a few years ago, and yet there is room for vast improvement. It is not now on the plane where individual greed is the some actuating factor."

This is what happened in the Guggenheim offices when rebates of freight charges became abhorrent and were declared illegal. The first blow was struck by the Interstate

Daniel Guggenheim.

Commission of that time. Rebates became anathema. Daniel Guggenheim ordered that every effort should be made to carry out the spirit of the thing. There must be no single rebate. Then he found that interstate rebating had stopped, but that within the State is continued; he found that he was taking rebates in Colorado of $1.50 a ton on ore shipments.

"See the railroads and insist on an equal rate," he said to his representative. Two weeks later his traffic department reported that the road refused to make an equal rate. The rate from mine to smelter must remain at $3 a ton. To change it would breed trouble.

"It costs less to haul a ton of ore than a ton of general merchandise," averred the roads. "We have to charge the merchandise $3, but there is profit in ore at $1.50. Besides the people expect to be charged $3."

"Fix an even rate or we'll adopt other measures," replied Daniel Guggenheim. I have the facts. If rebating is wrong between States it is wrong in States. Our smelters are not anchored in one spot for eternity. They are movable."

The rate changed without great delay.

"Perhaps such wrongful practices as brought the muck rake into our national life were phases of our commercial development," says Mr. Guggenheim. "I don't know. If they were phases they were assuredly bad ones and we want no more of them." And then was broached the matter of government or public regulation.

"Inevitable, and justly so," says he. "And why should anyone object if the work is properly done?"

A man of affairs—of very big affairs—said some time ago in reply to a question:—

"Dan Guggenheim? I'd sooner have his word than his bond. I might lose the bond, but I couldn't lose my knowledge of the man's high character."

Taking no Chances.

"Do you know his wife well?"

"Not at all."

"Would you like to be introduced to her?"

"I don't think it would be safe. I'm the friend he always blames for keeping him out late."

The Retort Unexpected—"You looked very foolish when you proposed to me," said the wife. "Well, Henrietta," replied the meek husband, "maybe I was."

On the Farm

Profit in Good Draft Horses.

It costs but very little more to raise good draft horses than the ordinary scrub and the drafter will sell for three or four times the sum.

A well-bred draft horse is almost as good as cash in the bank, because he sells on sight and brings a good price. A farmer who breeds good drafters, using first-class stallions, can in a few years make a reputation which will add from ten to 25 per cent. to the price of his animals over the prices of others equally good bred by men without reputation.

There is always good money to be made in raising horses of this class, although many farmers seem to think that it does not pay. Most of them are right about this as far as their own experiences go because they do not raise the right kind.

It is true that horses of a nondescript character, lacking proper form, weight or style for any particular purpose, never bring high prices and are, therefore, not profitable to raise. The average farmer has no business to attempt to raise fancy carriage or saddle horses because they require special knowledge of breeding and training and are profitable only to men who thoroughly understand the business of preparing them for market.

The draft horse, however, is the animal that does the hard work not only on the farm, but in the big cities and he is always in demand. The reason there have been so few good drafters raised in the last few years is because too many farmers took up trying to produce roadsters by breeding their mares to light stallions and as most of them were not willing to pay for the service of a first-class animal, the result is that the country is filled with second and third-rate horses of no particular use and which bring low prices.

It is gratifying to note, however, that farmers are coming to their senses and are now breeding more drafters than ever before. Using stallions on mares of the same type with proper weight, he can produce a type of animal that will turn out a profit at three years.

Draft mares will do practically as much work on the farm as horses and mares will prove the best breeders.

Give the Trees Room.

The question of how much space to leave between the trees is one that occasions much argument. This should be regarded largely by circumstances. If trees are to be kept well pruned back they may be as near as four yards apart, while those which are to be allowed more free growth in the tops should be at least twenty feet apart. The question of distance depends entirely upon the system of training and richness of the soil.

The common system of keeping the orchard in sod practiced by many apple growers, and except in very rare cases, among small growers, is practically unknown. Thorough cultivation is necessary to develop the peach crop as the tree during the time of bearing requires extremely large amounts of moisture and plant food.

Growers differ widely upon the system of cultivation, but all are agreed that plowing as early as possible in the spring, thorough cultivation during the first half of the summer season and the growth of a cover crop of some kind during the fall and winter are essential to the proper care of the peach orchard.

The disc or spading harrow is better than the plow in most cases, as the side extensions enable much closer work without injuring the trees. In the case of gravelly or hard, heavy soil the disc or spring-tooth harrow is necessary during summer cultivation, while the light smoothing harrow is required on soils that are in a fine state of tilth.

Making Split-Log Drag.

The halves of the drag should be framed together by wooden braces so that the split surfaces of the log shall be in front. The face of the drag should lie at an angle of 45 degrees with the lines of the road, thus drawing the earth toward the centre. The rear log should follow in the track of the first. Drags should be used after rains, or continued wet weather to smooth the earth's surface and prevent ruts from forming to hold water. The drag not only smooths the road, but crowns it and puddles the mud so that it is hard when dry.

These drags have been used with great success on clay or water-holding soils. Many stretches of black gumbo roads in the west are maintained by the use of this implement alone.

Every farmer should own one, and after a rain he should spend a few hours on the road adjacent to his farm. If there are many depressions to fill, the drag should be used when the road is wet.

After it has been used long enough to make the road fairly smooth, the drag gives the best results if used when the earth begins to dry.

8,000 AT WEDDING FEAST.

Festivities Extend Over Eight Days On Big Scale.

A wedding whose guests numbered over 8,000 persons and whose feasting continued for eight days was celebrated recently at Sadagora in Bukowana, one of those remote country districts of Austria-Hungary, where mammoth wedding festivities on a scale unknown in America or Western Europe are the rule.

The affair at Sadagora exceeded in magnificence and lavish hospitality any function on record in that district, however. It was a Hebrew wedding. Sadagora enjoys a certain fame in Eastern Europe as the seat of the renowned Babbinical dynasty known as the Miracle Rabbis. The bride was the daughter of the Grand Rabbi of this line, Aron Friedman, and the groom, Salamon Friedman, belongs to a branch of the same Rabbinical dynasty at Czortkow. The marriage was arranged by the chiefs of the two families, entirely without the knowledge of the young people. In fact they met for the first time only the evening before the wedding at a preliminary feast, when they danced together as a sign of their willingness to marry.

The chiefs had taken it for granter that there would be no hitch in their plans, and had invited the Rabbinical families of all the Orthodox Jews in Russia, Poland, Roumania, and Hungary. They came down on Sadagora in thousands. Many of imposing stature and patriarchial dignity. They wore black silk caftans, low shoes and white stockings, while their ladies were attired in a sort of crinoline and adorned with rich jewels. There were some dressed in the latest modes of Paris and Vienna.

The ceremony took place in the gardens of the Grand Rabbi's palace, guarded by mounted troops. Thousands were unable to hear or see what was going on, so dense was the throng, but all had a hand in the feasting which followed. During the eight days the commissary's books accounted for 200 pounds of fish, 500 head of poultry, 250 pounds of beef, 5,000 pounds of bread and many casks of wine. The Grand Rabbi was out of pocket to the extent of at least $40,000.

In addition to this he presented the bridal couple with a palace in Sadagora, completely furnished and equipped with a staff of servants. He will meet the entire cost of the household for a period of six years, when it is assumed that the young bridegroom will have attained a position where he can support his family himself.

Remorse is memory that has soured.

Redpath

Extra Granulated Sugar

is put up at the Refinery in

10 Pound, 20 Pound, 50 Pound and 100 Pound Cloth Bags, and in 2 Pound and 5 Pound Sealed Cartons

When you buy Redpath Extra Granulated Sugar in any of these original packages you are sure of getting the genuine Redpath, Canada's finest sugar, pure and clean as when it left the Refinery.

It's worth while to insist on the Original Packages.

CANADA SUGAR REFINING CO., LIMITED, - - MONTREAL. 80