The Canadian Champion

VOLUME 43. MILTON, THURSDAY, APRIL 21, 1904. No. 44.

CANADIAN CHAMPION
—IS PUBLISHED—
EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,
At the Office of Publication,
MAIN ST., - MILTON, ONT.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION—$1.50 a year, $1.00 if paid in advance

TO SUBSCRIBERS—No paper will be stopped until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the proprietor. A post-office notice to discontinue is not sufficient.

ADVERTISING RATES.

SPACE	1 YR	6 MO	3 MO.	1 MO.
1 Column	$50 00	$35 00	$20 00	$7 00
½ Column	35 00	20 00	12 00	5 50
¼ Column	20 00	12 00	7 00	2 50
⅛ Column	12 00	7 00	4 00	1 50

Business Cards of ten lines or less $5.00 per annum. The number of lines to be reckoned by the space occupied, measured by a scale of solid nonpareil.

Advertisements without special instructions inserted till forbid, and charged accordingly.

Any Special Notice, the object of which is to promote the pecuniary benefit of any individual, company, institution, or fund, will be considered an advertisement, and charged accordingly.

Notices of births, deaths and marriages 25 cents each.

Transient advertisements ten cents per line, except those of lost, strayed, stolen, and wants which will be inserted, at 50 cents for first insertion, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion.

WM. PANTON,
Editor and Proprietor.

LEGAL

D. Dewar,
Master of Marriage Licenses, Conveyancer, &c. Agent for Sun Fire Insurance and Sun Life Assurance Companies. Money to loan at lowest rates. Office—Dewar's Block, Milton.

C. E. Hallinrake, B.A.,
Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public, &c. Office: Town Hall, Milton.

Thomas G. Matheson,
County Crown Attorney, Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public, &c. Office—In the Court House, Milton.

William I. Dick,
Barrister, Solicitor and Conveyancer. Money to loan. Office—Dewar's Block, Main-st., Milton, Ont.

Victor Chisholm,
Barrister, Solicitor, &c., Notary Public. Money to loan at lowest rates. Office—Next door to Bank of Hamilton, Milton.

J. W. Elliott, B.A.,
Barrister, &c., Notary Public. Money to loan. Office—First door east of Messrs Winn & Co's shoe factory, Main-st., Milton.

E. W. Boyd,
Barrister, Solicitor, Notary, Conveyancer, &c. Removed from Milton to Spectator Building, James St. South, Hamilton. Money to loan.

MEDICAL.

R. K. Anderson, M.B.,
L. R. C. P., Edinburgh, Physician, Surgeon, &c. Office, formerly occupied by E. W. Boyd, next door to E. Marchand, Jeweler. Residence, Corner Court and Main Sts.

Drs. Stuart & Walters,
PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS.
F. Stuart, M.D., M.C.P. & S.
J. J. Walters, M.B. Tor. '99, Post Graduate Course, Vienna, 1902.
Office and residence, opposite town hall, Milton. Office hours—8 to 9 a.m., 1 to 2 and 7 to 8 p.m.

H. A. McCall, M.B.,
Physician, and Surgeon, Coroner. Office hours, 8 a.m., 12 to 2 p.m., and 6 to 8 p.m. Office, two doors east of Bank of Hamilton, Milton.

DENTAL.

B. Gallup, L.D.S., D.D.S.,
DENTIST. (Lately associated with Dr. Whaley, of Chicago.) Honor graduate Toronto University. Office: Dewar's Block, upstairs.

T. T. Harris, L.D.S.,
DENTIST, Oakville, will visit Milton on the last Wednesday of each month. Office: Bennett House.

E. & J. HARDY & CO.
Advertising Contractors
and
News Correspondents,
30 Fleet Street, London, E.C., England.
A file of this paper can be seen free of charge by visitors to London, to whom advice gratis will be given, if required.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE
PATENTS
TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS &c.
Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HANDBOOK on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents.
Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the
Scientific American.
A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, $3 a year; four months, $1. Sold by all newsdealers.
MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D.C.

JEWELRY
DIAMONDS
WATCHES
and a complete line of the GENUINE
"1847 Rogers Bros."
Knives, Forks, Spoons, etc.
Silver Plate that Wears
Eyes carefully examined and properly fitted to the best grade of glasses.
Fine Repairing.
E. MARCHAND,
Jeweler, Milton.

AN ILLUSTRATION
Shut one eye, hold a quarter close to the other and the sun will be obscured. Some people do this in a figurative sense when they become blind to facts, blind to reason and blind to advice.
The Light of our Bargains Shines for ALL
Accept our statements as facts, do no hesitate, do not think you will first look elsewhere, for then you will be
Shutting out the Light.
But come directly to our store for anything you may need in our line and you will be certain of the best and at once realize that you have saved both time and money.
DON'T BE BLIND to the facts that the better the grade the better the trade.
E. MARCHAND,
Jeweler, Milton.

Cross?
Poor man! He can't help it. He gets bilious. He needs a good liver pill—Ayer's Pills. They act directly on the liver, cure biliousness.
J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

Want your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Use
BUCKINGHAM'S DYE
FIFTY CTS. R. P. HALL & CO., NASHUA, N.H.

Church Directory.

METHODIST CHURCH
REV. J. W. COOLEY, Pastor.
Sunday Services: 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.
Sunday School: 2.30 p.m. Bible Class: 2.30 p.m.
Epworth League: Monday, at 8 p.m.
Prayer Meeting: Wednesday, at 8 p.m.
Pastor's Class: Friday, at 7.30 p.m.

KNOX CHURCH
REV. EDW. F. MCL. SMITH, B.A., Minister.
Sunday services: 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.
Sunday School: 2.30 p.m. Judge Gorham's Bible Class in Church at 2.45 p.m.
Prayer Meeting: Wednesday, at 7.30 p.m.
W.F.M.S. meets on the second Wednesday of every month at 3 p.m.
The Mission Band meets on the second Wednesday of every month at 4.30 p.m.

GRACE CHURCH
REV. A. J. BELT, M.A., Rector.
Sunday Services: 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.
Sunday school: 3 p.m.
Bible Class in Vestry, 9.45 a.m.
Holy Communion: 1st Sunday of each month at mid-day and 3rd and 5th Sundays, 8 a.m.
Friday evening service, 7.30 p.m.

ST. ANDREW'S R. C.
REV. FATHER O'REILLY, P.P.
Mass: Second Sunday of every month at 11 a.m.

Travellers' Guide.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

GOING EAST.			
7.05 a.m.	9.33 a.m.	11.11 a.m.	7.59 p.m
GOING WEST.			
9.01 a.m.	5.20 p.m.	7.24 p.m.	9.07 p.m

—SUNDAY—
West 9.07 a.m., 9.01 p.m. East 7.05 a.m., 7.59 p.m

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY
(H. & N. W. Division.)

GOING NORTH.		GOING SOUTH.	
8.36 a.m.	6.02 p.m.	10.15 a.m.	8.23 p.m.

PULVO HOT STOVE POLISH
AND METAL CLEANER COMBINED
The only Patented Polish in the World. No Dust, No Dirt, No Smoke, No Smell. Contains no benzine or other explosives. PULVO makes more polish and lasts longer than any other.
PRICE 10c. AT ALL GROCERS
SUGGETT & CO.

W. D. LINDSAY
STREETSVILLE
Pumps and Windmills
Repairing a Specialty.
Wood and Iron Pumps.
Brass and Iron Cylinders.
☞ Mail orders promptly attended to

COUNTY HALTON COLOCAL URTS CALENDAR FOR 1904.

Place of Sitting	Addresses of Clerks	CLERKS. January.	March.	May	July.	Sept.	Nov.	Jan. 1905	Hours Opening
Milton	Wm. Panton	Friday 8th.	11	13	8	Friday, 9th	11	13	10.30 a.m.
Oakville	Chas. B. Patterson	Tuesday, 5th.	8	10	5	Wed., 7th	8	10	2.30 p.m.
Georgetown	Chas. Grant	Wednesday, 6th.	9	11	6	Thurs., 8th	9	11	6.30 p.m.
Acton	R. J. McNeil		10	12	7	Fri., 9th	10	12	8.00 a.m.
Georgetown	Chas. Grant	Saturday, 9th.	11	14	8	Sat., 10th	11	14	2.30 p.m.
Burlington	Matthew Beattie.	Monday, 11th.	12	15	9	Tues., 6th	12	15	11 a.m.
	James Robinson.								

General Sessions of the Peace and County Court Sittings, with or without Jury.

County Court Sittings without Jury, 5th April and 4th October, and so often at other times as may be required.

County Court Sittings with Jury, 5th April and 4th October. Term—11th January, 4th April, 4th July and 4th October.

No Designation of Business.

Assize Business, 11th January, 5th April, 5th July and 4th October.

Assize Business, 2nd January, 5th April, 5th July and 4th October.

Criminal Justice Accounts, 2nd January, 5th April, 5th July and 4th October.

By Order,
T. G. MATHESON,
Clerk of the Peace.

THE STROLLERS

By FREDERIC S. ISHAM,
Author of "Under the Rose"

Copyright, 1902, by THE BOWEN-MERRILL COMPANY

Coincident with these disasters came news from the north regarding his supposedly immense interests in New York state. A constitutional convention had abolished all feudal tenures and freed the fields from baronial burdens. At a breath—like a house of cards—the northern heritage was swept away and about all that remained of the principality was the worthless ancient deed itself, representing one of the largest colonial grants.

But even the sale of the negroes and his other merchandise and property failed to satisfy his clamorous creditors or to pay his gambling debts. Those obligations at cards it was necessary to meet, so he moved out of his bachelor apartments, turned over his expensive furnishings and bric-a-brac to the gamblers and snapped his fingers at the overanxious constables and lawyers.

His new home was in the house of an aged quadroon who had been a servant in his family many years ago—how long no one seemed to remember—and who had been his nurse before she had received her freedom. She enjoyed the distinction of being feared in the neighborhood; her fetiches had a power no other witch's possessed, and many of the negroes would have done anything to have possessed these infallible charms, save crossing her threshold to get them. Mauville, when he found fortune slipping away from him and ruin staring him in the face, had been glad to transfer his abode to this unhallowed place; going into hiding, as it were, until the storm should blow by, when he expected to emerge, confident as ever.

But inaction soon chafed his restless nature and drove him forth in spite of

"Any one been to see me, mammy?"

himself from the streets in that quarter of the town where the roofs of various colored houses formed strange geometrical figures and the windows were bright with flaring headdresses, beneath which looked out curious visages of ebony. Returning one day from such a peregrination, he determined to end a routine of existence so humiliating to his pride.

Pausing before a doorway, the land baron looked this way and that and, seeing only the rotating eyes of a pickaninny fastened upon him, hurried through the entrance. Hanging upon the walls were red and green pods and bunches of dried herbs of unquestionable virtue belonging to the old crone's pharmacopœia. Mauville slowly ascended the dark stairs and reached his retreat, a small apartment, with furniture of canework and floor covered with sea grass, the ceiling low and the windows narrow, opening upon a miniature balcony that offered space for one and no more.

"Is dat yo', honey?" said an adoring voice on the landing.

"Yes, auntie," replied the land baron as an old crone emerged from an ill lighted recess and stood before him.

"Any one been to see me, mammy?"

"Only dat Mexican gemmen—dat gemmen been here befo' who take yo' message about de troops; when dey go from New Orleans; how many dey am."

"You know that, auntie?" he asked quickly. "You know that I"—

"Yes, honey," she answered, shaking her head. "Yo' be berry careful, Mar's'r Edward."

"What did he want?" said the land baron quickly.

"He gib me dis." And the crone handed her visitor a slip of paper on which a few words were written. "What dat mean?"

"It means I am going away, mammy," pushing back his chair.

"Gwine away," she repeated. "When's yo' gwine?"

"Tomorrow; perhaps tonight even; down the river, auntie," rising and surveying himself in a mirror.

"How long yo' gwine away foh?"

"Perhaps forever, auntie."

"Not foh good, Mar's'r Edward, not foh good?" He nodded, and she broke into loud wailings. "Yo's gwine and yo' old mammy 'll see yo' no moh—no moh! I knows why yo's gwine, Mar's'r-Edward. I'ze heard yo' talkin' about her in yo' sleep. But yo' stay, and yo' mammy has a love charm foh yo'. Den she's yo's foh sush."

"Pshaw, mammy! Do you think I would fly from a woman? Do I look as though I needed a charm?"

"No. She mus' worship yo!" cried the infatuated crone.

"We're losing time, mammy," he exclaimed. "Stop this nonsense, and go pack a few things for me. I have some letters to write."

The old woman reluctantly obeyed, and the land baron penned a somewhat lengthy epistle to his one time master in Paris, the Abbe Moneau, whose disapproval of the Anglo-Saxon encroachments—witness Louisiana—and zeal for the colonization of the Latin races are matters of history. Having completed his epistle, the land baron placed it in the old crone's hand to mail with, "If that man calls again tell him I'll meet him tonight," and, leaving the room, shot through the doorway, once more rapidly walking down the shabby thoroughfare. The aged negro woman stumbled out upon the balcony and gazed after the departing figure.

CHAPTER XXX.

ON a certain evening about a month later the tropical rains had flooded the thoroughfares until St. Charles street needed but a Rialto and a little imagination to convert it into a watery highway of another Venice, while, as for Canal street, its name was as applicable as though it were spanned by a Bridge of Sighs.

Straws, editor and rhymester, was seated on the semiorientalized, semi-French gallery of the little cafe called the Veranda sipping his absinth and smoking a cheroot. Before him was paper partly covered with well nigh illegible versification and a bottle of ink, while a goose quill, tool of the tuneful nine, was expectantly poised in midair.

"Confound it!" he said to himself. "I can't write in the attic any more since Celestina has gone, and apparently I can't write away from it. But I must stop thinking or I'll never complete this poem. Now to make my mind a blank, a fitting receptacle to receive inspiration."

The bard's figure swayed uncertainly on the stool. In the lively race through a sonnet it was often of late a matter of doubt with Straws whether Bacchus or Calliope would prevail at the finish, and tonight the jocund god had had a perceptible start.

"Nappy, eh?" said a voice at his elbow as a dripping figure approached, deposited his hat on one chair and himself in another. The newcomer had a long, Gothic face and a merry-wise expression.

The left hand of the poet waved mechanically, imposing silence. The quill dived suddenly to paper, trailed twice across it and then was cast aside as Straws looked up.

"Yes," he replied to the other's interrogation. "It's all on account of Celestina's leaving me. You ought to see my room." The poet sighed. "And you, Phazma; how are you feeling?"

"Sober as a judge."

"Then you shall judge of this last couplet," exclaimed Straws quickly. "It has cost me much effort. The editor wanted it. It seemed almost too sad a subject for my halting muse. There are some things which should be sacred even from us, Phazma. But what is to be done when the editor in chief commands? 'Ours not to reason why.' The poem is a monody on the tragedy at the theater."

"At the St. Charles?" said Phazma musingly. "As I passed it was closed. It seemed early for the performance to be over. Yet the theater was dark; all the lights had gone out."

"More than the lights went out," answered Straws gravely. "A life went out!"

"I don't exactly—oh, you refer to Miss Carew's farewell?"

"No: to Barnes'!"

"Barnes'!" exclaimed his surprised listener.

"Yes; he is dead; gone out like the snuff of a candle! Died in harness, before the footlights! He acted as if he were dazed while the play was in progress, and I could not but notice it, standing in the wings. The prompter spoke of it to me. Even Miss Carew rallied him gently between acts on his subdued manner.

"This is our last performance together,' he said absently. She gave him a reproachful look and he added quickly: 'Do I appear gloomy, my dear? I never felt happier.'

"At the end of the second act he seemed to arouse himself, when she, as Isabella, said, 'I'll fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest.' He gazed at her long and earnestly, his look caressing her wherever she moved. Beginning the prison scene with spirit, he had proceeded to

"Reason thus with life:
If I do lose thee I do lose a thing
That none but fools would keep"—

when suddenly he threw up his arms and fell upon the stage, his face toward the audience. With a cry I shall never forget Miss Carew rushed to him and took his head in her arms, gazing at him wildly and calling to him piteously. The curtain went down, but nothing could be done, and life quickly ebbed. Once only his lips moved—'Your mother—there!—where the play never ends!' and it was over."

"It is like a romance," said Phazma finally at the conclusion of this narration.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE sudden and tragic death of Constance's foster father, which occurred virtually as narrated by Straws, set a seal of profound sadness on the heart of the young girl. "Good sir, adieu!" she had said in the nunnery scene, and the eternal parting had shortly followed. Her affection for the old manager had been that of a loving daughter. The grief she should have experienced over the passing of the marquis was transferred to the memory of one who had been a father through love's kinship. In the faraway past, standing at the bier of her mother, the manager it was who had held her childish hand, consoling her and sharing her affliction, and in those distant but unforgotten days of trouble the young girl and the homeless old man became all in all to each other.

Years had rolled by. The child that prattled by his side became the stately girl, but the hand clasp at that grave had never been relinquished. She could not pretend to mourn the death of the marquis, her own father. Had he not ever been dead to her—as dead as the good wife (or bad wife) of that nobleman—as dead as Gross George and all the other honored and dishonored figures of that misty past? But Barnes' death was the abrupt severing of ties strengthened by years of tender association, and when his last summons came she felt herself truly alone.

In an old cemetery, amid the crumbling bricks, Barnes was buried, his sealed tomb above ground bearing in its inscription the answer to the duke's query, "Thy Best of Life Is Sleep."

Constance remained in New Orleans. There the old manager had found his final resting place, and she had no definite desire to go elsewhere. Adrift in the darkness of the present, the young girl was too perplexed to plan for the future, so she remained in the house Barnes had rented shortly before his death. An elderly gentlewoman of fallen fortunes, to whom this semirural establishment belonged, Constance retained as a companion, passing her time quietly, soberly, almost in solitude. This mansion, last remnant of its owner's earthly estate, was roomy and spacious, nestling among the orange and inviting seclusion, with its pretentious wall surrounding the grounds.

The old fashioned gentlewoman, poor and proud, was a fitting figure in that ancient house, where in former days gay parties had assembled. But now the principal callers at the old house were the little fat priest, with a rosy smile, who looked after the aged lady's soul, of which she was most solicitous in these later days, and the Count de Propriac, who came ostensibly to see the elderly woman and chat about genealogy and extraction, but was obviously not unmindful of the presence of the young girl nor averse to seeking to mitigate her sorrow. Culver, the lawyer, too, came occasionally to talk about her affairs, but often her mind turned impatiently from figures and markets to the subtle rhythm of Shakespeare. She regretted having left the stage, feeling the loneliness of this simple existence, yet averse to seeking diversion and shunning rather than inviting society. As the inert hours crept by she longed for the forced wakefulness and stir of other days—happy days of insecurity, fleeting, joyous days, gone now beyond recall!

But while she was striving to solve these new problems of her life they were all being settled for her by fate, that arrogant meddler. Calling one morning, Culver, nosegay in hand, was obliged to wait longer than usual and employed the interval in casually examining his surroundings and incidentally himself. First, with the vanity of youngish old gentlemen, he gazed into a tall mirror framed in the fantastic style of the early Venetians, a glass which had belonged to the marquis and had erstwhile reflected the light beauty of his noble spouse. Pausing about as long as it would have taken a lady to adjust a curl, he peeped into a Dutch cabinet of ebony and mother of pearl and was studying a charming creature painted on ivory, whose head, like that of Bluebeard's wife, was subsequently separated from her lovely shoulders, when a light footstep behind him interrupted his scrutiny. Turning, he greeted the young girl and with stately gallantry presented the nosegay.

Miss Carew rushed to him.

"How well you are looking!" he said. "Though there might be a little more color perhaps, like some of these flowers. If I were a doctor I should prescribe less cloister, more city!"

She took the flowers, meeting his kindly gaze with a faint smile.

"Most patients would like such prescriptions," he went on. "I should soon become a popular society physician."

But, although he spoke lightly, his manner was partly forced, and he regarded her furtively. Their brief acquaintance had awakened in him an interest half paternal, half curious. Women were an unknown but beautiful quantity. From the vantage point of a life of single blessedness he vaguely but quixotically placed them in the same category with flowers, and his curiosity was no harsher than that of a gardener studying some new variety of bud or blossom. Therefore he hesitated in what he was about to say, shifting in his chair uneasily when they were seated, but finally coming to the point with:

"Have you read the account of the engagement between the Mexican and the American forces at Vera Cruz?"

"No, not yet," she admitted.

"Nor the list of—of casualties?" he continued hesitatingly.

"The casualties!" she repeated. "Why"—

"Saint-Prosper has no further interest in the marquis' sous," he said quickly.

She gazed straight before her, calm and composed. This absence of any exhibition of feeling reassured the attorney.

"He is—dead?" she asked quietly.

"Yes."

"How did he die?"

"Gallantly," replied the caller, now convinced she had no interest in the matter save that of a mere acquaintance. "His death is described in half a column. You see he did not live in vain."

"Was he—killed in battle?"

"In a skirmish. His company was sent to break up a band of guerrilla rancheros at Antigua. They ambushed him; he drove them out of the thicket, but fell—you have dropped your flowers; allow me—at the head of his men."

"At the head of his men!" She drew in her breath.

"There passed the last of an ill fated line," said the lawyer reflectively. "Poor fellow! He started with such bright prospects, graduating from the military college with unusual honors. Ambitious, light hearted, he went to Africa to carve out a name in the army. The same ship that took him out carried back, to the marquis, the story of his brother's disgrace!"—

"His brother's disgrace!" she exclaimed.

Culver nodded. "He sold a French stronghold in Africa, Miss Carew."

Had the attorney been closely observing her he would have noticed the sudden look of bewilderment that crossed her face. She stared at him with her soul in her eyes.

"Ernest Saint-Prosper's brother?"

The turmoil of her thoughts held her as by a spell. In the disruption of a fixed conclusion her brain was filled with new and poignant reflections. Unconsciously she placed a nervous hand upon his arm.

"Then Ernest Saint-Prosper who was—killed in Mexico was not the traitor?"

"Certainly not!" exclaimed Culver quickly. "Owing to the disgrace, I am sure, more than to any other reason, he bade farewell to his country—and now lies unmourned in some mountain ravine. It is true the marquis quarreled with him, disliking not a little the young man's republican ideas—but my dear young lady, you are ill?"

"No, no!" she returned hastily, striving to maintain her self possession. "How—do you know this?"

"Through the marquis himself," he replied, somewhat uneasy beneath her steady gaze. "He told me the story in order to protect the estate from any possible pretensions on the part of the traitor. The renegade was reported dead, but the marquis nevertheless remained skeptical. He did not believe in the old saw about the devil being dead. 'Le diable lives always,' he said."

The visitor observed a perceptible change in the young girl, just what he could not define, but to him it seemed most to lie in her eyes, where something that baffled him looked out and met his glance.

"His brother was an officer in the French army?" she asked, as though forcing herself to speak.

"Yes; ten years older than Ernest Saint-Prosper, he had already made a career for himself. How eagerly, then, must the younger brother have looked forward to meeting him; to serving with one who, in his young eyes, was all that was brave and noble! What a bitter awakening from the dream! It is not those we hate who can injure us most; only those we love can stab us so deeply!"

Mechanically she answered the lawyer, and, when he prepared to leave, the hand given him at parting was as cold as ice.

"Remember," he said admonishingly, "less cloister, more city!"

Some hours later the old lady, dressed in her heavy silk and brocade and with snow white hair done up in imposing fashion, rapped on Constance's door, but received no answer. Knocking again, with like result, she entered the room, discovering the young girl on the bed, her cheeks tinted like the rose, her eyes with no gleam of recognition in them and her lips moving, uttering snatches of old plays. Taking her hand, the old lady found it hot and dry.

"Bless me!" she exclaimed. "She is down with a fever." And she at once prepared a simple remedy which soon silenced the babbling lips in slumber, after which she sent for the doctor.

CHAPTER XXXII.

"ADJUTANT, tell Colonel Saint-Prosper I wish to see him."

The adjutant saluted and turned on his heel, while General Scott bent over the papers before him, studying a number of rough pencil tracings. Absorbed in his task, the light of two candles on the table brought into relief, against the dark shadows, a face of rugged character and marked determination. Save for a slight contraction of the brow he gave no evidence of the mental concentration he bestowed upon the matter in hand, which was to lead to the culmination of the struggle and to vindicate the wisdom and boldness of his policy.

"You sent for me, general?"

An erect, martial figure stood respectfully at the entrance of the tent.

"Yes," said the general, pushing the papers from him. "I have been studying your drawings of the defensive works at San Antonio Garita and find them entirely comprehensive. A council of officers has been called, and perhaps it will be as well for you to remain."

"At what time shall I be here, general?"

"It is about time now," answered the commander in chief, consulting his watch. "You have quite recovered from your wounds?" he added kindly.

"Yes, thank you, general."

"I see by the newspapers you were reported dead. If your friends read that it will cause them needless anxiety. You had better see that matter is corrected."

"It is hardly worth while," returned the young man slowly.

The commanding general glanced at him in some surprise. "A strange fellow!" he thought. "Has he reasons for wishing to be considered dead? However, that is none of my business. At any rate, he is a good soldier." And after a moment he continued: "Cerro Gordo was warm work, but there is warmer yet in store for us. Only Providence, not the Mexicans, can stop us. But here are the officers," as General Pillow, Brevet General Twiggs and a number of other officers entered.

The commander in chief proceeded to give such information as he had touching the approaches to the city. Many of the officers favored operating against San Antonio Garita, others attacking Chapultepec. Saint-Prosper when called on stated that the ground before the San Antonio gate was intersected by many irrigating ditches and that much of the approach was under water.

"Then you would prefer storming a fortress to taking a ditch?" said one of the generals satirically.

"A series of ditches," replied the other.

"Colonel Saint-Prosper is right," exclaimed the commanding general. "I had already made up my mind. Let it be the western gate then."

And thus was brought to a close one of the most memorable councils of war, for it determined the fate of the City of Mexico.

Saint-Prosper looked older than when seen in New Orleans, as though he had endured much in that brief but hard campaign. His wound had incapacitated him for only a few months, and in spite of the climate and a woeful lack of medical attendance and nourishing supplies his hardy constitution stood him in such stead he was on his feet and in the saddle, while his comrades languished and died in the fierce heat of the temporary hospitals. His fellow officers knew him as a fearless soldier, but a man reticent about himself, who made a confidant of no one. Liked for his ready, broad military qualities, it was a matter of comment, nevertheless, that no one knew anything about him except that he had served in the French army and was highly esteemed by General Scott as a daring and proficient engineer.

After leaving the commanding general's tent Saint-Prosper retired to rest in that wilderness which had once been a monarch's pleasure grounds.

When daybreak again penetrated the mountain recesses and fell upon the valley he arose to shake off a troubled slumber. An unhealthy mist hung over the earth, like a miasma, and the officer shivered as he walked in that depressing and noxious atmosphere to a little adobe house which the natives had built near the trail that led through the valley. As he approached this hut he encountered a dismal but loquacious sentinel tramping before the partly opened door.

"This is chilly work, guard?" said the young man, pausing.

"Yis, colonel," replied the soldier, apparently grateful for the interruption. "It's a hot foight I prefer to this cool dooty."

"Whom are you guarding?" continued the officer.

"A spy, taken in the lines a few days ago. He's to be executed this morning at 6. But I don't think he will moind that, for it's out of his head he is with the malaria."

"He should have had medical attendance," observed the officer, stepping to the door.

"Faith, they'll cure him at daybreak," replied the guard. "It's a medicine that niver fails."

Saint-Prosper pushed open the door. The interior was so dim that at first he could not distinguish the occupant, but when his eyes became accustomed to the darkness he discovered the figure of the prisoner, who was lying with his back toward him on the ground of the little hut with nothing but a thin blanket beneath him. The only light revealing the barren details of this Indian residence sifted through the small doorway or pierced timorously down through a narrow aperture in the roof that served for a chimney. As Saint-Prosper stepped at the prostrate man the latter moved uneasily, and from the parched lips fell a few words:

"Lock the doors, Oly-koek! Hear the songsters, Manheer Ten Broeck, ese! Birds of prey, you Dutch varlet! What do you think of the mistress of the manor? The serenading antirentors have come for her." Then he repeated more slowly: "The squaw Pewaseh. For seventeen and one-half ells of duffels! A rare principality for the scornful minx! Lord, how the birds sing now around the manor—screech owls, catbirds, bobolinks!"

The soldier started back, vivid memories assailing his mind. Who was this man whose brain, independent of the corporeal shell, played waywardly with scenes, characters and events indissolubly associated with his own life?

"Do you know, Little Thunder, the Lord only rebuked the Pharisees?" continued the prostrate man. "Though the Pharisee triumphs after all! But it was the stroller I wanted, not the principality."

He stirred quickly, as if suddenly aware of the presence of another in the hut, and, turning, lifted his head in a startled manner, surveying the figure near the doorway with conflicting emotions written on his pallid countenance.

To be continued.

QUEEN OF ACTRESSES PRAISES PE-RU-NA.

MISS JULIA MARLOWE.

In a recent letter to The Peruna Medicine Co., Miss Julia Marlowe of New York City, has the following to say of Peruna:

"I am glad to write my endorsement of the great remedy, Peruna, as a nerve tonic. I do so most heartily."—Julia Marlowe.

Nervousness is very common among women. This condition is due to anemic nerve centers. The nerve centers are the reservoirs of nervous vitality. These centers become bloodless for want of proper nutrition. This is especially true in the spring season. Every spring a host of invalids are produced as the direct result of weak nerves.

This could be easily obviated by the use of Peruna. Peruna strikes at the root of the difficulty by correcting the digestion. Digestion furnishes nutrition for the nerve centers. Properly digested food furnishes the reservoirs of life with vitality which leads to strong, steady nerves, and thus nourishes life.

Peruna is in great favor among women, especially those who have vocations that are trying to the nervous system. Peruna furnishes the lasting vigoration for the nerves that such people so much need. Thousands of testimonials from women in all parts of the United States are being received every year. Such unsolicited evidence surely proves that Peruna is without a equal as a nerve tonic and a vital vigorator.

Buy a bottle of Peruna today. If you do not receive all the benefits from Peruna that you expected, write to Dr. Hartman, Columbus, Ohio.

$10,000 forfeit if we cannot produce the original letter and signature of above testimonial which well demonstrates its full genuineness.

Deacon and Elder.

"Son—What is the matter, Dummy? You look terribly mystified. Dummy—I wonder. I was talking with God just now. We were speaking of oneness, and he said that the elder the younger and the deacon the elder can't get at the rights of the case save me.

A Hindoo Belief About Owls.

The Hindoos declare that the flesh and blood of an owl will make a person insane who eats or drinks it. On this account men who are devoured by jealousy of a rival or hatred of an enemy come furtively to the market and purchase an owl. In silence they carry it home and secretly prepare a decoction, which an accomplice will put into the food of the object of their malignant designs.

Albino Birds and Beasts Sacred.

It is noteworthy that albino animals are regarded by the Japanese in a superstitious light. The appearance of one is considered a good omen for the reigning mikado, and occasionally signalizes a reign. For example, one reign is called "hakuchi-nenkan," or period of the white pheasant, another, the "hakuho-nenkan," or period of the white phenix.—London Globe.