meelves down on the grass, under

ald apple tree, in the orchard, to

hink of some plan by which to break

monotony of their country life.

tein's father was a farmer of mod-

te means. Her mother was dead,

her three sisters were married,

who was the youngest, remained

and acted as housekeeper for her

riend, who spent several weeks every

This morning the two girls sought

wm cool, while they searched their

There's no use waiting for some-

ing to turn up any longer," said

two weeks have gone since you

and not a thing has happened

nemember your visit by. Now last

we had our masquerade, and dear

Fido died, and then we kept that

itmmp one night, don't you remem-

angel unawares."

sat," said Helen.

er rou said we might be entertaining

Well, I would rather nothing would

men than have another old tramp

one along, and we could not spare

orthing off of the farm to die, not

sen your kitten, for if you are to be

and maid, of course you must have

th! I have it," exclaimed Jean,

rell have a wedding; not a common-

size affair, a real novelty, you know,

methat will make old Mrs. Jones talk

brayear, for we'll send her the first

britation, and her Sary the second

"I wedding." said Helen, "how can

Who will be the bride, and

there is the bridegroom. Now, look

Jean; you are always getting us

to some scrape, and if this is just

make any objections now, nor

is too many questions," interrupted

In "You just follow my instruc-

insand we will have some fun. Now,

fixed all, we must get out the invita-

in We'll have to write them our-

wiss and we must post them before

with girls returned to the house

wive soon hard at work writing out

Mainner, when the men nad gone

with the hay field, and the dinner

with been done up, Jean and Hel-

mil goes out this afternoon."

ther and two brothers.

mmer at the Barrie farm.

nins for some new recreation.

F DRY AINTS.

n the Premises.

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actory.

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asked for the postoffice. lean emptied twenty-five letlaston her shopping bag out on the Must Mrs. Dean, the post-mistress "Goin' to give another party, ore your friend went home."

it I thought you'd be givin' one i just going to entertain a few my friends," answered Jean, who Mant anxious to give any more inimation than she could help

Way, ain't you goin' to ask any and your party, Jean?" added Mrs. ha noticing the letters were all ad-

But Jean evaded this question and "Good-bye, Mrs. Dean, I'm glad we me in time for the mail, for we want letters to go as soon as possi-

When the contents of the Centreville all of that afternoon had reached its er whole or part time trination, there were puzzled heads nore than one home. When Sara as received her invitation she said, this is Jean Barrie's writing; must be an invitation to a party, but and I both, moth-

> bless me!" exclaimed Mrs. "What can the child want me ber party for, it must be a carpet-

an invitation to a weddingsas going to be married." added the

soodness gracious, Sary! you must nistaken, Jean Barrie will never married while her father needs her. she won't even look at a boy. how she turned up her nose even our Johnny, and he a-goin' to be of the best farmers around Cenand get a hundred acres of start with; and I'm going to im that Jersey calf if she lives, two feather beds, and a patch-work exclaimed Mrs. Jones in one

But who's she a goin' to be married Mrs. Jones continued, "I didn't as she'd done any courtin'. Let see the invitation, Sary. Now likethe reason that friend of hands stayin' there so long. I saw looking at some calico down at store the other day, and Jean said wanted it to line some quilts with. wondered why she was makin' this time of year when the fruit east is just here."

by this time Mrs. Jones had adjusted the daint written note.

how, that's strange," she said, "it at say who she's to be married to. that don't read like the invita-Your pa's brother William sent when his Mary Jane was going to married, and your pa's brother invitation wasn't done in Pears to me if I was gettin' invitation I wouldn't get it up that, and I'd have it printed in Ainstead of writin' it. Well, Sary, go, I feel kind of curies about it,

queer now they didn't ask and our Johnny," added Mrs. after pausing a few minutes. onr Johnny has always been so rly towards Jean. Well, we'll I'm glad she told us in the While Mrs. Jones was thus commenther invitation to Jean's wed-

ding, Miss Beatrice Gardener, a friend of Helen's and Jean's in a neighboring village was equally suprised over the invitation she had received. "That's just like Jean; she never Barrie and Helen Arnold threw

does things like anyone else," said Beatrice. "But the idea of a wedding invitation without the name of the groom! And there are to be no presents. Jean always said she would not accept presents if she had a weddingbut she always said she was never going to get married. Girls always say that until they get a good chance, wonder why she did not invite brother Ned; she surely cannot expect me to go alone. But I've known Jean long enough I ought not to be surprised at anything she does, and I'll go if I have to go alone on my wheel."

Belen Arnold was Jean's bosom In another not very distant village Mrs. Harry Randolph, the leader of society in her neighborhood, sat reading her invitation when her husband he shade of the apple trees to keep came in.

"Harry, here is the queerest wedding invitation I have ever seen; Jean Barrie is to be married, and the name of the groom is not given, and you are not invited."

"It's strange she has asked one of us and not the other," said Harry, "She must have known you could not go alone. I thought she was the girl who was never going to get married."

"Oh," said Mrs. Randolph, "girls are always changing their minds, but I'll go, for there's a mystery about this invitation that interests me, and I can drive myself, anyway."

While these invitations were thus stirring up the curiosity in the several homes until it was bubbling and boiling impatient for the eventful day to arrive, Helen and Jean were hustling around at home getting everything in readiness. Jean, after persuading her father and brothers to vow secrecy, told them all about her plans, and soon had them coaxed into her service. father looked after getting a turkey ready for her, and both the boys promised to be near where they could assist the guests from their carriages when they arrived, and look after the horses.

When Wednesday arrived the girls were too busy to talk much, for "everything must be in readiness by two o'clock," they said.

The men came from the hay-field for an early dinner, and by twelve o'clock had gone back, leaving the girls alone. "I wish Jessie had come this morning," said Jean.

Jessie was one of Jean's married sisters, who was always ready to help when there was a prospect of fun. "Well, here she is now," called a

cheery voice at the door. "Oh, Jess," cried the girls, "we're so glad you've come. We're in such a hurry to get the tables ready and get ourselves dressed, and Mrs. Jones might come any time now. She always makes a point of being an hour and fifty minutes ahead of time."

So the girls talked and worked and were just putting on the finishing touches when Jean, looking down the road, saw Mrs. Jones and "her Sary" coming.

"Here comes Mrs. Jones, with her white apron on, and with a market basket on her arm," she said.

Then the three girls fled to Jean's room, where their costumes were all ready for them; and while they were dressing the remainder of the guests arrived. They came on bicycles, dogcarts, in spring wagons and on foot. Tom and Fred waited at the front gate to take care of the horses, and when the last one had arrived they disappeared and returned to the hayfield to resume their work. When

lor, Mrs. Jones, who was sitting next tracting parties bound together she to Mrs. Harry Randolph, after having turned to the guests and asked them the name of the groom, for she could not just call it to mind; but Mrs. Randolph had also very singularly forgotten his name.

'I think I saw him this forenoon," added Mrs. Jones. "There was a tall citified looking young feller passed by during the meal, after which Jean, Helour house this morning, and I says to en and Jess slipped away to don their Sary, "that's him.' I could just tell ordinary apparel, and, returning, set ing toward Barrie's. I don't think he would make as good a farmer as my Johnny. He kind of looked to me as if he might be a clerk in a store."

"Indeed," said Mrs. Randolph, who, not knowing Mr. Jones possessed wonderful power of imagination, supposed this was a faithful description of Jean's choice, and did not hesitate to inform Miss Beatrice Gardener that she had just heard Jean was going to marry a tall, slim young man, who was a clerk in one of the large stores in town. Beatrice in her turn told it to her neighbor, and by the time it had come round to Mrs. Jones again, Jean's young man had become a tall, slim, dark-complexioned young fellow, who was a partner in a large drygoods establishment in a not-far-disant city; so that until the appointed hour arrived the guests were waiting almost breathlessly for the entrance of the bridal-party. Only Mrs. Jones dared break the silence.

"Now, its strange," she said, "there ain't no men-folks come. My Sary wouldn't think of having a wedding without no men-folks. I feel just as if this ought to be a carpet-rag-bee or ties. a quiltin'. Say, did you bring a present, Mrs. Randolph?" queried Mrs.

"No," answered her neighbor, "you know presents are not to be accepted." les," added Mrs. Jones. "I was doin' some down in a brass kettle one daymy mother used to own the kettle. to see what a purty green that kettle made them pickles; and pickles will come in handy to Jean when she commences housekeeping. Of course if she hadn't said she didn't want no presents we would have brought some silverware. I kind o' thought I'd have brought a cruet set, but my Sary, she thought a silver cake

basket is awful nice." But while Mrs. Jones is thus entertaining her neighbors, look in Jean's room and behold the bride, groom and clergyman ready to descend to the parlor. Jean is robed in a green and ed States regiment, the under-sized white plaid silk that her grandmother used to wear; Helen, with her long brown locks concealed under a wig made of sheep-skin, has on Mr. Barrie's long double-breasted coat, and a pair of Jean's bicycle bloomers, while Jessie, who is to act as clergyman is clad in a long white gown. When all were ready another of Jean's sisters seated herself at the piano and just as she commenced playing a wedding march the bride, groom, and clergyman entered the room, marched slowly to one corner where an arch of evergreens had been made, and there they took their

"Bless me," was all Mrs. Jones

Mrs. Randolph and several others laughed. Mrs. Jones' Sary looked stupified. Mrs. Dean looked like the victim of a dupe.

Then the clergyman proceeded with a serio-comic ceremony of her own com-

sufficiently scanned her neighbor, to postpone their good wishes and congratulations until some future 'day, and proceeded immediately to the dining-room, and the three girls leading the way, the guests all followed to where the dainty repast was awaiting

to work to entertain their guests. The afternoon slipped quickly away for all but Mrs. Jones. The joke went hard with her. Early in the afternoon she went in quest of her jar of pickles and her Sary and together they beat a hasty retreat, Mrs. Jones saying to herself as she passed through the gate, Well, I be an' ole fool anyway."

-Inez Turner. Bealton, Ont.

UNCLE SAM'S TOMMY ATKINS.

He is Few in Numbers but a Fine Fellow Physically.

We are so accustomed to thinking and speaking of the United States as a "Great Power" that it is apt to be forgotten that Uncle Sam's army numbers barely 25,000 men of all arms. There is no reserve, and the State militia, answering roughly to our volunteers are neither in the pay nor under the control of the Federal authori-

The army proper is scattered over a space of country nearly the size of Europe; and is broken up into isolated detachments of one and two companies "Well, I brought her a jar of pick- each. The men are used to guerilla Indian warfare, and are excellent scouts and generally first-rate shots. Of She got it from Uncle Josier when | battalion drill, however, they know Aunt Marthy died, and say, you ought little, never having had the opportunity of practising it; the same may be said of brigade or divisional movements. This is scarcely surprising, for it is rare, indeed, that two regiments lie within manoeuvring

DISTANCE OF ONE ANOTHER.

Physically, the Yankee "Tommy Atkins" is a fine fellow enough; deepchested, bull-throated, and hard as nails. You will never find, in a Unitweaklings so common in many armies, The reason is that the high rate of pay attract to the colours many more recruits than are actually required, of whom, of course, only the best are enlisted. Formerly men of any nationality were accepted, provided they fulfilled the necessary physical requirements and were willing to take the oath of allegiance. Of late years, however, only American-born citizens are supposed to be sworn in. Nevertheless fully 50 per cent, are of foreign extraction.

The term of enlistment is for five years, the pay for the first two years being at the rate of \$13 (£2 12s.)c a month. During his third year of service the soldier gets \$14, \$15 during his fourth and \$16 during his fifth; while, should he decide to re-engage for another five years, his pay is raised to \$20, (£4) a month. Corporals and sergeants get \$2 and \$5 a month extra respectively. In addition to his ordinary pay, which, it should be borne in mind, is subject to no deduction whatever, each man is credited on en-"clothing allowance." This sum is sup- repairs for Flour and Saw Mills. posed to provide him with uniform, blankets, and underclothing during his five years' service, and he receives in cash, when taking his discharge any

balance he MAY HAVE BEEN ABLE TO SAVE In addition he gets about £12 "deferred pay," and a considerable sum for travelling expenses to the place

where he joined. -Discipline is very strict. All offences are punishable by court-martial; individual officers having no power, as in the British service, to "tell off" an offender. There are no military prisons attached to the frontier posts, and the offender is kept in the guardroom at night, and sent out to do "fatigue duty" about the camp by day. To prevent his running away a thirtytwo pound shot is fastened by a chain to his left leg; and, in addition, a sentry, armed with a loaded rifle, is placed over him, with instructions to shoot him if he attempts to run.

As has already been stated, the men are, almost without exception, excellent shots. The reason for this is not far to seek. Stationed for the most part in a wild and unsettled country, rifle-practice, confined with us, so far as the individual soldier is concerned, to a few weeks in each year, is with them unceasing. There are no costly ranges to maintain, nor is it necessary to erect butts. The target, a paper one on a framework of iron, is set up outside the fort stockade, and the squads go down and blaze away their hundreds of rounds before breakfast. Besides this there is usually more or less game in the vicinity, and hunting parties are constantly being organized. This, then, is the type of man who will find himself face to face with the troops of Spain, and that the Yankee will, man for man, more than hold his own no one who knows him can for a

LOCOMOTIVE SEARCH-LIGHTS.

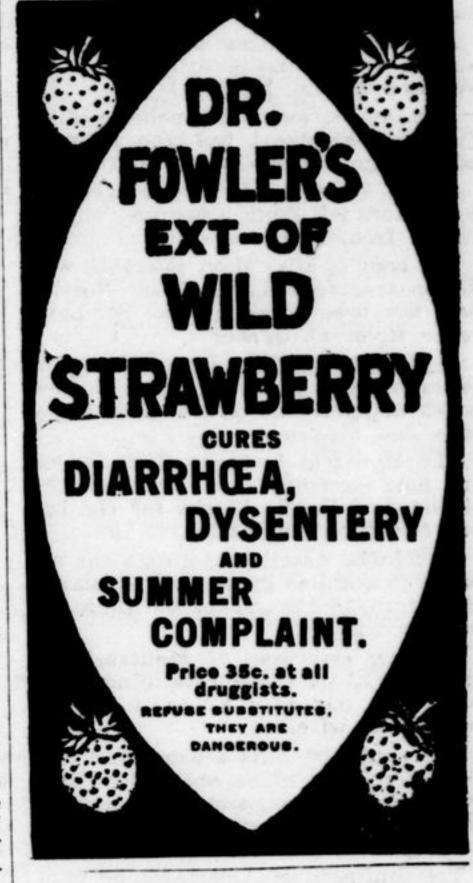
moment doubt.

The arc light is being tried in locomotive headlights. This constitutes a true search-light. On one road in the West the current is derived from a dynamo which is actuated by a steam turbine. It is thought that the powerer light may be utilized as a means of far in advance.

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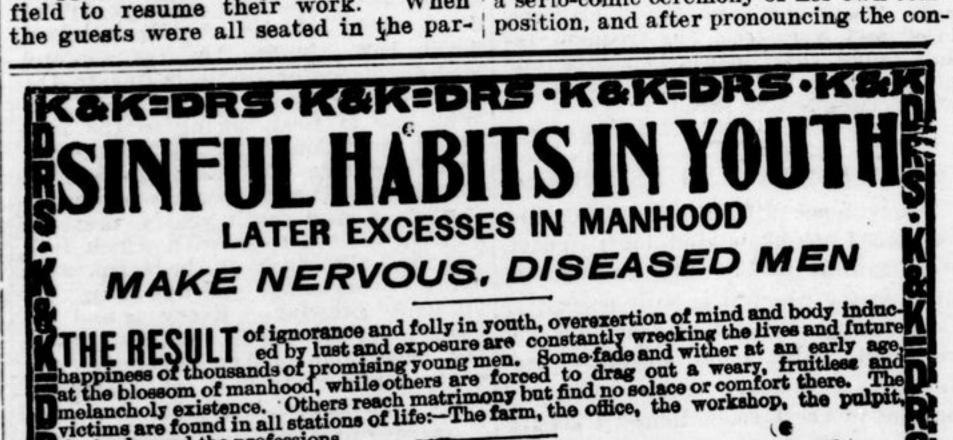
The Chronicle is the most wide ly read newspaper published in

the County of Grey.

A GENTLE HINT.

He-Your sweet face is my book of life. I swear it. She-But your oath is not valid until you have kissed the book.

Grand Duke Adoif of Luxemburg. who is 82 years of age recently injured signalling from the engine to stations his hipbone by a fall and is now not expected to recover.



happiness of thousands of promising young men. Some fade and wither at an early age, at the blossom of manhood, while others are forced to drag out a weary, fruitless and melancholy existence. Others reach matrimony but find no selace or comfort there. The victims are found in all stations of life:—The farm, the office, the workshop, the pulpit, the trades and the professions. the trades and the professions.

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