

After Many Years

The last excursion train of the season, bound for the great North-west, was filled, crammed, jammed with passengers, dark, fair, rich, poor, from all lands, was humming along near the great midland metropolis, Winnipeg.

A girl with wavy brown hair, dark eyes, speaking eyes, and slight form, seated next a window staring at the fitting scenes on the way with every evident bewildered and ecstatic admiration.

"Well, Rob, isn't this glorious! I've been asleep all my life? How the sunset glorifies this wonderful prairie land!"

"Whist! Annie, don't let anyone else know that this is really the fairest part of the fair Dominion. Its growth is the pride of the world. You should be somewhat prepared for the wonderful transformations on every side."

"Yes, Rob, if fifteen years ago I had not made a decision so fatal to my happiness, I might have had my part in the upbuilding of this beautiful land of which the inhabitants are so proud."

"Proud, yes, and they have a right to be," returned her brother. "You will be wild with delight when you see Winnipeg. It is magnificent; but its growth and beauty are not nearly so remarkable as the character, culture and wealth of her citizens. You must remember I spent a year in one of her finest colleges."

"I envy you, but Rob, I'm forgetting to be practical. What am I to do when we get to our destination? I must not be a burden on you. Poor father! little he thought his children would ever come to this! The only thing I know how to do skillfully, thanks to dear mother, is to cook and keep house. The papers will announce I have gone on a pleasure trip to the West. So it is. It is a dream, but nevertheless I must rouse myself. Rob, I shall ask for work in some of the housekeeping arts. Yes, I will!"

"My poor sister, it is not necessary! I can work for both."

"Never, Rob! You have your college course before you; besides I shall be much happier working."

In the same September sunset Farmer Glendale sat on the wide veranda of his stone cottage with tilted chair, his broad shoulders resting against the railing, his head sinking back into the shadow of the dark green foliage that formed a wall behind him, his large, soft hand supporting a head, whose dark covering made a fitting outline for a face, grave, almost dull, except for the occasional flash from a pair of brilliant dark eyes.

With a look of quiet, almost sad pleasure, those eyes now surveyed the scene around him; and yet, as you looked where his eyes wandered you marvelled that his features were not all aglow with delight, for what a sight it was!

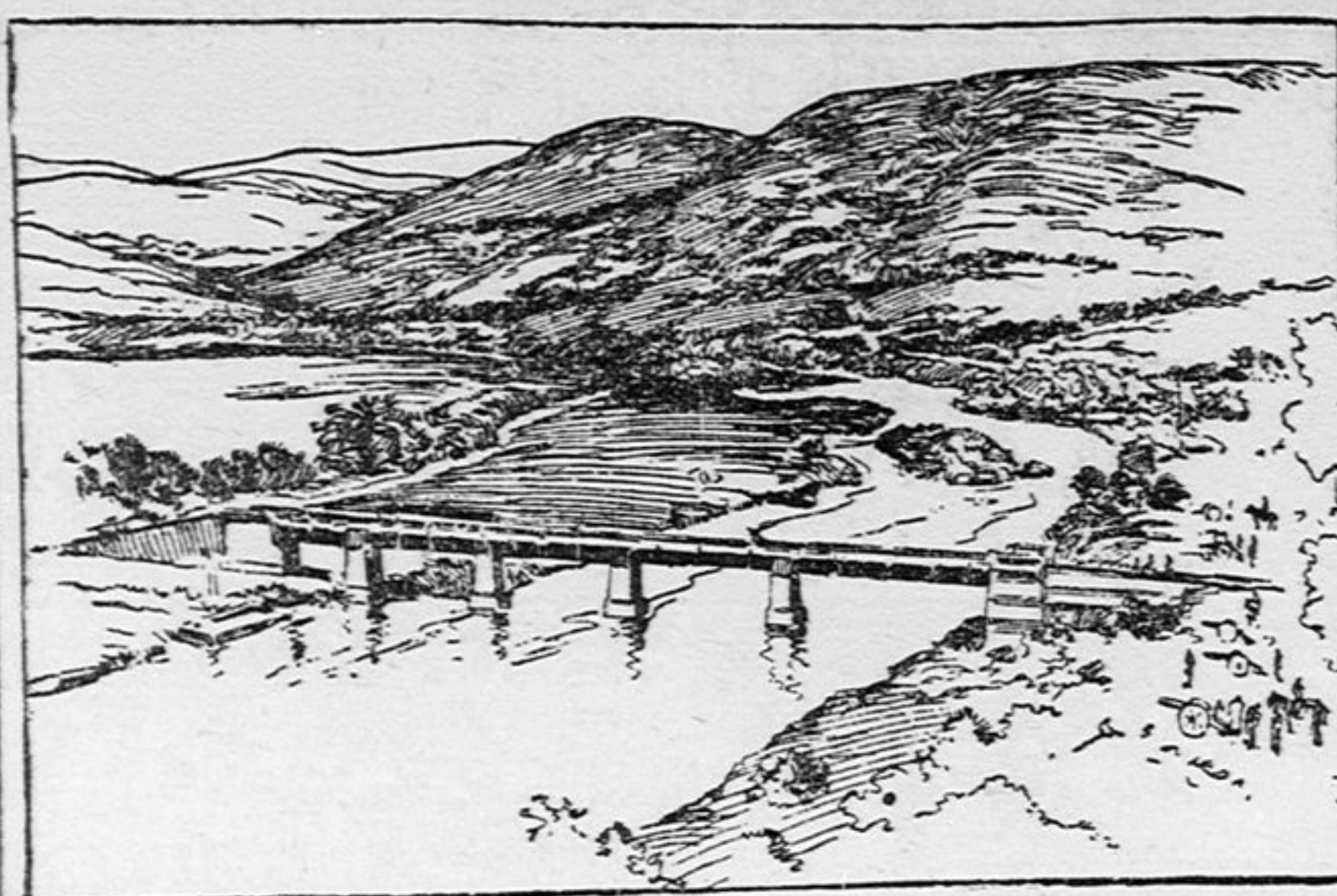
One of the most perfect days in early September was drawing to a close, a day of almost hushed stillness, as if nature were spellbound with the effect produced by the wonderful fairies she had set to work on autumn's wardrobe. The sky had spread overhead its deep, protecting roof of blue, the sunshine came down, with the gentle, thrilling touch September alone receives, and even the moon peeped through early in the afternoon to see, through the winding river, to the south-east, the trees were gorgeous in yellow and red, pale green and scarlet. Hundreds of yellow stacks were raised over the yellow plain as monuments of nature's bounty, while nestling in among protecting trees, as far as eye could see were the cosy homes of his neighbours. In the distance glittered the tall steeples, elevators, factories and sun-lit roofs of the town of Sourisland. How beautiful it all was! The fields of rich stubble smiled, the low ridge of hills to the south whispered security and peace, while the energetic whistle of the passing train recalled the co-operative activity of the town and the business world.

A tinge of bitterness for a moment marred the half-smile suggested on the thoughtful face, and told a close observer his thoughts were not with his eyes. He was reviewing the past. He recalled her words in the last walk together, "I would marry you, George, if you did not wish to bury me; I dread the frozen north and the weird company of coyotes and Indians."

Then he remembered how the hot young blood had rushed with sensitive swiftness to his face and his icy reply, "Very well, Annie, I do not want an unwilling bride. I was foolish enough to hope you could be happy with me even that far away, in far Assiniboia. May your decision never give you the pain it has given me. Good-night and good-bye."

Years had passed. The great Sourisland boom in which he had invested heavily and confidently had been followed by three years of the greatest depression. He felt himself under the ponderous wheel of fortune and many like himself hoped it would turn, and it did, thank God. Yes! His musings were interrupted by,

"Good evening, sir, do you wish to engage any more farm hands?" Turning toward the voice, he saw a tall, white-faced young man, with



BRIDGE OVER THE TUCELA RIVER AT COLENSO, RELOWLADYSMITH. (Here the Boers expect to cut off reinforcements for Gen. White.)

a pleasant, open countenance, Glendale surveyed him critically while he listened to his story, then called out to his foreman who was entering the gate.

"Bruce, here's a young fellow who wishes to get work. Kindly take him round to the housekeeper, as he requests to speak to her also before he goes."

Meanwhile Annie Somers waited anxiously for her brother's return from his quest for work among the farmers.

"Oh, Rob," said she, after listening to an account of the day's adventures, "I am so glad that you got work for us both, and on the same farm, too! Isn't it splendid! We have none but our two selves in the world now, but we will be very happy together; now let us prepare for our duties to-morrow. I feel very important!"

The next morning as the new help appeared in the farm-house dining-room, looking very bright, with the pretty, sunny hair and large white apron, a close observer might have noticed a surprised look, and a sudden pallor come to the face of the owner of Glendale farm.

The weeks passed. Annie went about the work in her own bright way, and soon became a general favorite. Her hands were clever and her heart was kind. One of her greatest pleasures was her evening chat with her brother.

"What a handsome man, Rob, Mr. Glendale is, and such a clever, thoughtful face."

"Yes, isn't it strange, Annie, that such a man should remain unmarried. The men tell me that he is a sort of woman-hater, or, at least, they never seem to enter into his world at all."

Some weeks after this conversation she was dusting the books in Mr. Glendale's reading room when, picking up a book she had let drop, she saw something had fallen from it. Looking at it, to her speechless surprise, she beheld the picture of herself taken with smiling face, and hair, school-girl fashion, hanging in waves over her shoulders.

She remembered the history of that picture. In a flash the whole truth dawned on her. George Glendale was her old lover, the man she had let leave the west alone fifteen years ago. She knew now why he had so strangely fascinated her. The something familiar about him was now all explained. The youth had developed into the handsome, matured man. She dropped on the sofa and covered her face. Surely he did not know! What should she do? Get out of this she must, but how, and where should she go? How could she keep an unmoved exterior until she had escaped from the shelter of the roof of the man she loved and had rejected.

Next morning Annie asked for an interview with Mrs. Wilson, the housekeeper. "My dear girl," said the astonished lady, "we cannot let you go. The other girls have not yet all had their holidays, cannot we persuade you to stay. Mr. Glendale will be so put out, for he dislikes changing help so much."

"No, Mrs. Wilson, I cannot stay unless you bind me to the terms of my agreement. You have all been very kind to me and I love this beautiful home, but I cannot remain. Use your influence with Mr. Glendale, won't you?"

"Well, my poor child, I will," said she, noting the sorrowful face, "but I do wish you would reconsider."

That evening Annie was called into the parlor. Mr. Glendale rose courteously as she entered. "Miss Somers, they tell me you wish to leave us," he said.

"Yes, at once, if you please," and she moved toward a window to hide her face from his quizzical eyes. "Annie," the words came in a gentle tone. She half turned her head in bewilderment. Did a voice from the dead fifteen years utter her name. How sweet it sounded! "Annie," he repeated, "let us shake hands over this mutual recognition, and he extended his hand toward her."

"Oh, Mr. Glendale—George—do you mean to say you do not hate me for the past," and she covered her face with her hands. "No, Annie, I tried to feel bitter and blot your memory from my life, but your sudden appearance here has convinced me only too clearly how I have failed. The past is forgotten."

She answered, "I thank you for your great kindness to me. The past is over and dead. You are magnanimous enough to forgive it all. I will let me go. We will part. I will get another place and you will be as you were before. Rob will stay with you until his term is out and then go back to college with the money earned. Good-bye," and she extended her hand. He took it.

"Annie, do you mean to say you in-

tend repeating the cruel act for which you ask my forgiveness. Can't you care for me a little. Stay and make me happy. Be my wife."

"George, your generosity humbles me to the very dust. Do you not know that I am a penniless girl, earning her living with her own hands?"

"Annie," he whispered and he drew her closer, "do you care for me even a little?"

"Need you ask that, George, I loved you fifteen years ago. Then you shall never leave me. Truly love is stronger than death to have lived so long. Do you fully trust me, darling?"

The rosy smile of gladness that lit her face spoke more eloquently than words. A long, happy talk followed, and when occasionally they lapsed into silence it was only that their hearts became too full for speech.

"Remember, my lost treasure," he said at parting that evening. "You will be safe from coyotes and Indians with me, and I only wish to bury your heart in mine not you."

The farm hands were much surprised to learn that Miss Somers had decided to remain permanently at Glendale farm and more surprised that she was to be mistress of that beautiful home.

Christmas arrived, and among the many happy visitors that thronged the greatest city of the plains were two who skimmed here and there, sipping the many sweets of a long-delayed honeymoon, and bubbling over with joy, gratitude and wonder at all the innumerable blessings that had come to them and their beloved country after fifteen years.

—Circum Saxum.

EASY GOLD MINING.

Men, Women and Children Pick the Metal From a Sandy Beach.

Probably there is but one place in the world where gold may be picked up from a sandy beach. (Yet on Cape Nome, on Norton Sound, Behring Sea, Alaska, men, women and children are enriching themselves after precisely this fashion.)

Only a few weeks ago a discouraged miner who had been discouraged to the Cape Nome district by what he had come to consider false hopes espied gold under his feet as he sat in his tent on the beach. Within an hour he had laid the foundations of a fortune.

Now for a dozen miles or more along the beach there may be seen a throng of independent diggers. Never before has such easy mining been heard of. A small, square bit of beach will yield from \$10 to \$15 an hour. The entire yield of the beach district is said to be about \$30,000 a day.

Business of all kinds has responded to the beach boom. The headquarters for the gold territory is Anvil City, where fancy prices were immediately put upon all ordinary commodities. For meals the miners pay from \$1.50 to \$2.50 each; for a bed in a tent, \$1.50; for beer, 50 cents a glass, and for a mutton chop, \$1.25.

Existence through the winter will be rather difficult, as fuel is even scarcer than food. Many of the "beachcombers" intend to meet the trying features of the climate by setting up large tents on the beach, where they will live, cook and sleep and at the same time do their mining under cover.

ROYAL NICKNAME.

How England's Ruling Family Are Regarded Among Themselves.

The Prince of Wales goes among his relatives by the name of "Bertie," his princess is known as "Alix," and their youngest daughter, Princess Maud, is "Harry," to all the royal family. Her eldest sister, Princess Victoria, is "Torie," while the eldest son of the Duke of York goes by the name of "David," which is the last of the six names by which the late Duke of Clarence was known as "Eddie," the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha as "Alf," his Russian wife as "Marie," while the Duke of Connaught responds to the name of "Pat," although there is nothing Irish about him, excepting, perhaps, his dual title.

The late Duchess of Teck was "Polly," to all her relatives, and her bereaved husband is known as "Frank." His eldest son, Prince Adolphus, is "Dolly," a name whose origin is obvious. The emperor of Russia is "Nikki," while the German emperor is "Willie," even to his German kith and kin. His eldest sister, the Princess of Saxe-Meiningen, is "Lottie," and his next sister, Princess Victoria, is, like her mother, known as "Vicky."

WAR STRICTLY UP TO DATE

BALLOON SERVICE OF ENGLAND IS ALMOST PERFECTED.

Gold Beaters' Skin Supplants Silk for Envelopes—Wireless Telegraphy Will be Employed—Use of Modern Equipment of Deep Interest.

England is going into battle with a unique array of modern war equipments. Machine guns, motor cars and bicycles are not so novel, but wireless telegraphy is an up-to-the-minute accoutrement the British will employ, while her balloon service has long been recognized as an integral part of her military system. Like all other first-class powers, England has for some years past had an army balloon department, a school of instruction in the use of such "air ships," and a staff of trained aeronauts to attend to their manufacture and working.

For obvious reasons, the utmost secrecy is observed as to the composition of the "envelope," or outer casing of the balloon, for upon the material employed therein largely depends the utility of an air ship of any description. In the days when silk "envelopes" were in use, the adventurous aeronaut was continually exposed to difficulty and danger. For instance, if the silk were not thickly varnished, it let the air in—with singularly disastrous results to the occupants of the car. If, on the other hand, it were varnished, the casing became so brittle that it was constantly cracking, and thus causing unwelcome escapes of gas.

THE AERONAUTIC PROBLEM.

Consequently the problem with which the military aeronaut was confronted was that of discovering a material which should combine in one lightness, strength and imperviousness to the atmosphere. For a long time the task seemed to defy human ingenuity. The art of "belligerent aeronautics," however, is one that stands for any pronounced period. As a result, after repeated experiments, the balloonist's efforts have now been crowned with success. The fabric at present adopted for the manufacture of the "envelopes" of war balloons at Aldershot consists chiefly of what is known as gold-beaters' skin, which is delicately described by an English journal as the "lining of the internal portions of the anatomy of cattle." This is soaked in a potash solution and treated with isinglass and alum water. The various sections are then sewn together into an air-tight homogeneous mass. The extreme lightness of the material thus prepared may be estimated from the fact that its 2,500 square feet of surface, the ordinary size of a war balloon "envelope," weighs but 170 pounds. Such a case is capable of holding 10,000 cubic feet of gas, and of raising a dead weight of 70 pounds.

As a general rule, the car in which the aeronaut is carried is made of wicker, with a band of hickory wood to bind it. In size, the following are the measurements usually adopted: Height and width, 2 feet 3 inches; length, 3 feet 6 inches. It is attached to a hoop by means of the best Italian hemp rope available. This hoop is connected with the cord network that incloses the whole of the balloon's "envelope." The "breaking strain" of this rigging is something over 500 pounds; nevertheless, it weighs but one pound to the hundred feet.

OUTFIT IS ELABORATE.

With so much paraphernalia about it the complete outfit of a balloon section is necessarily rather elaborate. First of all, there is the balloon itself, with its "envelope," valve, net, car, hoop, grapnel, spare rope, aeronautical instruments and ballast. Then there is the wagon on which it is packed, and to which is attached a drum with a wire rope, for holding the balloon captive when necessary, and a telephone apparatus for communicating with the occupants of the car. Finally, there is a second series of wagons, containing the cylinders of compressed hydrogen for inflating the "envelope."

As to the uses to which a balloon can be put in warfare they are so many and varied that they cannot be more than lightly touched upon here. Foremost among them, of course, is that of reconnoitering the enemy's position, photographing his camp and sending reports, chiefly by means of pigeons, of such observations to headquarters. Then, despite the fulminations of the recent Peace Congress against the proposal, it seems extremely likely that they will also be used for dropping explosives from the clouds onto the ground occupied by a hostile force. Indeed, special shells for this purpose are a part of the equipment of all war balloons. Accordingly, in the next great European campaign, when both sides are similarly provided, and war balloons thus meet war balloons, then, indeed, "will come the tug of war." Especially thrilling would be a duel to the death, under these circumstances, between two rival aeromotives. It would also be one in which the danger would be equally shared by spectators as well as principals.

ROOT OF SOME EVILS.

Dear Madame, the note read, for the sake of the boys in the office who are under the jurisdiction of your husband and consequently have special reason to note his moods, will you be kind enough to take especial care to see that he gets a good breakfast every morning? If you have anything to be warmed over, give it to him at night. We make this plea in the interests of peace and prosperity.

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