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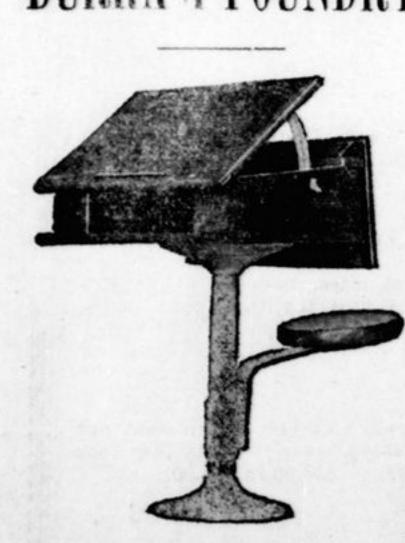
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Standard Bank of Canada. LOVE of LORIS

By MARTHA McCULLOCH-WILLIAMS

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No man is stronger than destiny. If Helstone could possibly have helped it he would never have fallen under Loris Gordon's spell.

There was no reason whatever for it and many very excellent reasons against it. The chief reason wore a cap and spectacles, was of sound mind and memory, with a pretty penny to dispose of and an undying hatred for all the Gordon name.

Helstone himself had next to nothing except loving memories of a spendthrift father. Miss Marcia Helstone, his father's sister, had welcomed the repentant prodigal with open arms, cherished and tended him all his life and after his death kept his memory

Indeed there lay the chief root of her hatred for the Gordons. If an elder Loris Gordon had not played him fast and loose he might never have gone wandering to and fro and roaming up and down. Though he had ended by marrying a wife much more to his sister's mind, she sorrowed savagely over his frustrated career. Miss Marcia, as ambitious as she was illogical, laid at the Gordon door his wasted opportu-

Naturally she had guarded her nephew closely, doing many odd things to make sure he should not be brought in contact with the treacherous race. Socially that often made things awkward. The Gordons were easily leaders among the dozen first families of Marbury. The first families all lived in big, handsome old houses, set each in the midst of a considerable estate, and so fairly encircling the village. Between them and the mill folk, who were villagers proper, a great gulf was fixed-one crossed only at Christmas and Easter, when those who had bestirred themselves joyously in behalf of those who had not.

poor. How was poor Miss Marcia, fully. who did not go "Christmasing," to know that Loris' smile was enchanting and set the most delightful dimples at play in her cheeks, or how should she guess at something stronger, more mysterious, something quite transcending beauty, that suddenly shone out of the girl's eyes, warming, irradiating

John Helstone's heart? John Helstone was brave and aboveboard. Before he spoke to Loris he had it out with his aunt. "I owe you everything-you have been father, mother and fairy godmother all in one," he said. "I would do anything you bade-except to try to live without

"Suppose she won't have you? I hardly think you'll kill yourself," Miss Marcia interrupted sarcastically. Helstone laughed-with a hard breath under it-and answered: "If she says 'No' I shall keep asking and asking. I am not vain enough to think she cares much for me-yet, but if she will let me teach her"-

"How romantic we are!" Miss Marcia said, pursing her lips. Then she burst out: "Let you teach her! Lord, lord, when she has been setting her cap at you shamelessly ever since the Christmas eve party! If I had dreamed what was to come of it I'd have given them twice the money they made for their rubbishy tree to let it alone. But that is neither here nor there. Your mind is made up, I suppose." "Quite!" John said, whitening a lit-

tle. Miss Marcia glared at him. "So is mine," she said. "The day I know you are to marry that Gordon

girl that day I cut you out of my will -out of my heart."

let you quit loving me," John said, standing up very straight. "Thank you for being so frank. Now I know just how little I can offer Loris"-

"You-you are going straight to her?" Miss Marcia asked, with stiff

John looked at her fondly. "Unless you tell me to wait," he said. "Dearest Aunt Marcia, I would wait a long time if I had a hope of winning you over. I'm not hypocrite enough to affect scorn of your fortune. I should like to have it come to me, but that is nothing compared with your approval. Study Loris for a year and see if you can pick a serious flaw"-

"Will you wait three months if I promise to try liking the girl?" Miss Marcia asked, with a gulp.

Helstone gave her a hearty hug. "With all the good will in the world." "I will honestly try to get over my prejudice if you will go away-at once. Go west. I want you to look after my mining lands. I'm sure the agent is a scoundrel. See that you bring him up roundly when you get

John left that very night. Loris Gordon turned a little pale when she heard the news, but said nothing, not even to her mother. Next week Maybury had the sensation of its history. Miss Marcia drove affably to Gray-Gordon, the home of her dearest enemies, and begged that Loris might come and stay with her while she was alone at Right Ways. Mrs. Gordon heard her in a daze, but after awhile agreed to let her daughter go. She had not been blind to the light in John Helstone's eyes and fancied she knew what was under the cards.

At that stage of the game it is a question if Miss Marcia herself knew. Some way, somehow, she would deliver John from the snare of this fowler. Loris had all the world wherefrom to choose her lovers, Miss Marcia this one living creature of her own blood.

Loris was proud and shy. John had gone away silent. So she kept well to herself for the most part, although she read to Miss Marcia and dutifully drove with her all the fine afternoons, to say nothing of playing the three games of chess required to put the elder lady in proper state for sleep. She also, as in duty bound, exclaimed over the Helstone diamonds when Miss Marcia exhibited them. But it took her aback to have Miss Marcia say abruptly after a month of all this; "If John marries to please me, his wife will be fortunate. If he does not, everything goes to charity. If it should go, I wonder would you be sorry for

"It would depend," Loris said, flushing faintly. "Very sorry-unless he got something he cared more about." "H-m! I fancy you think he cares

more for-you," Miss Marcia said pointedly. "He thinks so too. That is why you are here. I brought you to let you see that you don't fit in. You would only make him miserable-even more miserable than you would make me. I hope you are sensible enough to see what is best. I will give you \$10,-000 the day you marry-some other man than my nephew-Dr. Hickson, say. I'm sure he is wild about you. Marry him before John comes home."

want either your money or your neph- mine before night. It was already well ew," Loris said haughtily, her face on toward noon. scarlet. She turned to go, with a gesture of farewell.

worth your while."

"You cannot," Loris said, running up | Bedrock. to her own room, there to rage and "I wish to see you about the Snake down to dinner. There was no getting | ciously. home until the weather changed. The walks were glair ice, the paths drifted. Itor imagined she saw a swift glance She was a prisoner until morning at | flash between the partners. least. As a prisoner it behooved her to "I understand it expires in ten days," show herself brave. Therefore instead said Gregg blandly. "You are Miss of sulking through dinner she was Killian?" gayer than she had ever been and after "Yes. We-Mr. Temple wishes to re-It was the "Christmasing" that had ballads Miss Marcia loved. The brav- posed." done it. They had met among the ery appealed to Miss Marcia wonder-

her head locked in her hands, quiver- off, if you don't mind?" ing in every fiber.

dearly-but could she really make up a long ride back to camp. Mr. Temple to him for what he would lose? Miss Marcia's case, too, appealed to her strangely; she was old and lonely. Then under this soft mood there crept a fiery one. John was her lover-hers. Miss Marcia had shamed and insulted her. It would be a darling vengeance to smile at her and say: "Let the money go to charity, Aunt Marcia. We can take care of ourselves."

Loris began suddenly to stifle. She sprang up and darted to a window, but could not open it. Gasping, she flew to the door, opened it and saw flame and smoke below. All the big hall was like a furnace, with the servants asleep in the south wing and Miss Marcia snoring and unconscious across the cor-

In a minute Loris had her door open and shut and was dragging her from bed toward the east window. It gave on a piazza roof, whence escape might be possible. Loris saw instantly it was easily possible to her lithe strength, yet Miss Marcia moaned and prayed and hid her eyes. Like lightning Loris thought of what the elder woman meant to her own future. If she were out of the way? With sudden hatred of self and superhuman strength she clutched and tugged and strained and at last got Miss Marcia on the roof. "The will is your right, but I won't | Then Loris dropped down and called to men running wildly about: "A ladder! A ladder! Save Miss Helstone!" And then she sat down, suddenly faint, while strong and willing arms com-

pleted the work of rescue. Miss Marcia never did things half way. As soon as she could sit up she caught Loris' hand, saying through tears: "Forgive me! Oh, do forgive me! I had insulted you, but you didn't leave me to burn alive! You-you are

-the wife of John!" "I have thought so all the time," Loris said, hiding her happy face in Miss Marcia's breast.

An Unfortunate Choice.

Mrs. Black, with a family of eight, could keep a cook, but Mrs. Green, who paid the same wages and whose family numbered only two, experienced the greatest difficulty in persuading one to stay with her. Mrs. Green was troubled about it, and naturally sought suggestions wherever she could get them. One day the two women happened to meet at a news dealer's stand.

"I'm buying," explained Mrs. Black, "a Swedish newspaper for my cook She likes to read, and I take one home to her occasionally."

"Why," exclaimed Mrs. Green, "I wonder if that's the reason you're so successful in keeping a girl. I've always wanted to know the secret." "Possibly it's one of the reasons," admitted Mrs. Black.

"I'm going to try it myself," announced Mrs. Green, promptly taking a copy of the same paper. A week later the two women met

again near the agency where Mrs. Green was looking for a new cook. "Well," asked Mrs. Black, smiling, "how did the newspaper scheme

"It didn't work at all," confessed Mrs. Green. "I bought a Swedish paper, and the girl was a Finn."

AT THE SNAKE **ROCK MINE**

By FRANK H. SWEET

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Joyce Killian was only two weeks from a select boarding school in the east where the young ladies were zealously guarded from all contact with the rough outside world. Yet this morning she was tearing down Snake Rock canyon upon a mustang, not three months from a broncho buster, with gaudy, cumbersome horse trappings that had been brought up from Mexico more as a curiosity than for

But there was no fear, no self consciousness in her face, and instead of trying to check the mustang her hand went out from time to time to stroke and pat its neck encouragingly as her voice urged it on.

When she left the canyon she struck a more level country, and here the mustang was let out to its full speed. Bedrock was still ten miles away, and "Thank you for nothing. I don't she must reach it and be back to the

Bedrock was a one street town which commenced and ended in tents, with Miss Marcia stopped her by saying | few unpainted frame buildings in the fretfully: "You must not think of leav- center. It was an hour after noon ing. See how it storms outside. The when Joyce slipped from her horse in worst March sleet I ever saw. And if | front of the office of Gregg & Graw, you really don't want John there is no mine brokers and operators. Both of reason why we should not be good | the proprietors were in, and both rose friends. Stay with me. I will make it at her entrance. Young ladies of Joyce's type were not yet common at

chafe until she went punctiliously Rock mine lease," Joyce began gra-Gregg bowed, but not before the vis-

it sang of her own notion the old, old new the lease on the terms you pro-

"Visiting at Snake Rock camp with your aunt," went on Gregg. "You see, But after her clear "Good night" Lo- | we've all heard-or guessed. Whenris did not sleep. Instead she lay with er-is the interesting event to come

"If you are alluding to my marriage Had she liberty to come between with Mr. Temple, it has not yet been John Helstone and this fine inherit- announced," answered Joyce coldly. ance? She knew the old story-the "But about the lease. Will you kindly feud begun in troth plight and troth make it out as soon as possible? I have breaking. She loved John-oh, how some shopping to do in town, and it is



WHEN TEMPLE LOOKED OVER THE CREDIT SLIPS THE WEARINESS LEFT HIS FACE. will sign the papers and return them at once. There are only ten days, and he wishes to have the matter arranged without delay."

"Why doesn't he come down him- ing of proposing. The parents very self?" demanded Graw bluntly. "He is very busy at the mine, and I

convinced him that I could attend to it just as well," Joyce answered. said it was to be made out at twentyfive thousand and-your own offer."

Graw laughed aloud. "That offer was made four weeks ago," he said, "and Temple declined

"You mean you will not renew it for

"Exactly." Joyce lost some of her color. What generally recognized that the debt little money she and her aunt had was invested in the mine, as well as Hugh Temple's, and the lease ran out in ten

"Well," she said slowly, "I am au- when a man of high intellectual powthorized, in case you should decline to ers devotes a large portion of his life recognize your offer, to raise the to the study of a subject it is inevita-

suavely, "with real regret, you under- of high intellectual powers chooses to stand. And I will add that we would write upon a subject what he writes decline a hundred thousand just as must possess a certain value. But it

"You mean that you will not re-lease the Snake Rock mine on any terms?" the girl's white lips asked. "Exactly. We expect to resume operations there ourselves."

"I understand-you have heard. And I suppose you call this business. You made a fortune out of the mine, and then when you lost the vein you leased it to Mr. Temple through misrepresentations. He paid you \$59,000 and yesterday, from nearly a year's work. Macmillan's Magazine.

he took out less than \$1,000. He told me that you were up there yourselves only a short time ago trying to induce him to re-lease the mine for \$25,000, believing it to be exhausted. Now"-

"As Temple has rediscovered the vein, richer than ever," finished Graw coolly, "we propose to operate it ourselves. But you may tell him that if he will turn the mine over to us at daylight tomorrow we will pay him back one-half the year's lease, \$25,-

"And let him lose the other \$75,000," flashed back Joyce. "No, thank you. We will hold the mine until the very

last moment of the lease." But once outside she wondered if she had done the best she could. He was down in the mine working flercely with his men at the almost pure vein which the explosives had uncovered and believing that she would return with the new lease. Only ten more days, and he did not know it. What could she do?

Before she had gone a hundred yards she knew, and instead of keeping on toward the stores she hurried to the only printing office Bedrock contained. An hour later the town was conspicuously posted with: "Men wanted at the \$15 a day, pack mules \$10."

tendents did not average fifteen. In Brooks in Harper's Weekly. an hour men were leaving regular jobs of work and ruthlessly breaking contracts. When Joyce finished her shopping and started for home she found stragglers and groups with picks and shovels scattered along the trail for

them. He was down in the mine the center to the sea. working and watching day and night to see that the great stream should his Britannic majesty, hoisting the not slacken for even an instant.

Joyce insisted on a share in the point, but by degrees the island sank work and remained at the mouth of until about the middle of October it the mine with book and pencil, keeping vanished below the surface, with the a record of the stream as it flowed past, and it was she who took charge of the credit slips as they came in.

So a week went by, eight days, nine days, and the tenth was nearing its close when Temple came up from the mine and staggered weakly to where Joyce was standing with her book and pencil. And behind Temple came the half thousand men of the day shift, slipping through the mouth of the mine like the coils of a mighty serpent. The vein had again disappeared, and four hours of the lease remained.

knew it would be something stupen. Huber calls this tactile communication dous," he said to Joyce, with a long "antennal language." breath, "but nothing like this. will divide two hundred thousand of among the workmen, less than onequarter, and then for the east."

Courtship In Tibet.

A prominent Englishwoman who has visited Tibet says that the people of that country have long ago solved the question which has been causing much discussion in England for years. In the lama country, she says, you hear no cry "Why don't men propose?" Every girl is married and old maids unknown. The matchmaking place, or the "shambang," as it is called, is a low hut, generally situated midway between two villages, where maidens and young men in every class of life congregate around small fires which they kindle themselves. If a man is attracted by a certain girl he invites her and her relatives to partake of the warmth around his fire. This is taken as a gentle hint that he is thinkseldom if ever visit the "shambang." The girls spin, assisted by the men, tell stories and sing until they tire. When a man has made his choice he dresses in his best and takes wine and food to the parents of the girl he has chosen. If his suit is approved his food is eaten and his wine is drunk and the girl is his after he has paid a small amount of money to her father.

Ruskin as an Art Critic, It is probably by this time pretty

that we owe to Ruskin is not primarily for what he did and said about art. It was as a moralist and a philosopher that he was really great. Of course amount to what was paid last year- ble that his labors must possess a certain value. We may even go further "Which we must decline," said Gregg than that and say that when a man is quite possible that the kernel of the nut may be found in his digressions or in light incidentally thrown upon other matters. Ruskin's writings upon art possess very great value, but their value is not for what they tell us about art, but for what they tell us about Ruskin. Every page of "Modern Painters" is worth reading, not because its author was a great art critic, but because he was a great philosopher and moralist. No time is has sunk more than \$50,000 in search- wasted which is spent in the company ing for that vein. Until day before of the wise and good.-L. W. Clarke in

THE RIVER THAMES.

Its Prettiest Point Is From Marlow to Hurley Lock.

For the ordinary Londoner the Thames only begins at Richmond, but from there on to Oxford every reach is a delight. Magnificent as is the Hudson, it has the disadvantage of being too big for a rowboat. One might just as well be on the Atlantic. Anything smaller than an Albany day boat seems lost on its majestic breadth. But the Thames is made for the single and double sculler, the punt, the Canadian canoe and the small electric launch.

And to my mind the best of all starting points is Marlow. It is about an hour and a half's run from town and therefore well beyond the range of 'Arry and 'Arriet, who are the pests of an English as mosquitoes are of an American holiday. Marlow in itself is a delightfully typical village, with its broad main street, its old inns and manor house and its sweet smelling cottages ablaze with country flowers. And the two mile row upstream to Hurley Lock focuses the Thames at its best. It is one of the beauties of this river that it has a perfect setting. It winds in and out among wooded Snake Rock mine for ten days. Wages hills, past fields and flower laden meadows and between banks that the Ordinary wages for good laborers cleverest gardeners in the world have was four or five. Bosses and superin- done all they can to beautify.-Sydney

AN ERRATIC VOLCANO.

Rose From the Sea, Formed an Island and Sank Again.

On June 16, 1810, the Sabrina, a Brittwo miles or more. But she reached | ish sloop of war, observed smoke aristhe mouth of the mine first and sent | ing from the sea near St. Michael's, off an imperative summons for Temple to the Azores, and made for it, believing come to the surface. When he joined | that a naval engagement was in progher a half hour later twenty men were ress. Her crew found, however, that waiting for jobs, with fifty hurrying great tongues of flame were issuing up the slope, and between the fifty along with the smoke and that they and Bedrock came half a thousand had cleared for action to fight a vol-

The regular force of the mine was Forty-eight hours later an island less than a hundred men, but the next | made its appearance, having risen morning a thousand names were on from a depth of forty fathoms in that the payroll, divided into day and night | period, and in another day it was fiftyshifts. A great stream of ore rolled one feet above the surface, with a up out of the mine to the backs of the length of about three-quarters of a pack mules and on the smelter at Bed- mile. By July 4 the Sabrina's people rock, from whence came certificates of were able to land on this new shore, credit with figures that would have which was then 300 feet high, with a staggered a mine owner of moderate circumference of fully a mile, with a ideas. But Temple did not even see stream six yards wide running from

They took formal possession of it for union jack on its most conspicuous union jack still on it, like a battleship sinking with colors flying after a fatal engagement.-London Standard.

INSECT CONVERSATION.

Antennal Language Among Ants Is a Demonstrated Fact. Every observer of insect life seems convinced that in one way or another insects do converse. How this is done is not so easily determined. Sometimes it may be by sound, as in the case of. bees with their busy hum; sometimes by touching one another on the head When Temple looked over the credit or abdomen, as ants do, but far more slips the weariness left his face. "I frequently by the antennae, so that

> His own experiment demonstrates the fact. Having placed a colony of ants in a closed and darkened chamber, he found them at first all scattered in disorder, but he soon saw one who had discovered an outlet return to the rest. Of these he touched a few, and speedily the whole community marched out in regular lines, evidently with the one thought of liberty.

Ants have been known to post sentinels, to send out spies and to return to their nest by signal for re-enforcements. The very aphides, the ants' milk kine, appear to understand antennal language, as do wasps also, according to Banks and Knight, for if their sentinels give no warning a nest may easily be taken.

A Fish Peculiarity. There are some indications that fishes possess a sixth sense, the organs of which are the pores of the head and of the lateral band. This band is a row of little canals connected with the external world by holes through the scales. In these cavities, under which runs a large nerve, are found nerve heads or terminations like those of other sense organs. The use of this apparatus is unknown.

Not In Silence,

"You're forever trying to give the impression that you're a martyr," snapped Mrs. Henpeck. "I suppose you want everybody to think that you suffer in silence?"

"No," replied Mr. Henpeck; "I suffer in the perpetual absence of silence. A little silence would be a positive pleasure to me."

The Real Thing.

"Are the members of your dramatic club very enthusiastic?" "Are they! Why, when we presented 'Hamlet' in the next village last week half the company walked all the way

home on the railroad track just to give

it a professional flavor." Member of Don't Worry Club, "Oh, I wish I was like Richley, don't

"Because he doesn't have to worry about his bank account running low." "Well, neither do I. I haven't go

A Brond Hint. Hostess-You appear to be in d thought, Tommy. Tommy - Yes' Mamma told me if you asked me have some cake I was to say s thing, an' I've been here so long I forgot what it was.

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