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# LOVE AND A TITLE

choly and desperate, at Rouen, whence "black fits," or, knowing it, understands unselfish love of a heart unstained by he had gone, as he confessed to me after how to cope with it? a deal of coaxing, to forget "the only Old Mrs. Fleming, Tully, Southall, Wil- cruel the disappointment must be. loved!" Poor Fitz! he is very much to meet this terrible, hard-faced, pas- think you can. Think, then, how you altered—for the better, I think; but he sionate man than the slight, loving girl would feel if you had learned that the life of me, help smiling when I think of sensible to love itself. You, the first marquis in this land-the astute and worldly-wise Ferndale-making love in disguise to a simthe artist, and to secure her prize.

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They tell me you have chosen in direct contradiction to your avowed tastes; dark eyes, dark hair, hasn't she? Oh, Vane! and once-"naught but the gold Well, may you happy be, a stern, unyielding judge. dear Vane! It is easy for a man to be happy, for he can so easily forget. For us, poor women, well, the best we can hope for is to be allowed to glance sometimes at your happiness. Let me do so, do that, I dare say, being a woman. face shall give him, he notes that sud- out? Did you hope that the truth would Meanwhile, dear Vane, spare her, from den droop, and smothers a groan. your kisses, one for me ! Lucelle ..

P. S.-By the way, do not forget that it must be a secret still. I'm here at sity, "you have deceived me. Are you ment, when, the mask stripped from that Leich Court a week before my time; you old restlessness and sudden Besides, I had exhausted ! Adieu-no-au revoir!

Word by word, he reads on-not only reading but hearing, as it were, the very insinuating, and languid, of the fashionable beauty. Word by word it arose and stung him. His face wend mes, and at others crimson. struck him home in his rankled. At last he raised and, crushing her delicate, scented note in his bands, exclaimed:

But before the words had left his lips the demon of doubt was in his ear: "Is it a lie?" How did she look heard the news of his identity Marquis of Ferudale? He remembers now that she did not look surprised; troubled and agitated, perhaps,

the Park-how often they were together! Where had Fitzjames been that morning when he, Vane, had met him in the village riding on the bay cob?

Doubt after doubt raised by the recollection of a dozen little circumstances, which were rendered significant by her letter, arose to overwhelm him. Yes, it must be true. Lucelle was could not be detected.

Oh. Heaven! what if Jeanne did not I deemed you-to gain your end. Jeanne's voice, singing its simple sea ballad. It is all about a ship "that sailed, and a gale that blew, and the

true." burning hands, he goes to the drawing- man you hod married?"

Jeanne hears his step, a slow, drag- a table which stands near her. and looks up with a smile.

she says; "and I have just finished my out that whim successfully? Jeanne, can vows ringing in your ears. Came to me song. Oh! how kind it was of you to you look me in the face and tell me with the placid smile and winning artthink of painting that picture of the that you did not know that I was other lessness of a child-Heaven! that such Nancy Bell for me, and \_\_\_ " She stops than Vernon Vane, the artist; that you deceit should wear so swet a face!" suddenly, startled by the pallor of his did not know in marying me, you would With a groan, he flings himself into drawn face, that looks ghostly under be the Marchioness of Ferndale?" its dark brow and heavy moustache. As she stands with the subdued lights ment with a harsh, bitter laugh. him, "are you ill?" and her hand goes face distinctly, and as she remains sil- my former life and loves, deeming the

back, allowing her hand to fall from his

"Wait!" he says hoarsely. "Do not

CHAPTER XXII. At those terrible words Jeanne shrinks Lady Lucelle is-right. back, and looks at him as if she fears he has gone mad, or that she has sud- ibly. denly taken leave of her own senses. Not only is his voice utterly changed, but his face has undergone some wonder- gesture he stops her. whom she has married is quite another over me—a curse that, like a two-edged over me—a curse that, like a two-edged beight.

of Memper are rather amusing than tempt you to falsehood and treachery? silence, then, with a harsh laugh, he otherwise. How should she know that You were happy until I saw you and exclaims:

Poor Clarence! I met him, melan - ; she is confronting one of the Ferndale

girl, I give you my word, Lucelle, I ever | as, any of them, would know better how | "Can you understand? I scarcely is still heartbroken, and, they tell me, who faces him, shrinking and panting title you had married for was but a sham mourns "Jeanne" in his sleep, and car- with alarm. Thus the stand and look at |-that there was on Marquis of Fernries a lock of her hair. There, Vane, for- each other, the fury blazing in Vane's dale and that the man you had so well see I can't help teasing heart to white heat, rendering him blind feigned to love was simple Vernon Vane! you, now, and, frankly, I cannot for the to reas or justice—rendering him in- That is within the grasp of your imagin-

ple country girl, who was not so simple the name leaves his lips, that name a case, for I have lost the quest of my as not to know the marquis underneath | which he was wont almost to sing, or so | life, at a moment when I had conceived it seemed to Jeanne, "Jeanne, you have that I held it within my grasp. Yes,

It is a simple thing to say, but said | fied!' as Vernon Vane, Marquis of Ferndale, utters it, it sounds in Jeanne's ears as | rent he pours out the passionate volume and azure blue, were dreamed of in your | the accusation against a criminal before | of accusation and reproach, scarcely re-

tioningly, then her eyes droop. fear and hope- the fear lest Lady Lu- with distraught eyes and white face. celle should be right, the hope that Vane: I want to know your wife, and to Jeanne will meet him with a denial and to her: make her love me, not half-heartedly, indignant question-watching her as if but altogether and for always. She can his life depended upon the answer her what a perilous undertaking you had set

very pale and her lips quivering.

hands in timid entreaty.

-as indeed he had, to the heart. the acutest of your sex. You know the gain title and wealth, lent herself to de- half orange juice. A spoonful of acid haggard face and flashing eyes.

your game-are you satisfied?" Jeanne finds words at last. "Tell me," she says, and her voice sounds strained and unnatural, "tell me

what I have done." At this simple prayer, uttered so pathetically, most men's hearts would have melted, most men's anger would have I been turned aside, but in the bitterness of his own misery, Vane knows no pity his wife?"

—the Ferndale temper is inexplicable. "I will," he says, "but you know! you is very pale, but her eyes are flashing.

ed and deceived by a simple country girl. have sold your soul for the worthless "No!" she says, not inaudibly now, price of a title, you have bartered your though not loudly. honor and your truth for dross, you have | "No!" she repeats, and as she does so however dextrously told, unless that lie lent yourself to deceit with the facility the Jeanne of the last few months of the most unscrupulous woman of the world—you, the innocent, guileless child seems to give place to the old frank, in-Jeanne's eyes, wide open and

Softly at intervals floats out to him wildered, are raised to his accusing ones. mean details?" he says, sternly. "Have and the passion and pride in that "No!" waves that made a grave for hearts so what has passed? Do you think that I

ging step, as one going to meet his doom, "Do you forget how you humored my dreamed that I had won the love of one whim-as you no doubt deemed it!- and lutterly ignorant of the meaning of the "Have you finished your cigarette?" allowed me to think that I had carried word. You came to me with his love

"Vernon!" she breathes, hurrying to at the back of her, he cannot see her "And I-I poured out my confession of ent, a wild hope rises within him. Wetting his lips, he moves slightly "Jeanne, he says, making a step to- and innocent. I made mention of my ward her, and speaking with feverish past; while you-you were hiding within

know it-tell me-But he stops suddenly and the light years, not months, but weeks—days ago! dies out of his face, for Jeanne lifts Jeanne, you were wise! You feared to her head, and he sees in her eyes that lose your coronet. Well-you have gain-"You knew it?" he says, almost inaud-

"Yes," says Jeaune, "but-" And she looks up eagerly; with

"Spare me!" he says, "spare me and to her face. she had looked around and seen him yourself the mockery of some sophistileaning against the balustrade of the terrace, his handsome face set in that peace- deceit as you were guilty of? What can He laughs sardonically. ful look of repost which a man wears palliate the lie, acted and spoken which "Go back!" he says. "Will that heal who has dired well and has his newly- led me to think that you did not know all you have done? Will that make made bride within reach. Now it is my identity? Fool-fool!" he mutters, reparation for your falsehood? If you hard and strained, haggard and working, pacing to and fro, gnawing at his mousas if with some suppressed emotion. pacing to and working the fatal letter withor only the remembrance of the mar-At the instant one of those wild, sud- in the palms of his clinched hand. "Did chioness whom I despise?" den thoughts strike Jeanne's dazed brain I know that there was no such thing for As if his words were the knotted suppose Vane, the lover and the lov- me as a pure, disinterested love? Did I though of an actual scourge, she starts person? It is a fantastic thought, but sword, strikes both ways, and tempts height, and looks at him, her lips set, is unmar the seed of the seed of the sword of the deceit I suffer by. Oh. child!" and the eyes flashing; if there had been any on-Avon. Jeanns—to whom the world is as yet he turns with outstretched hands toward the fire of mountain the fire of mounta a shadowy, indistinct land, of which she Jeanne, "do you know what you have the fire of wounded pride, and the unbearable sense of injury.

The bearable sense of injury.

The bearable sense of injury. nothing of men, their moods and their hope—you have wrecked my life and "Let me go," she says. "I will be a learned what he will be a learned what he are the says and their hope—you have wrecked my life and he learned what he are the says. "I will be a learned what he are the says are the s passions. Uncle John is the sweetest- your own. Your own. Oh, Jeanne, what back!" and she moves slightly. tempered hiped that over tred the earth. was there in the hollow bauble of a title "No!" Hal is but a boy, whose little outbursts and the glittering dross of wealth to He looks at her for a moment in

"False!" echoes Jeanne, and her voice uivers with anguish, "false," "Yes, false," he says, vehemently; tended to think that I was no other than I am. You were false when you led me to think you other than you were. I thought you loved the unknown, struggling artist, but you loved the marquis.' Jeanne's color comes and goes, gradually his meaning is dawning upon her.

Hitherto she has stood overwhelemed by the passion of his acusation, scarcely knowing of what and how much she is charged, but slowly she realizes how base and ignoble and mercenary he deems her, Her color rises and falls, her eyes, open to their fullest, stare at him wildly. "The marquis!" he repeats, passionately; "the marquis, that was the magic word that won you; the penniless artist ght have wooed in vain! You were cold enough until you knew the value of the prize-you scarcely threw me a

word when we met; your smiles were reserved for Clarence Fitzjames until you knew that there was game worthier of your attention. You are all alike, old and young, gentle and simple. Heaven eives you fair faces and sweet, childlooks, and hearts that are old from your babyhood! Do you wonder that I am bitter? Am I too hard? Look at me! think how great a prize I have lost-I, who thought to have gained the pure, one ignoble thought, and consider how

ation, I doubt not; child as you are, you At last he turns, closes the door and can understand that. I tell you, then, "Jeanne," he says, and how differently | times more than yours would be in such look upon your handiwork, and be satis-

With the violence of a mountain tormembering to whom he is speaking, She looks at him for a moment ques- communing with his own tortured heart rather than addressing the beautiful girl Watching her with keen agony of who stands speechless, watching him Stopped for want of breath, he turns

"Did you ever pause to think upon never reach me, and that I should not A Few Hints on How to Serve the "Yes," he says in a low voice, all the discover how hollow a joy I had won? more terrible for its suppressed inten- Did you ever look forward to this mo-Jeanne raises her eyes; her face is your falsehood discovered, your treachery revealed? Or did you lay the flat-"I-I do not understand. Oh Vernon, tering unction to your soul that my foolwhat has happened?" and she clasps her ish passion would blind me to your de- Many cooks prefer to omit onions from Yes, you deceived yourself. She whom I very fine vinegar, lemon juice is a bet-Jeanne starts as if he had struck her loved was Jeanne, the pure-hearted, ter acid to use, and particularly for with the careless heart of a child in the take the place of vinegar-though bet- try. nocence, you know how to deceive with little fishing village; not the girl who, to ter still is the use of half lemon and meaning of a lie, and the value of it." ceit and a lie! That Jeanne whom I white wine sprinkled over the fruit is loved has gone, vanished forever, and in considered an improvement by many.

but the words die on her lips, struck her place stands the Marchioness of Cooked vegetables and meat have a dumb by the intense bitterness of his Ferndale, with whom I have no part or better flavor if marinated before the "Are you satisfied?" he repeats. "You half taught; your woman's instinct of ate" means to pour a French dressing have played your part, you have won guile and cunning was only half matur- over the inredients of the salad, alfool-Clarence Fitx james-"

Jeanne starts, and finds her voice. "Marry him!" she says, almost inaud-

He stops and fronts her, the light of passion blazing in his eyes. "Ah," he says, "that touches you. You see I know it all. Will you deny that he of his disappointment, in the anguish loved you, that he offered to make you

Jeanne looks at him steadily; her face

you will—the pride of a lofty race.

It is the old Jeanne that speaks, Jean-"Do you wish me to enter into the ne before love came and conquered her, you forgotten-do you think I forget are as inetnse and as marked as his own. "Do you not deny it?" he says, madhave lost all remembrance of your feign- dened more by the very absence of the He can bear it no longer, but must ed surprise and ignorance when that ner- denial, for he has hoped that at least get the truth. Crushing the letter in his vous fool blundered out the title of the that part of my Lady Lucelle's letter is false. "You do not deny it, and not one Jeanne starts, and puts one hand upon word of this did you tell me. Heaven! what fools you make of us! I, who

> eagerness, "Jeanne, tell me you did not the heart that nestled against mine, a love-tale that had been whispered not

> > ed it. Are you happy?" Jeanne looks up, as he extends a hand to her with a bitter laugh; looks up,then around her, as if seeking some refuge a from his mad passion. But there is none. With a low cry she throws up her arms

"No! Why should you? After all ,we are but as many others. One man in a thousand, one woman in a thousand, marries for love; the remaining nine hundred and ninety-nine are ontent with you were false when you silently per- the shadow and semblance. Why should

Jeanne shrank back with a look of

"I will go!" she says, moving toward "Stop!" he says, and his voice is as hour, your home of a day, and the world have been little the wiser, and none the worse; but you have married the Marquis of Ferndale. With your coronet you purchased responsibilities. From this day forth every act of yours is known and commented on. You cannot go back without setting the dogs of the wronged me; will you add to that be a paper-hanger? wrong the additional injury of scandal? This house has hitherto been free from the shadow of scandal; will you set the tongue of every servant wagging, and the country agape, by leaving your home on your wedding-night?"

Coldly, with cruel distinctness, he appeals to her. The madness still holds possession of him, and renders him merciess, both to her and himself. (To be continued.)

KEEP CHILDREN WELL. If you want to keep your children hearty, rosy and full of life during the hot weather months, give them an occacional dose of Baby's Own Tablets. This medicine will prevent all forms of stomach and bowel troubles, which carry off so many little ones during the hot summer months, or it will cure these troubles the medicine for hot weather troubles, because it always does good and can good for children at every stage from terests. birth onward, and will promptly cure all their minor ailments. Mrs. J. J. McFarlane, Aubrey, Que., says: "My baby was troubled with colic until I gave him Baby's Own Tablets, and they promptly cured him. Now when he is a little out of sorts, I give him a dose of Tablets, and they promptly bring him back to his from your druggist, or they will be sent do more on that day. by mail at 25 cents a box by writing The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville,

THE SUMMER SALAD.

having the vegetables thoroughly dry. son. yet fresh and crisp, and not adding meat or dressing until ready to serve.

for meat, fish and some varieties of vegetables. A boiled dressing is that in which the ingredients are cooked, and butter or cream is substituted for

through a cloth. A salad suitable for luncheon or sup- be an insult! per is made from the cooked livers of pepper, and a French dressing, makes a New York Sun. piquant salad. Chop fine, pack in tiny molds, garnish with hard-boiled eggs and cress and serve with additional dressing.

### -July Pilgrim. Something About Marie.

Italian blood. She was adopted by did not do the sinking. Charles Mackay, the song writer and litterateur, and brought up during childhood in England. She was afterward sent to France and educated in a convent, where she received, with other in- into the failure of J. H. Mansfield & struction, a first-class musical training. Co., New York, shows that a dummy day the Lapp mother places her child in She commenced to write an elaborate tempts in literature were three sonnets apart for the women customers. The for the little one by stringing toys upon opera when barely 14. Her first aton Shakespearean themes, entitled "Ro- telephone had a mechannical buzzer, a cord passed across the top of the basmeo and Juliet," "Rosalind" and "Des-"Let me go home-let me go home!" demona." Her adopted father had incareer, but a curious psychical experience occurring to her, personally, caused and realisticaly transmitted over the her to write "The Romance of Two dummy telephone, the ends of whose and from that time she devoted herself wires were simply concealed under the Indian idea of strapping the papoose into to literature. She has never, however, carpet. A good many of the fleeced a carrying case, but the Lapp baby has abandoned her love for music, and is creditors who call at the office refuse proficient on the piano and mandolin. to give their names, not being willing tain amount of liberty of movement is She has published many successful books, including "Vendetta," "Thelma," "Ar- to let the public know that they specu- afforded. dath," and "The Master Christian." She lated in such a place. is unmarried and resides at Stratford-

Oppression Suicidal.

civilization which can stand the test of narrowly escaped the same fate. These horsed.

## CURRENT COMMENT

forget. As the wife of Vernon Vane, you ready had to contradict some lurid tion of these accidents were the result might have left your husband of an stories told by New York reporters. If of carelessness or thoughtlessness on the they hope to set that crowd right, they part of the occupants of the boats. Far will be kept busy.

organize as a separate body, with the some day a boat or a cance will be built object of restoring old scales under which which will not capsize when a person newspapers on your track. You have they made \$50 a week. Who wouldn't does either of the above two things.

Perhaps those people who say they We do not think that Kaiser Wilhelm suspect that John Bull is behind Japan will succeed in making the Baltic a closed in her demands for indemnity may not sea without objections being raised to be far wrong. If anybody else inter- the process. Indeed, we fancy that the feres, Britain is by treaty bound to see attempt to close it would probably be her plucky little ally through.

price of hides "owing to the war in Manchuria." Well, that is almost as good | channel by which it opens into the North sun, or the Peary raid on the Pole. It east which used to be caled Skania. The will hit the consumer just as hard.

Chauncey M. Depew is a director in seventy-two different companies, not if they come on unexpectedly. It is just counting the Equitable, from which he retired. In most of these he must be never do harm, as it is guaranteed free only a sleeping partner, as no man could sels or to exact from them the payment from opiates and harmful drugs. It is give attention to such a variety of in- of a toll, but in the following century

It has been decided that under the present Sunday laws farmers are not prohibited from laboring on Sunday. This is immaterial. The farmer has a certain amount of necessary work to do every usual health." You can get the Tablets Sunday, and few there are who care to

Iowa has 46,000 more men than women, and the spinsters are said to be a little "stuck on themselves." Meanwhile the school ma'ams of New England, who are 4 per cent. short of material for husbands, think of spending their holidays The success of a salad depends upon in that state when it's not the close sea-

ceit, and that the trick you had played a salad, and some simply rub the bowl stand to lose heavily. We hope the be-"You do not understand?" he repeats. would be condoned by a passing word in which the ingredients are blended lief is well founded. There will be lit- be willing to do so. "You are woman enough to know the and forgotten? You deceived yourself. with a clove or garlic. Unless one has the sympathy with those who enter such conspiracies against the public and frank-faced girl whom I found playing fruit salads, should the juice of a lemon gamble with the foodstuffs of the coun-

Farm help in this Province is scarce, and it will be scarcer yet before the Northwest crop is harvested. In some of the plain, the forest, the june and the parts wages range from \$30 to \$40 lot. No! you were but half wise, but dressing proper is added. To "marin- month with board, and day laborers seldom get under \$1.75 to \$2 a day with It is kingly even as was the animal itself, board. These are comparatively big of the mighty form that it once protected Jeanne, and have married that other and then carefully drained to prevent wages, but the farmers are prosperous three wards long and one half variety the mayonaisse from liquefying. French and able to pay. The only complaint we wide. Its hair is neither bright nor pretty, dressing is generally used for green have heard this season so far is that the but its great shaggy mane crowns it like a vegetables, fruits and nuts, mayonnaise hay crop has been so heavy it was difficult to harvest it.

oil; and the cream dressing is that in Harry Copeland for \$500, the alleged | nature of the great cat. which cream is the basis. In combining value of one single little kiss and hug. The American jaguar furnishes a pretty table is a puree, shape in the desired After hearing the evidence, seeing the spots instead of stripes. The leopard, too, has form, wrap in waxed paper and lay in plaintiff and thinking over the matter black spats. The skin of the black panther the refrigerator until time to serve. Deli- for several days, Judge Hammond dis- is also much admired. cate, yet nutricious, jellies for molding counted the claim 92 per cent., treating home. the white of an egg before straining think of all the unkissed kisses available ers, yet few have succeeded in preserving their pelts with the fur on for any long

several chickens, or half a yound of We still hold the opinion expressed this country it is popular to catch foxes calves' liver boiled with a dozen pep-when this project was announced. That during the winter and to tan their skins for percorns and a half inch oif bay leaf. is, that while the United States no doubt rugs and for ornaments, but the fox skin The meat should be put through a fine has a full legal right to leave the wreck are the skins of larger and fiercer animals, chopper or grated over lettuce leaves [of the Maine] where it is, an unsightly though the fox is growing more and more and the solad dressing served separate. and the salad dressing served separate- obstacle and nuisance in a foreign har- scarce. ly. Cold, cooked fish makes an appe- bor, to be disposed of in any way which A coat of skins of reindeer fawns only tizing salad, served in tomato cups or the Cubans may see fit to adopt in order cucumber boats placed in lettuce nests to get rid of it, a measure of moral oband topped with a spoonful of mayon- ligation rests upon the United States to is the same inside as outside. This coat naise. If the supply of fish is a little see that the remains of the ill-fated vesscant, add one cold, boiled potato, sel receive proper and fitting burial in proof. Cooked spinach, seasoned with salt, the clean waters of the Gulf Stream. - | Some skins of Manchurian tigers are also

A moral obligation also rests upon the grizzly. It measures 14 feet long, and the United States to see what caused the bear's head is two feet thick. Some rabbit vessel to sink to the bottom of Havana | though rabbit skins are not as rare or valuharbor. Among a great many people there is something stronger than a suspi-Marie Corelli is of mingled Scotch and cion, there is a belief, that the Spaniards

The dummy telephone is the latest accessory to the bucket shop. Inquiry plenty of light and air. telephone was installed in the room set which was set in action whenever the receiver was raised. Whenever the women | tire day in the open, and yet at the same patrons gave orders, they were promtly time is guarded from the troubles and

Beware of the water. The Toronto it is attached to a tree being slung our News says that within the last thirty days the Toronto daily papers have re-Booker T. Washington is right when corded no fewer than twenty-one boathe says "The oporessors are lost." No ing accidents in which fifteen persons race which needs to protect itself from another by oppression has a character or lost their lives, while twenty-eight more accidents occerred in smen sailing boats, "Zen it say he was cowed."

The Japanese peace envoys have al- | canoes and rowboats. The large proportoo many accidents occur simply because people persist in standing up or chang-New York paper-hangers are trying to | ing seats while on the water. Perhaps Meanwhile beware of the water.

resisted with all the force Great Britain could bring to bear. The Baltic Sea is The Tanners' Combine has put up the | nearly a closed sea by nature-almost as much so as the Mediterranean. The Sea runs between Denmark on the west and that southerly tip of Sweden on the sea is about 900 miles long and from 75 to 200 wide, and, inclusive of the Gulfs of Bothnia, Riga and Finland, has an area of about 150,000 square miles. In the thirteenth century Denmark undertook to exclude at her discretion foreign vesthe Hanseatic League defied it, took Copenhagen, subjected Denmark temporarily to a sort of vassalage and maintained its own ascendancy in the Baltic for nearly three hundred years. Later, however, for three centuries Denmark levied tolls on shipping in the shape of Sound dues, now abolished. It is not to be supposed that Great Britain will consent to any arrangement that would restore them. She has maintained the freedom of the Mediterranean and opened the short route to the East via the Suez Canal, and it is likely that if the Kaiser or any other sovereign attempts to bar her way into the Baltic Sea he will have to be able to advance such arguments as will convince British scamen and gunners. It is believed that the operators of Not even Russia, Sweden, Denmark and the big July wheat corner at Winnipeg Germany combined dare try that; and it does not yet appear that Denmark would

SKIN OF WILD ANIMALS.

Many Are Becoming Scarce and Increasing in Value.

Skins of wild animals are daily becoming

Eleanor J. Omphalius, of Buffalo, sued and cunning, and is yellow and black tiger

thickening the water in which various it as a sort of special bargain day deal, plies a beautiful, soft, white, furry skin, but vegetables have been cooked with gela-dded \$1.20 for costs, and let Harvey off it is very rare. The skin of the American grizzly is now almost quite rare. Although tine. Season with salt, pepper and onion, for \$41.20. It was a big discount. But deer and moose are common game for huntard, if transparent jelly is desired, add

valuable. One skin is fourteen feet long. A monster skin is that from a 2,200-pound able.-Shoe and Leather Reporter.

Raising the Young Lapps. Little Laplanders spend the first few months of their existence in baskets of wickerwork, provided at the top with a conical framework too close for the baby to fall through and yet giving the infant

Before comemncing her work for the some nearby tree, occupation being found

Thus provided, the child spends the endangers of outdoor child life in other

The basket idea curiously parallels the that its limbs are unconfined and a cer-

The child is carried from place to place in the same basket, the cord by which

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