

Zoe's Hussar.

It was break of day at Valencia, that "pearl of Venezuelan cities," and already the bells of the cathedral and convent were calling people to mass. A group of Indians and mulattoes lounged, chattering and laughing, up the Calle de la Constitucion toward the market, while down the side lanes leading to the river parties of women were their way to bathe, and just opposite my window a lazy barber, cigar in mouth, was leisurely opening his shutters.

As I leaned out of the casement a sound of clattering hoofs, smacking whips and swearing voices, made me crane my neck to look up the road, while the barber stopped and stared, too. The riders, approaching at a gallop, were driving before them a baggage-laden mule, while surmounting the luggage lay the muleteer, strapped to the topmost trunk.

"Good heavens," I said, giving way to mirth, "it's Hamilton!"

And, sure enough, it was, for a moment later he wheeled around sharply at sight of me and, standing in his stirrups, waved a greeting, while his own countless laughter prevented him from speaking.

"Run up to earth!" he called up at last. "Eh, Eastlake! Heard you had come out on F. O. business, asked what your Christian name was, knew there could not be two Backhouse Eastlakes in the world and said, 'By Jove, it's 'Bacey'!' Took French leave and rode all night to catch you on the hop. Where are you bound for?"

"To Caracas," I answered. "I'm on this loan job, you know. Jolly glad to see you 'Hammy.' What's your news?"

"Fifth Hussars," he answered. "I'm on leave, and my brother—Georgia, you know—is consul at La Guira, so I came to have a look at him here. Deuced lucky finding you! What are all the bells making such a clatter for?"

"I explained that it was the fiesta of a saint, and that presently we must go out and watch the procession to church.

"There are some pretty girls in Valencia," I assured him, "and they will all be going to meet the 'church parade' in Hyde Park, isn't it? Some of the smartest looking boys of his time at home, and there were still the same warty chestnut hair, the magnificent teeth, while in the years that had passed he had grown to six feet two. He was just the same happy-go-lucky beggar, too, I could see, taking no thought for the moment ahead of him, yet getting, by a fluke, the things in life for which the rest of us fought and struggled and planned.

"I took him out presently up the Grand Plaza, where a noisy procession, accompanied by music and the letting off of holy squibs, was filing toward the cathedral.

"Following it were little knots of Venezuelan ladies, and as we passed them and waited just outside the big door to see them enter, I said to Hamilton: 'Have you any fault to find, you captious critic?'

"For it was a veritable dream of fair women. Such lustrous eyes, such crimson lips, such dainty figures and ankles, while the coquettish lace mantilla draping their heads enhanced the beauty of its wearers tenfold.

"I looked to see what impression the vision was making on Hamilton, and was struck by the intensity of his fixed regard, though I felt no surprise when I followed his gaze and saw that it rested on Zoe Ribera.

"Her people were French settlers naturalized for a generation or more as Venezuelans, and Zoe was considered the belle of Valencia. Dark blue eyes, bright brown hair, arched eyebrows and a skin like white velvet, distinguished from the majority of dark-haired, dark-eyed Venezuelans, and the lithe grace of her carriage might have been learned in a French court rather than this remote town of South America.

"She came, she saw, she conquered," I murmured, passing my arm through Hamilton's for he had made a quick step forward. But he jerked himself free and followed her during the few yards that lay between her and the door.

"Then just as she passed in she glanced round, looked hurriedly toward her elder sister, Mercedes, who was walking with her, and finally dropped her handkerchief vanishing into the cathedral before Hamilton had time to pick it up and present it to her. He slipped it up his coat sleeve and rejoined me with a look of elevated triumph on his face.

"Come home," he said; "I don't want to see any more. You know that girl, Eastlake?"

"Certainly. She is not only the best looking but the cleverest girl in the place, and she inherits a small fortune from her father, who is dead. I am going to a party at Mme. Ribera's to-night."

"Then I go, too, and you introduce me."

"With the superior's permission," I said doubtfully. "Miss Doe is quite the ways approachable. She has refused half the men in Valencia, and it is said she

may take the veil in three years, when she is 21."

"Never!" he said wrathfully. "Don't be an ass, 'Bacey!' A girl like that in a convent!"

"My dear old chap," I reprognated, "it's nothing to do with me—or you."

But I felt that the scrap of lace and muslin peeping from his sleeve was giving me the lie direct even as I said it. And if I had any doubts they would have been dispelled that evening.

Zoe was all in white, with a wide ribbon bow in her hair, and, as usual, every man in the room was paying homage to her, which she received as indifferently as though she were a queen bored with the courtiers.

But when I walked up to her with Hamilton and asked permission to present him I was amazed at the transformation of a sea shell, and she lifted her drooping eyelids and looked him straight in the face.

If she had looked at me like that, but that would have been another story. It was a case of mutual love at first sight. They were living editions of the prince and princess in a fairy tale, and the only drawback to the immediate and orthodox course of living happily ever after was—want of time. For the prince was bound to start for England in five days, and the Venezuelan etiquette precluded the chance of seeing Zoe except in the presence of others.

Once only that evening, when I had engaged Mercedes in earnest conversation and so covered a whispered colloquy between the two, they talked for each other and not for the whole room.

"You went to church this morning?" she said interrogatively. "It was the feast of my sister's patron saint, and we were there."

"I know," he said in a low tone; "I saw you enter and longed to enter too, but I felt unworthy. My only consolation was this—which dropped from paradise for my benefit."

He evidently showed her the edge of the handkerchief, for she murmured: "You picked it up. May I have it back?"

"May I keep it until to-morrow?" he pleaded.

I heard her say "Hush!" softly as Mme. Ribera crossed the room and separated them.

The next morning Hamilton insisted on going to a school where lace was made and paying an enormous sum for a handkerchief which was certainly a miracle of art. I could see its destined room.

Late in the afternoon he announced his intention of staying a second night with me.

"How about catching your boat?" I asked.

"Oh, I shall manage that," he answered carelessly. He really was not the least bit changed from the day when, being absent from roll-call on some escapade in his "house" at Etón should be rung and a false alarm created that covered his defection, so that he got off scot free.

We rode down the Nagua road before dinner, that being the recognized time in Valencia for seeing your friends.

At every window of the large villas were the fairest daughters of the island, while to and fro in the road beneath rode and sauntered their admirers. I introduced Hamilton to many of the prettiest Venezuelans, and we went into some of the houses and, as we went, he had no eyes or thoughts for anyone but Zoe, and when we rode past "Los Angeles," the Riberas' house, and she was not at the window, he was in despair.

As we passed back, however, Zoe followed by Mercedes, came forward and bowed and blushing, the Hamilton could just reach her window sally where he sat on his horse, and presently I noticed that a little packet had slipped from his hand and disappeared inside. Mercedes, who was sitting behind Zoe, asked what had fallen, but Zoe said, "It is only my handkerchief," and then I saw a quick look pass between her and Hamilton.

He was silent and absorbed as we rode home, and I did not disturb him, but that the matter was serious with him, I saw when he only once all that evening, when he said, "Look here, Eastlake, what am I to do? I must go back to-morrow, and I must say good-by to Zoe—manage it for me."

I was at my wits' end how to contrive a meeting, and as no scheme presented itself at last adopted the simple plan of calling on Mme. Ribera, taking Hamilton with me.

We were shown into the drawing room, where Zoe and a little sister of ten were at work, and I made the most of the few moments for Revell Hamilton, "I have to go," he said, hurriedly, "but as soon as possible." There was silence for a minute, and then she answered softly, "I will wait."

Then Mme. Ribera came in, and Felip, mimicking said: "Oh, mother, this caballero has been talking such nonsense to me and the other one has been kissing Zoe's hand."

"What does this mean?" demanded Mme. Ribera, Hamilton bowed. "It means," he said, "that I love your daughter, and that I shall come back to claim her."

Mme. Ribera's face expressed a mixture of emotions. "You are a stranger to us," she said, haughtily. "You have taken an unwarrantable liberty, sir."

We retreated, abashed, while Zoe's lovely eyes filled with sparkling tears, but as we passed through the door Hamilton said firmly: "I shall come back for Zoe." So the little episode ended, and when an imperative command to him to return arrived late that night he rode away as unopposed as though the whole thing had been an intermission, pretty and pleasant while it lasted, but of no real consequence in the drama of his life.

My own week in Venezuela came to a conclusion shortly after, and I had to leave without seeing Zoe, for her mother guarded her more rigidly than ever, and it was generally said that Mme. Ribera had given her the choice of marrying one of the many rejected suitors or going at once into the convent.

Two and a half years later I was back again, however, in Caracas on political business, owing to a recent rebellion, and I took the earliest opportunity of going to Valencia and looking up the Riberas. Mercedes, the eldest insignificant sister, whose sole duty in life had been that of duenna to Zoe, was married, I found, and it was she who received me when I called at "Los Angeles," apologizing for her mother's absence on the score of indisposition. Our welcome was very marked, and almost her first words were: "How very sad your poor friend's death was! You will be able to give us the details?" I asked her if she was speaking of Revell Hamilton, of whom the last news I had was his departure to India a year since with his regiment. "But you have surely heard," she exclaimed, "he was killed six months ago at a polo match. Monsieur de la Feste told us so; he was travelling in India at the time."

"My sister," Mercedes went on, "refuses to believe in his death; I think her mind is not reasonable on the subject. I hoped—" She broke off. I read the light in her eyes, and I felt that I had not been cordial reception of me in her troubled face.

"I was anxious to see you," she went on. "I promised to ask you to call to-morrow. The fact is, my mother and I are uneasy about her. You are an old friend, Mr. Eastlake, and I feel I can confide in you. Monsieur de la Feste has long wished to marry Zoe, and he had persuaded her at last to consent to receive him to-morrow and give him a definite answer. Your coming seemed providential. We may count on you not to let her be misled, and to accede to her wishes. She hesitated—"meekly, as if some sentimental recollections about Mr. Hamilton?"

I bowed. "To-morrow then, at 3," she said, and I took my leave.

I made a point of getting introduced to the Count de la Feste that evening, and asking him about Revell Hamilton. He was a rich young Frenchman, gay, careless, arrogant.

"Ah, yes; sad affair that," he said, light-heartedly. "His pony circled back and round the Fifth Hussars were at Abbotabad," I remarked.

The count reflected. "The deuce, they say," he muttered. "I have been mixing young Hamilton up with Hawtry's lot—that was it. One of those frontier skirmishes. He was foolhardy, poor chap; rode down into the midst of a lot of Pathans, and they picked him off."

"I could get nothing more out of him, and the prospect of his interview with Zoe was there was no one in the drawing-room when I presented myself at 'Los Angeles' at 3 the next day. Presently Zoe glided in alone, and I was startled and a little hurt, but at the big change in her. She looked as though she belonged to another world. The brilliance of her eyes and the gleam of her sunny hair were the only touches of color about her, for her face was like alabaster, and even the scarlet of her lips had faded. She was all in black, and in the billows of lace on her breast I noticed the little lace handkerchief—how it brought Hamilton back to me—tucked in the touch of her hand was feverish while I ventured to retain it in mine.

"Your friend," she said, "it is true that he was killed at polo?"

I told her that this seemed to have been a mistake; he had died a soldier's death defending our borders in India.

"When did you last hear from him," she asked.

"We did not correspond," I answered her. "Revel was never a good hand at writing letters; it was not his way."

She was looking out of the window, her mind was elsewhere, and I could see, and her latest hand still rested passively in mine.

"He was true," she murmured to herself, "he would never have broken his promise. I shall come back for Zoe," she said.

"We must all break our word when death steps in," I said quietly, but he would have wished you to be happy and to forget him, I am sure."

"Surely," I urged, "you could find some happiness in making some one else happy. There are many who love you. This Monsieur de la Feste—" She interrupted me dreamily. "He is coming to-day for a night, it will be 'No.'"

"There was sound of approaching footsteps and a stir down below in the courtyard. Zoe snatched her hand from mine and put it to her heart; a wild light sprang into her eyes—she looked distraught, and also a letter mailed from Liverpool. He said he had written to find a steamer letter from me, but I had mailed it too late.

A week later another letter came from London. Charles wrote that he was disappointed and greatly surprised to find no letter at his banker's from me, and asked me why I had not written. I really meant to reply to this, but Bert about this time began to ask me to marry him, and I took so much indignity on my part to convince him that this would not be advisable that I had little time for anything else. I found that some of Charles' phrases, which I had memorized, helped me a lot, and I explained vaguely and tragically to Bert how irksome would become the bonds of affection, and that we must each live our lives alone, which seemed to puzzle him almost as much as it had puzzled me.

A longer letter came from Charles, which bordered on expostulation, "Can anything have happened?" he asked. My silence began to be inexplicable.

He appeared not to be enjoying himself very much, "Charles has as many English customs and services, and he is counter to them all. He detected tea and drink it for breakfast, he wrote, was inhuman. Furthermore, the English letters, which he had written, were a week later, and he wrote, 'I don't know why you don't write?' This was followed in



SURE TO BE A FIGHT. Teacher—Suppose there were four boys going skating, and they only had two pairs of skates, how many boys would have to look on? Bobby—The two that got licked?

Confessions of a Girl.

Charles and I had been engaged tentatively for a month when I began to detect signs of uneasiness on his part. This did not disturb me at first, because Charles is a poet and a genius by temperament—though he has a very lucrative profession besides—and genius is naturally variable, so I supposed it to be a passing mood. He came infrequently, seated himself remotely and gazed at me with sunken head and an appearance of gloomy preoccupation, as though I were at the other end of a telescope.

At first I was affectionately soothed, but that only seemed to make him impatient, so I paid no attention to his manner and read, since he seemed to be posing to conversation, and Charles was writing another poem, and he always acts that way while he is writing a poem. Besides, he was having a fight with a man down on La Salle street which he found very absorbing. So I supposed one of these things was troubling him.

One day, however, his gloom became so noticeably uncomfortable and seemed to have such a personal application that I had to insist upon knowing what was the matter.

"It's no use," he burst out. "We've tried it, and it's no use. I must give you up and live my life alone. I must have freedom, absolute freedom. I cannot stand even the restraints of affection. You have become very dear to me, but I cannot be hampered in my mental pursuits by a continual sense of human obligation. I am a free man, an unhappy man who has learned the hard way that there is no such thing as individual happiness, and I have no right to absorb your devotion and your untimely marriage for me. I must renounce you, chafing thing, and out of my mind die in captivity. I must renounce you."

"Yes, I must give you a chance to find elsewhere the happiness you would never find with me. I am going away. I am going over to England to take charge of our London office. I shall sail next Saturday."

Then he looked at me tragically and I began to cry because I felt so sorry for him. Though I could not see any particular reason for his renunciation of me except his deep wish, it seemed to myself, because of the face of things that appeared that I was being jilted.

My crying seemed to annoy him, when he told me that he had always credited me with too much self-control for hysterics. I stopped. Charles then said he would come over Thursday night to say good-by. When I made no further demonstration of protest he looked relieved and went away briskly.

On Thursday morning I remembered that I had an engagement with Bert Griffith to go to the theatre that evening, so I sent a note to Charles explaining that I should not be able to see him again. It seemed to me a good way to avoid a parting scene which would be painful.

Charles telephoned me at midnight after I got home from the theatre, and seemed rather annoyed that, and he stayed at home. He also gave me, with particularity, his address, to which he said I might write. Still, I did not pay much attention to it, because it seemed of final there was no particular use in exchanging letters.

I was very busy for the next two or three weeks, because Bert Griffith had a great deal to do, and we went around together a great deal. Several view cards and a note came from Charles, written before sailing, and also a letter mailed from Liverpool. He said he had expected to find a steamer letter from me, but I had mailed it too late.

A week later another letter came from London. Charles wrote that he was disappointed and greatly surprised to find no letter at his banker's from me, and asked me why I had not written. I really meant to reply to this, but Bert about this time began to ask me to marry him, and I took so much indignity on my part to convince him that this would not be advisable that I had little time for anything else. I found that some of Charles' phrases, which I had memorized, helped me a lot, and I explained vaguely and tragically to Bert how irksome would become the bonds of affection, and that we must each live our lives alone, which seemed to puzzle him almost as much as it had puzzled me.

A longer letter came from Charles, which bordered on expostulation, "Can anything have happened?" he asked. My silence began to be inexplicable.

He appeared not to be enjoying himself very much, "Charles has as many English customs and services, and he is counter to them all. He detected tea and drink it for breakfast, he wrote, was inhuman. Furthermore, the English letters, which he had written, were a week later, and he wrote, 'I don't know why you don't write?' This was followed in

head wires, have been sucked down into the operating room of the station, changing the brass bell in their course and then flashing to record them in the shape of sound, on the telegraph instrument.

The message is from the captain of the Umbria, and strange it seems to hear, as it were, a voice from the deep. Even the operator has never got over the novelty of this. Here is the message: "Report all well. High head seas. Nasty to-night. Sighted a derelict in mid-ocean. Spoke the Deutschland."

Then comes messages from the passengers to friends and relatives ashore, and the mental impressions all this processes among the attaches of the station are ever the same, night after night; their minds are carried far out over the dark ocean, out into the invisible beyond, and they picture the great liner rolling her lonely way among the gray-bills; the compass cabin lights; the flash of sails over the waters, the officers on the bridge straining for unseen dangers ahead. Pearson's for November.

LICENSES AND POLITICS.

Action of Chatham License Commissioners Raises a Storm.

The Chatham Planet, the Conservative organ of Kent, spoke out strongly on Saturday in denunciation of the treatment meted out by the License Commissioners to John Pleasance, of the Hotel Rankin, and his family.

The blow has fallen. The threat of the excited ferret in election time has been carried out in cold blood by a majority of the License Commissioners—and in the name of Liberal-Conservatism the commissioners have got even with "Irish" lack—and his wife and his family.

To-day the Hotel Rankin—unquestionably one of the largest and best kept commercial houses in the whole of Western Ontario—is without a license.

It is idle to argue that there is any other reason to be advanced for the action than that of politics. True, the commissioners declined officially to give any reason—and that they were within their legal right in so doing. This was, perhaps, fortunate for them—but they have gone on record in an outraged public sentiment among a people who know the house and know the man.

This journal, as an exponent of the principles of Liberal Conservatism, and an admiring adherent of the splendid policy enunciated by Hon. Mr. Hanna, deeply deploras the action taken. How the commissioners, in view of the tremendous public sentiment existing in the ranks of Conservatism in our country, could proceed as they have done, is beyond our ken. Surely so strong an expression as was evidenced in the position of the County and City Council and the stand of such potent Conservative exponents as Messrs. Mason, Campbell, William Hall, Dr. J. L. Bray, Reeve, Cornelius Purser, of Dover; County Commissioner J. Chinnick, of Raleigh, and hundreds of others should have had some consideration at the hands of the board.

TRADER'S LONELY LIFE.

Profitable Years Spent in a Gloomy Alaskan Wilderness.

With Alaska furs valued at \$25,000 from Nulato, on the Lower Yukon, Garrett Busch has arrived in Seattle after eight years spent in trafficking with the Indians in the wilderness which he was the first white man to penetrate as a trader. When Mr. Busch reached Nulato, August 12, 1887, with a miner's outfit as his sole possession, he foresaw in which a man down on La Salle street which he found very absorbing. So I supposed one of these things was troubling him.

Mr. Busch settled down at the place where the little town of Nulato now stands. He built a one-story cabin with lumber which he saved from the native timber and began to trade his miners' supplies to the natives for the furs they knew so well how to trap, but of whose value they had no conception. Through the first winter he lived alone, except when an occasional squad of Indian trappers came by and stopped in curiosity to learn what manner of man had settled in so lonely a spot. To these Indians he traded his humble supplies, except the provisions which he actually needed to sustain his own existence until spring.

The visits of the Indians were few and far between. The solitary trader was often homesick as he sat through the almost perpetual darkness of the arctic winter. In the short hours of glimmering daylight he gathered his little stores of firewood, dragging them through the night counting off the days on the calendar until spring opened with the long neighbors were at Anvik, 200 miles up the Yukon, and at Weare, 240 miles up the stream. He never saw a white face until nearly a year after his arrival at Nulato.

When spring broke upon the lonely Alaskan life assumed a more cheerful aspect. The fame of the new white trader had spread far through the Indian settlements and the natives began to call regularly at the post with their stock of furs. They came from Koyukuk, from Innoke and from Kishokook, some of them traveling nearly 500 miles.—The Seattle Times.

HIS FIRST DAY AT SCHOOL.

Boy Pays Little Heed to the Mother Who Watches His Footsteps.

She stood at the front window yesterday morning and gazed after a little figure retreating up the street. She watched him trudge bravely along until he turned the corner, the while her chin quivered and the tears almost blinded her. Then, when he had quite disappeared from sight the grip at her throat almost stifled her, and going to her room she wept long and softly. He was gone. Her little baby; her first-born. Gone with never a thought or a dream of the ache in the heart of her who followed him to the door, who held him close in her arms, who kissed him so tenderly, and tried to smile bravely at him. Gone with never an idea of the big, aching void he had left behind. Gone, with a smile on his lips, a laugh in his voice, in every footstep. Gone for his first day at school.

But how empty and quiet and desolate that home seemed! No more baby now. No more little tottler to make music and noise and dirt and confusion and sunshine about the house. No more little figure running to mother a hundred times a day with bumps and bruises to be kissed or troubles to be smoothed away. No more little boy who came running just to say "I love you," and then off to play again. No more little boy at all. He's a big boy now and he goes to school. He has so many new interests that he quite forgets the days when he was mother's boy and when he and mother were the best of chums. He's a big boy now and he has so many new friends.

And when he comes home there's a face watching for him in the window, and the gate is opened before he reaches the gate and there are two loving hungry arms outstretched for him. He is so hardily over with news, that he doesn't hardly wait to be kissed—indeed he has—before he goes to his room to talk. Then mother takes him in her arms and holds him close to her while he tells of all the wonderful adventures of the day. And he wonders why mother is so quiet and looks so serious.

Good-by, baby; good-by.—Utica Observer.

WONDER-WORKERS.

Experiences of a Night in a Marconi Station.

A night in the Marconi long-distance wireless telegraph station at South Wellfleet on Cape Cod is a night spent in a realm of wonders. It is a night of mysterious sights and sounds emanating from things that are little known, from things that are in advance of the age.

Even the men who are employed there, whose duty it is to receive and transmit these wonderful messages over vast stretches of gray sea, have never become accustomed to the wonder, to the mystery of it all, and the impression one gets of them at their sible of the fact that they are in close touch with perhaps the greatest discovery of all time.

The band of wonder-workers at South Wellfleet numbers eight men. There are the manager, Mr. Page; an assistant manager; Mr. Bagway, chief electrician, a very able man, by the way; an assistant electrician; two operators from the wireless telegraph school at Babylon, Long Island; and one "Cap'n Bill," late of the salt seas, whose duty it is to guard the enclosure and see that strangers not properly preserved. For there are rival wireless telegraph companies and Marconi has secrets that some of them would like to learn.

It is not a large place, this mysterious operating room where the operator now begins his work of talking to vessels far out at sea, and every inch of space is utilized. There are mysterious tanks of oil, and sheets of zinc and strange appliances, and telegraph keys and door bells covered with rubber mats which wind in and out among the apparatus in ways as devious as those of a labyrinth.

Suddenly a little brazen bell clangs out a warning that some vessel wishes to talk. Far out at sea in the darkness, some man has pressed a key, a spark another, and another—each spark starting in shoreward flight, dots and dashes which, being caught on the over-

Lubrication.

If every man who struggles year in and year out to make both ends meet in his business, instead of advertising would take a day off to investigate the value of publicity he would return to his office next morning converted. Such a man beyond the limits of his daily observation or the confines of his own family. Let him ascertain how his wife came to purchase the articles wherever she inquires herself and her children. Let him see whether the foods that they use are of the best quality. Let him consider whether their expenditures are in any way better than those of his neighbors. Let him observe whether the members of his family read the papers he has bought for the store news, as well as the local and telegraph news. And then let him join the great army of money-makers who advertise regularly in the newspapers, and abandon the effort to learn a complicated piece of business mechanism without the aid of lubrication.

DECEMBER

Hygiene

Users of Tea prepared by Crown Mountain has the mellow

Q Prepare from plain packages, tight store dust. Never so poisonous to substitute to be "just desire of an excess inferior and

Gran

Sold at 25c pound. Look for and list package.

TUD CAR

See to it. They are every where. They are able rig. Call and

RA

We have in All prices. These suits you.

Barclay WARREN Middaugh

Review to J



EVERY

Ackno

You

In the State market re Toronto, out the wh from an in social gos

AL

LET